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Harpers *Magazine*

CONVULSION IN THE ORIENT

BY NATHANIEL PEPPER

THE war in the Far East had to come. What matters now is what it will bring with it and after it.

It had to come. The last chance to avert it passed early in 1937, when the Japanese had a fleeting moment of hesitation before plunging on the course that would take them to the grandeur that was Rome's and England's or to ruin. They had then either to conciliate China by beginning to give up their claims on China or to proceed to make good their claim to rule China directly and all eastern Asia indirectly. They appeared for a moment to be tempted by the easier way of compromise and peace—but only for a moment. They elected instead to play for dominion, and the Chinese had either to resign themselves to submission to alien conquest or to prepare to stake everything on a desperate resistance against insuperable odds. They chose the latter, as they had to in their contemporary mood, a mood compounded of bitterness and elation. From that point the question was no longer whether there would be a war, but only when it would come and by what

event or act it would be precipitated. Now it has come; and however it may end the world will never again be the same. Of that alone can one be certain now.

The war in the Far East was destined long before last spring. All that has been done and much that was left undone in that part of the world by the great Powers, and almost every event there in the past hundred years, has gone into its making. In this, as in every other area of world politics, it is impossible to understand fully what is happening unless one can think in segments of more than ten years. Like everything else, the Far East must be seen as a continuity, as something with a past that is reflected in its present. This is not so difficult with respect to the Far East. The high points in its history are easy to plot and the direction in which they move is easy to detect.

First there was the period of invasion and conquest by the Western Powers which lasted until the World War. They planted colonies on Chinese territory, divided it into spheres, took over vital parts of its government administration, and

exercised other sovereign rights. In effect, China had lost its independence. China submitted because it had to. It was without national consciousness and, being industrially backward, lacked means of defense. The World War ended this period. The ferments stirred by the war manifested themselves in the Far East by the birth of nationalism in China. As China acquired national consciousness it began also to acquire means of defense. Pressed by Chinese nationalism, the Western Powers began to recede. They had to. They were in no position after the War to defend distant colonial interests.

As the Western Powers receded, Japan advanced. Japan sought to accomplish by itself that which all the Western Powers combined had tried to accomplish. But China was no longer helpless. Now it would have to be beaten into submission. Given Chinese nationalism and the state of military preparedness which China was beginning to reach, any Power which sought to maintain the position in China that the Western Powers had jointly occupied before the World War had to crush Japan by force. The interests of the Western Powers in China were not great enough to warrant so costly an effort. The interests of Japan were—or the ruling elements in Japan thought they were. Therefore, unless Japan too was willing to retreat, it had to crush China. Japan was not willing to retreat, so it is moving to crush China. The time had come when China had to be subjugated entirely or freed entirely. And this in brief is the origin of the present war and the essence of Far Eastern history during the past hundred years.

But more is being determined now than whether one more country becomes a colony. There is taking place a profound historical transposition, a kind of transvaluation of power. The battles being fought along the Whangpoo River and in the Yellow River basin as I write are the beginning of a war more important than any event in international relations since the World War, more impor-

tant probably than any event until the next world war, if they are not actually the preliminary stage of that war.

In the first place, the war is not being fought in an Oriental vacuum. The other Powers can escape being drawn in only by the grace of great good luck, unprecedented self-restraint on the part of some of them, or the unlikely contingency that the Western Powers simultaneously embark on a war of their own in which they fight themselves to mutual impotence. A quick decisive Japanese victory would prevent the entanglement of the other Powers now, but make even more likely their entanglement later. But a quick clean-cut Japanese victory also is an unlikely contingency.

This brings me to my second point. The fighting that began outside Peiping on the night of July 7th was also, I think, the beginning of the end of Japan. It may be too much to say, in the words of a Japanese publicist in Tokyo (spoken privately of course), that Japan has begun the act of national suicide. But it is not overstatement to say that the meteoric rise of Japan which began in 1868 reached its highest point in 1937 and that the decline of Japan as a great Power has set in. I believe that only the spontaneous suicide of all the other great Powers can save Japan from dwindling to the status of a minor Power at least for this historical period. Otherwise the best that Japan can hope for is a conclusive, speedy victory over China that will lead to wars with other countries, singly or in combination, countries that can muster incomparably greater strength than Japan's. The alternative is a protracted war with China that will leave Japan spent and at the mercy of other Powers without the necessity of war. In either case Japan has passed its crest for this era.

Third, it is with a sound instinct that China, Japan, the American government, and the League of Nations have all scrupulously refrained from calling the formal, official, organized, and wholesale killing of men in the Far East a war. It is not an ordinary war, having beginning,

climax, and end, duly concluded by a peace treaty which has the effect, if not the function, of laying down where and for what cause the next war will be held. Unless all calculations from present evidence are belied by the intrusion of circumstances now improbable, it will be a protracted though perhaps desultory war, one in which formal fighting may soon cease but sporadic fighting continue, so that it may never be possible to say when the war has officially ended. As war has never been declared, so will the peace never be officially proclaimed. It will more likely be recognizable only when the exhaustion of one or both sides has perforce made further fighting impossible or when the intervention of a third country has converted it into the ordinary sort of war.

Fourth, the state of suspense in which the eastern half of Asia has lain since 1918 is broken. When and in what form it will settle can only be conjectured; but that the form it takes will have no relation to what eastern Asia was from 1800 to 1930 can be taken for granted. Either the Far East strikes an equilibrium on the basis of full independence, with the position of the West nullified, or a new struggle for mastery in Asia opens, a struggle more lasting and terrific than the imperialistic conflicts of the nineteenth century, more deadly perhaps than the World War and its suffixes. And from entanglement in that struggle America will be immune only by reason of early Christian renunciations or miracles of the kind that do not occur in the finite universe.

II

These points I wish now to develop.

First with respect to the intervention of other Powers. There is no formal reason why other countries should or must be drawn in. There is no irresistible compulsion. But almost all the ponderables bear in that direction. A short war, which is to say an early Chinese collapse and cessation of all resistance, might preclude the danger at least for the pres-

ent; but that is hard to visualize. The only real restraining force is the prior claim of a European war. If the Far Eastern war does not expand into a general war it will be principally because the danger of a European war has made the other Powers more circumspect in the East. A pleasant commentary, incidentally, on a world that "renounced war as an instrument of policy" ten years ago.

The chance of localization of the war depends first of all on whether Soviet Russia's fear of Japanese encroachment is greater or less than the necessity for caution in Europe. This means how much provocation Japan gives on the one side and how near Europe comes to composing its difficulties on the other. Since a real settlement of difficulties in Europe is remote, it need not enter into any calculations; quite definitely the continuance of European difficulties has entered into Japan's calculations. The deciding factor, then, will be how far Japan goes in the north and west toward Russian possessions and how soon. That a good deal of Japan's campaign in North China is planned with a view to Soviet Russia is evident. Whether the Japanese confine themselves to preparation of a strategic position remains to be seen. They may be too fully occupied with China to do anything else for the present; on the other hand, they may decide that since they have cast everything on the fates anyway, they may as well gamble for the whole stake, for complete dominion in the Far East or nothing.

If they do, if they seek to invade Siberia or Outer Mongolia, then Russia's entrance into the war is a foregone conclusion. I know no one in the Far East who doubts that. Even the Japanese army has no illusions on that score. In that case the outbreak of a world war will hang on whether Germany is willing and deems itself prepared for the revanche. Which again rests to a great extent on the balance in Europe. But on the whole I think the weight of evidence is on the side of a world war if Soviet Russia is involved in the Far East.

It need not be assumed that Russia will be a passive factor only. Russia also may take the initiative, either by coming in directly in order to dispose of Japan while the Japanese army is pinned in China or by extending help to China in order to accelerate Japanese exhaustion. Here too the deciding factor will be how long the war lasts and how pressing the German menace is. In any cold-blooded calculation of self-interest—naturally the only kind the Russians will make—I do not see what the Russians have to lose by waiting. So long as the Chinese are holding their own reasonably well and forcing the Japanese to engage the best of their army and a large part of their armament, the longer the Russians wait the better for themselves. Each month that they wait they will have a weaker Japan to deal with, weaker in man-power and nearer the bottom of its supply of war materials. Even if China should be beaten to surrender at the end of six months, which is unlikely, Soviet Russia would still be in a more favorable position than six months before. Moreover, China cannot be so thoroughly crushed that there would not be some Chinese troops to throw against Japan's rear if the Japanese were involved in another war. I am inclined to think, therefore, that so far as decisions are based on deliberation and the initiative lies with itself, Soviet Russia will abstain, at least for the present. If and when Japan is really weakened, that is another matter.

How far decisions can be based on deliberation is doubtful. There is too much dynamite lying about where the Japanese and Russians meet for accident to be eliminated. Both sides may want to avoid a war, though neither really believes it can be avoided for long. But the chance that something will not flare up sooner or later to bring them into collision is slight. There is and has been for the past few years a good deal of bluff on both sides; but it is also true that both sides have been reinforcing their armies in the past two months, that Japan is quietly concentrating a large force opposite the Siberian border in connection with the

movement of troops to China, and that Japanese units are pushing up into the Mongolian no-man's land, trenching on Russian preserves. A collision may be avoided, but if it is then it will be by the beneficence of providence.

I have said nothing about international intervention arising from any other motive than national self-interest, because I do not think any other kind is in question or is feasible. Nothing of course could stop the war. All that is open to the rest of the world is to levy punishment on Japan as an aggressor. Plainly this can be done only by sending an army and navy superior to Japan's. The effectiveness of boycotts, especially in the Far East, has still to be demonstrated; but surely the only boycott that would be of any use is a universal boycott. Who can talk of any universal international action now? The League of Nations may pass resolutions and the American government may approve and signatories of violated treaties may convene, but nothing can come of any of these actions. Whatever nation wants a voice in determining the Far Eastern conflict must join it.

What if Soviet Russia should join? No longer can it be assumed as surely as it was three or four years ago that Russian assistance to China would mean at least Russian ascendancy in China and probably the bolshevization of China. Then the assumption was sound. China was helpless. It could be saved from Japan only if Soviet Russia sent in a force as large as Japan's, furnished war materials, organized defense, and conducted operations. When the war was over Soviet Russia would be ensconced in China, commanding prestige and holding reins of power. Now that is less certain. China is no longer helpless. It is making its own fight. If Russia came in it would be as an ally, not as a savior. If at the end of the war there were still a central government in China, with at least the cadres of the army intact, control would not go to Russia by default. But inevitably under the circumstances Moscow as a government and the communists as a

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political formation would hold a kind of priority. The communists would have a base from which to proselyte and organize. Social conditions in China, already desperate before the war and immeasurably worse because of the war's deprivations, would be favorable to revolution. The dominant question in China would be communism and the dominant influence probably would be at least communistic.

In that case all the hostility Japan has drawn to itself in recent years would be transferred to Soviet Russia. It need not be said that that hostility has been engendered not only by Japan's anti-social practices in the Far East but also by the fear that Japan would come into possession of the world's largest colony, with one of the richest stores of raw materials and the most promising undeveloped market. There would be a transference of animus to Soviet Russia, an animus freighted with greater rancor by the fact that, while Japan was an expropriator of other Powers' vested interests, Soviet Russia was also a communist expropriator.

Now the great trading nations of the West, especially England and the United States, would fare badly enough from either Russian or Japanese ascendancy in China; the event would prove, I think, that they fared less badly with Soviet Russia. Japan's record in expansion is evidence that it not only monopolizes but acts the dog-in-the-manger. It takes everything it wants and can take, and refuses to let others have even that which it does not itself want. With Japan dominant over China there would be only crumbs for other trading nations. With Soviet Russia dominant, there might not be much but there would be more. A communist regime would rigidly control all economic relations with other countries; but since feverish industrialization is innate in the communist program, there would be trade. Russia would be more inclined to develop China with reconstruction mainly in mind, so that China would become a strong communist state. Japan would develop China only in such

respects as profited itself. Under Russian control the foreign traders' lot would not be a happy one, but also it would not be entirely unprofitable. Still, the high hopes the Western nations have entertained in China would perish.

This they would like little enough. The political consequences they would like even less. For then a great tract reaching from the Polish frontier to the Pacific would be Red; one-third of the population of the world would be communist or communistic. No *cordon sanitaire* would be big enough or tight enough to exclude the infective influences. One cannot imagine the other Powers, especially those with one foot in Eastern empires, acquiescing in this for very long. It is doubtful whether they could do so and maintain their empires. Even if one does not grant that the Red-White issue must sooner or later be drawn everywhere, the prospects for a peaceful Orient would be slim. Europe and America might manage to remain fascist or democratic. But with China under Soviet Russia's ægis, directly or indirectly, Asia could not. Asia would go communist altogether unless Europe and America took forcible measures to prevent. One suspects that they would.

At any rate one who looks for peace in the East under these circumstances cherishes illusions unwarranted by any reading of history. In fact, from the point of view of either world peace or the material interests of the great empires (and of America in need of foreign trade), it would have availed little that an aggressive Japan had been put in its place.

III

The unavowed premise in the argument just made is that if Russia intervenes Japan will lose. This brings me to my second point. I do not see how any analysis can lead even to the tentative conclusion that Japan could do other than lose. I do not see how Japan can emerge victorious in any real sense, whether Russia comes in or not. I do

not see how Japan can win even if it defeats China alone. Japan has begun a war which it loses no matter how the war ends.

The fortunes of war are hard to estimate except after the fact. It is conceivable that Japan could defeat Soviet Russia and China together, even without the assistance of Germany, so far as purely military results are concerned. But that it could do so and not be so exhausted that it could make no use of its victory and, instead, would have to take the dictation of Great Britain, France, and America—that is inconceivable. The same may be true even if it succeeds in isolating the war and dealing with China alone. What does “defeating” China mean? To put China’s armies to rout? That Japan no doubt will be able to do, though plainly it will take much longer than the Japanese army had counted on. To terrorize some authority in China into signing an agreement giving Japan outright control over an “autonomous” North China and quasi-control over the rest of the country? That too Japan may be able to do. But to keep soldiers of the dispersed armies from continuing to make trouble and to enforce the agreement signed will be less easy, if not impossible. Both will require time and, more important, vast sums of money.

I have already at several points in this discussion made the qualification of the time factor. If Japan could by one means or another contrive to crush China completely and at once the whole aspect of the war would be changed, both in the effect on Japan and in the implications for the world. But it is already clear that Japan cannot do so. If these were maneuvers, with duly officiating umpires, the victory might be credited to Japan fairly soon. But what boots a formal victory to Japan if the Chinese continue to make so much trouble that Japan has to maintain a force in China the size of its normal standing army? Then the enemy without may be subdued, but the enemy within would continue to gnaw at Japan’s vitals.

In the September issue of HARPER’S I made an analysis of Japan’s economic situation just before the outbreak of war. I attempted to show that it was precarious enough even without the added strain of war. I think it hopeless now. At the beginning of last July the Japanese government was in difficulties over the money needed to cover this year’s deficit. In fact, it had not been able to float the bonds covering the sum. Since then it has appropriated for war purposes the sum of two and a half billion yen, three times the amount that it had been previously unable to raise. Now I realize what resources of financial manipulation are open to a government which exercises quasi-autocratic control. But there is not in Japan at this time two and a half billion yen of liquid assets accessible to the government. And this sum will cover war expenses for not much longer than until the turn of the year.

No one can visualize any easing of the strain by reason of the relaxation of military operations before next spring at the earliest. Japan must continue to spend on this scale at least until then and on a not much lower scale for many months thereafter. By any normal measures Japan’s financial problem is insoluble. It can be eased by cutting off virtually all exports except essential military supplies, as already has been done. The use of capital can be and is being rationed. Nevertheless, planes are being worn out and must be replaced; oil and cotton and steel are being consumed in prodigious quantities; guns are being burned out and shells shot away. They must be replaced and quickly, for always the danger of Russia lies ahead. Materials must be bought for their replacement, materials the larger part of which come from abroad and must be paid for by exports, which will decline, or by gold, which is declining faster. A totalitarian economic system (which Japan is fast becoming) can lay down arbitrarily the value of currency for domestic purposes but not for the purposes of purchase abroad. By stretching its gold supply, both governmental and

private, and by dumping exports abroad after beating wages down so that dumping is feasible, Japan can stretch its currency perhaps until next autumn or winter. Beyond that one cannot see. No Japanese has dared to look. The Japanese army, though less arrogantly sure of itself than it was in July, still does not think it necessary to look. No one who has examined dispassionately what may be called the accounts for Japan's economy can see a way out. It may be able to carry on, but stretched so taut that at any sudden pressure it will snap.

What then if it does defeat China? What use can it make of its victory if it cannot capitalize the new assets? Even before last summer it lacked the money with which to develop concessions it already had won in North China. What could it do then? And could it then face the world with the defiance of the past few years? For if it sought to do in China as it has done in Manchuria, if it moved to dispossess all foreign rights and interests, would Great Britain and America be as non-resistant as they have been? And on the borders of Manchukuo Japan would have to be modest and circumspect, for the Russian Red Army would be awaiting its opportunity. I have already said that only the simultaneous suicide of all the Western Powers or their destruction simultaneously in a war of their own could save Japan. And dark as the outlook may be in the West just now, Japan cannot count on that as insurance.

No outcome of the war can be visualized that does not leave Japan devitalized, spent perhaps for a generation. This is the best it can hope for. At the worst what lies before it is a dragging war with China and then, when it is near exhaustion, when the best of its army has been killed or disabled and a large part of the rest immobilized in policing long lines of communication in China, and when its war materials are depleted and cannot be replenished for lack of funds—then it would have to face the might of the Russian army. Then indeed Japan would revert to what it was before 1868, a negli-

gible island state, but without the protection of isolation. Not even a world war which took Russia off its back would save it.

What one cannot understand is the reasoning of the Japanese army and its civilian satellites, the principles on which they based their decision to act as they have acted. They are moved only by the coldest considerations of power politics. They profess to fear Soviet Russia and to have bent their energies and sacrificed their resources to prepare for defense against Russia. Why then have they allowed themselves to be trapped into the adventure in China? Had Stalin and his associates been allowed to choose Japan's course with a view to Russia's advantage they would have had Japan do just what it is doing. If the Japanese really believe that they must eventually fight Russia, why did they not either refrain from war with China or go to war against Russia as soon as they found themselves involved with China? So long as they must have the strength to engage both anyway, why not have faced them at the top of their form rather than after they are left at least worn down by one of them?

The explanation is partly that the Japanese army never reasons and is too ignorant of the world to formulate theories based on any other phenomena than technical military text-book rules. The explanation lies partly in the Japanese army's arrogance toward China. That the Chinese would melt away before Japanese soldiers it took for granted as it takes sunrise for granted. It was confident that the war would last only three months even when it had already lasted eighty-nine days. The Japanese generals may be good as soldiers. That still remains to be seen. But as statesmen they have blunderingly brought their country to the edge of catastrophe.

IV

What of China? In all the discussions of whether Japan will wear itself out trying to conquer China, little has been said

about how China will be left after a war that has destroyed all of its modern reconstruction and much of its capital wealth and has uprooted a large part of its population. If the war should drag on to a mutual exhaustion, without the intervention of any third Power, then presumably China will recover first. It is not yet so highly organized as Japan; its recovery is more merely just a matter of time. Should China escape conquest, one thing can be said dogmatically: it will proceed to evict the other Powers who hold possessions on its territory. A China only negatively successful will be in no mood to tolerate any more encroachments on its independence. Then whichever nation wants to keep any special privileges in China must fight for them.

Whether any will dare depends on how weakened China is. If it is completely exhausted and unable to safeguard its independence, and Japan is a negative factor, then the way is open for penetration on the model of the nineteenth century. But then rivalry would not be confined to China proper but extend to mid-Asia as well. The moving out of tentacles from east and west toward Mongolia, Turkestan, and other areas not yet marked off has brought on the present conflict. In one sense Soviet Russia and Japan had already before 1937 resumed their march on the continent toward each other exactly as they did before 1904. To a degree the present conflict is the second round of a struggle the first round of which was the first Russo-Japanese War, England being an interested spectator now as in the first round, ready to take comfort from the fact that both combatants will pound themselves to pieces. Otherwise England must jump into that arena one day itself. And with regard to China, if not to Central Asia, the United States already is a palpitant onlooker.

An inconclusive result of the fighting in China, one which did not eliminate one or more of the contenders in the Far East, would be the worst that could happen. The best, having regard to peace

and the immunity of the principal Powers from destruction in the Far East, would be the emergence of China, if not successful then at least strong enough to repel any threat. In the first case the war that has just begun would be only the first of a series of wars. For China cannot remain a vacuum. It must be self-reliant and strong in its own right or it must be under the dominion of some one Power. In the second case the results would be disastrous for such vested interests as the other Powers now have in China, but in time they would probably establish equally valuable interests on a new basis.

But there would be an interim in which China, rejuvenated by the recovery of independence after a hundred years of humiliation, would be intransigent, truculent, unreasonable, taking an almost sensual pleasure in humbling foreigners on its soil. Thus it would prove to them that it had achieved equality and thus it would reassure itself that it was equal. The surest evidence would be the opportunity to be as unreasonable and unfair to citizens of foreign countries as they had been to it before. That is almost a fixed law in the relations of the weak and strong, when the weak have had a new access of strength. This alone will cause innumerable complications in the Far East.

There will be no lack of complications, whatever happens. There can be no end to this war that will not raise problems almost as serious as those that brought it about. A conclusive Japanese victory would sooner or later array against Japan the other great Powers, America included, in order to save something of their vested interests and their opportunity for the future. Almost inevitably it would bring Japan and Soviet Russia to collision. Japan's defeat by China and Soviet Russia combined would cut a Red-White division across Asia and array against Soviet Russia the Western empires, perhaps America included, in order to save the empires and check a Red avalanche. At the same time the Red-White division in

Europe would be deepened and more serrated. A localized China-Japan war without decisive result, with Japan exhausted and China too weakened to defend its independence, would leave the Far East open to aggression as before 1914. A localized war in which China was negatively victorious in the sense of emerging with a chance for quick recuperation would mean the end of Western interests in China and a transitional period in which Western economic enterprise would be subject to severe restriction, if not denial. Of all these the last is the least dangerous and probably the least likely to materialize.

V

And there is nothing that can be done about it. No steps can be taken to deflect the course of the war to the conclusion that would be least dangerous. Any possible action by the other nations would make an already bad situation worse. The only measure open to other countries are such as would bring about the worst, namely, the expansion of the war into a world-wide conflict. All they can do is to deflect the course of the war in the direction they prefer by going into the war on that side. And that would not make for permanent peace in the Far East, since it would still leave China under obligations to other countries but leave undecided the question to which one China owed the greatest obligations, to be paid with political and economic favors. The Far East would still be left an area of international rivalries, the nation enjoying the most valuable favors being singled out first for maneuver and then for attack by the disgruntled.

No general or abstract considerations come into question, no considerations having to do with the establishment of a different international order, the validation of international law, the system of

collective security, the outlawing of aggression and other such ideals-in-aspiration. The means to effect such ends are not available. Forcible sanctions in that case are indistinguishable from pure military force. The world is too disunited for non-forcible or economic sanctions. The values implied in the word "sanctions" are not respected by all nations, if they are really respected by any except in situations where temporary adoption of the values is in their own interest. In a word, a boycott with holes in it is worse than no boycott, since the countries enforcing the boycott only incur the enmity of the country to be starved into submission without succeeding in doing so. With all of Europe animated by the spirit that now determines European political relations, it is useless to talk of new values, international order and law in the relations of nations. Most of all, England and France are too deeply engaged in the Mediterranean to risk any action in the Pacific.

We are left then with no alternative but to wait and hope, letting the war take its course, in apparent callousness but actually only with the kind of callousness that decrees isolation for a plague victim, to die if necessary, lest others be fatally afflicted. This is negative and defeatist and humiliating, a confession of failure no nation or society likes to make. But it has its uses none the less. There are times when a negative act can be the most vigorous affirmation. Just not doing something also produces effects. The kind of negation that decrees that several million men more shall *not* die, that more wealth shall *not* be destroyed, that more generations in the future shall *not* be impoverished to pay for the wars of this generation is positivism and activism in the superlative. Given the limitation of a time and situation, it can be an end in itself. In the Far East now it is the highest end open to us.



MR. SWEENEY'S SHADOW

A STORY

BY JOAN DETWEILER

PAULINE and Hugh Westbrook were what people call an ideal couple. They liked practically the same things, sailing and dancing, for instance, living in the country, their two children, and each other. Pauline had never wanted the last word on any subject and during six years of marriage had never raised an eyebrow, sighed, sniffed, or shrugged to suggest that something she had said might be right after all, therefore making Hugh wrong.

Although Pauline liked dogs Hugh didn't, so there were none in the family. And because Hugh enjoyed buying jewelry for Pauline, which she didn't care about particularly, she recognized it as a means of expression for an inarticulate young man and never hinted at better ways of spending his money. Of course their income was more than adequate to cover a few hobbies, as Hugh's salary and commissions were augmented by a tidy little inheritance from his mother.

He met every date for celebration, public or personal, with a piece of jewelry. He apologized for any act of thoughtlessness or loss of temper with a ring, a bracelet, or a diamond brooch. The night he had got drunk with an out-of-town client and forgot to telephone was straightened out, to his own satisfaction, with the ruby heart-shaped earrings that he had been saving for St. Valentine's Day. When he would fly into a rage over last month's bills Pauline could be sure of a little satin box folded into her dinner napkin the

following evening instead of a few well-chosen words. After six years of continual celebration and apology she had quite a collection.

Pauline wasn't really interested in jewelry because at least three-quarters of their life was spent in old clothes for the boat. Every spring, usually very early in April, they left New York and hurried back to Long Island where they had built their house on a rise of ground beside the Great South Bay. It had been constructed for comfort and easy living, with sun-decks and simple gardens, and the boat-house on a short inlet was more impressive than their living-quarters. Nevertheless, Hugh liked her to be gowned in something soft and floating even when they dined alone, and Pauline always remembered to add enough jewels to please him.

She kept her valuables in a haphazard arrangement of boxes in the several drawers of her dressing-table. Occasionally she was convinced that a ring or a brooch was missing and resolved to keep the drawers locked and hide the key. It really wasn't fair, she told herself, to tempt Mary, the nurse, and the cook beyond their better natures. She also assured herself that some day she would list everything and arrange the pieces properly and had approached Hugh with the suggestion of a safe-deposit box for the summer anyway.

"You might as well sell everything," he had said. "When people begin locking

things in vaults they might as well have the cash and start over. I can't understand the fun of owning the biggest diamond in the world if you have to keep the original under lock and key and wear a paste."

"I know," said Pauline, "but it's silly, living the way we do, to have a lot of diamonds lying round so that anyone could walk right in and go off with them."

"All right," said Hugh, rattling the evening paper and letting his eyes drift back to the financial columns. "Put them all in a bag and I'll take them to town to-morrow. With the cash you can buy yourself a sable coat and have something else to worry about."

"Listen," said Pauline very gently and patiently. "I simply don't need them until we go back to New York. And besides it isn't fair to put temptation in the way of the servants . . ."

"Listen," he interrupted forcefully. "If you have any reason for suspecting your servants, fire them! Do you mean to tell me that you will put your children in the care of dishonest women? Fire them and get people in the house we can trust!"

"Oh, Hugh," wailed Pauline, fingering an emerald clip at her throat. "They're perfectly reliable but everybody has a weak moment, and anyway you read of things in the papers every day. I suppose being out here . . ."

"You are twice as safe here," said Hugh, "as you ever were in New York. You only read about millionaires getting robbed on Long Island. But if you are going to let that junk get on your nerves put it all in a bag and I'll take it to town to-morrow. Would you rather have an ermine coat?"

"No, thank you," said Pauline, "but it would be nice to have a watch dog who would be sweet with the children."

They never mentioned the subject of safety boxes again and Hugh did not follow up the matter of the watch dog.

On a rainy night in the middle of October Pauline, wearing a yellow satin gown and diamond clips in her remark-

able red hair and rings on her fingers, waited impatiently in the living room for Hugh. If he had missed the 6:18 the next train would not get him there until nearly eight. She had reminded him that morning that this was Mary's movie night and dinner must be prompt. In the country you did not deliberately cross a servant's reasonable request with no more excuse than forgetfulness.

She stood in the bay window staring out into the darkness of the lawn where the circle of the driveway took shape under her steady gaze. Now that the leaves had thinned, the high street lamp was intermittently visible through the restless branches of the elms beyond the hedge of privet. She watched the chips and splinters of light that were flung up as the rain caught the reflection and struck the puddles in the driveway. Every now and then a gust of wind sounded like the tread of a car turning in, but when the clock in the hall chimed the first quarter Pauline knew that Hugh had missed the second train.

She let the curtain fall back into place and turned to face the room, warm with the fire in the hearth and all its golden colors softened and glowing under the light of scattered lamps. The children were in bed and there were no audible sounds from the kitchen. Pauline felt terribly alone and frightened without knowing why. She stood twisting her hands together, conscious of their burden of rings. Things happened to people, sometimes swiftly and shockingly, with no warning, and your lovely smooth life could be wiped out in one second. She could feel that inexplicable fear moving through her veins like a sudden injection.

She lifted her hands in a soothing gesture to touch her temples and finger the thick bright mane of her hair. Then she walked slowly through the open French doors into the dining room where six tall candles on the table raised their buds of flame, reflected again and again in the silver, in the glassware, and in the long mirror above the console.

It was somehow reassuring to push open

the swing door and call out, as much to herself as to Mary, "Mr. Westbrook has been detained at the office. You may leave whenever Peter calls for you, Mary, and we'll manage without you." Pauline let the door swing to and stopped a moment to extinguish the candles, knowing that Hugh could not be home before nine.

When the headlights of the car hit the front windows in making the arc of the driveway, Pauline put down the book, the pages of which she had merely been turning during the past half hour. With the sound of his key in the lock, her heart took up its normal routine of pumping warm blood into her veins. His casual hello from the hall while hanging up his hat and coat made her almost angry. Why couldn't he have telephoned? She retrieved the book and merely raised her eyes when Hugh came into the room.

"I'm terribly sorry, darling," he said. He walked over and balanced himself on the arm of her chair while attempting to kiss some portion of her drooped face.

"I don't blame you for being sore." He forced her chin up so that she had to look him in the eye. "You don't get a whiff of alcohol, clove, or chewing gum, do you, lady?" She shook her head, trying not to smile. "I got tied up with McCollum and two other guys in conference. I didn't realize how late it was until the party broke up and I had to run for the 7:50—no one at the reception desk and if I had tried to 'phone myself I shouldn't be here until after ten."

Pauline kept watching him as he talked, thinking how brisk and efficient and completely co-ordinated with life he was. She felt assured that nothing could ever happen to him but well-constructed age. His round cherubic face was burned deep by sun and wind and, although he was somewhat under six feet, his swagger in walking effected height. Pauline was small and slim, with childlike freckles on her nose, and perhaps it was her perpetual upward glance that was the basis of their perfect understanding.

After dinner they collapsed peacefully

on the wide couch in front of the fire and Hugh talked vaguely about fixing a high-ball. Pauline said not to bother because it was late and they must get to bed. They continued to sit quiet and close together staring into the flames, with her two little hands folded into one of his. Hugh's head dropped back against the couch and he began to talk sleepily about what he had said to McCollum and how those two fellows from Chicago sat up and took notice. Pauline felt relaxed and comforted, hearing only the sound of his voice and watching the triangle of light from the fire take shape on the shadow of his throat as he talked.

The sudden slam of the knocker against the front door resounded like an explosion in the stillness of the house. "Visitors?" Hugh made a face at Pauline.

"Not at this hour," she said. She watched him cross the room and heard the wind echo in the chimney as the door opened. Then she could hear Hugh talking to someone and the blurred sound of a man's voice. She got up quickly and went into the front hall. Hugh was saying, "I can't see how I can help you if you haven't a chain." She stood behind him out of the cold draught.

"What's the matter, Hugh?"

"This guy's car is stuck in the mud down near the Bay," he said. "I suppose we haven't anything tougher than a clothesline?"

"No," Pauline said. In the oblong of light on the darkened porch she could see the tall bulky figure of a man and felt that curious injection of fear chilling her blood again. She touched Hugh's sleeve with her fingers and then became unpleasantly aware of her rings. She whispered, "Please don't go out."

"Why don't you come in and use the 'phone?" Hugh suggested. "You can probably get some one to tow you for a couple of dollars."

The man took a step forward into the light and Pauline saw that he was young, hatless, with his face and clothing streaked with mud. Water dripped in a circle round his feet as he stood there.

"Thanks," he said. His voice was low and husky. "I'm too wet to come in."

Hugh said, "There's a garage about a quarter of a mile up the road. I'll try to locate them if you like."

The young man stood motionless with both hands in the pockets of his overcoat. "Thanks," he said. "Don't bother." Pauline was sure that at least one hand was clutching a pistol.

"It's too cold, Hugh, to stand here with the door open," she spoke sharply and the young man glanced at her.

"Listen, lady," he said, laughing a bit foolishly. "I'm all right. I'm Bert Sweeney from Bayville—do any kind of odd jobs, electric, paint, or plumbing. I got off the road to-night because I had a couple of drinks. I promised the missus I wouldn't drive like that again—just celebrating a new job." His voice died away and he brought one hand out of a pocket and passed it over his face. "Gee, she'll guess I had one too many!" He laughed again. "Excuse me for bothering you, thought you might have a rope, mister. If you got any work, lady, just call Bert Sweeney at Bayville 790. I'd appreciate the business. Good night." He saluted listlessly and swung round, stepping out of the light. They could hear him going down the steps and then the sound of his feet crunching the wet gravel.

"Poor devil," Hugh said. "He's soaked to the skin. We should have made him stand here in the hall and called the garage."

Pauline banged the door shut and hooked the chain across and leaned flat against the heavy panels. "I don't like that," she cried. "I don't believe his car is stuck. He was hanging round here to get an idea of the house. We ought to have a dog, Hugh, just to show strangers we have *some* protection!"

Hugh laughed at her. "Maybe I would look more helpful waving a gun. You certainly are a sensationalist, Polly. I feel sort of like a dog myself letting him plod through all that mud."

"Of course he doesn't work alone," she

said fiercely. "There are at least three other men waiting for him in a black sedan at the end of the road and they'll sit there until all the lights go out in the house and then come here later."

Hugh stood staring down at her, frowning. "What in—for gosh sake, Pauline, what's the matter with you?" She was furtively replacing her rings one by one on her fingers.

"I was sure he was looking at them when I put my hand on your arm so I hid them in my handkerchief. I don't know, Hugh, I guess I'm just jumpy this evening."

"Oh, that damn trash!" he burst out. "Will you please put it in a bag and let me take it to town to-morrow?"

When Hugh went downstairs to bank the furnace Pauline hurried from room to room, trying the locks of the windows and the porch doors. She could hear the swing of the shovel into the bin and the clatter of the coal and Hugh coughing and swearing with the gas fumes. She stood in the center of the living room, listening to the familiar sounds and deciding that she was being pretty silly and hysterical.

Maybe, she thought, the young man really was Bert Sweeney from Bayville, maybe he did have a missus who was pacing up and down, the way she herself had done, wondering why he was so late. He had said 790 and the combination was as clear in her mind as if he had just told her. On sudden impulse she went to the telephone in the hall closet and gave the number. She stood listening to the long slow signals, thinking of the bell ringing violently in a small darkened house where the family had gone to bed an hour ago.

Agnes could hear the 'phone ringing like mad downstairs so she put on her slippers and bathrobe and made her way cautiously down the wooden stairs. You'd have to break your neck before Rogers would leave a light on in the hall. Jerry came thumping down behind her like a weary shadow.

The door was open into the shop, which explained why she had heard the bell so distinctly. It was the pay 'phone back of the door, and it might be Bert calling because nobody would be after Rogers this time of night. If it was Bert she'd certainly tell him a thing or two and he had his nerve thinking he could fix it up with her over the telephone.

She whipped off the receiver with all the strength of her round strong arm and shouted, "Hel-lo." Jerry sighed and sank panting at her feet.

A woman's voice came to her faintly. "Is Mr. Bert Sweeney there?"

"Bert's out on a job," Agnes snapped. "Who wants him?"

"I want to speak to Mrs. Sweeney then," the voice continued.

"All right," said Agnes. "You've got her. And speak louder, please."

"Your husband's car got stuck in the mud near our house in Southport and he's gone to a garage to get someone to tow him."

"Who's talkin'?" demanded Agnes. "Is this a gag or somethin'?"

"I thought you might be worried," Pauline said. "This is Mrs. Westbrook on Southport Road. Your husband got off the highway, and on a rainy night it is quite confusing down this way."

"Confused?" repeated Agnes with scorn. "I guess you mean he's drunk again—the tramp!"

"Oh, no," said Pauline hastily. "He would have 'phoned you himself but he said he was too wet to come in the house. Anyway don't worry, Mrs. Sweeney, he'll be home soon."

"Well, thanks," said Agnes, frowning. "Thanks a lot." When she had replaced the receiver she turned suddenly and tripped over Jerry. "How many times have I told you to keep from under my feet, you mutt!"

She retraced her steps through the hall and up the sagging stairs with the dog right at her heels. In the light you could see that he was small and shaggy with uncombed black hair over his eyes. He slid expertly through the crack of the

door just before Agnes slammed it and waddled over to the bed where he stood whining until she cursed him with no particular rancor and lifted him up on the quilt. She was a plump pretty woman with an irritable worried expression and a mass of unkempt dark hair like Jerry's, almost over her eyes.

Agnes made up her mind that she wouldn't go to sleep until Bert got home, so she kept walking round the room with a cigarette in one hand and the bathrobe held tight round her with the other, stopping occasionally to scratch her head and murmur, "Well I'll be—"

There was something up of course. He wasn't worth a damn, she thought, get a job and then have to drink up the first day's pay and never get a second chance. She had wasted five years on him and every time she got really mad and on the point of leaving he would swear off, "This time forever, so help me God, Aggie," and he promised to take out some insurance before he fell to pieces.

"If he's drunk to-night," Agnes thought, "it's just once too often and I'm through. I'll go back to New York and show him I can take care of myself plenty good enough."

When it got to be after one o'clock and the house was as cold as a tomb Agnes climbed into bed in her bathrobe and lay shivering a long time before she could get to sleep.

She was awake at seven and there were no signs of Bert. It made her good and sore that she couldn't give him a piece of her mind before she left. After breakfast she threw some of her old rags into a battered bag and put Jerry in his leather carrier. She took one look round the miserable room, with the unwashed dishes stacked just to annoy him in the closet-kitchen, and breathed in once more the odor of burned grease that hung in a perpetual haze through the house.

Five years thrown away on this mess, thought Agnes, getting nowhere but older every day. It sounded good five years ago to get married and give up working and settle down in a nice little home in

the country. Anyway they didn't have any kids so she could walk right out and only regret she hadn't done it three years ago before she got too fat to model eighty-seven dresses for Maxie Frieman.

She hailed the bus at the corner of Main Street and swung the bags up with no effort. Instead of telling the driver she was going through to New York, as she thought she was going to, Agnes flopped down in one of the front seats and talked to him over his shoulder.

"Do you know where Southport Road is?"

"Sure," he said. "It cuts right across the highway about half a mile from Southport."

Agnes sat nodding her head and chewing on her underlip. She might do a little investigating just for the fun of it, get an idea what he was up to for her own satisfaction. So she got off at Southport village, decided to park the big bag in a drugstore, and lugged the carrier with Jerry rattling round in it until he could walk on his own four legs when they were off the highway.

When she came to Southport Road it took a left turn toward the Bay and she saw that it was one of those avenues of fine old trees and houses built back from the road, surrounded by well-trimmed lawns and clipped shrubbery. Agnes began to believe that the 'phone call was genuine. Maybe Bert had been stuck in the mud as the lady said, but where did he go afterward to celebrate getting pulled out?

Anyway it was a nice day for a walk, clear and snappy. When she let Jerry out of the carrier he started off after squirrels as if he knew something about hunting. Agnes walked slowly on her high heels with her hat stuck under one arm and let her eyes appraise the handsome homes.

That, she thought, was what she had understood by living in the country, none of this one room over a bicycle shop on the main street of some little burg. It was wet under foot, shuffling through soaked dead leaves, but she didn't mind

because it was fun thinking about herself in a house like one of those, ordering a couple of servants around. If she hadn't been such a fool to fall for a sap like Bert she certainly could have got Maxie to marry her, in spite of his mother. Even if he wasn't no movie star for looks, it might have led to something better. Maxie wouldn't look at her now. Probably married anyway with a bunch of kids. If you didn't grab your opportunities without mixing up good sense with love and foolishness you were out of luck.

Agnes didn't care now whether or not she found the Westbrook place. She knew she would never have the nerve to walk right up to the door and begin asking about Bert. She was headed for the Bay so she'd go on down and have a look. Several cars passed her going her way and far down the road she could see a crowd of people gathered in a field as if to watch some school game.

As she drew closer Agnes could see that there was a short inlet way over to the left, cut right between two big estates. There was a boathouse built close to the water and all the people and cars were bunched together on both sides of the inlet. You could see that there must be something going on, and she guessed that the yokels were getting an eyeful of a cruiser being locked up for the winter. Agnes decided that she might as well join the throng, and it never occurred to her when she saw the fellow in a diving suit and helmet and a big derrick swing out over the water that it had anything to do with Bert.

She noticed a red-haired girl standing back a bit from the crowd and knew without being told that she belonged to one of those nice places. She was dressed in simple clothes that couldn't fool you if you knew anything about them. A sweater from Scotland that must have set her old man back fifteen or twenty bucks and tweeds that Maxie Frieman never handled in his life.

"Class," thought Agnes, lost in admiration, "real genuine class."

Just then Jerry came bounding over the bracken and tough huckleberry bushes, his ears matted back with cockle-burs, and the redhead bent down and held out one hand to him.

She said, "Hello, pup," and Jerry sniffed her fingers. When she raised her face, still smiling, Agnes drew nearer.

"What's all the crowd for?"

"A car went over the embankment last night," Pauline said. "It sank right down in the mud and a fisherman ran into the top of it this morning in a row-boat."

Agnes put the dog-carrier on the ground and stared at the other woman. She felt sort of sick suddenly. "Was there anybody in it?" Her voice was thick and she laid one hand against her throat.

"They think so," Pauline said. "The diver has just gone down."

"Oh." Agnes was swaying as if the ground were breaking under her. She kept thinking over and over, "Poor Bert. He was all right. He did the best he could. Honest, I wouldn't really have left you, Bert, I just wanted to show you. Honest, Bert." She stood there with the tears pouring down her face, crying silently with her mouth twisted out of shape.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Pauline caught her arm. "Do you think it is someone you know? Oh, I'm so sorry."

There was a murmur in the crowd and one man said, "He's got him now, poor guy!" And everyone pushed forward and you could hear the police shouting directions to the men working the derrick.

They pulled the car up slowly and it was Bert's car, that little old piece of junk she used to get so sore about and ask him if he wasn't ashamed to be seen driving it in daylight. The diver was on the other bank now with his helmet off and that thing on the ground was Bert, a good swimmer too, caught in a trap. Agnes remembered how you had to kick the doors to get them open or just climb over. She ran forward screaming at him

before she fell headlong on the wet trampled ground.

Pauline insisted that they take the stricken woman to her house and two men carried her upstairs to Pauline's bedroom and stretched her at length on the chaise longue. She set the dog's bag on the floor and watched Jerry sniff it and wander over to lick the limp hanging hand of his mistress.

"It's all our fault," Pauline thought frantically. "My fault—I wouldn't let Hugh help him." She chafed the woman's hands, loosened her clothing, and kept Mary running back and forth with cold compresses.

All the time she was thinking about what the police had said, that the man had been going so fast he had driven right over before he could see that the road turned sharply. "They'd better get that iron railing up instead of talkin' so much," the chief said. Someone began to argue with him about how the guy must have been pretty drunk to be driving that fast on a rainy night, and Pauline didn't tell anyone that he had come to their house asking for help. He must have gone back and struggled with the car and finally got it out with such force that he lost control or couldn't see how narrow the road was.

When Agnes came to, Pauline put a cover over her and fed her hot water and whisky from a spoon. "You just lie here," she said, "and I'll talk to the police so they won't have to bother you."

Agnes felt better and raised herself on the cushions, eyeing the pretty room in all its rosy silks and painted furniture. "Tell them I haven't a penny to bury him. Tell them to send him to his father. He didn't leave a cent, poor fella; he had a lot of big ideas that never panned out." She watched Pauline, dry-eyed now.

"I telephoned you last night," Pauline said. "Do you know, Mrs. Sweeney, I think he had a premonition. I really believe that things like that can happen, I really do. He wanted you to know for some good reason so that you would be

here when they found him. He didn't actually ask me to 'phone you but I kept remembering the number until I had to call you—just as if something were *making* me do it. Perhaps he knew I could help you and I want to do everything I can."

"I don't know," Agnes said dubiously. "Maybe you're right. Anyway it would be the first time he ever thought that far ahead."

Pauline wrote down all the necessary information, lowered the shades, and told Agnes to sleep if she could. She went downstairs with Jerry following her and he found his way unerringly to the kitchen.

It was almost three o'clock when Pauline got back to the house after all the rigmarole at police headquarters. They had to notify Mr. Sweeney senior, who evidently had not been on the best of terms with his son. He announced that he was saving up for his own funeral. Pauline insisted that they tell the old man an anonymous friend was willing to donate the amount necessary to bury Bert. She felt that was the least they could do for their future peace of mind. And she returned to the house, wondering how it was going to be possible to fulfill her obligations to the bereaved wife.

Jerry met her at the front door and was apparently delighted to see her. Mary was in the dining room giving the children their orange juice. Both little voices piped high in praise of Jerry.

"Is Mrs. Sweeney asleep?" Pauline asked. Mary was a blonde skinny girl whose English accent and better days made her ideal for the children.

"I fetched her some lunch, madam," Mary said. "And a short time after she came downstairs with her hat and coat on and the bag. She said she was going to the village and that if she didn't see you to tell you thank you." The girl hesitated, frowning slightly. "Oh, yes, and she did say that you might be right about her husband wanting her to come here and to tell you that it was the first good hunch, yes, that's what she said, the first good hunch he had ever had."

"That's funny," said Pauline. "I wonder what she meant."

"I thought she took that odd little creature with her, she was carrying the bag, you know, but he seems to have taken quite a fancy to cook."

"Oh, we really need a dog, Mary—" Pauline suddenly remembered why. She turned and hurried upstairs to her bedroom. The drawers of the dressing table were open and empty, as Mrs. Bert Sweeney had done a very thorough job.



AN OBSERVER WARNS THE CHURCH

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

THE church and the priests of all its denominations have fallen into the habit of warning one another, of warning the world. It is time that somebody should warn both the priests and the church.

Before I do so I wish to make it clear that I am not stirred by any animus into the attitude of an unfriendly and hasty assailant. I grew up in the atmosphere of the church—of many churches—in a mining community that was tough enough to provide all the many corners of whatever creed with full-time employment. My immediate household was Protestant, but some of my family were—and still are—Catholic, as were most of my earliest schoolmates. I went with perfect freedom to Methodist and United Brethren revival meetings and to Catholic missions and high mass. I am interested in mechanical invention, in the arts, in music, in poetry—in all creative enterprises that hold any promise whatever of making the world a more exhilarating place for human beings, and I spend at least a little time in contemplating man's place in the cosmic scheme and his ultimate destiny. Nothing could be more natural than that I should be interested in an institution that had its origin in a figure of exceptional perfection whose concern was with all these matters. And in an occupation that sends me for three months of each year to cities and towns of every sort in every part of the country, with leisure time on my hands for such explorings as I may feel inclined to make, I have found time to drift into more than

four hundred and fifty churches, of every creed and sort, from Catholic and Episcopal cathedrals to tenement-district halls and negro meeting houses on bleak mountainsides. This I have done in addition to such thinking about the church as anyone concerned with the texture of life in general is quite certain sooner or later to do.

And lest there should be objection that it is not possible to make a generalization that would include both the Catholic and Protestant branches of the church, I hasten to say that such a generalization is possible. Regardless of all internal and interdenominational antipathies, regardless of the fact that one denomination may at a given time show a higher or lower percentage of radicals or conservatives, regardless of the exceptions created by many small groups and strong-willed individuals, all the chief branches of the church in America have come to hold one thing in common. And they have magnified the importance of this one thing—which they did not start out with—until they have come to be much more alike than they have ever suspected. There is, then, throughout the church a general drift.

And this general drift which I feel leads me inescapably to this conclusion: the church has arrived at the stage of crisis in the sequence through which any organization founded to perpetuate an idea inevitably passes. An idea originates with an individual. Because it came naturally from the depths of his experience, he sees it with great clarity. He is so much

influenced by its power that he has to proclaim it. His high seriousness, his rapturous enthusiasm bring him disciples. They likewise must go out and share what they have found. But the idea is new and, therefore, to many people seems wrong. The disciples encounter apathy; they encounter overt enmity. In order that their idea may overwhelm all opposition they organize it. They must make the organization strong so that the idea may never be in danger. Developing such an organization requires endless attention. So they—or their followers, in turn—become so much occupied with organizing that they forget the idea the organization was intended to perpetuate. The idea is gradually covered over with a smothering incrustation of all kinds of heavyweight machinery.

Until some new life-giving individual comes along from within or without and shatters this incrustation and restores to the idea its early state of free mobility, the organization is an enemy of the idea, instead of a guarantee of its life. This is where the church has arrived to-day. It is an empty, topheavy organization that hinders the direct application of the philosophy of Jesus.

II

Only look and see. It has the empty organization's doubt of its own function. In all its important branches there is endless dissension over what it stands for. Of course it must stand for something—else why should it exist? But what? Since it is without any impelling drive of its own, yet must find ways of winning acceptability, it easily takes on the coloration of its particular community. More than a dozen years ago I discovered—and recorded—that I could tell in advance what kind of gospel I should hear preached in a given church just by studying the length of the wheel-base of the automobiles parked out in front. Through the years since then, from among hundreds of instances, I have not found enough exceptions to use up the fingers of my two hands.

A long-wheel-base church still means much preaching about "the manifold blessings of life," the rewards of honest thrift, the beauty of Christian fellowship—only nice people are there—the glory of giving something out of our abundance, the sanctity of the faith of our saintly fathers and mothers, and much reading of inspirational poetry. A middle-wheel-base church means strong words for tolerance, plenty of admonitions that we must not be too hurtful with our convictions, reminders that compromise is the law of the practical world, and informing lecture-sermons on non-controversial subjects. And a short-wheel-base church means indignation, demands for a shifting of the burden of life, many examples of the sins of the greedy, and the reading of forgotten radical quotations from Abraham Lincoln or some other known champion of the people. To believe that any one of these wheel-bases expresses the way of life of Jesus would be difficult enough. But how could anybody, by any possible stretch of the imagination, believe they all do? Somewhere along the way the church has experienced a disintegration of all singleness of purpose.

In like manner has it taken on the empty organization's pretentiousness. Whatever its social philosophy, it has in procedure absorbed the point of view of the booming business concern. It used to spend virtually all its money for preaching and missions and education—directly. But study church budgets to-day and see how the machinery of the organization has eaten into the funds. And machinery is expensive. So people who believe in the efficacy of such things and have money in their pockets with which to pay for them are especially welcome. A woman in my presence summed up this entire point of view when she said: "If we don't get some wealthy people into our church to take the places of the ones who have died off, it is simply going to the devil."

Inescapably such a point of view expresses itself pretentiously. The church must parade. There must be no chance

for the public to forget that the church is to be reckoned with. Newspapers report that this or that church organization required an hour and a half to pass the reviewing stand. Great conferences take on the spectacular character of a national political convention—and do not leave out the politics. Is it not something to get elected to high place in so influential an organization? The religious services themselves must be made spectacular. The year's new converts—those who have not backslidden—march through downtown streets and are cheered. Or when the sacrifice of those who died in battle is to be commemorated—and it should be—the church stands ready to join in doing it pompously. Just what would Jesus think of the spectacle of a military memorial mass in the Harvard football stadium, with photographs flashed over the country that look like nothing so much as a Hitler review, and with reports dramatically telling how the quiet of the Sunday morning air was rent by the roar of cannon announcing consecration? Does it not seem much more probable that he would encourage his followers to divest themselves of all the trappings of the world and bow quietly, humbly down, and weep that so many of the young and eager should have been required in the sacrifice? But that is not what the church to-day leads men to do.

So also has the church taken on the methods of war employed by the organization that has arrived at spiritual impotence. It is not out to win its enemies by example to some less brutal life set forth by its founder; it is out to destroy them. Whether it has in mind the liquor traffic, heretics in theological belief, birth control, or communism, it must resort to organized war. It is not content with the minimum climate in which it could prove the power of its fundamental idea by giving men individually, and, therefore, unostentatiously, of its original spirit. It is not displaying zeal in bringing to the evil-minded and to the faint some profound awakening that would shift the center of their lives so that they would be able to

see the valuable in themselves and others. It is too busy going after its enemies. It holds them up to ridicule. It attaches unfavorable names to them. It wipes them off the map in one way or another. If a newspaper editor who writes on Spain sees some good in the People's Front, then the thing to do is to have representatives of the church see if he cannot quietly be removed to a position where he cannot be heard. Or if a college president in all honesty comes out for social changes that would possibly affect the pocketbooks of men in the denomination that supports the college, then the trustees hire somebody to pray over the matter for them, and for some reason—any reason but the real one—decide that the president has special abilities better suited to a less influential post. That saves all the trouble of having the facts examined.

Or if the church, or some branch of it, should not like what I am just now saying—though I am very friendly in my attitude—it would be acting in character if it said that I was nothing but an unattached biographer and novelist and, therefore, wholly unauthoritative in speaking on such a matter as the church. Or it would point out that perhaps I was a person of "radical" or "unsound" ideas. Or it would talk about me and in the same breath about Moscow so that people who do not like Moscow would always have Moscow and me in mind together. With a sufficient number of unfavorable associations attached to my name—not one of which would have anything to do with the merits of the case or with the facts about me personally—I should always thereafter be weakened as a spokesman, because nobody would ever be quite able to start off thinking about me honestly.

Such methods of war the church employs also in international affairs. Instead of being content to touch all peoples with a great reverence for life that would mean peace—at least more peace—among men, and in consequence a high security for any church that was spiritually sound, instead of restricting itself to acts of mercy and kindness when nations

do fight, the church must give its high sanction to wars; it must take sides in them; it must give itself and its houses of worship over to perverting the religious motive into a fighting motive; it must offer up thanks when hundreds of thousands of its own members have been blown to mincemeat, provided only that more of the enemy have suffered the same fate. That is bringing in the kingdom of God.

In a hundred important ways the Church has substituted the cowardly, cruel, and self-destructive methods of organization and mass action for the quietly penetrating spirit of Jesus.

And in the end, too, the church logically has been seized by the empty organization's fear. All over the country I hear clergy and official laity express to their adherents one great fear after another. In the pleasant mutual incognito of travel I listen while priests of every sort express even more desperate fears. The church is afraid. It fears for its organized self. It sees reason for fear in everything from its own component parts to the remotest non-church groups in the country.

It is afraid of many of its individual spokesmen. Countless times have I tried the experiment of mentioning this or that Jesuit who had become profoundly interested in the plight of humankind, this or that Baptist who had come out in the open and proclaimed that he was going to be free, this or that Methodist who had declared for an unqualified application of the life of Jesus to contemporary life, and have seen the same dark cloud sweep across the listener's face as if I had unwittingly spoken of a devil with a forked tail. "But certainly you must know that he is not in favor with his own people." "But everybody knows that he has dangerous leanings." "But you must remember that many of us regard him as something of a renegade."

Much more obviously, it is afraid of its own product. It is afraid the faithful will some day fall away from activity. So endowment must be raised and invest-

ments must be made that will keep the church alive and able to pay its bills whether it has members or not. Certain words about moth and corruption are for the time dismissed. And if the investments in real estate and bonds and stocks are made, they only add other fears to the church's growing accumulation: they make it afraid of changes of any kind lest these involve its investments, and they make it afraid to come out openly and denounce specific unethical practices in business lest it be tramping on its own toes.

But it has other fears that are more amazing. It is afraid of the humble in life, to whom it has often professed to have been sent especially. I find it difficult to believe my own ears when I hear churchmen everywhere express the fear of a proletarian uprising that will have as a part of its program the suppression of the church. Spokesmen of every denomination—though some are more fearful than others—turn on me as if I were one of the proletarian leaders myself: "But don't you ever think of all these millions of men who are being imbued with strange doctrines antagonistic to the very life of an organized church? Haven't you ever read about what happened to the church in Russia?" When I tell them that I have, and that I think I know why it happened, they are only the more outraged. I must be going communist! Everybody must be going communist! Unless the church wages war on communism and stamps it out the church is lost!

And more amazing still, the church is fearful of youth. The very directness, the very habits of scrutiny, the very disinclination to attach too much importance to empty tradition, that were so much a part of the way of the youthful Jesus, the church fears. It would deny this charge. It makes an effort to concern itself with the youth within its own organization. But so many are not there. And so many that have been there get away. "We bring them together in big conventions," one Protestant priest confessed in a moment of profound skepticism over what

he called "a generation without either standards or morals," "but I am not at all sure how much we get across to them. They eat plenty of the refreshments and seem to have a good time socially." Other churchmen are more violent; other churchmen are more sweeping—ten times more. They talk about "these pagan youth movements" as if youth were something vile, or as if the formidable problem they profess to find in youth had developed without the church's having had an opportunity to do anything about it. "Our bishop," a priest of great earnestness and profound sincerity said to me after he had confessed to his own and a general disquietude concerning youth, "told us that we just sit on the sidelines and watch this great procession of youth march past without knowing anything about what is going on inside their heads." In a world teeming with wild ideas, what may not a lot of ungodly youths who have got out of hand be expected to do?

III

Now while this doubting, pretentious, force-invoking, fearful church has been developing into its present outwardly impressive bulk of manifold parts, what has become of the philosophy of Jesus? Do we see increasing numbers of men within the church touched by any sense of perfection until their individual lives become heroic and friendly and, therefore, charitable? Do we see much exemplification of the new life of human solidarity that Jesus proclaimed? These questions seem absurd when applied specifically to the life of the hour. Pennsylvania and Ohio and Michigan and Illinois are full of churches of all denominations. If the several millions of members of these churches had experienced the transforming touch of any high perfection, if they had felt deeply the cry of Jesus about our common destiny, industrial war in their own towns and murder on their own doorsteps would be not merely unnecessary but unthinkable. Spain is full of churches. Yet it must be

the perfect instance of what Thomas Hardy wrote for Christmas Day, 1924:

"Peace upon earth!" was said. We sing it,
And pay a million priests to bring it.
After two thousand years of mass
We've got as far as poison-gas.

Nor do those who are not already attached to the church feel drawn to it by any of the magnetic spiritual power of Jesus. No special waywardness has overtaken millions of men as a result of scientific discovery or new economic theory that leads them to look askance at the church—or even to war upon it—just because it is religious. Has anyone ever heard of anybody who sought to destroy a church because it ministered to the sick, comforted those who were bowed down, fed those who were without food, or quickened the well to a new sense of life? The church is right in its fear of unfriendliness, but it is wrong in placing the cause of the fear. The unfriendliness has arisen, and is growing steadily, because men feel that the church has abandoned what it set out to do. They believe it has allowed itself to become merely partisan—for the sake of short-lived expediency. They believe it allies itself with the solidly entrenched of one kind or another—for the same insufficient reason. And in their eyes, its conduct when it seeks its ends through the power of organization immediately puts it in the class of all ordinary human enterprises that need or need not command respect.

The state of the world to-day reveals better than any argument how little the philosophy of Jesus has been applied through the church to the lives of men and peoples, how tragically the church has been missing the greatest opportunity of two thousand years. The hills and the plains are full of people whose hungering for the religious is so great that it is pathetic. They will rush off to hear any sort of proclaimed religious leader who happens along; they will spend their last quarter or their last dollar for the latest religious confection of any baseball player, movie actress, or make-believe psychologist who chooses to sit down and

write; they will join any cult or club that promises them the least crumb. They are not any special grade of subnormals but only high-pitched mortals who famish for that which the church is supposed to give, but which they do not easily detect in an organization busy with mass campaigns. There are perhaps almost as many less obvious seekers: the humble people of great gentility who in their obscure places have come to possess something of the reverence for life that is the basis of all tolerance deserving the name, all fellow-feeling, and the only valid reason for wishing that there might be an immortality. They too feel a great hunger, yet they get along without the church. And to the numberless in these two groups must be added the poets and thinkers and explorers who are potentially religious yet feel in the church a horrifying emptiness. Most of the people of my acquaintance whom I would call profoundly religious fall within this last group. Yet they as well as all these other outsiders are content—somewhat content—to live on in their state of isolation and suspense indefinitely.

The great body of industrial workers by their attitude tell the same story. These men who are feared by the church as the source of a proletarian uprising do not, in truth, believe that the church is anything they need to be concerned with. It does not make it easy for a man, for "whosoever will," to believe that he can go to the church and find what he needs. What he needs is somebody to come along and dig him out of the hell of industrial confusion that buries him and tell him that he too has a soul—or a potentiality, or whatever anybody chooses to call it—that makes him just as important in fundamental respects as anyone else. This may not be easy when he is only one among forty thousand who are milling along monotonously for the same non-resident employer; but it is necessary. And then he needs somebody to come along and prove that the words are true by infiltrating the industrial scheme with a spirit that will enable a man to work in

it and retain the feeling that there could be anything of any kind in him worth saving. If this cannot be done, then the present industrial scheme ought to be junked. And then he needs a source of supply where he can renew himself and where he can participate with all sorts of other human beings in something which recognizes a man as a man, whatever his station.

But working men by the millions—anybody with eyes can see for himself if he wishes—have not the slightest feeling that the church is any such source of upholding for them. To them all churches look alike—all are "the church." And they know that the bulk of "the church" looks upon them as fertile soil for the growth of communism—the church's dread enemy. In a scheme of life where they are treated as anything but "precious personalities," to say nothing of "immortal souls," they feel that they and the church have nothing in common. They are sure—and too often they are right—that the church is managed by employers of labor who treat working men as if hungering for anything besides beans was beyond their natural reach. From the daily press, including their own, they infer that "nice people" are against them. The only sense of solidarity left for them to enjoy is among themselves. By giving themselves to the battle for these others, they experience something of the sense of illumination enjoyed by the early Christians.

I stopped in the little shop of an old school friend who had had his share of disappointments and asked him if I might use his telephone. He was exceedingly cheerful in speech, and his face was as radiant as that of some new religious convert. After I had telephoned he confessed to me as a lifelong friend that he had at last found "the light." He was working to bring in the better day. Late into every night after he closed his store he worked at his typewriter turning out letters. All day Sunday he worked with the same zeal. He was telling others how magnificent a thing could be brought to

pass when enough of them enlisted for the brotherhood. He was stirred to the depths. He was moved by the most unselfish of motives. Yet his kind are not only the ones who feel that the church is empty of life for them, but the very ones—in many quarters at least—of whom the church is most suspicious. Just how can a church with the slightest faith in the qualities of its founder stand forth in the light of day and explain this fact? Why does it not look the world honestly in the face and admit that by its own negligence it has been making more communists than all the propagandists abroad in the land?

The case of the "ungodly youth" who are supposed to be swarming over the earth like fishflies and filling the colleges and the world with dangerous pagan elements is not different. They likewise are not overmuch in evidence in the church. Among the hundreds of churches that I have visited, I have seen only a few in whom the young—and especially the educated young—were noticeable. Yet most young people are anything but fundamentally irreligious. They like to dwell upon the ideal. They want to live an honestly ecstatic life. They welcome a steady assurance of final truth. They are, moreover, unconfused by too great a multiplicity of impressions. In consequence, their sense of honesty is quicker. Anyone who is much with them knows how they recoil from the subtle intellectual dishonesty that they profess to find in much of the church. And anyone who sees much of the church and has not surrendered his insistence on receiving impressions for what they are feels that their attitude is too largely justified.

Once when I was left in Minneapolis over a week-end I dropped in at a church which stood on the street along which I had taken a walk. I was far from being in any antipathetic mood when I entered. But the minister—I was assured that he was distinguished—got out a little too openly and knelt with a little too much of a flourish when he was ready to pray. He thanked God for many things—most

of them unimportant—but he reserved a special gratitude for the fact that the depression had left the church journal of the true faith with plenty of subscribers right at the very time it had killed off all the journals published by the unchristian branch of his denomination. When he announced his text I was interested. But he twisted it round shrewdly until it seemed to justify the use of mass force where force was clearly not applicable. Then he slipped in a few words about loyalty. In the end he had his parishioners—most of them—filled with some vague indignant belief that they as a solid congregation ought to go out and wage war against certain of their fellows.

The few youths who were present looked as troubled as I felt. I had been reading the first half of Jules Breton's autobiography, *The Life of an Artist*, the night before, and when I went back from this church to the hotel and settled down in a quiet corner of the coffee shop to have luncheon and read the rest of the story of how this honest, gentle person had worked incessantly, loved beautifully, and never ceased to struggle for a closer approach to high perfection in his art, I felt as if I had escaped from hell.

From scores of such instances I have come to understand why the young are not at church. They are not looking for a stuffy, spiritually dishonest sense of security in which to suffer slow death while yet alive. They do not want to live a life of organized hatreds and then have this topped off with some far too earthlike afterworld. They want to extend their self-feeling until it touches the spirit of the universe, to enjoy the steady sense of growth that is the only life worth the name. And that life they do not find in a church which is busy building fences.

IV

Here, then, is the warning. The church must get out of the position where it strangles the practical application of the philosophy of its founder to the problems of individual men. Why

use up energy daily in dreading some hypothetical Russian Revolution? Why concentrate on making the church solid against the onslaught that is to accompany communism? Why not show a little concern over why communism is rising? Why not hear more sympathetically the occasional priest and bishop who would save the Christian idea to the church? Men want to be free to be their most interesting and fruitful selves. If the church had been busy helping men to this freedom so that they might have gone out as reconstituted beings who would have felt instant revolt at injustice, and held fundamental notions of conduct for community and state life, the church

would to-day enjoy a great flexible invincibility—the invincibility of a live idea.

There may yet be time. But if the church uses up its energy in the business of making itself solid, if it occupies itself with wars of one kind or another, if nobody rises up to give the philosophy of Jesus a fair chance in the church and through its representatives, the church may well face a more tragic eclipse than any that it has imagined for itself at the hands of external enemies. For an idea is deathless, and if it does not find a fair chance for life in its established place it has a way of cropping up in other semi-respectable or non-respectable places where it has been recognized and welcomed.

PASSING UNDERSTANDING

BY C. F. MacINTYRE

*. . . And when he was in bed, after his prayers,
He used to call his father (to put off
Sleep), and the old man coughed and climbed the stairs:
What do you want?—while his tight heart went soft.*

*The child would pull the covers round his head,
Lie still as still, pretend to be asleep,
Withdrawing in himself like a closed bud . . .
While the father sat by him and leaned to slip*

*An arm beneath the chuckling scamp and press
His beard into the blanket, half-ashamed
To want to hug the bundle to his breast
And love him fiercely, with strange fire consumed.*

*Always, after scuffling, came a kiss,
And the wet lips the child put to his cheek
Blinded the man like apotheosis,
Made him too proud to trust himself to speak.*



ROBERT MOSES AND HIS PARKS

BY HUBERT HERRING

I HAVE a kinswoman of many years and ample enthusiasms who lives on the edge of Central Park. I came upon her one day last May and found her kindled with excitement. The wistaria just inside the park gate was blooming. She had lived with that wistaria for thirty years. For a long time its purple blaze confirmed her of spring, and then for nine years there was no rioting of color. The hard-packed and unfed clay round its feet caught the wind-swept litter. Spring was cheated those nine years; but now the wistaria had returned to its remembered beauty, and she was glad.

This is the story of the coming of wistaria to bloom in city parks, and it is the record of the pride of a city in a man who brings beauty to a herded people.

At Yale they remember Robert Moses for his victory over Coach Walter Camp and the football enthusiasts who thought to monopolize the athletic money of the university for the football team, with only the scant leavings devoted to the encouragement of such sports as tennis, hockey, swimming, and basket-ball. At Oxford they still speak of the avid vigor with which he studied the ways of government. Returning to Columbia for his doctorate, conferred in 1914, he made his thesis a study of the English civil service. New York, long under Tammany rule, offered a ready laboratory. Working with the first effective agency for municipal reorganization, the Bureau of Municipal Research, he had a hand in the administration of John Purroy Mitchel in

1914-17 and in Mitchel's efforts to redeem the city.

But after Mitchel's death the coalition forces were scattered and New York City offered slight opportunity. The State government, dominated by Alfred E. Smith, presented fairer promise. When Smith was first elected Governor in 1918 he appointed a State reconstruction commission, charged it to study the State's archaic departments, and asked Moses to head the commission. "Take a salary," said Smith. "No," said Moses; "in America you can get a lot of service out of people for nothing. The minute you put a salary on the job it becomes an item for the politicians." The recommendations of that commission, finally accepted, brought the consolidation of one hundred and eighty stumbling and overlapping agencies into eighteen departments.

In 1921 the New York State Association, a civic body organized to carry on the work begun by Smith's reconstruction commission, elected Moses its salaried secretary. His study of the State government had focused his attention on the chaotic park system of the State. He devised a plan for a State Council of Parks, with eleven regional commissions, each charged with the development and enlargement of the parks within its area. Governor Smith laughed at him. "You want to give the State a fur overcoat when what it needs is a suit of red-flannel underwear." Moses took Smith to the Adirondacks, to the Catskills, to Long Island, and persuaded him that both flannels and furs

are feasible. In 1924 the New York State Council of Parks was created. Commissions were appointed in the eleven districts. The legislature made increased appropriations. Individuals gave land, money, and time. In 1924, Robert Moses also accepted two active and unsalaried offices, which he has held without interruption ever since—President of the State Council of Parks, and President of the Long Island State Park Commission. New York now boasts seventy State Parks, ranging from more than two million acres in the Adirondacks and Catskills Forest Preserve down to the smallest park on Long Island. . . . Since 1924 Moses' job has been parks.

II

When Robert Moses became president of the Long Island State Park Commission in 1924 he assigned to himself the most obdurate area of the State. Long Island (leaving out of account that section of it which falls within the limits of New York City) was divided mostly between the old families of farmers who had lived there since the days of the Dutch and the new families of the rich sitting tight in their fenced estates. Both groups deplored invasion. They wanted the island for themselves.

The archduchy of Long Island, 122 miles from tip to tip, 23 miles at its widest, includes in its western reaches one-half the population of New York City, one-third of the population of New York State. Moses' task was to persuade rural Long Island that it was still part of the State of New York and of the Union, and that the seven million people in New York City had inalienable rights to the salt seas and the fresh air and open country.

In two counties of Long Island, Nassau and Suffolk, are gathered in quiet and mutual appreciation a most impressive galaxy of the leaders in railroads, iron and steel, oil, shipping, power, copper, sugar, banking, coal, and corporation law. These people found it "hard to believe," said Moses, "that there is anyone

whom they cannot reach and anything which they cannot buy." It was this "mushroom aristocracy" which blocked the way of the city dwellers to the sea and the country. And when Moses, acting through the Long Island Park Commission, began to draw lines across the Long Island map, plotting arterial parkways from the heart of the city to the heart of the island; when he cast about for loose acres which could be turned into State parks, golf courses, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, playgrounds, picnic grounds, camping sites, beaches to which the city's millions could come, the elect protested angrily and unitedly, demanding the end of Moses and his wilful ways.

Two things must be done, said Moses. There must be play acres built on Long Island and broad parkways to connect them with New York City.

Plans for the development of the Long Island park system were clear in his mind when he took office in 1924. There would be great beaches on the South Shore. There would be parks and playgrounds over the island, with generous provision for campers, golfers, tennis players, and picnickers. There would be two arterial parkways cutting across the rolling acres of Suffolk and Nassau, wide parkways, averaging three hundred feet in width. These parkways would be built in two lanes, divided by grass and shrubbery. All grade crossings would be eliminated, with graceful overpasses. There would be no billboards in the strip seized by the State or within a thousand feet on either side.

The battles precipitated by these proposals involved Moses and his allies on three separate fronts. The towns on the South Shore, from whom Moses proposed to secure their beach lands, fought back with fury. Hempstead and Islip determined to resist. Moses' first attempts to secure land from the town of Hempstead were decisively voted down in 1924. He went again in 1925, and won half of what he asked. From 1926 to 1931 he kept asking, until the State owned a great stretch of meadows and marshes and

beach land. His second skirmish was with New York City, which owned strips of the island as a part of its water-supply system. The city was finally convinced—thanks (for history should be generous) to the friendly intervention of Mayor Jimmy Walker.

The third battle was with the owners of estates. Here Moses tried persuasion. The response of the estate owners was various. Some enthusiastically accepted Moses' plans. Others, such as Henry L. Stimson, first objected and then were convinced by the argument that the parkway would serve as a "traffic bridge" over which the city's people would be carried to the parks without damage to the island's estates. Some accepted in silence, knowing the futility of opposition, and others fought with vehemence and venom.

The allies were generous. When the plans were shown to August Belmont he said, "We can't beat these things and we shouldn't. The people want them and must have them. It hurts me to give land from my father's old place—but it must be. I'll tell you what I will do. Make a little curve in the parkways, so that it is not so near the house, and I will give you all the land you need." And others went with Moses all the way. John D. Ryan, Nicholas F. Brady, Henry Rogers Winthrop, Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst, Robert Elbert, Edward S. Harkness, Joseph P. Grace, and many others belong on this roll of honor.

The opposition organized committees for protest, they belabored Governor Smith, they used every argument, legal, moral, and social. In the meantime rights-of-way were acquired by gift, voluntary sale, and condemnation. The running fire of denunciation and pleading did not abate. Typical of the protests was that voiced by one spokesman. "Can't you realize," said he to Moses, "that this is the last real fox-hunting country left in New York? If you build a road across it the hounds will lose the scent every time the fox crosses the concrete." "Perhaps," replied Moses, "we

can build a tunnel under the road for the fox."

While the parkways were being built—broad, substantial, banked with flowers, shrubs, and trees—Moses was reaching for the parks and beaches. And here again he was met by much generosity and by greater opposition.

At the far end of Long Island is Montauk Point, a bleak, spray-swept outpost in the sea. Moses decided that Montauk must belong to the State. He moved quickly and won the promise of co-operation from many who would give their land or sell it reasonably. They praised Robert Moses as a public servant. Montauk State Park seemed assured.

Then came one Carl Fisher, who had created Miami Beach and who proposed to repeat the performance at Montauk Point. He would build a magnificent beach, with hotels and office buildings, so that the great of earth who enjoyed Miami in the winter would turn to Montauk in the summer. He would build docks for ocean liners and run fast trains from the Point to New York City. The property owners, who had pledged their word and accorded their praise to Robert Moses, turned with a shout to Carl Fisher and signed profitable options. Carl Fisher and his incomparable salesmen sold lots, built a hotel and an office building. But with the collapse of the Florida real-estate boom Fisher's grandiose plans were modified, and Robert Moses created for the people Montauk State Park.

It fell to Moses' lot to write the obituary on the new Miami which didn't quite come off. He told of a certain eminent philanthropist who, after promising his land and urging Moses to acquire all the lands on the Point, had a few days later signed an option with Carl Fisher. Moses quoted the words of G. K. Chesterton: "When the great revolution comes, the gentlemen will be spared; the clergy, I fear, will also be spared; but the streets will run with the blood of the philanthropists." Moses also refers to "multi-millionaires who cannot speak of the nat-

ural beauties of Long Island without choking with emotion but who sell out to development companies without a qualm."

Bethpage State Park, thirty-seven miles from the city, with an area of 1400 acres, is an excellent instance of the way in which Moses gets a park without money. He secured an option for the area, but the State legislature would not vote the million dollars required. Moses emerged with an ingenious, self-liquidating corporation, the Bethpage Park Authority, controlled by the Long Island Park Commission, authorized to issue a million dollars worth of bonds. The money was forthcoming, and Moses used federal relief workers to build golf courses and a colonial clubhouse, and opened the park to the people. There are four eighteen-hole golf courses, picnic groves, bridle paths, and a polo field. The golfers and the polo players gladly pay the necessary fees, which will retire the bonds, and the State will own the park.

Two lively controversies marked the acquisition of Heckscher State Park and Jones Beach. The former was Moses' first and longest battle with the royalists of Long Island. In 1924 he hit upon this wooded plot of 1500 acres, with its three and one-half miles of ocean frontage on the south shore of Suffolk County, in the midst of some of the proudest estates of the Island. It was called Deer Range Park and it had been leased as a private hunting preserve to Percy R. Pyne, 2nd. Mr. Pyne and his friends greatly enjoyed the woods and the beach several days each year, but Mr. Moses felt that there were people confined to the city and outlying districts who might enjoy it also. Whereupon Mr. Moses set out to acquire those 1500 acres.

In early 1924 Moses reached an agreement with the owners of the estate under which the Long Island State Park Commission leased the land for one year with an option to buy for \$250,000 cash, this agreement subject to confirmation by the stockholders of the company. The news created a furor. Moses was striking at

the very heart of Long Island. Letters of protest and entreaty poured in upon Governor Smith. The Town of Islip went on record against the proposal on the grounds that such a park would "seriously interfere with the peace and well-being of the great majority of the Township of Islip." Excited delegations called on the Governor. The spokesman of one of these pleaded, "If this Moses' scheme goes through, Long Island beaches will be overrun with the rabble from the city." "Rabble?" barked Smith. "That's *me*."

The neighbors organized to fight Moses. A group of them, including W. Kingsland Macy and Horace Havemeyer, offered \$250,000 cash for the property. The stockholders refused to ratify the agreement with Moses and voted to sell to the neighbors. The neighbors moved in, set surveyors to work laying out plots for sale. Within a month Moses moved in after them, declaring the property appropriated by the State. There began the legal fight which lasted for six years, during which the case was in the courts twenty-five times.

The battle was fought on the sidewalks as well as in the courts. The opposition's committees printed in the Long Island newspapers lurid appeals to the prejudice of the villagers against the "undesirables," the "germ scum," the "unclean outsiders," the "driftwood and the riffraff" from New York, all "repulsive" to local citizens. They called upon the villagers to preserve the natural resources of Long Island for themselves so that "these God-given blessings will not be usurped by those from the outside." The social pressure was intense. The few who dared to argue Moses' case felt the ban. Merchants who spoke injudiciously were threatened with boycott.

The opposition all but won the argument in Albany. They drove a law through the legislature which recast the park commission and put it into the hands of local representatives, eliminating Moses and making all decisions on parks subject to local approval. Alfred

E. Smith vetoed the bill. They bombarded the legislature and prevented the voting of funds for the purchase of the property. Moses' case seemed lost, he was bound by court injunctions, and the "neighbors" were exultant. But it remained for one of the quietest of public-spirited men to turn the tables. August Heckscher offered \$262,000 as a gift to the State, to pay for the park, and the court injunction was lifted. On June 2, 1929, the tract was officially dedicated as Heckscher Park. To-day this former game preserve where hunters once enjoyed their isolation is a State park with beach accommodations for 1700 bathers, with camping sites, picnic grounds, and bridle paths.

When Robert Moses took up the task of park building in Long Island one project was uppermost in his mind. He would capture the sea front for the people. It is a curious commentary on the ways of our unplanned society that cities and States allow the seizure of the beaches by private exploiters and then must laboriously recapture them. With all of the Atlantic at their door, New Yorkers had no adequate place to which they could go for a dip in the sea on an August day. Of course, there was Coney Island, to which a million people flee on a hot Sunday. But Moses wanted another kind of beach.

The chosen site belonged to Oyster Bay, Babylon, and Hempstead. It was an area of 7700 acres of swamp, meadow, submerged land, and barrier beach separated from the mainland. Moses, after patient education of the townspeople, got the land for the State. He then went to the legislature with his blueprints, with estimates for the bridges, causeways, underpasses, bathhouses, service buildings, and playgrounds. The legislature voted only a small part of what he asked. Moses' lieutenants were aghast, for the plans were drawn. We will change nothing, said Moses, but will build. He spent practically all the legislature's appropriation on the first bathhouse for Jones Beach and then invited

the legislators to come down and see what he had done. The night before they arrived a fine gale arose and piled sand dunes against the concrete foundations. Workmen shoveled against the wind, and the legislators saw what their money had built. Now, said Moses, let us talk about a real appropriation. And they did.

To-day Jones Beach, 33 miles from the city, with parking places for over 15,000 cars, with two bathhouses for 15,000 people, with two miles of spotless beach, with pools and restaurants and play equipment, all built at a cost of some \$15,000,000, stands as evidence of the power of a people to appropriate their own resources. Four million people came to Jones Beach during the summer of 1937, sometimes a hundred thousand on one summer Sunday. They swim in pools or surf, play a variety of games. Their children enjoy the kindergartens and playgrounds. They picnic on the beach or eat in one of the restaurants where prices are graded to different purses. They listen to light opera and orchestras, they dance in the light of the moon. Their fees make it a self-sustaining project of the Long Island State Park Commission. And driving over the new parkways, it is distant little more than an hour from Times Square.

The map of Long Island published by the Long Island State Park Commission shows dotted lines where more parkways will be built, and one hears of more beaches and more play spaces. But the record of thirteen years stands. In 1924 there was one State park on Long Island—Fire Island, acquired long ago as a cholera quarantine, on a barrier beach, reached only by boat. In 1937 there are fourteen State parks on the Island, aggregating over 20,000 acres. In 1924 there were no parkways, but in 1937 there are over sixty miles of them connecting the city with the parks. And to-day Long Islanders are proud of the achievement. Many who fought Moses most stoutly now boast of the triumph most heartily and are glad to share the credit. There are still a few Long Is-

landers who sigh for the good old days and think Moses a highhanded interloper. But not the swimmers, the hikers, the golfers, and the campers.

III

On January 1, 1934, by grace of God and the sins of Tammany, Fiorello H. LaGuardia became Mayor of New York. LaGuardia needed someone to clean up and extend the city's park system, which Tammany, with its happy talent for multiple jobs and confusion, had farmed out to five borough park commissioners, each managing his satrapy in his own fashion. He turned to Robert Moses, whose name by this time had become synonymous with parks. Fire the lot of them, said Moses, and I will begin. LaGuardia, by a quick sortie upon the New York legislature, abolished the five commissioners with their total yearly salaries of \$62,000, and Moses went to work as the single Park Commissioner at a salary of \$10,000.

The parks of New York in 1934 turned a yellowed face upon a hapless citizenry. Trees were succumbing to carbon monoxide. Grass had become weeds. Flowers were memories. Park benches were sagged and splintered. The Central Park zoo was a cluster of firetraps, where discouraged bears and anæmic monkeys sought to hold up their end of the bargain on empty stomachs. Comfort stations stuck and leaked. Fences, swings, and bridges were rusty and broken. The woods had been gashed for roads without regard to landscaping. Playgrounds were few and uninviting. The scant beaches were unsanitary and condemned. The brightest exhibit which the parks offered was the Central Park Casino, prize concession to a private caterer, with golden murals by Joseph Urban, where one might pay forty cents for a cup of coffee. New York had parks in 1934, but there were few ball fields, golf courses, playgrounds for the children. Just acres of dusty weeds, with signs "Keep Off the Grass."

Robert Moses was offered the job in November, 1933, and appointed on January 19, 1934. By that time, with the help of engineers, he had made a survey of every park and parkway in the city.

His chief problem—and ally—was the army of 69,000 relief workers which he inherited. There were scarcely any tools and material, there was little supervision. Moses found six thousand assigned to ash dumps, picking desultorily at frozen cinders. Twenty thousand on the payroll he could not find at all. He entered office with plans made for 1700 work relief projects in the New York parks, projects calling for the labor of 75,000 men. He had had his estimates made for materials and tools. Above all, he needed 500 supervisors, technically trained in park and construction work. The politicians demanded that he use men on relief, the theory being that any man not strong enough to handle a shovel was competent to boss.

Moses took one week (including a threat to resign) to persuade the city's Board of Estimate, the Mayor, the State relief administration, and others in authority. He got the money for tools, material, and 500 technical supervisors. One week after he took office he was ready to hire. It was a Saturday and 1300 telegrams were sent out to likely candidates. On Sunday afternoon at two o'clock the interviewing began. It continued until Monday morning at five. By that time a list of 453 men had been approved and by sunrise on Monday wires went out ordering them to report for work that morning. "Not one," Moses' lieutenants aver, "was hired on account of personal or political influence." Seventy thousand men went to work on the 1700 projects.

One of the first and most stirring battles of Moses' four years in the city's parks centered in the Central Park Casino. The Casino was a rich man's club in a public park. Its board of management glittered with expensive names. Within a month after taking office Moses served formal notice upon the concessionaire

that his prices were too high. The concessionaire ran to his friends and they raised a great outcry. They claimed they had spent close to a half million dollars and that their concession was properly granted and legally binding. Moses, after two months of argument, revoked the license and gave them three weeks to get out.

The Casino was not thus easily eliminated. There were friends, and friends of friends, and it took two years for Moses to win his fight. The courts granted an injunction against Moses and held that he had no right to "waste the heritage of New York." "He is," said this judge, "only to hold office for a brief term. He will, in time, and that not long, be superseded. In the meantime, and at least pending this action, he must restrain his extravagant, excessive energy and zeal, or he must be restrained." But this judge was overruled by the appellate division of the Supreme Court and Moses was given the right to close and wreck the night club.

Within five days the Casino was in the hands of the wreckers. They left only memories and concrete foundations. Today those foundations hold as fine a children's playground as any private school in Westchester can boast.

Claremont Inn, a lovely old colonial house set in a grassy triangle above Grant's tomb, facing the Hudson, had vied with the Casino in charging high prices. Moses found a new concessionaire who would serve a good dinner for a dollar and a half, mix a cocktail for a quarter, and furnish music for dancers. Another corner of New York had been recaptured.

Moses turned to the zoos. Bright new fireproof buildings replaced the shacks in Central and Prospect Parks. The bears got solid bear food and they sat on their haunches with new assurance. The monkeys got clean cages, and some aver that their tails grew longer and their swings grew wider; but no matter how that question is settled, the number of visitors doubled and redoubled.

Moses descended on the comfort stations. He tore out toilets of the bell-cord, remember-the-Maine period, bought plumbing by the trainload, built and rebuilt buildings, until the comfort stations in the great and little parks, in the playgrounds, were as fine as those of a good hotel.

Moses' looked upon the grass, and it was moth-eaten. He picked up the newspapers which told of the defeat of Bryan, he dug out the bits of pre-Prohibition beer bottles, and collected some tons of hairpins, safety pins, and carpet tacks. The tortured grass smiled with relief. He brought fertilizer and the soured acres turned green.

He turned to the trees. With his own hands multiplied seventy thousand times, he trimmed away the dead branches, cut out the rotted sides, fed the abused roots, watered and tended. The trees, whose protests had been so long unheeded, puffed out and brought shade to a dusty people. And then Moses sent out to the forests of New York State for other trees—cedars, maples, oaks—and planted these trees in the parks of greater New York.

He turned to the public bathing places. Physicians had found beaches charged with streptococci nourished in rich sewage. The nearby beaches had been preëmpted by private enterprise, cheapened and exploited. For those who could afford to drive to Jones Beach or to spend a dollar for the train and the bus that was one answer. But the people who must stay in New York had the right to swim, and so he set himself to build swimming pools easily accessible to the city's people. There are ten of them today, which cost about a million dollars each. Typical of these is the Astoria pool. There are really three pools at Astoria: one for little waders, one for divers, and a great one for the swimmers. The machinery for purification is modern and sufficient. The houses for lockers and baths are complete and clean and well-tended. Seventeen thousand people use the Astoria pools on a summer day.

He turned to the congested areas of the city and found a few playgrounds, sketchily equipped, poorly supervised, dreadfully unattractive. He saw the streets filled with children, frantically seeking to make ball parks out of thoroughfares. We must bring the playgrounds within reach of the baby-carriage pushers, said Moses. He searched the city for bits of land which could be taken over from the Board of Education, from other city departments. He got plots of two hundred feet here and a hundred there. He hunted up tenements whose taxes were in arrears, tenements that were condemned and could be bought. He prevailed upon the city government to advance funds. He got these parcels of land and used the relief workers on federal payroll to do the work. When Moses came into office in January, 1934, there were 127 playgrounds; to-day there are over 300.

Sometimes Moses lost, as at Stuyvesant Square, where he wanted a playground, but was defeated. Again he won, as at Roosevelt Park, which cuts through the center of the congested East Side, with four blocks of baseball fields, tennis courts, wading pools, children's playgrounds, and immaculate comfort stations. The area had already been seized by the city as the site for a model housing venture. The neighborhood chamber of commerce, the banks, the merchants wanted more houses, more families who would buy more goods, make more deposits, create more business. They brought organized pressure upon the city government to stop this man Moses and his playground folly. But Robert Moses led the people themselves into the hearings before the Board of Estimate. He put mothers from Chrystie Street on the stand to oppose the bankers and the merchants. These mothers were embarrassed, but they wanted playgrounds. A Russian woman, with few words of English, outstarred the evidence of the bankers and the merchants. She repeated again and again, "*We don't want our children killed in the street.*"

Moses turned on the concessionaires who ran the restaurants and the refreshment places in the city parks. He believed that the parks are the people's, and that whatever will make for the pleasure of the people belongs in the parks. There should be eating and drinking, music and dancing. Tammany, with a fine show of impartiality, had auctioned off these city privileges and the winners collected all they could. The prices were set as high as the traffic would bear, and the quality of the service was set by cupidity and self-interest. Moses wrecked the old buildings and built new ones outlined with flowers. He leased them to those who promised fair performance. The scale of prices was set by the city, quality was assured by laboratory tests and persistent supervision, and the city takes a fixed percentage of the gross sales. He tore down the ancient sheepfold in Central Park and built the Tavern-on-the-Green, where beer costs a dime and you can dance for a long time on two beers. He did not banish private business, but he compelled it to serve the public need.

Still Moses was not content. He had improved the existing parks. He had added almost 4000 extra acres in playgrounds and recreation space, but he was dealing with an overcrowded city of seven millions and he wanted another great park. He found it in the mudflats of Flushing Meadow.

Three things conspired to create Flushing Meadow Park. First, there were the busy boosters of the World's Fair of 1939, looking for a site. Second, there was Robert Moses, looking for parks. Third, there was a stretch of 1250 acres of smelly, boggy meadow, a springy vegetable mat laid on a jelly mush of muck. Moses said, Here is my park. The boosters looked at it and said, Here is our World's Fair. Both were right, but it will be a park much longer than it will be a fair.

The story of Moses' move upon Flushing Meadows makes gaudy reading. By all traditional rules of the game, it would have taken twenty years for the city to win possession of this tract. There would

have been endless litigation and counter-litigation, repeated appraisals and appeals, contracts and broken contracts. But Moses knows his way through the mazes of the law. On Flushing Meadow he moved so swiftly that the 600-odd owners, the city, and the State never caught up with him. First he went to the city and State authorities with a complete legal set-up, secured the necessary authorizations and the requisite funds. Second, he hired consulting engineers and gave them four weeks to prepare a report on the filling and the grading. The engineers worked day and night, and at the end of four weeks reported, "This is a hard job. It can be done. This is the way to do it." It stipulated the kind of trucks which must be built to do the filling. They must unload while in motion, else the trucks and their loads would break through the top crust and sink into a hundred feet of jelly. The report said that Mount Corona—a ninety-foot mound of ashes and waste, the thirty-year accumulation of Brooklyn and Queens—should be spread out over the meadow. Moses' third step was to appear before the city's Board of Estimate with a complete program of condemnation, filling, grading, road-building, and landscaping. The bewildered Board told him to go ahead, voted the funds. This was on May 1, 1936. By May 15th Moses was in possession of the property, leaving it for the courts to decide later how much must be paid.

Moses called for bids on the filling and the grading. These, when presented, varied widely. The city charter provides that contracts shall go to the lowest bidder, save with the unanimous consent of the Board of Estimate. But Moses decided that the two lowest bidders would not do the work on time. It takes a hardy commissioner in New York to reject the low bidder, a commissioner against whom the charge of grafter would not stick. Moses went to the Board of Estimate. He said, This is a difficult order, men must work three shifts, there must be elaborate floodlighting, there must be

new and expensive equipment, the two lowest bidders will not see it through. The Board swallowed hard and approved Moses' plan.

The work of filling and grading was begun on schedule—and finished on schedule in January, 1937. The swamp was overspread with two layers of ashes, the first four feet thick, the second eight feet thick. Night and day the dredges cut into Mount Corona, the trucks carried their loads to the swamp, distributing it as they went. And at any hour of the day or night Moses would appear to make sure that there was no delay. His only heartbreak was the fact that once every twenty-four hours the machinery was stopped twenty minutes for oiling.

The next problem was top-soil, which comes high in New York. So Moses decided that there should be two lakes in his new park; he sucked out the muck and spread it over the ashes. He mixed in good fertilizer, and Flushing Meadow was ready for the planting of grass and azaleas and good trees. The trees are now planted.

While Moses' dredges and trucks were thus busied, the condemnation actions involving almost 700 owners were pushed through with equal vigor. Those familiar with New York's ways would have prophesied that these cases would keep the lawyers and the courts busy for years; but they would have reckoned without Moses. The docket was all cleared within the last six months of 1936.

So Fair promoters can have all the fan-dancers and hot-dog artists they please, but Moses has seen to it that they will leave a great park behind. They must build a permanent water and sewerage system, a building which after the Fair will become a field house for athletes, a permanent boathouse, and many walks and roads and bridges. Furthermore, he has it written down in binding form that the zone about the site will be protected against the scourge of billboards and cheap concessions. The visitors from Iowa and California will settle the account, and when the last bill on the

Fair is paid the first lien on all funds will be an item of two million dollars with which to clean up the grounds of Flushing Meadow Park.

IV

But the Park Commissioner would not stay within his parks.

He knew better than any other that the highways must be opened so that the people of New York might escape to the greater parks and the open lands outside the crowded city. He knew also how slow the city politicians are in opening the highways by which the people may escape.

The way out of New York to New Jersey had been made easier by the Holland Tunnel and the George Washington Bridge. A further step was taken by the provision for a midtown tunnel from Manhattan to New Jersey, now being built. And, balancing it, a tunnel is being built from Manhattan to Queens. These are two of the projects for which Moses, as chairman in 1932 of the State Emergency Public Works Commission, shares credit.

The way out of New York to Westchester County led through narrow and congested streets which were bottled up on holidays while traffic halted and inched along. Within her borders Westchester had opened up great highways. But at the city line these ran into the congestion of city streets and heavy traffic. Moses saw that there must be a new arterial highway to lead out of the heart of Manhattan. Tammany administrations had completed it from Canal Street to 72nd Street. At that point the traffic was diverted into congested Riverside Drive. Here Moses saw his opportunity in the waterfront between Riverside Drive and the Hudson, an unkempt, ragged dump land, preempted by the New York Central Railroad.

Before the people of New York knew what was happening Moses had made a bargain with the New York Central, the city Board of Estimate, the State govern-

ment, and the federal relief authorities; a double parkway was taking shape; many acres were being graded, filled, covered with top-soil, seeded, planted with fine trees which came from nowhere overnight. It will now be possible to drive from Canal Street in downtown Manhattan to the George Washington Bridge, ten miles uptown, without arguing with a traffic light. And from there the Henry Hudson Parkway leads along the Hudson, over the Harlem River, through Van Cortlandt Park, and connects with the Saw Mill River Parkway. Here Moses appears as the sole member of the Henry Hudson Parkway Authority, a self-liquidating financial entity, whose bonds will be retired out of the tolls over the Harlem Bridge. The idea was not his, it had been talked of and argued about for fifty years, but he gave it reality. The Hudson River, long a railroad right-of-way, a dump yard for ashes and tin cans, is reclaimed for the people. Thus New York City has a parkway which opens up a park of 132 acres along the river, a park dotted with playgrounds.

The people must also have a way opened to Long Island. The parks were ready for them. Jones Beach was completed. But the way from Manhattan to the heart of Long Island was devious. People could go by the Long Island Railroad and by connecting buses. They could drive their Fords and Cadillacs if they had them and if they were brave enough to find their way through the vast unknown of Brooklyn and Queens. The clear answer to the confusion was the Triborough Bridge.

This bridge, which would connect the Boroughs of Bronx, Manhattan, and Queens, had been discussed for some years. Steps had been taken to construct it as early as 1927, some plans drawn. But those were the days of Tammany. In early 1932 the first public works program was launched under the ægis of the RFC with Moses as chairman of the State Emergency Public Works Commission. The Triborough Bridge Authority was created by the legislature, authorized to

issue its own bonds, these bonds to be retired out of toll charges, with the city assuming a share in the expense. The plan included provision for generous approaches and connections with the parkways of Long Island. But the plan thus launched was bogged down by inadequate Tammany appointments. In November, 1933, Tammany was turned out and LaGuardia took the helm. He reconstituted the Authority, appointing Moses as Secretary and Chief Executive Officer—without pay.

Within a period of two years and eight months the Bridge was built.

However, the Triborough Bridge turned out to be more than a bridge. It was rather 16 bridges—4 over water, 12 over land; it was 14 miles of highways connecting with the parkways of Long Island. It involved the acquisition of extra land in Manhattan, Queens, Bronx, the tearing down and rebuilding of a sizable factory, complicated arrangements with the Consolidated Edison Company for their several properties. As plans developed, it also involved such items as the transformation of Randall's Island into a park and the building of a municipal stadium seating 22,000 people.

Moses began work on the Triborough Bridge in November, 1933, and he promised that it would be open for traffic on July 1, 1936. The promise was kept. The relentless cutting through of red tape in condemnation procedures, the driving of contractors, the attention to detail, the overriding of the obstructions of the politicians, and the running battle with Secretary Harold L. Ickes, would make a long and exciting story. He got the money, 16 millions from the city, 35 millions as a loan from federal public works funds, and 9 millions as a grant from the PWA. He spent the 60 millions on the bridges and approaches. He bought 83,500 tons of steel and poured 400,000 cubic yards of cement. He kept an average of a thousand men employed. To-day he collects tolls on his bridges, a quarter at a time, and the quarters will pay off the federal loan in a period of

twenty years, when the city will own its bridge.

The by-products of the Triborough Bridge are scores of tennis courts, baseball diamonds, handball courts, and playgrounds which suddenly appeared in all of the little juts and angles of the bridge. These were the spaces which in the good old days would have been preempted by pushcarts and as dumps for ashes and retired automobiles.

But Brooklyn is also New York. Some day, if Moses' plan carries, the West Side highway on Manhattan will connect with a tunnel under the East River, join a circumferential drive around Brooklyn's south shore, there meet the Marine Parkway and pass over the Marine Parkway Bridge—already in use—to Rockaway Beach and Jacob Riis Park. Here Moses appears as the commissioner of the Marine Parkway Authority, another self-liquidating Moses invention, whose bonds will be retired out of bridge tolls.

V

"I find it hard," said a man who has known Robert Moses for many years, "to keep from admiring him very much." And then he went on to give instances of Moses' disregard of those who differ with him. It would be difficult to name a man in American public life who commands more fervent affection and dislike.

The dislike is easily explained. Moses is sure of his judgment and is impatient with dissent. Frances Perkins once aptly said of him, "Robert Moses is a good man but you have to let him have his own way." The results are seen in his own staff. He has able, honest, and loyal lieutenants, but there is only one leader to give commands. Moses drives his subordinates. It requires stout heart and strong nerves to survive. Some grow impatient, some murmur that he takes their work for granted. But he works his subordinates as he works himself. As it never occurs to him that he is noble, he wastes no time in praising them. A man who has known Moses for many years,

who has worked with him and fought with him, and who loves him as a son, says of him, "When we were working with him we were all incidentals. It was only the job that counted."

He is impatient with the wilful ways of labor—their zeal for unions, jurisdictional disputes, sitdowns, parades, and pickets. To Moses such tactics mean the delay of schedules, and he cannot comprehend how anyone can hold a construction schedule in disrespect.

Nor can he understand those who debate the æsthetic judgments of his architects. As park commissioner he is the final arbiter on blueprints for zoos, bath-houses, art museums, and comfort stations. Captious critics assert that his taste in architecture disregards those who would inject a more modern note.

His critics deplore his zeal for the headlines. But his friends, even many of his critics, say No, Moses does not set out to make the headlines. His sort of personality cannot keep out of the headlines. His directness is misjudged indirection.

He is a man of anger, but he comes out of his rages with the freshness of one in from the hunt. His rages are against those who would cheat the public interest. But when the obstructor is defeated, Moses is all urbanity. He can fight the Long Island nobility through every court and then make warm friends of those whom he defeated.

He boasts his sound Republicanism, but his course is that of a practical socialism. Any good socialist would have

followed Moses' course with parks and playspaces. In Moses' case, it is socialism without socialist philosophy.

What are the mainsprings of this man's singlemindedness? Why does he drive himself, and others, in the public interest? Why does he forswear private gain for the public weal? These are questions which none can answer, which Robert Moses probably could not answer.

Is it human sympathy which drives him? Is it a sense of the misery of the millions who breathe tenement air? Moses has none of that warm gregariousness which once marked Al Smith. Smith liked sidewalks and crowds; Moses never. Furthermore, Moses has no roots among the people who toil. He was born to comfort. Academically, he knows that men must live and that their children should see the grass and the sky. And he fights for the grass and the sky with the devotion of an Amos.

Robert Moses is a national asset. He is that rarity in public life, the perfectionist who cannot stomach the expediences deemed indispensable by statesmen. The nation needs men who can make blueprints for progress and can realize those blueprints in concrete and steel for social good. Robert Moses is such a man. If the nation uses him, Washington will do well to cultivate a sense of humor and boundless patience. But, no matter what job he is given to-morrow, New York presents an impressive exhibit of one citizen's building for the common good.



FAREWELL TO SHANGHAI

BY CARL CROW

WITH the exception of a few hot days in the early part of July, the past summer in Shanghai was remarkably cool, with fresh breezes from the sea most of the time. Those of us who remained in the city instead of going away to the mountain and beach resorts of China or Japan often congratulated ourselves that we were really the lucky ones, for we lived in the comfort of our own homes and played golf on the courses with which we were familiar, instead of taking a chance on the doubtful luxuries of resort hotels and the irritation of strange caddies.

The fact that our offices were satisfactorily busy contributed to our complacency. For many of us it was the first summer in several years when we felt that we really should forego our vacations, for we actually had business to attend to, a great deal of interesting and profitable business. China's progressive National Government had successfully accomplished the seeming miracle of putting the currency of the country on a sound basis and was spending millions of dollars in public works of all kinds. Crops had been good, many troublesome taxes had been abolished, and in every direction there were developments which had an encouraging effect on the business life of the country. It appeared that the threat of civil war, which for more than a quarter of a century had given our lives an undertone of pessimism, was now definitely a thing of the past. On every hand there was evidence that the tide had turned; everyone was busy, and the red-ink entries were beginning to fade out of local

balance sheets. China at last was at peace with herself, and we were content with things as they were.

On the afternoon of Friday, the thirteenth of August, I heard a good deal of talk at the American Club about an incident that had occurred in the outskirts of Shanghai a few days previously. A Japanese naval officer, in full uniform, had attempted to force his way into a Chinese military aviation field and, in the fight that followed, he and his Japanese chauffeur and a Chinese policeman had been killed.

There were two theories in the club as to the reason for this incident. One was that the Japanese officer had been sent on a suicide errand with the object of provoking the Chinese into killing him, thereby providing a suitable pretext for the landing of more Japanese marines or such other action as the Japanese navy had previously determined on. The fighting which had been going on in North China for several weeks had been by Japanese soldiers, and the navy, which is always jealous of the army, was getting none of the glory and limelight. The headlines which shouted in the Japanese papers were all about the army. If the navy allowed this situation to continue it would have a serious effect on appropriations which were soon to be considered by the Diet, and the navy was anxious to get into the fight. That was the contention of a noisy minority of the club membership, and we had an interesting teatime discussing it; for all Shanghai residents are international politicians of a sort.

The other, more comfortable theory, held by some of us who had lived through many wars, was that the little clash had been the result of an accident which the Japanese would allow the Chinese to patch up because they wanted to confine their undeclared war to the northern provinces and avoid dangerous complications by leaving the international city of Shanghai in peace. That is what most of us believed, because it meant security for us, and we believed what we wanted to believe. None of us knew that the Japanese fleet was on its way to Shanghai at the time the officer was sent on his fatal errand; that the Japanese had succeeded, at the cost of only two Japanese lives, in creating an incident which would appear to justify further aggressions in China.

Earlier in the week, as the fighting in North China spread over a wider area, the American authorities in Shanghai had worked out plans for our evacuation in the event that war should come dangerously near. As one of the members of a large sub-committee, I was given the task of warning fellow-Americans living in my neighborhood, a district comprising about four hundred families. My list included most of the American Jesuits, Seventh Day Adventists, and Northern Methodists, the faculty of St. John's University, and a surprisingly large number of American prostitutes. The addition of a number of business and professional men made it a typical cross-section of the American community of Shanghai. These preparations did not alarm us. We had been through this sort of thing many times before, for Shanghai has been a political powder keg for the past twenty years, and there have been a number of occasions when we have been told to be ready to pack a suitcase, collect what funds we could, and be prepared to leave on a moment's notice. So when this emergency committee was formed it was a matter of well-ordered routine for us to divide our districts up into smaller ones and select a captain for each, and thus be ready for the emergency which few of us

thought would develop. There had been many warnings in earlier years and some packing of suitcases, but the notice to evacuate had never come. We old-timers got a lot of quiet amusement out of the jittery fears of a few tourists who had never been through a war in China.

When Saturday morning dawned, bright and comfortably cool, the principal thought in the minds of most of us was that we were assured of another pleasant week-end, with a full calendar of sports, including a very interesting polo match. We did not learn until later that clouds which made the morning so cool provided ideal conditions for an attack by air. We learned this soon, for before we had finished answering the morning mail the war was on us, with all the strange new horrors of death from the air—a machine-made death against which there is no adequate defense.

If I had stage-managed the affair myself I could not have had a better seat for the lifting of the curtain. The first attack by the Chinese aviators was against the Japanese flagship, anchored on the water front a few hundred yards from my office. The detonation of the bomb rattled all the windows and broke some of them. Shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns fell all about us, killing and wounding many in the street below. Everywhere you looked, people were running. Motor cars had to drive around wheelbarrows and rickshas which had been deserted in the middle of the street. One of the janitors in our office building moved these obstructions out of the way and then carefully closed all the windows as a precaution against shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. People on the street ran inside for protection. Those in the office buildings ran outside to see what was going on. The first attack on the Japanese flagship was followed by others, each one leaving the obsolete old gunboat untouched but dealing death and destruction over a wide area. An aviator released a bomb too soon and so killed hundreds of civilians, including several Americans, in and about the Palace and

Cathay Hotels. Aviation experts said that if he had pulled the release trigger a tenth of a second later or if a strong wind had not been blowing, the ship, which was the object of his attack, would have been destroyed.

Certainly my office was lucky. In the first attack the bombs fell less than two hundred yards to the north. In the second they wrecked the Cathay Hotel which is separated from us only by a small parking station. Before the end of the day which had started so cheerfully hundreds had been killed, thousands wounded, and the gay city of Shanghai was a city of terror, with people running here and there as excitedly as a colony of ants whose nest has been disturbed. We now knew the prayer-book reference to sudden death, for it had descended on the city so completely that it had, through the snuffing out of the lives of relatives or friends, touched every one of us.

II

Shanghai was much calmer, I think, than most great cities would have been under similar circumstances. Some of us had been interested spectators of all the recent wars in China, starting with the revolution of 1911. A few were survivors of the famous Boxer siege of the Legations in Peking. Almost all had been through the Japanese war of 1932. So we were familiar with the dreadful sounds of warfare, as we were with the sight of blocks of burning buildings and truck loads of dead and wounded. Most of us were expert at distinguishing between the sounds of naval guns, field batteries, machine-guns, and trench mortars; but aerial bombs and anti-aircraft guns, with shrapnel spreading death over a wide area, provided a new and unwelcome experience. With war confined to land or sea, it is comparatively easy to keep out of danger and still occupy a ringside seat at battles. In fact I have witnessed a good many battles in China without ever feeling that I was running any particular risks. But shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns bursting

in the air and spreading a hail of death on all below is quite a different matter. The danger came uncomfortably close to me when shrapnel broke some tiles on the roof of my house, and I was only one of many Americans whose roof tiles were broken.

Before the dead had been carted off the streets a great many things happened, any one of which would have seriously upset the ordinary course of life in any big city. The exceptionally good telephone service, an automatic dial system, continued to function efficiently, although it was so heavily overtaxed with calls that one often had to wait ten or fifteen minutes for a dial tone after taking the receiver off the hook. Impatient people jiggled the hook and so sent their call back to the end of the queue again. Gas was shut off for fear of air attacks on the storage tanks, and those who depended on it for cooking had to borrow little charcoal stoves from their Chinese servants. One of our friends did all of her cooking on an electric toaster and with very satisfactory results. The usual supplies of milk failed. The largest Shanghai dairy, an American enterprise, with four hundred imported cows, was in the battle zone and, as no one could get in to feed the cows, they were turned loose in the fields to forage for themselves. Japanese aviators shot them down with machine-guns. The official explanation was that the aviators mistook them for Chinese cavalry!

Taxicabs would not answer calls, for idle cars were occupied as soon as they returned to a station. The only way one could get a taxi was to walk to a station or ride there in a ricksha and then wait until a car was available. A comfortable balance in the bank availed you little, for you could not draw out more than five per cent of it. Some shopkeepers demanded cash for purchases, even from old customers. Others concluded that it was better to take a chance on bad debts than to own stocks of goods which might be destroyed by fire or stolen by looters, and urged their customers to buy supplies at no advance in prices. Small change sud-

denly and unaccountably disappeared from circulation, first the small metal coins and then the ten- and twenty-cent notes. Many old residents for the first time negotiated with ricksha coolies as to the price of a fare. With nothing less than a dollar in your pocket, it was a wise practice to find out how much change you could get from the coolie. The most successful deal I made was to extract forty cents in change, thus paying sixty cents for a ricksha ride which would ordinarily cost ten. Later I encountered the same coolie and, as I had no money at all, he gave me a free ride. It became increasingly difficult to get any kind of cash and we shared what we had with friends. It was a strange experience to go about with completely empty pockets, but a Chinese newsboy took pity on my impoverished state and gave me a newspaper.

The ricksha coolies made plenty of money and I don't think anyone begrudged it, for they were cheerful and smiling, as indifferent to the airplanes and shrapnel as they are ordinarily indifferent to the sun and the rain. In fact the Chinese kept on with their regular daily work as if it were a sacred religious ritual. I heard of no servants who ran away, though many of them were in constant danger. The bomb which killed hundreds at the corner of the Nanking Road and the Bund shattered all the glass in the Cathay Hotel. Before the ambulances arrived to pick up the dead and wounded the hotel servants were busy tidying up the lobby. A few days later, in the bustling haste of getting our furniture away for storage, our house coolie insisted on polishing the precious ash trays which have been the object of his attentions for the past twelve years. The old *amah* put on her spectacles and searched my socks for a hole which she might mend. The cook, never noted for energy, bestirred himself to produce an exceptionally good tiffin at a time when no one else thought of food. Street-cleaning coolies kept at work and swept up a lot of fragments of shrapnel.

We had been told that the Consul-

General would advise us when the danger became so imminent that it was advisable for women and children to get away, but we did not have to wait for official instructions. With death from the skies all about us, it was obvious that no one was safe; for hundreds had already been struck down with the suddenness and unexpectedness of a flash of lightning. For some reason news got about that, after their first failure to sink the Japanese flagship, the Chinese bombers would abandon their attack. Exaggerated Japanese reports were again exaggerated in the telling, and it was said that all the Chinese bombing planes had been shot down. But they came back again and again in squadrons of three to seven.

No one had to be warned to leave Shanghai! It was only a question of providing ships for those who could get away, and arrangements were made hastily for several of the Dollar liners to shuttle back and forth like ferryboats between Shanghai and Manila, packed with refugees. British ships at the same time were taking British subjects to Hong Kong. Within a week more than five thousand British and American residents, mostly women and children, had packed hurriedly and scantily and had been evacuated.

This did not end the flight of the refugees, as with each ship that sailed the official demands that we go to a safer place became more insistent, for the death roll was mounting daily. And with each day that passed there was less need for American men to remain, for over the tragic week-end our businesses had been destroyed and there was nothing for us to do. Those who remained without good reason only added needlessly to the heavy burden of responsibility carried by the American officials and made more inroads on a limited food supply. My wife and I waited almost a week, taking the third of the American refugee ships for Manila. Furniture was hastily stored without being packed or listed, including many household treasures which we knew we might never see again.

Leaving the servants was the most diffi-

cult problem we had to face for, in Chinese style, we had been adopted by them and were members of their family. While it was their duty to care for our comfort, it was our duty to provide for them, and we were abandoning them to a fate which was certain to bring them hunger and privation and possibly death. With most of the foreign community leaving Shanghai there was no chance of their getting other work, and all their friends and relatives were in the same predicament. My wife and I talked the matter over and decided that the only thing we could do was to give each of them a liberal cash present so that they would, at least, have no pressing financial worries for several months to come. But when I went to the bank to draw some money I ran into severe restrictions. It was not a new experience to me to be able to draw only a small amount of money because I had only a small amount on deposit; but it was a new and very disconcerting experience to have a comparatively large amount of much needed money on deposit and be able to check out no more than a dribble. All I could get was enough to pay the current month's wages. I could not even pay them for the extra month, which a servant in Shanghai usually receives when he is discharged. As our servants had been with us for from eight to twelve years they deserved much more than that.

In the absence of anything better we gave them things out of the house—kitchen utensils, china and glass, electric fans, furniture, and all the garden equipment. Ching, the house boy, came into possession of many things, including one of the world's most complete collections of safety razors. In the garden was a valuable stone lantern, but no one would take it because it was of a Japanese design. Even the avaricious coolie refused it. The things we gave them were of considerable value in ordinary times but not saleable at any price in a city so distressed by war. A few bushels of rice, which I could not get for them, would have been of a great deal more value. It was the

first time I had felt what it meant to be ashamed of poverty.

And they were so sorry for us! We were going away to strange places and who was going to take care of us? Who would wash Missie's silk stockings, answer telephone calls, and see that her house was spotless? Who would run my bath and lay out my clothes in the morning? Who would unlace my shoes and put on my slippers when I came in tired from a long walk? They were as worried and solicitous as a lot of affectionate children toward a pair of aged and helpless parents. We had planned to stay in our partially denuded house until the call came to board the refugee ship, but after half a day of it we gave up. The despondency and the unselfishness of the servants worked on our feelings so much we had to run away from it or get hysterical. So we fled to a friend's house. The following morning Ching brought us a dollar's worth of eggs because he had heard that there was a shortage and he was worried about my breakfast. He had paid for them out of his own pitifully small money and had walked four miles to deliver them. The *amah* sent me a well-darned pair of socks which had been left behind.

III

As it was the vacation season a great many Shanghailanders were away in Kuling, Mokanshan, Peitaiho, and other China coast resorts. Soon the local radio stations were loaded down with personal messages for these people who could not be reached in any other way. While thousands listened in, Steve assured Olga in Peitaiho that he was safe and that he was sending her some money by Bill. Henry broadcast to Mary in Tsingtao, asking her to go to Kobe as soon as possible and wait for him there. The Basque Jai Alai players of Shanghai assured their fellows in Tientsin that all were safe and well. The American Consul-General advised all Americans in Mokanshan to stay where they were for the present. The British Consul-General

urged all Egyptian and Iraqi subjects to get in touch with the consular authorities and be ready for evacuation with a suitcase. Radio calls went out to Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Portuguese, and Italians, giving advice as to places of refuge, particulars as to the sailing of ships. The former Spanish Consul, though he had no official status, did what he could to organize his nationals for flight. Only for the large White Russian population were there no radio calls, for they have disclaimed allegiance to the Union of Soviet Republics and are true exiles, with no country to offer them shelter or protection. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals broadcast frequent appeals to refugees not to abandon their pets, and as a result dozens of beloved pedigreed dogs were sent to the veterinarians to have their lives ended as painlessly as possible.

Hour by hour these sad announcements droned out, and in between times the radio station played phonograph records. With very good judgment the manager of the station threw away his sad records and we listened to "Happy Days" and "The Wooden Soldier" and other gay tunes. Between the sudden blasts of trench mortars and the thunder of heavy field guns we heard a lilting voice, urging us to "pack up our troubles." Music written to entertain gay and carefree audiences now performed a more useful function. "Old Kentucky Home" or any other plaintive melody would have been too much for overstrained nerves. Fortunately it was not until several days later that the Japanese conceived the idea of adding to the confusion and terror of the city by deliberately drowning out all the local radio broadcasts by changing their more powerful stations to the same wavelength.

All about us was tragedy of growing intensity, but still the agenda of life were not forgotten. A ricksha coolie, frightened by shrapnel bursting overhead, dashed past a traffic signal. A Sikh policeman ran after him and would have arrested him but for the fact that the shrap-

nel crushed his skull and his dead body lurched against the coolie. Within five minutes the body of the dead policeman had been removed and another was on duty in his place. From the roof of the American Club some members were watching a woman hanging out washing to dry on a neighboring roof when they saw her crumple and fall to her death on the street. Even death itself became a routine and we became calloused to the sight of mangled and unburied bodies.

Fires broke out all over the city and the fire department followed their regular routine procedure in going to them and making reports as to the loss. Ladies who were planning to leave by the next boat made frantic and indignant demands on tailors to finish up the clothes they were making. A New York newspaper correspondent got married. The wedding date had been set for some time, and Mars could not interfere with romance. A few bridge dates at the Columbia Country Club were canceled, but not many. A Cuban vice-consul was highly indignant when an American boat, threatened by shell fire, sailed for Havana without securing the usual formal visa. A great deal of whiskey was consumed. A few drinks were necessary to steady one's nerves, and in exciting times like these it was extremely difficult to draw the dividing line between just enough and too much. Liquor had a new effect on people. Among the steady drinkers some went groggy on two or three drinks, while others drank steadily all day long with no more effect than would have come from an intemperate consumption of water. There was consternation in the Shanghai Club when the Japanese seized the only British brewery. Members did not quit talking about it until the incident was somewhat overshadowed by the greater one of the murderous attack on the British Ambassador. The brewery soon made a working arrangement with the Japanese officials. They were given free beer and provided escort for a limited number of brewery trucks.

There were compensations which made

us forget danger. I can imagine nothing quite so thrilling as the sight of battles in the air which we watched daily. The big Chinese bombers would emerge from the heights and the slower Japanese amphibians would hurry away to safety or hide behind a cloud. Then would come the sharp incisive "rat-tat-tat" of the anti-aircraft guns with the shrapnel bursting and forming little balls of smoke which floated in the sky. There followed the thunderous boom of a huge bomb as it dropped and exploded. To watch these flights of bombers from any point was dangerous, but still we watched them. Even after shrapnel hit my house I could not resist the temptation to go out into the yard and crane my neck when planes were overhead, though I got unreasonably angry at the *amah* for doing the same thing.

It was not the danger of bursting shrapnel or falling bombs that broke our morale and stupefied our senses, for we invited these dangers and found in them a relief from tension. But our hearts were strained to the breaking point at the sight of the streets full of the poor Chinese refugees with their pitiful bundles, endlessly walking, escaping from old dangers and miseries, only to encounter new ones—a sad pilgrimage with no certain destination. Helpless, defenseless, hopeless, they remained calm with the resignation of those to whom poverty and hunger are common experiences.

IV

The first refugee ship carried only women, children, and the aged and sick, and one prominent American man who smuggled himself aboard to gain safety—and infamy. The second refugee ship also carried women and children and a few men. The third ship, which my wife and I joined, carried a thousand passengers to Manila, about one-third of them men. Incidentally, those of us who went on the later ships could not help noticing that as soon as the first few boatloads of women were out of the way the telephone

service was relieved of tremendous pressure and calls were answered as promptly as before the trouble began.

At five-thirty in the afternoon a radio broadcast informed us that our sailing date had been advanced and that we must be on board at seven-thirty the following morning. Some of our clothing was at my office, six miles away. Like the usual impractical male, I shouldn't have bothered with it. I should even have left behind the new camel's hair overcoat of which I had been so inordinately vain. But while I attended to other things my wife managed to borrow a car, and the amount of clothing she packed into two bags proved that even physical laws must yield before the assaults of a clever and determined woman. We were getting attuned to war, for I slept soundly and did not hear the guns which thundered all night. Shortly after daybreak we drove through streets which were strange to us. Shops were closed and boarded up. There were no tram cars or busses. The few trucks were full of Chinese wounded being taken to one of the already overcrowded hospitals. Near the Nanking theater we saw sixty coffins with groups of bereaved searching the faces of the dead. The bright morning air was polluted by the foul odor of death.

Our adventures were not over when we reached the jetty. An arrangement had been made with the Chinese authorities that they would not launch an attack during the hour that we should be on tenders taking us to the *President Hoover*, anchored about sixteen miles down the river. There was delay in getting away, and at nine-thirty, when we should have been safely out of danger, a squadron of Chinese bombers appeared over the jetty where we were still parked waiting to go aboard the tender. Shrapnel burst in the sky, and in a gentle breeze the little hills of smoke became long streamers of gray, which changed colors in the sunlight, a beautiful spectacle. It is customary for the Chinese to speed departing friends by a fusillade of firecrackers, and my wife and I pretended this was what

was being done. It was, in fact, little more than that, for no bombs were dropped and there were no casualties. A few shrapnel fragments fell among us, but no one was hurt. There were too many of us for the one available tender, so two American destroyers, the *Edsel* and the *Parrot*, became passenger carriers. Because of the greater comfort which the tender provided, the first- and second-class voyagers traveled in it, while those of us who had third-class tickets traveled in satisfactory comfort and liberty on a destroyer. It was noon before all of us were finally on board the *President Hoover*. It was not a hot day, but my clothing was thoroughly soaked with perspiration. The scales on the ship showed that in less than a week I had lost seven unregretted pounds. I must have been nervous and excited though I wasn't conscious of it. Even after the ship sailed it was long before we left completely behind the terrors of Shanghai, for that night we saw the sky lighted up by the reflected glow of the burning city.

We were a strangely assorted lot of passengers—of all ages and estates. One group consisted of American tourists who had come to China for a holiday trip. One member of their party had been killed in the Palace Hotel. Night-club entertainers were obviously of little value to themselves or to anyone else in a war-torn city, and we had enough tap dancers, crooners, and minstrels to put on a complete old-fashioned vaudeville program. There were two complete Filipino orchestras. It was not until I got on board that I realized that in spite of the newly acclaimed Commonwealth and the promise of an early independence, the Filipinos are still the little brown nephews of Uncle Sam, on whom they can lean in time of trouble. They leaned rather heavily this time, for practically the entire Filipino community of Shanghai was evacuated to Manila. They were going home and were quite happy about it.

I was taken to the *President Hoover* on the destroyer *Edsel*, and most of the passengers were Filipinos, representing

at least a half dozen different tribes, and a few fat and prosperous-looking *mestizos*. The nauseating odor of coconut oil with which Filipinos anoint their hair was stronger than the machine-shop odor of the ship. There was a large number of squalling Filipino babies, and soon another odor gained the ascendancy, for Filipino babies behaved as babies always will, and there are no clean diapers on an American destroyer.

But it didn't matter. For the moment we were as one, and I was the brother of the toothless Filipino crone who sat beside me and smoked a big black cigar. Near me was a charming Southern woman, the widow of an old friend of mine. She accepted a cigarette from a Negro piano player. A millionaire tourist from Chicago sat on a pile of luggage with one of Shanghai's well-known beachcombers, and the two found a great deal to talk about. Ours was the democracy and brotherhood of common disaster and Walt Whitman would have loved it. On board the *President Hoover* a bar steward was troubling me because I had no money with which to pay for a drink I had partially consumed. A Filipino senator took pity on me, or the steward, or both of us, for he paid the thirty cents I owed.

On the ship there were children everywhere, the youngest being a baby who had been born on the tender coming from the jetty. One little girl's thoughtful mother had taken the precaution of writing her name and address on a piece of adhesive tape and pasting it on her wrist. She wore it like a precious bracelet and was the envy of all the other children. A missionary lady from up-country tied her three small children together tandem fashion, feeling that while an individual child might be lost, it would be difficult to misplace a parcel of three of them. A new and serious problem presented itself as soon as the children were all safely aboard. They were all China-bred and had left behind them their *amahs* or Chinese nurses who on the China Coast relieve mothers of the routine labors connected with raising their own children.

Inexperienced mothers who had never as much as given a baby a bath were now put to the necessity of doing everything that an *amah* could do, and found themselves helplessly incompetent. Even a diaper was something of a mystery to them. Many who never before anticipated a contingency like this had received last-minute instructions from the *amah*. One young mother forgot what the *amah* had told her and put in the food the boric acid intended for the baby's eyes. She knew there was something wrong when the milk curdled. Older women who had raised babies without benefit of *amahs* were in great demand for technical advice. If there had been forty stewardesses instead of four, they would all have been overworked.

I wonder how women managed to go through ordeals like this before the age of cosmetics? They arrived on the boat sweaty, tired, and bedraggled, thoroughly dispirited, feeling even worse than they looked, which was bad enough. The first thing they did was to unpack their beauty kits. With cold cream, lipstick, face powder, and rouge they were soon on the deck again, fresh and smiling and ready to face bravely any problem that the world might offer. How handicapped we men were: our only help came from the milder stimulant of whiskey!

Our arrival threw a lot of extra work on the white stewards who would have been on their homeward journey to San Francisco but for the fact that the boat had been sent back to Manila with us. They not only resented the extra work involved in taking care of us, but were keenly conscious of the fact that most of us had little or no money and that, therefore, tips would be meager. They greeted us with surly looks and did no more for us than was absolutely necessary. The Chinese room boys, on the other hand, were cheerful and helpful, as were the lively young San Francisco bell boys who ran errands for everyone and flirted expertly with all the young girls.

It was in fact the union stewards of San Francisco who enforced class distinc-

tion on the boat and broke the solidity of our democracy. Everyone irrespective of the class of ticket held had been invited to make use of the spacious upper deck of the first class and the children especially were to be allowed to use the swimming pool. But this put a little extra work on the stewards in the first class and they kept the doors locked. Many American women were in the steerage and instructions were sent by the Dollar Company that as many as possible were to be allowed to take their meals in the second class, which is euphoniously known as "Special." This would have meant more work for the Special Class stewards and they objected so strongly that the American women continued to eat with the steerage. A sit-down strike of the waiters would have been a novel experience but not a very pleasant one. I thought I might have to go on to San Francisco on the same boat so I did a very cowardly thing—I borrowed some money and tipped the surly brute who had thrown my food at me three times a day.

On board the boat stories of war experiences soon became taboo. They were persisted in only by those who can never resist the temptation to be autobiographical. We had all had narrow escapes, had all suffered material and spiritual losses, had all had enough dangerous thrills for a lifetime, and we were bored by the terrors and thrills of others. Mostly we talked politics—the grim politics of war—and speculated on the outcome of the fighting around Shanghai. A gray-haired missionary lady who had spent the greater part of her lifetime in China tried to tell me what she thought about the policy of the Japanese, but was sadly handicapped by her evangelical vocabulary. I was sorely tempted to come to her aid with some good Texas profanity, for I knew she was thinking thoughts her faith would not allow her to express. We made conscious and determined efforts to forget our experiences but not everyone was successful. One of my friends jumped overboard at night. He had wealth, an assured position, and was the head of a

wonderful family. Why did he do it? Why could some of us not have helped him? These are questions which will never be answered. All we know is that he was one of us one night and that the next morning his bed was empty.

With comfort and security the democracy of our distress disappeared. First-class passengers ostentatiously banded together and did not invite second-class to join their card games. Second-class passengers were patronizing toward third. I shocked a number of Shanghai ladies by describing the chummy comforts of steerage, where forty men slept, snored, spat, and smoked in the same room. They felt that if I would only appeal to the captain he would rescue me from that lowly state, though it was obvious that I should have a hard time living it down. Ladies who had ignored the rules limiting the amount of baggage allowed to a refugee and had smuggled trunks full of clothing aboard the ship, paraded new gowns wickedly in front of their sisters who had played the game and fled from Shanghai with only the legally allowed suitcase. Less than a week before, all the useless conventions of life had been de-

stroyed and now we were restoring them as if they constituted a precious heritage.

But we cannot rebuild the past. Shanghai is a city which the newcomer often finds repelling in the strangeness of its sights and sounds and the absence of the conventional human contacts of the homeland. But after a brief residence all except the incurably provincial learn to attune themselves to the cheerful, friendly, cosmopolitan life of the city and are fascinated by it. After a prolonged residence there life in other places becomes drab and monotonous. We curse the place because it is the conventional thing to do, but we love it and we would not willingly live elsewhere. So we say now that we are going back as soon as the trouble is over with. But we know that the Shanghai which was our home for over twenty years is no more. Good friends of many nationalities are broken and bankrupt and scattered to the four corners of the earth, talking in a dozen tongues of the city which was their home. Many will never return. The Shanghai which we left as refugees is a city which will live only in memories.





WORD-TROUBLE AMONG THE ECONOMISTS

BY STUART CHASE

I EMPLOY a skilled mechanic to mow my meadow and cultivate my garden. He used to be employed in a Connecticut mill, but a new machine was installed and he and some others lost their work, so he is keeping himself and his family alive as best he can at a fraction of his former income. He was a victim of what is termed "technological unemployment." A machine took his work from him and for a considerable period he could find no other work to do. He might have left town, but he had bought a house, his children were in school, his wife liked the neighborhood, and to take to the road was a risky venture, with machinists out of work on every hand.

Now what do the classical economists do with my friend Roy Thompson? What they do illustrates the sort of trouble that purely logical use of words can get people into. In an article in HARPER'S for November I tried to show how much confusion could arise from bandying about terms the meanings of which are not precisely agreed upon—especially abstractions like "idealism," "freedom," "values," "fascism," "property." I showed that it was impossible to find in the world of time and space any actual objects or acts to which many of these high-order abstractions refer. If we cannot locate such actual things then the term is only a noise inside our heads, unrelated to a behaving world. Furthermore, if B's concept of "liberty" is different from A's, A and B are talking about different matters—whether verbal or phys-

ical—when they employ the term. I recently asked a hundred persons from all walks of life to tell me what "fascism" meant to them. The lack of agreement was fantastic. The indiscriminate use of abstract terms, the spurious identification of word with thing, the building of structures of logic based on verbal concepts only, take us clear out of the world of hard fact into a Cloudcuckooland of fancy. Communication is perverted and blocked.

Now watch the classical economists when they confront Roy Thompson. They prove by irrefutable logic that technological unemployment is impossible. I know what I am saying, for I have debated the matter in public with classical economists and can tick off the arguments with my eyes shut. The logic proceeds like this: A new machine is put into a pin factory to take the place of men. The cost of making pins is lowered. Presently competition lowers the price of pins as the machine is generally adopted. Therefore housewives spend less money for pins and have more money to spend for silk stockings. Therefore the factories making stockings employ more help, and no unemployment results. On the other hand, if the first factory has a monopoly of the new machine, and does not choose to lower the price of pins, the owner of the factory takes in more money. This money he either spends, let us say, for a private airplane or invests in a new pin factory. Workers have thus to build the airplane or the factory, giving more em-

ployment. On purely logical grounds, you cannot get round it. Employment shifts but does not decline, and the same amount of money continues in circulation. Q. E. D.

How do you get round it? You look steadily at Roy Thompson; at scores of still less fortunate Roy Thompsons. You adopt the operational approach, disregard the logic in your head, and observe what is happening outside. You are careful not to generalize from one or two cases. In the world of fact you find that men and women frequently lose their jobs to machines, to stop-watch efficiency methods, to photoelectric cells, to improvements in agricultural methods. You can count them if you have the heart, leaving their benches and their tools and going out upon the street.

It is not hard to check and recheck the facts of technological unemployment. Referents for the term—things in the real world to which the label refers—are very plentiful. Very good—or rather, very bad. Millions of Roys have suffered for a greater or lesser period. Do they find other work? Many of them do. Often, like Roy, they learn new trades at inferior pay. But the increasing obstinacy of unemployment in the modern world indicates that many do not. Whether they do or do not, certain relevant human factors must be brought into the concept. Can one Roy after twenty years of working at a lathe, shift his skill to qualify as a linesman if men are wanted in that field? Can another Roy after living forty years in Middletown with his roots driven deep, pick up his family and move to Seattle if men are wanted on the docks? Can another Roy, now unemployed, hibernate like a woodchuck and live without eating because a year hence there is to be a demand for machinists in the television industry? Can another Roy change from man's work in a machine shop to woman's work in a rayon factory? *What kind of employment awaits him? Where does it await him? When does it await him?*

Talking about technological unemployment as a net statistical effect and ob-

serving Roy in his perplexity and discouragement are two different things. If new invention speeds up, it is obvious that more men and women per thousand are in transit from a job lost to a job hopefully to be found. And what happens if the owner of the factory does not care to buy a private airplane or to invest in a new pin plant? For the past eight years new investments in private industry have been pitifully small compared with earlier periods. What if we have as many pin factories as prospects for profitable investment warrant?

These considerations by no means exhaust the question. But perhaps I have given enough to show that knowledge about technological unemployment, or indeed any kind of employment, is not advanced by the syllogisms of classical economists. The classicists treat the term as a thing-in-itself without finding the referents which give it meaning. Most characteristics are left out. Observe the brutality of the result. If one can *prove* by logic that there can be no such thing as technological unemployment, then any apparent idleness must be due to human cussedness: Roy must have been a slack worker, improvident and wrong-headed—and one can lean comfortably back in his armchair with no need to do anything about it. More, one can violently object to anybody's doing anything about it, for this would interfere with the functioning of Economic Law.

"Unemployment" is not a thing. You cannot prove its existence or non-existence except as a word. The validity of the concept rests on the shoulders of millions of your fellow-citizens. Are they suffering because they have no work? Are their families suffering? Are the children without boots with which to go to school? In March, 1937, I visited WPA kitchens in Savannah, Georgia, where forty-five hundred school children, certified as underweight from malnutrition, were being fed. Savannah is neither a large city nor a city of slums. If you cannot see through the word "un-

employment" to ragged children standing patiently in line with bowl and spoon you have no business hanging out your shingle as an economist.

II

Formal economics is a veritable jungle of abstract terms. Here is a sample of the flora:

Land	Marginal Utility
Labor	Monopoly, The Trusts
Capital, Capitalism	Money, The Gold Standard
Rent	
Wages, The Iron Law of Wages	Credit, Debt, Savings, Securities
Purchasing Power	Inflation, Deflation, Reflation
Production, Distribution	Value, Wealth
Interest, The Long-Term Interest Rate	The Law of Diminishing Returns
Profit, The Profit System	Property
The Entrepreneur	Individualism, Business
The Economic Man	Socialism, Public Ownership
Free Competition, The Free Market	The Consumer, The Producer
The Law of Supply and Demand	Planning

Some of these terms are useful shortcuts provided one does not objectify them. But if one employs them without being conscious of abstracting they acquire a fictitious existence. Some have no discoverable referents. "Value," for instance, is as elusive as "the Omnipotent." Some have referents very difficult to locate: Capitalism, Individualism, Inflation, Credit, Money, Business. Some have referents easier to locate, provided one makes the rare effort to find them.

Following P. W. Bridgman of Harvard, who prepared a set of meaningless questions in science, we might prepare a list of meaningless questions in economics:

1. Does capital produce wealth?
2. Is the consumer more important than the producer?
3. What is a reasonable profit?
4. Is man by nature co-operative or competitive?
5. Is fascism a kind of capitalism?
6. What is a classless society?
7. What is the American standard of living?
8. Are capital and labor partners?
9. Are we headed for inflation?

10. Is decentralization better than centralization?

These questions are either completely meaningless or meaningless as they stand. Given a position in time and space with further description of the terms employed, qualified answers might be found for some. For instance, Margaret Mead studied a tribe in New Guinea where habits of co-operation were very strong. A hundred miles over the mountains she studied another tribe where competition was so ferocious that it threatened survival. On the basis of these observations we might venture a qualified answer to Question four. For Question eight, one can say that capital and labor are partners in the same sense that Castor and Pollux are brothers—mythological matters both.

Korzybski observes that any study, to become a science, must begin with the lowest abstractions available, which means descriptions of happenings on the level of sense impressions. Economic literature usually reverses this procedure, starting with high-order terms and working down. Thus you will find in Chapter I of Dr. Blank's *Principles of Economics* elaborate definitions of Land, Labor, Capital, Wealth, Profit, Money, Credit, Property, Marginal Utility. As any two economists have great difficulty in agreeing upon the precise meaning of these terms, the treatise stands on shaky assumptions. Worse follows, when the shaky assumptions are woven into elaborate systems of deductive logic. The best fun which a professor of economics apparently gets out of his academic life is to demolish the theories of his confrères. The only time to my knowledge that American economists were in general agreement was when they objected to the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill in 1930, by a joint memorandum of more than a thousand signers. That was a red-letter day in the history of economic thought.

To extend agreement and make the study of economics conform to the scientific method it is necessary to lay aside abstract definitions and apply the operational approach. What is Rufus doing

on his farm? What is Roy doing at his factory bench? What is Junius doing in his bank? What is Sylvia doing at her desk? Observe and record what a great number of men and women are actually doing in furnishing themselves and the community with food, clothing, and shelter. Then proceed to inferences. Then proceed to general rules governing economic behavior if any can be found. Then check the rules with more first-hand observation. Never forget Adam acting, the date at which he acts, the place where he acts.

Inferences drawn by Adam Smith about the England of 1770, or by Karl Marx about the England, France, and Germany of the 1850's, are obviously worthless for the America of to-day. Some deductions may still be sound, but all are suspect pending operational check in modern America. To criticize American economic behavior to-day, or to prescribe for its improvement, because Adam Smith said thus and Marx said so is as foolish as believing that a fly has eight legs because Aristotle said so. Both Smith and Marx used their eyes and ears above their fellow-theorists. Ricardo, for instance, might have been born blind, so pure a theorist was he.

The laws and principles of classical economics were developed with the industrial revolution. The *Wealth of Nations* was published in the same year that Watt made a steam engine which would really work—the same year, incidentally, that the American Declaration of Independence was drafted and signed. The classicists were much influenced by notions about science but they did not adopt the scientific method. They tried to erect economic laws like Newton's Laws of Gravitation, but they did not copy Newton's operational technic. Mostly they sat at desks and thought. It was like a little boy making himself into a choo-choo after seeing a locomotive.

Editorial writers to-day are still infatuated with these laws of a make-believe science. They pull them out of their heads with pontifical finality whenever reform-

ers or Congressmen propose a measure which editors do not like. "Economic Law cannot so cavalierly be set aside," they say. "We cannot circumvent the Law of Supply and Demand any more than we can circumvent the Law of Gravitation." "Only crackpots would seek to outwit the immutable principles of economics."

Classical economics not only was largely innocent of the scientific method; it became a kind of theology selling indulgences to business men. As factories expanded after Watt's steam engine a philosophy was needed to give respectability and prestige to the rising class of manufacturers. The philosophy was first identified with the natural laws of Newton. Then it twined itself like a boa constrictor (yes, I am conscious of abstracting) round Darwin's hypothesis of the survival of the fittest. The greatest good for the greatest number, so ran the dogma, arises from the unimpeded competitive activities of enlightened self-interest. The faster the stragglers are bankrupted and undone the stronger the economic frame. What appears as competitive anarchy is not really anarchy at all, but a beneficent system of control by natural forces. The big fish eats the little fish, the strong business man eats the weak. It is all very gratifying and lovely, and as remote from reality as the labors of Hercules.

In 1798 Malthus published his famous essay on population, one of the grandest examples of extrapolation on record. The essay was in part designed to answer William Godwin's argument to the effect that mankind could achieve happiness through the use of reason. Malthus wanted to scotch the idea. So by study of the exceedingly unreliable statistics of the time, he laid down two postulates: first, that population tends to grow at a geometrical rate; second, that the food supply tends to grow at an arithmetical rate. The population of England was then 7,000,000; in a hundred years, it would be, he said, if the curve was followed, 112,000,000. If food was sufficient

for the 7,000,000 in 1800, by 1900 the supply would expand to feed only 35,000,000—"which would leave a population of 7,700,000 totally unprovided for."

This fantastic hypothesis was then solemnly applied to the problem of poverty. As population was destined to leap ahead of food supply, restrained only by pestilence, war, and famine, it followed that measures to improve the living standards of the mass of the people were futile. "It is, undoubtedly, a most disheartening reflection, that the great obstacle in the way of any extraordinary improvement in society is of a nature that we can never hope to overcome." That stopped the fellow Godwin in his tracks. The essay was also used for decades as conclusive proof that reform laws were a pernicious waste of time. In the second edition of his essay in 1803, Malthus relented to the point where a new element was introduced into his equations. If the poor would employ "moral restraint" in their procreational activities they might possibly gain a notch or two on the food supply. It was very cheering news to the well-to-do. The poor had themselves to blame for their poverty, and even if moral restraint was widely practiced, poverty was largely inevitable anyhow.

Malthus's iron law of population was paralleled by Ricardo's iron law of wages. This great principle put poor people in another vise. Since labor is a commodity, said Ricardo, its price goes up and down with demand. When demand for labor is slack wages will remain at bare subsistence. If demand becomes brisk wages will rise, workers will have more money. They will then produce more children, and presently the addition to the population will bring the price of labor back to bare subsistence again. So what is the use of trying to improve the condition of the workers?

John Stuart Mill and other classicists proved that wages could not be raised, by the famous wage-fund doctrine.* Workers joined unions and struck for a raise.

* Following Leo Huberman in *Man's Worldly Goods*.

Pure madness, said the economists. Why? Because there was a certain fund set aside out of capital for the payment of wages. There was a certain number of wage earners. Divide the first by the second. It was all arranged by Heaven and arithmetic, and trade unions could do nothing about it. The wage-fund theory was the stock answer of the manufacturer and editor to the claims of organized workmen. It had been blessed by economists and must be true.

Observe how these Laws were put to tangible use, holding back improvements in working conditions for scores of years. Not until 1876 was the wage-fund theory exploded by an American economist, Francis Walker. He argued that wages were paid not out of a fund of stored capital, but out of current earnings—a theory which came closer to the facts. It is a pleasure to note that John Stuart Mill, who first popularized the wage-fund hypothesis in his *Principles of Political Economy* in 1848, published the following statement years later: "The doctrine hitherto taught by most economists (including myself) which denied it to be possible that trade combinations can raise wages . . . is deprived of its scientific foundation, and must be thrown aside." A brave, fine statement. But working people in England and elsewhere had paid a bitter price for fifty years for a Law without scientific foundation.

Orthodox economists have had a particularly unhappy time since 1929. Governments all over the world have been indulging in financial operations of a shockingly unorthodox character. As Chester T. Crowell points out, the learned faculty stands on the sidelines shouting "No! You can't do that!" And while they shout, it is done. The economically impossible is performed again and again.

For instance: It was held that Mussolini simply could not carry on his vast operations in Ethiopia with a gold reserve of only \$300,000,000. But Mussolini did it and is still, alas, afloat. It was held that a nation with a gold coverage of less than two per cent was a financial corpse. Panic

and chaos were inevitable. The German Treasury is such a corpse, but the dead man does not fall down. No panic is visible along the Rhine. It was held that if the British Government ever repudiated a debt the financial backbone of the planet would be broken. The British Treasury owes us billions of dollars, we can whistle for our money, the pound remains firm, ships still sail the seas.

Is the trouble that the wicked world pays no attention to the "laws" of the economists, or is the trouble that the laws themselves have little relation to reality?

III

The classical economists fitted out the business man in a fine new philosophical suit. The workers went spiritually ragged until Karl Marx came along with fine new suits for them. Marx's philosophy was the first comprehensive statement of the theory of socialism. As an offset to the classicists, it was badly needed. As a contribution to knowledge, the case is more dubious. In drawing inferences from the facts which he had so conscientiously collected, Marx mixed in Ricardo's labor theory of value, Hegel's dialectical interpretation of history (the unprovable triad of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis), and a large and very human dose of emotional sympathy for the downtrodden, together with hatred for their exploiters. So the final product was part scientific observation, part classical theory, part contemporary philosophy, part good rousing propaganda.

The followers of Marx, by and large, have dropped the science overboard and clung to the theory, philosophy, and hatred. Their facts are still drawn from the England of 1850. They have turned this great scholar into a kind of demigod. Current questions are settled not by the facts of to-day but by the authority of the Master: "Marx says . . ." To check the inferences of Marx by operational experiment to-day would be a long arduous undertaking. Here we have but time to note one or two tests.

The labor theory of value was a concept which could not be adequately verified, even in Marx's day when industrial undertakings were relatively simple. He held that "the value of one commodity is to the value of any other as the labor time necessary for the production of the one is to that necessary for the production of the other." If four man-hours were spent making a hat and twelve man-hours making a stove, the value of the stove was equal to the value of three hats. No scientist would waste five minutes attempting to verify this law. What are the referents for value, labor-time, production? Marx realized well enough that an inefficient worker did not produce hats and stoves of high value because he wasted time in producing them. So he had to bring in a vague concept of "average skill," "average efficiency," a kind of average Economic Working Man.

To-day the concept is even farther from being verified. At certain places we are producing electric power without a man in the generating plant. The power house is operated automatically by remote control. I have tried to work out the man-hour cost of various forms of transportation. This can be roughly estimated for the operation and maintenance of railroads, truck lines, waterways, pipe lines; but when it comes to finding the man-hours which once went into surveying, building, and equipping the railways and the highways, into dredging the rivers for barge-line transportation, digging the trenches for pipe lines, plus the annual depreciation and obsolescence thereof, the analysis runs clear off the map. Increasingly we use inanimate energy from falling water, coal, oil, in place of human muscle; increasingly we use photo-electric cells in place of the human mind for many industrial tasks; increasingly we use automatic dials in place of telephone girls. That labor is the major factor in producing most commodities nobody denies. But exact measurement of man-hour cost, including both capital and operating factors, is too complicated to perform. I know whereof I speak, for as an account-

ant, I have tried to measure it more than once. So there is no operational foundation to prove the labor theory of value. You can say it but you cannot *do* it.

The American economist, John Bates Clark, observed in a famous text book: "Free competition tends to give to labor what labor creates, to capitalists what capital creates, and to entrepreneurs what the co-ordinating function creates. . . . To each agent a distinguishable share in production, to each a corresponding reward—such is the natural law of distribution."

Labor creates all value, says Marx.

Labor, Capital, and the Entrepreneur create all value, says Clark.

Land, Labor, and Capital create all value, say others.

Abandoning the theorists and rushing into open country to see what is actually happening before going mad, one finds that any commodity useful to men or desired by men either falls out of a tree like a coconut, or is produced by Adam I, Adam II, Adam III; using their hands and heads. Adam I, however, may be aided by inanimate energy supplied for him by Adam IV on the basis of an invention made by Adam V (now dead), from a scientific law worked out by Adam VI in 1828. He may be aided by a machine or process to which a host of Adams, living and dead, have contributed. Where is Land, where is Capital, where is Labor in this landscape? The facts cannot be jammed into these abstractions without violence.

The idea of the class struggle was cardinal in Marx's theory. In 1850 or thereabouts, he observed in Western Europe a real struggle between wage earners and factory owners. Perhaps, of the many struggles between various groups at the time, it was the most important. He then froze the notion into an Absolute. It was not an Absolute then and it is not one to-day. In the United States we now observe struggles between rival industries—railroads versus highway trucks; oil versus coal; struggles between the banks and manufacturers for control of plants;

between Wall Street financiers and the farmers of the West and South whose mortgages Wall Street holds; between New England textile mills and Southern textile mills; between chain stores and independent groceries; between city and country; between importers and domestic manufacturers; between whites and negroes; between the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization. The struggle between workers and owners (or managers) is still present and exceedingly important; but it is only one of a score of bitter struggles now raging along the economic front. Indeed for really bad blood, the struggle between Marxists who support Stalin and those who support Trotsky outstrips them all.

Marx, borrowing heavily from Hegel's dialectical materialism, extrapolated the class struggle and made it apply to present, to past, to future. Inconvenient facts were jammed into line, especially by his followers. The good communist editor to-day turns a news story—any news story—over to his copy writer and says: "Class angle that, Jim." Meanwhile General Motors comes to terms with the C.I.O., not without hope—or so the rumor goes—that the C.I.O. will make it good and hot for Henry Ford. Meanwhile the local managers of the United States Steel Corporation wanted to fight the C.I.O. to the bitter end, but Wall Street bankers of the Steel Corporation—and this is more than a rumor—said: "No, sign up with the Union and save money." Meanwhile the United States Government, controlled by the capitalists as good Marxists know, gives Mr. John L. Lewis the opportunity to organize workers, assisted by Governor Murphy of Michigan and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, while the so-called capitalist press roars for the scalp of President Roosevelt. Where in this turmoil is a valid distinction between working class and master class?

There are class struggles here and class struggles there—take a look at the violent labor history of Harlan County, Kentucky—but *The Class Struggle* is useless

as an absolute law. Users of the phrase disregard the date of Marx's observations in the 1850's. The place, Western Europe, is disregarded. The fact that it was an hypothesis is disregarded. The operational approach is disregarded. Other economic struggles are disregarded. The outstanding significance of the middle class to-day is disregarded. Many characteristics are left out. What Marx would have made of it as codified and distorted by his disciples, I do not know. Perhaps not much.

It may be objected that while the term is without tangible validity, it provides a useful psychological stimulus to labor organization. It furnishes a feeling of solidarity and fighting morale. This is the old argument in defense of any means to achieve a given end. Waiving moral aspects altogether, it seems to me that *The Class Struggle*, by virtue of giving an incorrect picture of the world as it is, hinders the strategy of those who want to improve economic conditions. A general who disposes his troops on the basis of an inaccurate map is not likely to win many battles. The class-struggle map is probably a major reason why the socialist movement has made so little progress in America.

When the class struggle becomes an article of faith the Worker is canonized and Labor can do no wrong. Any strike is a holy crusade; any man with a pick is a better fellow than any man with a plug hat. Hollow-chested clerks feel strong as they identify themselves with Labor, and gladly join the picket line. In New York recently a strike was called in a group of co-operative restaurants. Many members of the organization were defenders of Labor as well as of the Co-operative Commonwealth. The strike put them in a terrible predicament. Should they support the Worker or the Co-operative Ideal? Meetings were held and souls were searched. A functioning, useful organization was torn in two and all but wrecked by this battle of Absolutes.

What kind of a labor union? When? Where? Once these questions are exam-

ined and answered, the ghosts depart, and reformers begin to realize that some unions are initiated by crooks, that some are organized for purely commercial purposes, and that some are functionless. I have been working with the American labor movement off and on for fifteen years, and by many first-hand observations have learned both the courageous devotion and the dirty deals to be found in this field. To prostrate oneself before Labor is of no help to working men and women.

IV

What a remarkable term is "Business," especially in America. How is Business?—not *your* business, but business-in-general. Statisticians toil over composite graphs and charts to answer this mythological question. If there is no such entity as Business—and by now we know there is not—it seems a little superfluous to be constantly taking its temperature. Business says, Business speaks. Business views with alarm. Business is jubilant when the Supreme Court votes down the NRA. Business is sick. Business is terrible. Business runs through a cycle—charming image. Business has recovered: Look at the chart—there it is, as plain as the nose on your face. Back to 1929. The curve says we are all right, therefore we must be all right. What, eight million unemployed; farmers in the Dust Bowl down and out; share croppers reach new depths of misery? Forget it. Keep your eye on the chart.

This is pure hocus pocus. Not only are there no dependable referents to which we can hitch the chart, but those to which it has been hitched—carloadings, bank loans, lumber production, cotton-mill consumption—cannot be combined into any composite curve which does not violate mathematical sanity. A great mathematician, Ivar Fredholm, calls such omnibus index numbers "hermaphrodite arithmetic monsters devoid of all sense." At this point we note a curious perversion of the scientific attitude. Opinions as to the health of Business are based on *fig-*

ures, rather than on hearsay and hunches. We are looking, we believe, at cold facts. We are scientific as hell. But the "facts and figures" we look at have been mutilated beyond meaning. Some day we must give up prostrations before a phantom Business, though the charts reach from Wall Street to the moon. The term Business, and that of its faithful follower Service, often prevent us from observing what useful or useless things business men are actually doing.

Many economists and statisticians believe it legitimate to argue that industrial prosperity after a slump will inevitably return because their charts show ups and downs in the past. They point to the scientific nature of the "proof." But the graphs a real scientist draws describe the condition of an experiment arranged by him. They can be used safely for drawing conclusions only if *similar conditions can be arranged*. The humps and hollows on the economists' charts refer to *changing* conditions. There is no similar arrangement, and few valid conclusions are possible. The context has changed; and the result must be guesswork.

V

As an abstraction, the word Capitalism may be useful in saving the breath required to describe every transaction on the market. But a thing, Capitalism, is not to be found stalking with gigantic hooves and horrid scales over any marketplace. When Art Young, the great cartoonist, draws a monster he knows and you know what is intended—a poetic image. (Sometimes, however, one wonders if cartoons do not aid the creation of verbal monsters.) Discussion of Capitalism is now widespread, especially as opposed to the abstraction Socialism. The verbal forms normally employed make it evident that the speaker has no consciousness that the word is not the thing. Capitalism fights, he says; is making its last stand. It is even crawling back into Russia, presumably on hands and knees. Capitalism and Socialism are locked in

mortal combat. Fascism lines up with Capitalism. Capitalism seeks foreign markets, grinds the worker as in a coffee mill. Capitalism gets up and Capitalism falls down.

Capitalism is thus a shape, a form, which speaks, commands, fights, runs away. Asked to define it, the debater on the left introduces more abstractions: Absentee Ownership, Surplus Value, Class Struggle, Private Ownership of the Means of Production, Exploitation of the Masses, Imperialism, Vested Interests, Proletariat, Bourgeoisie, the Profit System, and many more. The great words roll. The speaker exerts himself mightily. The Schoolmen perspired no harder in their Aristotelian squirrel cages. From time to time, the reasoner thrusts a hand into the world outside and seizes a raw, living fact. If it pleases his argument, he hauls it squirming into the cage. If not, he drops it.

In an adjoining cage, the proponents of the word are going through a similar revolving process with different terms: Sturdy Individualism, Self-Help, Thrift; the Law of Supply and Demand; Initiative, Regimentation, Bureaucracy, Capital will leave the country, Orders from Moscow, If you divided all the money up it would be back in the same hands in six months. Listen to the Rev. Charles Vaughn, of Los Angeles:

The Russian Revolution was a Jewish baby. The Jewish banking houses of Wall Street financed the Revolution, and as a result, thirty million white Christian peoples have starved in Russia under communistic rule. . . . Communism is anti-Christ and belongs to those who teach anti-Christ. . . . It is time to get the whole gang of aliens and put them across the sea where they belong. We believe it is Christian-like to deport these aliens!

Note not only the meaningless abstractions, but the identification of Russian communist with Jew, with anti-Christ, with aliens in America, and the rousing conclusion to deport all aliens, including apparently a covey of Wall Street bankers.

Often a single symbol is enough to start the words flowing, even as prompting a parrot will cause him to run through his

piece. The man on the left hears the word "profit" and proceeds to intone: "You can't get anywhere until you destroy the profit system." The man on the right hears the word "socialism," and shutting his eyes, he roars: "You can't change human nature."

Radicals hate Capitalism. But there is no such animal. They are hating nothingness. It is akin to hating the Devil. Who is the Devil? Who is Capitalism? One might as well waste his emotions hating the Martians. Bumping into Morgan I, and Morgan II, radicals do not hate them much. The cigars of Morgan II are excellent. Well, they say they hate The System. Another monster. Hating monsters or just hating loosely provides highly inaccurate maps for political strategy. It confuses many concrete situations where some excellent measure could really be advanced. It alienates potential friends, especially among the professional ranks. It doubles the strength of the opposition, by raising mild disapproval to blind fury. It plays beautifully into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Charles Vaughn.

I have heard reformers debate for hours whether the New Deal is State Socialism or State Capitalism or just ornery Liberalism. If it is State Socialism then it is all right; if it is State Capitalism it is all wrong; if it is plain Liberalism it is beneath contempt. Presumably sane men, arguing interminably. I have advocated reform in the field of economics for most of my life and I intend to continue. But I am sick and tired of trying to reform things which are not there, of fighting things which do not exist. If the purpose of an economic system is to supply people with necessities and comforts, let us try to see the people, see the commodities, see the institutions, as they actually hang together, and throw such strength as we possess into making real changes in a real situation.

VI

Consider the term Inflation. I have yet to find any general agreement upon

what the word means. A man has just written a book about the seven kinds of inflation. Definitions are sometimes attempted, but referents are hard to come by. Does one mean credit, currency, stock market, or land value inflation? Some of my friends go about shaking their heads, observing that inflation is already here. Others say it is inevitably coming. Others that it may come. Others that it will not come at all. Still others hold that a headlong deflation is just round the corner. Think of it calmly: thousands of so-called intelligent people arguing for millions of hours, filling acres of newspaper columns, and heaven knows how many magazine and book pages, with reflections on a term that no single one of them clearly understands. Your author is the third from the left in the front row!

Take the word "dole." The very sound of it is depressing. A baleful word, associated with handouts, bums, bread lines, and incompetents. This word was thrown like a bomb against measures for State and Federal relief. The immensity of human need prevented the barrage from being successful. Doles, or community benefits, in what form, when, where? Once we begin looking for referents we turn up some interesting material. Since the American Republic was formed, "doles" in one form or another have been frequent and generous. Consider the protective tariff as a dole to manufacturers. Consider the gift, free or nominal, of about one billion acres of public land to homesteaders, speculators, to railroads, canal companies. Consider free highways for motorists, free sidewalks for pedestrians, free schools for children, weather reports and beacons for airplane travelers, fingerlings for fishermen, copyrights for poets, patents for inventors, the Federal Reserve System for bankers, buoys and lighthouses for yachtsmen. The list is long, as you will find by consulting Jacob Baker's *Government Benefits*.

Regard the two abstractions "investor" and "speculator." The former is a good demon and the latter a sorry one. In-

vestors must be encouraged, speculators scouted. Hence laws, regulations, rules, moral codes, principles. If you go into the New York stock market to separate an investor from a speculator you had better take a surgeon with you. The distinction is in our heads. On the market, any market, you find Junius I buying and selling stocks, bonds, lands, commodities. Most of the time he does not know himself whether he is speculating or investing. Far out on one wing there may be a few pure plungers; far out on the other, may be some executors of trust estates who never think of an appreciation in their capital, but only of income. In between lie the overwhelming majority of market transactions—to quote a man who has spent his life on the Street—where one is both speculating and investing more or less. Perhaps a gap-filling word is in order—call it investulating or specu-vesting.

One might continue almost indefinitely listing words about which there is much solemn argument, mostly meaningless and futile: Centralization, Decentralization, Production, Money, Credit, Economic Planning, Balance the Budget, and so forth. But perhaps the samples I have given will suffice. Lancelot Hogben, the biologist, characterizes economic talk as follows:

Instead of inventing a scientific nomenclature free from extraneous associations, economics, like theology, borrows its terms from common speech, defines them in a sense different from and often opposite to their accepted meaning, erects a stone wall of logic on concealed verbal foundations, and defies the plain man to scale it. The part of the real world with which economics is concerned is bounded above and below by the two covers of the dictionary.

Scientists had to begin mopping up their concepts and their talk after Einstein had shown them the unworkability of absolutes. They found that no operations could be performed to validate concepts of absolute time or absolute space,

and without operations the notions were meaningless. A similar mopping up is long overdue in philosophy, logic, law, sociology, government, and economics.

What then are citizens to do? I modestly suggest that we divest our minds of immutable principles and march after tangible results. Use the ballot, social legislation, collective bargaining, co-operative associations, the TVA structure, conservation programs, holding-company regulations, stock market control, central banking, public ownership—if, as, and when the context of situation, after study, gives promise for an advance. An advance to what? To making Adam I and his family more comfortable and more secure.

If private enterprise at a given time and place is furnishing adequate employment, working conditions, and output, for heaven's sake, leave it alone! Do not try to bring everything into line on principle; first bring into line what is breaking down. Clear the mind of dogma about individualism and socialism. No one wants "socialization" as such—verbalism cannot be eaten—one wants for himself and his fellows a good job, good food, a good house to live in, a car, and a chance to send the children to high school or college. To obtain these things it may be necessary to fight. All right. Let us fight. But let the fight be on the real situation. Let us see clearly a possibility of success. And let it be known that we are going after adequate goods, services, jobs, rather than after "classless societies" and "co-operative commonwealths." Within the broad limits set by the technical arts and natural resources, we can have any kind of economic system which enough of us want.

Reformers should take warning from that Austrian general who had great contempt for Napoleon. While it was true that Napoleon consistently defeated him it was done counter to the Laws of Military Strategy!



THE BOND SALESMAN

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

THE voice, the jocular, the protracted banter finally ended; and disconnecting with his forefinger, Vanderberg swore to himself. He hunched the receiver between his collarbone and his ear and, mumbling angrily, crossed off another telephone number from the list on his calendar pad. Vanderberg was not apt at banter: he hated it from his customers.

Delisle, at the desk ahead of Vanderberg's, was scanning the day's closing bond prices in the *New York Sun*. Behind the railings of the Sales Department, in seven rows were twenty-one telephones on twenty-one desks, three in each row. It was Monday. Delisle was accustomed to Vanderberg's inarticulate occasional angry mumble. "What's the matter, Van?" he asked, chuckling behind the market pages. "Somebody throw you for a loss?" Delisle had been selling bonds for a long time and had worked up to a clientele almost entirely of banks, insurance companies, and foundations. He disposed of his bonds with jaunty condescending assurance and in the course of years, casually, without remarking it, without thinking twice about it, had taken Vanderberg under his wing. Vanderberg was much younger, ambitious, an earnest expounder of market tendencies, a plugger. At thirty he had been selling bonds for four years.

"He wanted to know since when Commonweal turned boiler factory for Mike

Vaihinger. Boiler factory! A crack like that from a customer burns me. How does he get that way? Boiler factory!" Vanderberg's indignation was belligerently righteous. The Commonweal Company, investment affiliate of the Commonweal Bank & Trust Company, was as respectable a house as there was in the Street. "What is there against Mike Vaihinger?"

"Not a thing, only—"

"Only what?" His fist round the telephone, the receiver gripped on his shoulder, Vanderberg challenged Delisle, not lifting his head. Vanderberg's face, determined and rather immobile, had thickening cheeks, a cleft chin, stolid nose, and octagonal glasses.

"Vaihinger's too good to be true. Lumberjack to millionaire in twelve years. They're afraid of your boy wonders. Some of them season and some of them don't."

"Give me young management any day," Vanderberg said laughing. His telephone rang. It was Adams, to whom he had sold five Itasca $3\frac{1}{2}$ s that morning. Adams never bought without stewing afterward; he had been consulting his bank, his broker, friends, another bond salesman, and his own fears and he was properly upset. Perhaps he should cancel the order. Vanderberg answered him earnestly, prolixly. Mr. Eleazar Adams was reassured.

"More Vaihinger talk," Vanderberg grumbled.

Delisle came round and sat on Vanderberg's desk, folding his newspaper. "Honest, Van," he queried, leaning forward, his head quizzically cocked, "don't you know what's wrong with these Itasca 3½s?"

"They're slow."

"Slow?" Delisle's lips twisted cynically to the left. His heels derisively drummed on the desk panels. "God! Can't you smell, Van?" He dilated his nostrils, eyebrows jumping, and sniffed significantly half a dozen times, ending with a sickly grimace. "Give a smell."

"At 96 they're overpriced."

"Take the plug out of your nose and give a good smell."

Vanderberg slipped the receiver on the hook and pushed the telephone away. He was concerned. Delisle was exaggerating of course, but exaggeration and flippancy were always ambiguous to Vanderberg. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Who banked for Vaihinger until this issue?"

"City Bankers."

"Well?"

"You mean Vaihinger changed bankers?"

"This issue came too fast, Van. Think it over."

Vanderberg frowned, thinking. "I'm trying to put it together," he said.

Delisle slapped him on the shoulder with the newspaper. "Don't put it together," he counselled. "You'll feel better." He waved jauntily on his way to the elevators.

Vanderberg picked up the flash that had broken the issue that morning and read over again the information on Itasca Corp. Fifteen Year 3½% S/F Gold Debentures, due 1944. When he had first read the flash, he conjectured, with immediate market sense, that at 96 the issue was overpriced. Vaihinger was getting less than four per cent money, and in Vanderberg's judgment, on debentures, he rated perhaps under five. The bonds had been priced out of their class and would be difficult to move. But De-

lisle meant that behind the overpricing was a maneuver by the Commonwealth Bank & Trust Company to get Vaihinger's banking business away from City Bankers by having the affiliate outbid the City Bankers group. That had run the price up. Or perhaps City Bankers had declined the issue.

By temperament conservative and methodical, Vanderberg accepted the integrity of Commonwealth issues, and economics was for him a solid, predictable science. The bond market, its trends, corrections, recoveries, and declines had the reality of a drama with economic laws, and reported imponderables such as market strength and weakness almost as discernible as flesh-and-blood actors, but the drama had a minimum of suspense; for Van statistical methods determined the market. His sales presentations were weightily generalized, circumstantially statistical, and convincing. The covenanted interest, safety of principal, and a slight profit on Commonwealth issues seemed to follow inexorably through Vanderberg's ponderous deductions. It was characteristic of him that he should have noticed that the Itascas were overpriced at 96 without surmising any psychological motive or financial advantage to the Bank behind it. He was unsuspecting, incurious. But Delisle's supposition, once injected, was plausible, and Vanderberg was abruptly and suddenly angry that the Sales Department should be expected to shoulder a difficult issue in order to attach Vaihinger to the Bank. The Sales Department was entitled to sound pricing. Overpricing was stupid, wrong. Vanderberg went to the manuals and then he reviewed the market movements for the Vaihinger securities in recent months. The market preparation for the Itascas was sloppy and hurried. Vanderberg's disgust deepened. When Stahl came in he went over and chinned with him. Stahl had doped the issue the same way as Delisle. He had sold ten.

"I don't know as I want to sell them," Vanderberg grumbled.

"Maybe you don't work on commission," Stahl said.

That evening Vanderberg talked the Itasca 3 1/2's over with Miriam. They had been married for two years and Van was still convinced of Miriam's underlying judgment and shrewdness. He leaned in the doorway of the kitchenette, backed against the porcelain sink, and generally got in the way, eagerly explaining while Miriam finished preparing dinner. Enveloped in a kitchen apron, he set the table, forked the baked squash from the oven, and carried dishes, explaining the while.

"I declare, Van," Miriam said, holding up her napkin for inspection as she sat down to dinner, "if what you been telling me is mighty important you better begin and tell it over again."

Miriam was a slender, brown-eyed, lackadaisical lanky-jointed girl with a maroon ribbon in her silky ash-blond hair and the edge of the Carolina piedmont in her voice. The napkin, she decided, was passably fresh. "Without Ruby, I declare, sometimes I think I'm flighty." For the first six months of their marriage Ruby had come in to help, but Van, who before Commonweal bond-school and Columbia University hailed originally from Nebraska, had decided that the money for a negro maid should preferably go into life insurance. They were going to have children, Van had decided, as soon as his commissions ran into five figures, and he was organizing their life accordingly. Miriam had ineffectually protested about Ruby. "While I'm working in the kitchen, honey," she reminded him, "stirring round, doing everything myself, what you say goes right in one ear and out the other. And you know how I am about your Wall Street. I haven't got a man's head like yours for high finance. Now we're sitting here, all comfortable, you begin again and tell, honey."

"How much of it did you get?" Van demanded, very blunt. Miriam's cautiousness, the ingratiating locutions, under cover of which, woman-fashion, she

sounded new matters, entertained him.

Miriam tossed her head. "It's about some bonds," she said pertly.

"Covering up, eh?"

"Now don't you tease me, honey-lamb. You tell."

"All right." Explaining high finance was his conversational staple, especially to Miriam. Explaining, simplifying, illustrating to Miriam always clarified Vanderberg's own mind. Perhaps the enjoyment of his own audible clarifications was the larger part of the judgment and shrewdness he attributed to his wife. "The issue's overpriced," he finished. "It's no way to run an underwriting business. There are sound principles, Miriam. The Bank and the Buying Department ignore the principles, make gross mistakes, and the Sales Department, as usual, has to get them off the hook."

He made Miriam anxious; she knew that their income depended on Van's selling bonds. "But honey," she asked, worrying, "if they make the price too high how you going to sell these bonds? The people won't buy."

"I can sell them." Van was emphatic as to his own ability. "My quota's fifty. I've sold five to Adams and in ten minutes on the telephone in the morning I could sell at least twenty more. Dr. Bevans has twenty Portland Electrics maturing next month and if I told him to take these, he would. He's a good customer of mine. He trusts my judgment, Miriam. I've never lost any money for him. I could pay him par and the full interest now on his Portland Electrics and switch him into these Itascas."

"Then why don't you, honey?"

Vanderberg put forcible shape and consciousness to the indecision that had restrained him from telephoning Dr. Bevans all day. "I don't want to," he announced angrily. Bevans trusted and depended on him for financial advice. Adams was different perhaps. Adams looked after himself.

"You mean it's your conscience, Van?" Miriam asked anxiously.

The old-fashioned, womanish phrase made him uncomfortable. The clarification was too extreme. "Sort of."

"What can they do to you, if—if—"

"Nothing." In his aggrieved voice there was the stubborn tightness that she recognized. He had been stubborn about Ruby. "My volume's up, higher than last year's even. They could make things a little difficult, not throw me my share of the institutional business, short-change me here and there. But damn it, Miriam, I'm a good salesman and that's what they need."

"I don't want you to go against your conscience, Van. You always do like your conscience says, and maybe if you string along with the other boys and do like they do, it'll all come fine."

But for Vanderberg, from an outrage to economics and a piece of poor business, the matter was expanding into larger moral explicitness. "I don't want to sell them," he complained. There was a kind of dishonesty involved and he raised his voice, invigorated by further clarity and indignation: "I've sold issues that I've been shaky about maybe but never one that I downright distrusted, as I do these Itascas. I don't want to begin. I'm not going to either." Van's substantial mouth set and his upper lip receded to a tightened dominating line. "Anybody that buys these bonds and puts them away in his box is going to lose money eventually. I know that and I'm supposed to go out and sell them. I won't do it."

"What does that nice Mr. Schaeffer say?" Schaeffer was the manager of the Sales Department.

"He says what he always says, 'Get the hell out and sell.'"

"Why, Van!"

"I don't want to sell them. I don't like them."

"You know, honey, you can go and take a mighty stubborn streak. You don't want to get worked up about these old bonds. You do like the other boys do. And don't go against your conscience either."

"I'm not going to sell them."

"Now, now, you honey-lamb. You listen to me. That's not the way to be sensible."

The next morning, Tuesday, at ten o'clock, Schaeffer called a sales meeting in his office, which was an indication that the Itascas had not moved the preceding day. The salesmen sat on chairs, on the table, on the window-ledge, while Schaeffer talked. Schaeffer was a round-jawed, pursy, dapper man, with thinning hair and a jerky short-breathed excitable way of talking. He sat sideways on his desk, fiddling a pencil back and forth in his fingers, and went after them. Schaeffer had a reputation for flareups and for running to MacArthur, the senior officer in charge of Sales, with tattle, but he knew his men, worked close to them, and made himself felt, a worried, dogged, attentive presence. He lambasted them for yesterday's letdown and then for fifteen minutes talked enthusiastically about Mike Vaihinger. "It's Mike Vaihinger you're selling, his record, his future, his possibilities," he concluded. "Don't forget it."

Vanderberg, standing against the wall in the back, sarcastically recalled the bond-school distinctions between investment and speculation and asked himself what Vaihinger's mortal future had to do with sound bonds. Schaeffer tossed down his pencil and stood up. "Any questions, men?" The inquiry was not wholly perfunctory. Questions relieved the questioner and informed Schaeffer of the morale of his force.

This time there was a storm of questions and cracks. "Why aren't we getting any co-operation upstairs? The market's been butchered." "They've slopped all over the place." "Tried to pull them up by the ears." "City Banker's gunning for us." "Fall guys." "Why didn't they price them right in the first place?" called Vanderberg.

Schaeffer slammed the flat of his hand on the desk. "Just a minute," he shouted. "Just a minute. I didn't call a board of

directors meeting. You fellows are bond salesmen, not presidents. Your job is to sell bonds. Now my department isn't passing the buck to any other department. I want that understood. We sell the bonds that the house takes. This issue should have gone out the window yesterday. Vanderberg there asked a question. He wanted to know why the bonds weren't priced right. I'm going to spike that right now. It's the swelled-head, smart-aleck, damn-fool kind of a question I don't want to hear. Any man in the Sales Department who's putting a price on bonds doesn't belong in the Sales Department. He belongs in the Buying Department upstairs, assuming he belongs in the organization at all. I don't give a damn myself where he belongs. I just know he doesn't belong in my department. These bonds were priced by the smartest pricing outfit in the Street and the price is right. Get that, the price is right. And the market for this piece of paper has been made by the smartest marketing outfit in the Street. Don't forget it. That's all, men. Get going."

"Gosh, Van," Stahl remarked, clapping him on the shoulder as they walked back to their desks together, "you needn't have said that. Price is the sore point. You stuck out your neck."

"But it's true." Vandenberg was surly.

"What's that got to do with it?" Stahl said.

Being singled out decided Vandenberg. Schaeffer needn't have jumped down his throat. The price was right and no backtalk. All right, if that was Schaeffer's attitude, there wasn't going to be any backtalk, but so far as he was concerned there weren't going to be any sales either. He was going to protect his customers. Schaeffer couldn't bulldoze him into selling bonds he disliked. He wasn't going to take any risks, he'd be discreet, not antagonize Schaeffer; but salesmen had ways. If he kept his mouth shut and went through the motions of selling he was out his commissions, but Schaeffer would have nothing definite to hang on him. If he couldn't sell, he couldn't—there was

nothing they could do to him for that—and as he had told Miriam, there were ways of putting a sales proposition that always failed. An apathetic voice, a relaxed face, perhaps a few remarks about the "duty" of presenting the issue, and the customer had caught on and was beaming. Being tipped off occasionally not to buy the house's offerings had an excellent effect on the customer. He felt protected; it made him believe in the salesman's alertness and personal integrity.

Van called on several of his best customers that morning. An uneasy obscure expediency kept him away from Dr. Bevans. After his presentation, every man declined the Itascas. When he returned to the office at four o'clock he found slips on his desk for two telephone calls from Mr. Adams. Van didn't feel like reassuring Adams again on those five bonds. He threw the slips in the wastebasket and went over and complained to Whitney about his terrible day. A little later Schaeffer stopped at his desk and half apologized.

"I'm afraid I was a little rough on you this morning," he said. "Nothing personal."

"That's all right," Van agreed, not smiling.

"Not sore, are you, Van?"

"Of course not."

Schaeffer sat down in the chair adjoining Van's desk. "How have they been going to-day?" he inquired with his pursed, overt smile. Uneasily Van noticed Schaeffer's resemblance to an oversolicitous, nose-y woman. Already, instead of bluff casualness, Van was tightening up inside, resisting. He fought down the impulse, the inflection, of wariness.

Glumly he shook his head. "Not a one," he grouched. "It's terrible. I don't know what the trouble is. High pressure's not my method. You know that. I spill my line but it hasn't been going over. I don't understand it."

"How many did you call to-day?"

"Ten or eleven good ones."

"Listen, Van. You weren't serious this

morning—that crack about overpricing?”

“Hell, no. Everybody was putting in his two bits’ worth this morning and I thought I’d sound off too, the first thing that came into my head. It isn’t that. I don’t know what it is. The bonds are all right.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that. As I dope you, Van, you’re the type of salesman that’s got to be sold himself before he can sell. I’ve been wondering if I’d have to do a little selling on you.”

Vanderberg laughed. “I’m sold, Mr. Schaeffer,” he said.

The reference to doing a little selling on him was a threat. He hadn’t handled himself any too well with Schaeffer. Too stiff. His intonation had been off several times. The laugh had been tight, squeezed out. Van stared back at the staring hypnotic mouthpiece of his telephone and asked himself how Schaeffer sized him up. In a tangle of this sort he was at a disadvantage; Schaeffer was ruthless, sharper, more devious. He was afraid of Schaeffer. But he was not backing down. The apology was soft soap and he couldn’t be soft-soaped into selling the Itascas any more than he could be browbeaten. But from now on, he was going to be careful, very careful. Schaeffer was dangerous. And suddenly Van was angry; he swore morosely and softly at the attentive black mouthpiece; he damned the sticky overpriced Itascas, Commonweal, and Schaeffer. He was his embattled, outspoken, intrepid self. It was a decided relief.

On Wednesday he continued calling and after his unenthusiastic descriptions, customers continued declining the issue. He never disparaged the Itascas explicitly and if the issue was attacked he defended it; but no one mistook argumentativeness for aggressiveness or recitation for conviction. Van and the customers both enjoyed the game; it was a change, like playing “give-away” in checkers. Van had five refusals that morning.

When he came in Delisle went over and

sat on his desk. “Schaeffer said I should talk to you,” he began, shaking his rolled-up newspaper in solemn, exaggerated warning, “so I am. Understand. He told me to tell you you were preparing a lot of trouble for yourself and I’m telling you now. He said you were carrying a chip on your shoulder. He said he thought he’d have to discuss you with MacArthur, our esteemed senior officer.”

“What else?”

“That’s about all, I guess. Said you were pulling your punch with your customers. Now you’re told.”

“Thanks.”

Delisle re-rolled his newspaper into a tube and meditatively whistled into it for several minutes. “Van,” he said, “did you ever think about these big organizations—the way they behave? Take these sticky Itascas, for example. The issue’s not breaking. It’s not your fault. It’s not my fault. It’s not even Schaeffer’s fault. But it’s not breaking and Schaeffer’s getting hell right along from upstairs for not moving it. And upstairs they’re getting hell from the Bank. If the bonds aren’t sold somebody who wasn’t planning on it is in business with Mike Vaihinger. There’s a line of fellows, starting with the president of Commonweal right down to you and me, and everyone with a bonfire under his pants. And you never know which way a fellow will squirm when his pants are smoking.” He paused, whistling. “Senior officers hop like popcorn. I tell you, Van, these big organizations are like large rickety old boilers. They get up steam every morning and wheeze through a day’s work, but just put two pounds more pressure under them and they begin to leak live steam at every joint. Anybody handy’s apt to get scalded. I’ve seen it happen.”

“Do you think I’m making myself conspicuous?”

“You’re not ordinarily a complete flop as a salesman, Van. And there’s that peep about overpricing yesterday morning. It’s on the record and it’s against you.”

"What do you think I should do?"

Delisle sing-songed into his rolled-up newspaper. "I'd sell a few bonds. I'd sell a few bonds," he intoned, sotto voce. Then he lifted his head. "Don't get me wrong, Van. I don't want to know anything."

"If I'm making myself conspicuous," Van said, "I want to know it."

Delisle leaned over and tapped him confidentially. "Stop and think about this, Van. You've got customers you don't like. Every salesman's got a few customers he doesn't like. Maybe they don't trust him. Maybe they insult his outfit, call it a boiler factory. Maybe they make a practice of blowing their noses on his necktie. Maybe they throw stones at his grandmother. Why don't you go out and sell a few of these bonds to the customers you don't like? What would be wrong with that?"

Vanderberg laughed. "It's an idea." He stared at the telephone and reflected. He tapped his teeth with his fingernail. "Maybe it is an idea," he said slowly.

Van had never liked E. D. McKeon. McKeon was a crusty, puttering, suspicious, half-deaf old lawyer, who had no practice but occupied himself with conserving a fortune, inherited two generations before, of possibly half a million dollars. He had once bought fifty bonds but he did not trust Van. He did not trust any salesman. McKeon had been swindled, so he claimed, by a client who had persuaded him to accept some National Cordage bonds in settlement of a bill shortly before National Cordage crashed in 1893, and this client endured as the prototype of all salesmen. Since McKeon regarded him as a hopeful swindler, Van had no scruples in urging the Itascas on him. McKeon kept him waiting an hour in the anteroom without a pretense of being seriously engaged, for he was in and out of the anteroom a dozen times fussing with his secretary about a mislaid voucher. At the first mention of Mike Vaihinger, McKeon cut Van off and refused to waste any more valuable time. At the top of his voice, Van vainly re-

minded the old gentleman of the youthful career of E. H. Harriman. McKeon shut him off. Vaihinger was too young and green for any of his money.

Being turned down nettled and aroused Van. He went after Selden next. Selden was vice-president of American Synthetics, Inc., and Van disliked him because usually he was unable to make up his mind and took up a salesman's time and attention with his own troubles. Every once in a while, for no apparent reason, Selden bought five or ten bonds. Van could never discern any particular shrewdness in his choices. Selden kept him waiting and then was wearisomely undecided about the Itascas. He worried over the markets and the cotton crop and complained to Van about his wife's extravagance and his September fuel oil bill. It was plainly not one of Selden's inexplicable buying days.

Van was disgusted. He expected business men to be businesslike. McKeon and Selden had taken the afternoon and he got back to the office late. Schaeffer put him on the carpet. He had sold five bonds in three days. On past performance—he was seventh in volume for the preceding year—he should have disposed of his quota. Saying that he couldn't sell wouldn't wash. Vanderberg was lying down on the job. Van explained that Schaeffer had him all wrong and related his afternoon with McKeon and Selden. Schaeffer said he wasn't interested in calls. He wanted sales. He wanted Van functioning again.

Back at his desk, a yellow slip advised Van that Mr. Adams had telephoned while he was in conference with Schaeffer. He tore the slip up and threw the pieces in the wastebasket. He still was not touching the damned Itascas, but failure with McKeon and Selden was giving him a superstitious apprehension that his powers of salesmanship, having been briefly perverted, were slipping away from him.

That evening he was moody and restless. Miriam did not understand high finance but from Van's subdued appre-

hension she took high alarm. He was not earning commissions; their income had stopped; he was antagonizing that nice Mr. Schaeffer, making people mistrustful of him, jeopardizing his career, and all over some silly old bonds. She remembered Dr. Bevans and insisted that Van call on him in the morning. Van had to admit that he had not spoiled his chances there as he had with his other customers. Miriam applied Delisle's advice. If he would get rid of ten of the awful trouble-making things to Dr. Bevans he would not have Mr. Schaeffer calling him names, with a mad on.

Miriam was excited and she paced before him with her mouth tight and her arms severely folded. "You've gone and taken a mean streak about this business," she scolded. "I can just see it. I know how you are. You won't listen to reason. You won't listen to anyone's else point of view. Oh, no. Things have to be your way. That's why you're in all this trouble."

Van stolidly cleaned his pipe. "I'm not in any trouble."

Miriam shivered in a fury of exasperation. "Oh, oh! Being lectured by Mr. Schaeffer isn't any trouble, is it? And being reported to Mr. MacArthur isn't any trouble, is it? And having your friends called in to reason with you, as Mr. Delisle's done, isn't any trouble, is it? Oh, no! You're in a heap of trouble. You're just too stubborn, you're too like a mule, to see your trouble. That's all. Now you do like I say, Van. Do you think anyone's going to respect you when you're fired for these highfalutin' fancy reasons of yours? No indeed. They'll say what a fool you were. That's what they'll say. And do you think that Dr. Bevans will ever thank you? No he won't. He's no friend of ours. He's got no call on us." She snatched the pipe-cleaner from his hand and brandished it for complete attention. "You're just going to queer yourself. You're just going to fix it so I'll never have Ruby and we'll never have children or anything. You're just going to make them hate you.

They'll hate you. You can't do it, Van. We're just starting out. We've got to be sensible. We've got to have money. Now you, you honey, you be sensible. They'll hate you, they'll hate you. You do like I say." She threw the pipe-cleaner in his face. Then she cried.

Van persisted in refusing and they quarreled, but the next morning, despite his refusal, he called on Mr. Simjian and then being in the neighborhood, he called on Dr. Bevans. Dr. Bevans' offices were on East 68th Street, off Park Avenue, and he had Van shown into his narrow, cramped, private inner room and came in a moment afterward, florid and professional, in a double-breasted oxford-gray coat.

"I have left a patient, a neurasthenic," he explained, and after shaking hands, retained Vanderberg, holding Van's upper arm between his thumb and fingers. "She will not enjoy waiting. What is it, Van? We must be quick. I am supposed to be talking with a colleague on the telephone."

"It's about replacing those Portland Electrics that mature next month. I think I've found what you want and we needn't wait for the maturity date. I can get you the full price and accumulated interest on the Portland Electrics and turn them in on—"

But Dr. Bevans had heard the exasperated scrape of a chair from the adjoining room and, drawing Van by the arm, moved stealthily to the connecting door and listened, a set slight smile concentrated on his lips. The scrape was repeated.

"Shall I come back later?" Van whispered.

Dr. Bevans shook his head, listened a moment longer, then shook hands again and said hurriedly: "You know what it is I want. We've talked it over. If you recommend these, put it through. I must get back."

"I was going to suggest—" Van began, but Dr. Bevans at the door lifted his forefinger peremptorily for silence. The door opened and closed. Dr. Bevans'

solid, reassuring tread advanced across the adjoining room.

Riding back to the office on the subway, Vanderberg kept trying to tell himself that the Itascas were sound enough, that the Buying Department was probably right after all, that he had been misjudging them. Schaeffer was right in that it was his judgment against that of the Buying Department. Perhaps he ought to trust the Buying Department. If only the bonds had been priced lower—even one or two points lower. If only Vaihinger's structure weren't so pyramided, his properties so scattered. But if he didn't put Dr. Bevans' order through it was going to be difficult to dispose of a few bonds now, as Delisle advised, because he had already tipped off all his likely customers. He would have to cold-canvass, sell them cold. He could have Bevans sell the bonds later. But the market would probably float away when the support was withdrawn. There would be more trouble if he were detected having Bevans throw the bonds back. By that time the pressure would have let up. Should he or shouldn't he? Bevans' order was still discretionary. He hadn't sold Bevans twenty Itascas until the order was in. Bevans trusted him. Bevans was a damn fool of the first water to trust a salesman. Van was provoked. No more responsibility for his money than a rabbit. What should he do?

On his desk, a memo requested him to see Mr. Schaeffer as soon as he came in. Almost at once his telephone rang. Mr. Schaeffer wanted to see him immediately. Van swore grumpily. At least he was going to let Schaeffer blow up and turn purple a couple of times before he sprang the Bevans order.

Schaeffer was standing, drumming impatiently with his fingers, when he came in. "What's your explanation for this?" he demanded, throwing a slip of paper at Vanderberg. The paper crackled in the air, looped, and sailed swiftly over the heads of three pushed-back telephones, past the edge of the desk, to the floor.

Van picked it up. It was the carbon triplicate confirmation of the sale by Eleazar Adams of five Itasca bonds to Commonweal the day before. Instead of taking the bonds, Adams had thrown them back on the market and the supporting syndicate had had to repurchase them.

"What kind of selling is that?" shouted Schaeffer. "You sell him five bonds on Monday and he sells them back to us on Wednesday. That's a marvellous job of selling, Vanderberg. By God, that's one commission you'll never collect. What kind of rinky-dink is this? Are you selling bonds or are you playing tag?"

He angered Van. "I earn my commissions," he said. "And if there's any rinky-dink going on, I'm not in on it. As for this," he dropped the Adams confirmation back on Schaeffer's desk, "I've talked to Adams like a Dutch uncle half a dozen times, reassuring him. Apparently it wasn't enough. I don't know what happened—I'll find out—but if you want my guess, somebody from City Bankers got to him and gave him the lowdown on these Itascas. The lowdown scared him and he sold them. That's all that happened."

Schaeffer rammed his head forward accusingly. "You advised Adams to sell."

"I did not."

"You let him."

"I did not."

"Ever since I jumped on you in meeting the other morning, you've been laying down, Vanderberg, sulking. It's a kid trick, let me tell you. You've got to learn to take criticism. Sulking's a hell of a way for a grown man to be acting."

"If you think for one minute that that's the reason—"

"All right," Schaeffer challenged, "what is the reason?"

"The reason—" Van began and stopped. The muscles tightened obstinately round his eyes. Schaeffer was trying to trap him into an argument.

"What do you mean by the lowdown on these Itascas?"

"You know what I mean."

"Overpriced, eh? That story." Schaeffer's entire face twitched with sarcasm.

"I'm not selling my customers bonds they stand to lose money on. Damn you, Schaeffer. People trust me. The people that trust me I can sell bonds to. That's how I sell. I'm not going to sell Itascas to people that trust me."

"I don't give a hang who you sell them to. You're going to sell Itascas if you work for Commonweal."

"Am I?" Van's anger spurted recklessly. He abruptly reached over and picked up one of the telephones. He had had enough of Schaeffer's bullying domination, and in the reckless spurting of his anger he had found the thing to do. His upper lip receded to a tight stiff line. "I'm not bragging about my conscience. It's a lot more pliable than it should be. It can be led, but there's one thing about it, Schaeffer, it can't be driven. I've had enough."

"What are you doing?"

Van yelled sharply into the transmitter. "Get me Dr. Bevans on East 68th Street." He had to repeat it. Then he lifted his head and clutching the telephone, for a moment, from the vantage of anger, he looked down and contemned Schaeffer. "I came in here with a discretionary order for twenty Itascas, but I'm cancelling it. I've had enough."

Schaeffer's disturbed, questioning, palsy, worried glance changed like the swift opening of an eye. He moved with startling quickness. He grabbed a second telephone. "Disregard that call," he commanded the switchboard.

Van heard his plug disconnected. "Damn you." There was a fierce bursting moment. He wanted to strike Schaeffer.

But the older man had changed, he was supplicating, soothing, placating. "Now listen, Van," he urged. "Listen. You're excited, Van. Cool off. I'm not trying to drive you. You can put your call through in a minute. But sit down and think it over. Cool off first."

"Damn you," Van muttered again, but he sat down and, posting the telephone on his crossed knee, he tipped the chair back

angrily against the wall. His knuckles gripped over the telephone were white and his substantial mouth set adamantly. There was a silence, full of compressed, misshapen minutes. Schaeffer unconcernedly busied himself, lighted a cigarette thoughtfully, made notations on his desk pad, filed away the Adams confirmation slip. He disregarded Van and left the matter to the whispering, cautioning, fleeing cynicism of abundant time. Finally in a subdued voice he called and asked Mr. MacArthur to come down. Then thoughtfully smoking, he sauntered round the desk and sat down on the edge near Vanderberg. He delayed a minute.

"You've come along fast, Van," he remarked with his palsy, overt smile, frankly appraising but friendly, almost fatherly in his encouragement. "You've a bright future. Almost unlimited promise. You're being watched, Van. We expect big things of you. But you must believe in us. Commonweal's a house you can trust, boy. Trust the Buying Department. Trust the whole house. I want you to believe in us." The ash lengthened and fell and he ground out the cigarette and went on more aggressively. "You're green, Van, still green. There's a reason why young salesmen aren't sitting up on high dictating to the Buying Department. You don't learn how to price bonds in three-weeks bond-school or crashing private offices. Pricing bonds takes training—and experience. Training and experience you haven't had. You're a seller, Van, a good little seller, but don't get illusions. Don't let your head float away from your shoulders. Keep connected, Van."

He droned on, derogating, encouraging, reasonable. Van's tense lips and cheeks had sunken sullenly. The telephone sagged in his lap. He apathetically listened and despised himself. MacArthur came in, an undersized man, the lens of his pince-nez disproportionately large and glittering above his hollow receding face. Nodding casually, Schaeffer turned on MacArthur the same cajoling flow, explaining that Mr. MacArthur

would be gratified to know that he and Vanderberg had made up their little misunderstanding. He praised Van while Van stared at the floor. "Van thought we wouldn't allow him to protect one or two of his customers on these Itascas, but I've made it clear that all we're interested in is having him dispose of his quota. I think we've got it all straightened out, haven't we, Van?"

Van started to lift his head but Schaeffer did not wait for agreement. There was one thing more. "Vanderberg's landed a nice order," and he prompted MacArthur with a tip and jerk of his head, "but he hasn't turned it in yet."

"Who's the order from, Vanderberg?" demanded MacArthur. He had a cutting, aloof voice.

Van swallowed. He hated them both. "Bevans."

He made MacArthur drag the information out of him, bit by bit. Schaeffer scribbled. At the number of shares, he exclaimed. "I thought you said twenty, Van."

"Ten," insisted Vanderberg, so violently that both men stared at him. Schaeffer, by a slight shake and a frown, cautioned MacArthur against comment.

"Ten Itascas," he said genially, writing.





THE AGE OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

BY LESLIE C. BARBER

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago a professor of sociology, whose name has escaped me, made an attempt to classify the various subdivisions in the history of mankind according to the outstanding characteristic of each. As I remember it, the list ran something like this: the Old Stone Age, the New Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, which in turn he subdivided into Ancient History, the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the Industrial Revolution; and coming then face to face with the present condition of man on the planet, he characterized this as the "Age of Nervous Tension."

Since that time life has, in some ways, become much worse. The great war and the great depression have added their quota to the unhappiness of mankind. Nationalism is rampant all over the earth, a colossal armament race is in progress, and the coming of the next cataclysm appears to be only a question of time.

The life of the individual citizen in the civilized nations is likewise confused and full of contradictions. Some months ago in a discussion of the problems of living in the 20th century I was surprised to catch myself defending the thesis that life in these United States was generally more satisfactory back in the horse-and-buggy days than it is now. Since that time Ralph Adams Cram has seriously questioned whether civilization has gone too far; Dr. Alexis Carrel has spoken his piece in favor of turning the clock back, and there is evidence that Adolph Hitler is actually trying to do this.

In theory this question must remain in

suspense until we have learned to measure not only the emotional values of the present but those of the past, and the survival values of the two periods as well. In practice a few men are trying to recapture the past in toto. They want their own big moments back, and their retrogression is a symbol of the predicament in which men find themselves to-day.

For the mind of man has created a dazzling world of bright light and swift movement and flashing communications in which the man of flesh and blood finds it impossible to make himself at home. The measure of his failure is to be found in his political and social ineptitude, in his overcrowded asylums and prisons, and in his increasing susceptibility to nervous breakdowns, marital discord, homosexuality, and suicide.

It was the custom to explain away most of these on the ground that we were only just becoming aware of circumstances which had always existed, until an explorer, J. G. Le Van, returned recently from the wilds of South America to report that the natives, albeit so superstitious that they abandoned him to make his own way out of the wilderness, were quite free of insanity and that they could recall only three cases of suicide in one hundred years. Margaret Meade, reporting on the young girls of Samoa, where life is likewise simple and natural, gives us a comparable picture. Both peoples are free of the emotional stresses of civilization. Many writers have commented on the rarity of crime in primitive society. Crime is a concomitant of the elaborate

private-property system of civilization.

During the past decade a number of civilized Europeans and Americans, grown weary of the stresses, have be-thought themselves of Robinson Crusoe and sought peace on desert islands and in the simple life of the far corners of the earth, particularly the South Sea Islands, where nature produces in abundance and life can be maintained in comparative ease, without the strife and worry which are the accompaniments of human existence in the industrial paradises. Yet the compelling fact remains that most of the people of the United States and western Europe, where the symptoms of feverish industrialism are most severe, actually live in far greater comfort and security than did their forbears during the great majority of man's years on this earth.

It must be noted, moreover, that those who retire from the struggle and write the books about the joys of life on the faraway islands do not go quite native. They take with them a pretty complete store of that knowledge of subjugating nature which our ancestors during the painful process of civilization have doggedly wrested from an obscure and unfriendly environment. They are free of the lice which have been man's constant companions during most of his existence as a mammal, and they protect themselves from the mosquitoes by netting which has its own history of exploitation and drudgery in the cotton mills. They know how to avoid contamination, and in some measure how to control the worst forms of lower life. If there are powerful wild animals or dangerous men in the neighborhood they do not hesitate to protect themselves with gunpowder, one of the fruits of the very civilized science of chemistry.

Here then is our dilemma. Although civilization is becoming increasingly hard to live with, we cannot escape to the islands without benefit of its tools, medicines, and mosquito nets. We must also note that few people have yet tried raising children on a desert island.

It is of course possible that our civili-

zation has begun to run afoul of the law of diminishing returns. We may have reached a point beyond which the cost in neuroses, breakdowns, insanity, crimes, riots, and wars tends to become more than the compensating benefits of civilization are worth. Our motor-car and aircraft fatalities raise the question whether it might not have been better to halt it in the horse-and-buggy age. There is other evidence that our civilization has already passed its optimum. It is already producing all the food, shelter, clothing, transportation, and communication that the people who have money can pay for. We have been looking for more than seven years for a new industry which might bring work and prosperity to the unemployed without finding so much as a clue to what it might be. I do not think there is any to come. The people with money have no more wants. Our job to-day is not to build the machine civilization higher but to broaden it so that more people may share in its benefits. Only so perhaps can we make it again show a profit, so to speak, in the greatest good for the greatest number.

In any event this generation and the next one must live with our present state of affairs, or something very much like it, for better or for worse. Can we learn to live with it? Have we the political potentiality that is essential if our mechanical development is to continue? I believe that the answer is "Yes." I cannot tell you just how to prepare for the future, but I believe I can state the problem. I cannot quote any authorities because, although the symptoms and mechanisms employed are the common property of modern psychology, their application to this problem is based upon my own observation and experience as an amateur.

II

By way of bringing the terminology up to date I should like to revise the professor's description of the present day, and consider this as the Age of Schizophrenia. It used to be called *Dementia Praecox*.

You may take your choice of nomenclature. The name was changed to schizophrenia because this word more accurately describes the splitting apart of the emotional from the intellectual life. I quote notes issued by the University of Chicago in which it is described as "a disease in which the patient gradually separates himself from reality, building up his own dream world. The patient is not necessarily insane. Most of the cranks and queer personalities we have known were probably mild schizophrenic cases."

The great problem of human organization to-day is thus to bring the emotional life of its citizens to some agreement with the intellectual and industrial achievements of the period. The more psychology learns about the nervous processes of the peoples of western Europe and America the more evident it becomes that, while man has learned to write zero to the *n*th power, and has constructed a colossal industrial system which can perform more miracles than he knows how to ask for, his emotional processes have not changed in the past two thousand years, and probably not since *Pithecanthropus Erectus* was buried under a Javan landslide in the Pleistocene epoch.

This discrepancy arises because of the simple fact that, while the purely mental processes of mankind can reach out to infinity, his emotional processes remain chained to day before yesterday. The intellectual life grows simply and easily. It makes such use of the lessons of the past that, once engineering has a toe-hold, it can go on and produce plumbing and electric lights and automobiles and radios, and maybe television. Astronomers glibly measure remote spaces of the heavens in figures that we cannot comprehend. Einstein has revised Newton's calculations and given us curved space and relativity.

Certain Vienna physicians, Breuer, Freud, and others, and their successors, have given us a kindred key to the understanding of the chaotic emotions of man. Under the spur of their brilliant revelations psychologists have discovered that

emotions are habit patterns. I do not know who first said so in so many words. The baby's love for his mother, the lump that rises in a boy's throat when his dog dies, the girl's thrill when she gets a new dress, the skilled craftsman's pride in his work, the movie queen's vanity of her person, the fullness of security that wells up in our breasts when we sing the "Star Spangled Banner," even the overwhelming consummation of the one and only love—all are habit patterns. The psychoanalyst's great contribution has been the knowledge that these emotional habits are socially engendered, relative to environment, and subject to guidance and adjustment.

Some of these habit patterns travel wellworn trails. The emotions of fear and of comfort are known to practically all animals. The feeling of security in the group goes far down into the animal kingdom. The mother's love for her offspring is common to all the mammals. It is the *sine qua non* of the continuity of the species. Some of these emotions are so seemingly spontaneous that they were believed to be instincts until it was demonstrated experimentally that they were not. The young ewe is quite likely to disown her first lamb unless closely watched. She is a far better mother to the second. Pigeons hatched and reared by foster parents of another species will mate only with members of their adopted species. They refuse to recognize their own.

In the normal life of the group the pattern is perpetuated in the environment, and reappears in little altered form, generation after generation. The habit of love is found in many of the anthropoids and some of the birds. It may appear as violently as it does in the human race, and be subject to the same variations. Some animals and birds mate for life and appear thoroughly contented in wedlock, while others are appallingly fickle. It may be that these are the egocentrics, who have the habit of falling in love rather than the habit of loving.

With the exception of the emotions of

æsthetic appreciation, which are refinements of the emotion of social security, all of our familiar emotional habit patterns go far back into the history of mankind, and all of them remain essentially primitive to this day. Once formed, they dominate the life of the individual and remain always highly resistant to change.

Ease of habit formation is inherent in the normal animal mechanism and has a definite survival value. The orderly conscious life is otherwise impossible. All skills, of whatever nature, are physical habits. The individual who cannot acquire useful habits has scant chance of reproducing himself. On the other hand, the persistence of habit patterns is of questionable survival value. Many species appear to have disappeared because they could not change established habits. Men and women to-day destroy themselves to satisfy their emotional habits, some by the slow poison of dissolute living and some by premeditated suicide.

Every habit pattern thus becomes a cultural lag in itself. With this in view let us consider the predicament of the child born into the swift and changeable life of the 20th century.

Good food, good shelter, and the company of fellow-men and women who are polite, if not altogether friendly, and the means of moving from place to place and communicating with his fellows are the most that any civilization can offer a man. In fact, assuming that our own civilization is the highest ever achieved in this respect, we must, nevertheless, recognize that it is quite unable to provide these for all citizens of the most enlightened nations of the world to-day—not even for all those who are (by the most modern, depression-tested standards) willing to work.

Having these, or the expectancy of them, any well-organized man should be able to work out his own salvation. It will probably eventually be demonstrated that most of the permanent charges upon society—the men who won't work—are suffering rather from maladjustment to their environment than from

congenital shortcomings. Even if the funds were available now, psychiatry could do little with these, for lack of jobs which they are qualified to fill. Only when we have jobs to offer can we determine who among them are ill, how ill, and how curable.

At present the primary concern of psychiatrists is with men who are doing normal work, or who did until they were invalidated by specific neuroses. These include many who gain their primary needs easily, by the most desirable forms of work, and some who may live in ease and comfort without working at all. Why do these men and women, who have least occasion for doing so, worry themselves sick in such numbers as to constitute a problem throughout the civilized world? Any child ought to be able to do better than that. As a matter of fact, it has been demonstrated that almost any child can. Very young ones, in particular, conduct themselves more rationally and adjust themselves to their environment more readily than do their elders. Leaders of higher education in America have already sufficiently denounced the lower education because children have begun to lose their clear-eyed directness before they reach high school.

III

Here I think we are at the source of all the emotional problems of civilization. The Bible says that if you train up a child in the way he should go he will not depart from it in the years of his life. Habits are easy to form but hard to break or to alter.

The very young child is forming his habit patterns for the first time. He enjoys it. There is abundant evidence that he finds a genuine satisfaction in taking part in the life of his family. One of his first habits is tuning in with his group. He soon acquires other habits which may throw him out of tune. In so far as there is a struggle, however, it is a comparatively minor one between his desires and the simple laws and disciplines of his environment. While he is a baby the

chances are that he has his own way rather too much of the time.

As he becomes a child he must learn to dress himself, pick up his playthings, and observe an increasing number of rules. His troubles are likely to start in earnest about the time he begins to play with other children in the neighborhood, each likewise accustomed to have his own way. At the same time he is likely to discover that certain social habits of his group are an insult to his intelligence. These are hangovers from a past which is foreign to him and are (as he correctly observes) not very well suited to the modern world. He may note that table manners are slightly idiotic in certain details; that his father and mother do not always agree on what is right and wrong; and that both vary with time and with the weather. He learns that there are some questions which may be asked and some which may not, for no good reason.

With this discovery he is at the very core of the problem of life; but perplexed by these contradictions, he seldom observes it. The first handicap has been placed on his intelligence. (Probably only Havelock Ellis, many of whose works have never been published in his native country, knows how far society is capable of pushing that handicap.) The child is concurrently busied with adjustment to his fellows, who come from homes with somewhat different sets of cherished absurdities. His established habit patterns are challenged at home and abroad. The painful process of growing up is in full swing.

School brings a new set of acquaintances and more taboos. He must accommodate himself to the teacher's way of doing things. Surrounded on all sides by unreasoned anachronisms, he successfully evades some of them only to discover that he has a conscience. For the rest of his unnatural life he is at war on two fronts—with society and with himself. The acquisition of these new habit patterns would be far easier but for the fact that each time a new habit is acquired an old one, which has become familiar and

dear to him, must be taken out by the roots and destroyed, or so modified as to have lost its familiar emotional character. Each time he has to change a habit pattern there is conflict within himself. Whichever way he moves he is never quite sure whether it was right or wrong. One of the hitherto eternal verities has failed him. If his playmates are rough his habitual conception of his rights is violated. In the inward struggle of adjustment some measure of his social assurance is lost. He may compensate for this new uncertainty by putting on a bolder and more aggressive front.

More serious conflicts arise when there is a discrepancy between the teachings of his school and those of his home. It was in the effort to avoid these that the legislators of Tennessee once passed a law against the teaching of the theory of evolution in that State and so brought Clarence Darrow down on their heads. There is probably a case for the legislators. Bryan missed it because he was too intent on destroying the devil to note that the only hope lay in stalling him off. Education must, of necessity, be a gradual process. Prerequisites are demanded by all universities because it has been learned by experience that long jumps always make trouble. When a man who has been thoroughly schooled in Genesis is suddenly confronted by Darwin schizophrenia is almost his only salvation.

Less dramatic conflicts are bad enough. We all know the people who can never depend on their arithmetic. Some of them can learn everything but mathematics. That's a sure sign of an emotional block. For mathematics is the simplest and least subject to error of all mental processes. Except in its exalted imaginative projections, where Oswald Spengler loved to dwell, it is almost entirely without emotional aspects. In most instances the fear of arithmetic probably began with the impatience of the parent or teacher with a child who was slow or awkward in so manifestly simple an exercise. In his fear the child took refuge in the theory that his failure

was congenital. It's a good story and he sticks to it. In this he is guided by his habit of self-defense, which is probably the most powerful of all habit patterns, and respected accordingly. Had he not been required thus to defend himself he would probably have learned his arithmetic with little effort. All evidence in education is that unless there is some conflict with emotional habit patterns normally intelligent human beings can learn no end of facts with ease.

This is somewhat in contradiction to H. L. Mencken's thesis that the average man finds reality intolerable and scurries from it to find succor and comfort in the incantations of metaphysicians. The truth lies in a distinction between kinds of reality. Some realities are kindly and familiar, some are simply neutral, and unhappily some are strange and fearful. Anyone can name them. It is in the last group that we find the consciousness of death, the fear of failure, the loneliness, and the disappointments which keep the clergy and the psychiatrists busy.

Every new discovery which threatens to change the social order strikes terror in the heart of man. It threatens his established habits and his position in the community. Only the pure scientist, whose passion is great enough to block out the fear of newness, seems to escape. Thus immersed in the painstaking study of natural phenomena, Darwin seems to have had no conception of the panic he was spreading in the Western world.

For most of us the fear blocks out the science, with the result that our learning proceeds in a very lopsided fashion like the mythical "sidehill gouger" of the old West who could travel only in circles around the hills because his legs on one side were shorter than those on the other. Our education tends to become a process of personal selection. We accept those facts which do not conflict with our preconceived notions of what ought to be. The rest of the knowledge goes in one ear and out the other, not because there is nothing between them to stop it, but because the brain, terrorized by the emo-

tions, is on a sit-down strike against that particular bit of information.

The older the child grows the more serious this inner division becomes. The coming of puberty, with its new and violent strains and stresses, finds him facing a new and still more severe set of taboos. His entrance into college or into the working world brings a new complement of regulations to which his habits must be made to conform. Marriage brings still another, and the births of his children (who promptly relegate him to second place in the household) demand one more series of adjustments.

Small wonder that by the time the average man has reached middle age he is tired of the endless process of taking himself to pieces, and becomes a conservative in a futile effort to avoid further change. It is quite logical that after seventy he should become a downright reactionary, and that if he lives much longer he should slip back into a second childhood and so at last escape the harassing restraints which civilized life has heaped upon him.

Thus as the years go by most men and women become more or less afflicted with schizophrenia. Their minds grow without friction or serious effort, while their emotional development is retarded by the hard labor of adjustment. Unable to achieve a continuous working agreement between their own urges and the pressures of society, they wind up in a half-hearted compromise between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and the emotions are strong.

The individual who must keep up with the 20th century finds himself still further handicapped by the confused and changing aspects of the mores themselves. Periodically he is under the necessity of changing his attitude and his reactions toward a certain social factor; but to what? A dozen churches point the only way to God. Against these, many of his friends hold that this God is nothing but a figment of man's imagination, to comfort him in his ignorance and fear. One friend urges him to drink of spirituous

liquors, while another holds that with the first sip he shall begin the descent to depravity. The stirrings of sex awake within him. Among his friends and even among his family there are two definite attitudes. One is that life and women should be taken while they are here. Another holds that love is a sacrament, to be experienced only within the holy bonds of matrimony.

These bonds of matrimony too have lost their uniformity. One group of young people tries, with more or less success, to follow the pattern of home and children established by their ancestors. If they do they must stifle in their hearts the questions raised by the presence, perhaps next door, of another couple in which both husband and wife are permanently at work, and living as gaily as they may on their joint income, with children put out of the picture by the new science of birth control.

Thus the average man goes through life handicapped by a widening gap between his intellect and his emotions. While his knowledge and his ability to use it quite naturally increase, his emotions quite as naturally persist in the infant state. Only by tearing one habit pattern after another loose from its moorings and painfully jacking it up to his ever-rising intellectual level, can he hope to achieve that internal harmony which is happiness so far as we are able to define it.

As the years go by this effort becomes ever more difficult. He has more adjustments to make and less energy to make them with. The younger generation, for all its own problems, is always a jump ahead of him. In the end he gives up the struggle and tries with his last strength to halt the devastating process of change. This, I think, accounts for those mystifying changes of front to which distinguished men are liable in their later years. The farther they go intellectually, the greater the effort required to keep themselves in adjustment. If the disharmony becomes too great they can recover a balance only by reversing themselves.

Until man has learned to keep himself

better attuned to the changing process of life the social value of longer life is open to serious question. Thus far, society has grown only by generations, and that is not fast enough to keep abreast of changing conditions. If the lives of the present generation were to be increased as much as ten years that would be a calamity for the race.

In this I refer to the citizenry in general, not specifically to the members of the Supreme Court. There are of course exceptions in both places. We are concerned here with the political ineptitude which characterizes our people as a whole, and which is far more dangerous than any judicial tyranny. An alert, informed, and socially adjusted populace need have no fear of dictators, either judicial or executive. The ancient axiom of political science, that every government is representative of the people it governs, still holds. As I write this the people of Spain appear to be demonstrating that, even though it must fight its own army, a people can have the government it wants if it knows what it wants.

In so far as age makes men conservative I believe that this may be taken as an indication of what we may call fatigue of adjustment. Tired of forever modernizing themselves, they seek to escape the necessity by putting an end to the changes. In a sense their attitude may be taken as a well-organized and more or less effective adjustment, as opposed to the ineffective protest of the neurotic who has collapsed early in life. In the present rapidly changing social order we seem to be reaping an excessive crop of neurotics. Perhaps we are also rearing an excessive number of premature conservatives who will later join with the normal conservatives of advanced years, in the effort to force the social order into those patterns of the recent past which they have found most congenial, and seek to freeze it there.

In this I think we have a clue to the mystery of the aging and death of the civilizations of the past, and to certain political phenomena which to-day threaten the peace of the world. The civilization of

Rome lived on in the outposts of the East long after the empire had crumbled. It survived to be brought back, in large part, by the Renaissance. To the people who preserved it, this civilization was a comparatively new experience. Possibly they were able to save it because it had not yet worn them out as it had exhausted the Romans themselves.

In his *Decline of the West* Oswald Spengler contended that the people of America and Europe are already suffering from this fatigue. The reactionary tendencies of the aged are plainly manifest in some of them. Fascism frankly sets out to recapture the vanished glories of the Roman Empire. The Nazis will be satisfied with nothing more modern than Teuton mythology. The upper classes of other European nations look on with imperfectly concealed envy. In the United States we are choosing sides for a kindred class struggle.

IV

As a specific example of this emotional lag I use my own bad habit of jealousy. In addition to being the one with which I am most familiar, it is further apropos because it was in an effort to domesticate this antiquated passion that I acquired the information here set forth. Since it gave me no serious trouble until I was in middle life, I am not sure whether I acquired it at the birth of my next younger brother or whether I took it on as a part of the ancient and honorable code of the gentleman which has changed but little since the time of the Crusades.

It is the more appropriate because it is one of those outworn social attitudes which still command great respect in the courts and other refuges of the past. It has been recognized as a menace to human happiness, at least ever since Robert Browning wrote "My Last Duchess." It takes an annual toll of thousands of lives in murder and suicide. It breaks up thousands of homes and poisons thousands of others. It destroys friendships and vitiates that co-operation which is

essential to the further progress of this civilization.

Bertrand Russell and other leaders of modern thought have pointed out that in our present highly integrated social order with its growing knowledge of biology, its tendency toward the emancipation of women, and the changing status of the family as an economic and political unit, jealousy has no logical place, even in love. Havelock Ellis has given us a conception of an ideal society in which the relationships of any two individuals are the concern of themselves alone except when children are born of the union. Most men would enjoy such freedom if only they could trust their wives with it.

Too often in our daily lives, however, the hell of our fathers is good enough for us. Knowing full well its dangers, we still cherish jealousy as one of the cornerstones of our personal and national honor, handing it down from father to son as a part of our emotional mores. It is our proudest antisocial possession.

Intellectually I repudiate it. I realize, even at my worst moments, that I am making a dismal failure at the simple business of living my own life. It is at the same time a selfish denial of the validity of another personality, a serious offense in an age which claims freedom as its watchword. It is the more absurd because I am definitely less sinned against than sinning.

Unhappily this intellectual attitude is still far from my emotional habit patterns. Nor have I any assurance that I shall ever quite bring them together. Because I know what it is and temper its expression, I manage to keep it pretty well concealed from the world at large, at an excessive cost in emotional energy. I pay that cost to escape the discovery of my fear; for that is what jealousy is. At the time I am powerless either to redirect the impulse or to reason it away. Fear yields but slowly to reason. Five years ago it might take me days to wear it out. Now I usually accomplish it in a few hours. At the end of the seizure my affection for

the usually innocent subject is toned down. I am unconsciously protecting myself against a similar outbreak. I can't take it. Sometimes I seem to recover fully. At others I discover that my infantile unconscious lower self has merely put it away for another occasion. I can call myself no end of names on this score, but that does not cure my infirmity.

Here is schizophrenia at work. Every man who ever holds his temper knows the sensation. He can feel his intellect and his emotions pulling in opposite directions. In retrospect he may reconcile them. That is some progress. His next anger may not be quite so hard to restrain. Never, however, do his emotions quite catch up with his intellect unless his intellect backs up.

Embarrassments, practical jokes, taxes, and stoplights add their quota of stifling restraint. Since it is futile to struggle against them we must adjust. If we could give free vent to every emotional urge we should not have schizophrenia. We should not be civilized either.

We may, however, be too much civilized in certain particulars. I know why I am jealous. It is because my security lies so much in personal relationships. I can get along without much money, but I must have companionship. Other men have their own forms of security which they defend with even greater savagery. The men who suffer with a lust for money or a lust for power are more dangerous than the jealous ones because they operate on a larger scale. Our fears are kindred. We share a horror of having to stand on our own feet and face the facts of life unsupported. By one means or another we contrive to make our families, or our friends, or our wealth, our police, or our armies stand between us and the great darkness which ever surrounds the little spot of light and warmth within which we live the present moment. In great crises we summon our full strength and face death with equanimity. Almost never do we face life that way.

V

As I have indicated before, the Fascists who are so busy restoring day before yesterday are apparently victims of this childish habit pattern. Schizophrenia is the malady of dictators. Dictators govern nations of people who have been too long subjected to emotional urges which have had no normal outlet. The Fascisti and the Nazis are taking advantage of the errors of the authors of the Treaty of Versailles. In turn they may be sowing an even greater whirlwind for themselves.

There is also evidence in the other nations of Europe, and in America, that civilization cannot proceed much farther until we have learned to mitigate this schizophrenia with which every civilized person is in some measure afflicted. Our best minds appear to be most subject to this malady because they reach farther beyond the infantile emotional set-up than do ordinary ones. We are sacrificing too many of our leaders. In our grave need of wiser guidance we cannot afford to take this loss.

Since millions of our citizens still live out their lives in comparative serenity we can hardly consider these emotional casualties as inevitable. If we are to reduce the number, the first step is to find out how the serene ones have kept in balance. Have they managed to avoid the worst strains of civilization or have they learned to adjust to them, and how? This will be the function of the psychiatrist and the educator. The next step in the development of civilization is up to them.

The place to begin any social development is with the children. It is easier to avoid schizophrenia than to cure it. Our growing citizens may fairly demand this of us because they will have need of their best energies if they are ever to bring order out of the state of affairs we are bequeathing to them. Let us, to the best of our uncertain knowledge and ability, avoid afflicting them with habit patterns which they will some day have to change.



LANDSCAPE WITH FARMERS

BY CHARLES ALLEN SMART

The author of these notes, city-bred, took up farming three years ago near Chillicothe, Ohio.
—*The Editors*

I. *An American landscape*

THE LOOK and feel of a landscape can tell a great deal about the people in it, but this landscape in southern Ohio calls for painters and poets, and not for prose-men. The hills of Ross County are really small and large plateaus, cut by gorges and very narrow to broad valleys. There are poor farms like this one of mine in the highlands, and excellent farms along the valleys of the Scioto River, Paint Creek, North Fork, and other streams. The hillsides are heavily wooded with oaks, black walnuts, hickories, beeches, and ashes. There are some cedars, but almost no pines, and my wife misses keenly the evergreens along the coast of Massachusetts. Along the streams there are great sycamores, willows, and cottonwoods. In the bottoms there are large fields of corn, wheat, and hay, with barnyards full of cattle and hogs. In the hills there are scraggly patches of corn and vegetables, a few good orchards, and little shacks and cabins where people seem to hang on to life by their eyelids, die of rickets and typhoid, and shoot one another for adultery.

In the autumn there are the rich reds, browns, and blacks of the woods and fields, the blue-gray of the hills, and the rather melodramatic effects of the autumn sky. There is also the rich green of the winter wheat, like a carpet beneath the fading shocks of corn fodder, with thousands of little piles of corn, pure gold, that

has been husked but not yet hauled in. In gardens the weed-piles are smoking slowly, and woodpeckers rattle the seed-pods of the yuccas.

Most men wear hunting caps, and one hears them in the woods—the pure, lovely, and harrowing baying of the hounds, the reports of rifles and shotguns, and sometimes the whine of a bullet. At night one meets the hunting parties on the roads, with lanterns, dogs, and guns. But hunting is only an element in the autumn landscape, and not an inappropriate one. Everything else is dying, and being tidied up; one breathes in the first chill in the air and wonders where one is going.

Ordinarily, they say, winters here are mild, and our last one was; just more cold, wet, silence, mud, quiet work, and sleep. But the two preceding winters were not like this; they were fights to the finish, with worthy settings. Snow, and then more snow, with the trees stark, delicate, and the hills looming into a sinister grandeur. The winds rise quickly, from almost absolute silence, cut one to the marrow, and howl in the chimneys and around the eaves. There are a few gallant little winter birds, twittering in the deserted garden and robbing the corn crib. The cattle and sheep huddle together in their shelters or wander restlessly in the snow, bawling and bleating with hunger and cold. The dogs frolic for a while in the snow and are glad to come indoors. The days are terribly

short, with the sun sometimes staying hidden all day and then blazing out on the bright desolation and going down in taunting crimson glory. But most of the days are dull gray, with night falling like early death. It is the end of the world: toward the end of winter one begins to lose any real emotional belief in the return of life.

And then, suddenly, a warm day, and another, and everything begins to breathe, melt, and tremble. Winter has sharp teeth still, but something has broken. One day at the end of February my hired man and I were sawing away at a huge oak log and we paused for breath and heard, deep in that log, a crack!—like a bell of liberty. March is wild and treacherous of course, a big flamboyant blonde coquette, windy with passion and laughter, excellent gay company, grand and mean, and treacherous as the foul fiend. And then April, gentle and innocent, green and sad and puzzled as all youth, with quiet rains and freshness everywhere, and moments of cold fear and spite. And then with May everything bursts into green in the sunlight, the days are long with good work and rest, the birds and lambs are a bit hysterical, the dogs and cattle find their old haunts in sunlight and shade, the gardens begin to look like something, the pastures are full of colts, and life goes on.

June, July, August, and September, deep summer, with everything reaching its limits in growth and work and play, and the land a deep and quiet place, green, wet, dark, and cool, or hot and dusty, with towering clouds and sudden lightning, and everything slowly growing a little wise and a little tired, is as quiet, dull, happy, strong, and deceiving in time, as middle age—and (damn it) I like it best of all.

Sometimes in this country I see hints of other places I have seen and loved. From a hill road, now and then, one sees a bit of rolling country with tall woods that is like nothing but the Cotswold Hills of England. Or an old house buried in dripping green in spring, that is like a

house seen once in Wiltshire. Or a solitary elm, dreaming delicately above a stony field, that is New England. Or a rocky shoulder with a vineyard, and great trees, that means Burgundy. Or the broad valley of the Scioto as it nears its mouth in the Ohio that suggests vaguely the lower reaches of the Rhone. But these little hints and suggestions are all momentary and false. There is nothing else in the world like this little Ross County, this Ohio, this America; there is nothing else like it at all.

II. Buildings and people

I hesitate to say what kind of people and buildings there are in this landscape that I love. Though I have lived here three years, farming, I am in some ways still an ignorant outsider; such realities are extremely complex, and I have some of the dangerous book-ideas and temptations to simplify hastily that are characteristic of literary men. If you are interested in the Middle West or in any other part of America my advice is to distrust novelists, lecturers, literary revolutionaries and reactionaries, and the millions of living Carol Kennicotts. Go rather to the historians and sociologists, to good poets, and, with a good supply of salt, to the movies and popular magazines. I have to use books as tools, and those that I have found most helpful, in my attempt to understand our nearest town, Chillicothe, and Ross County, Ohio, are *Middletown* and *Middletown in Transition*, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd, and *Technics and Civilization*, by Lewis Mumford.

Chillicothe itself, a city of nearly twenty-five thousand, is not, I suppose, much different from a thousand other cities of the size between the Appalachians and the Rockies. On a smoky autumn Saturday evening, with the farmers pouring into town, the spectacle has great interest and some charm. Whatever else you can say about them, these people have been doing things with their hands and brains; most of them seem to know one another, and no one has ever read the

Boston Evening Transcript. On a Sunday afternoon, however, no town this side of hell could be more cold, stark, and ugly.

Chillicothe isn't so bad as Middletown because it is smaller, older, less industrial, and more individual. In some respects we are moving from what Mumford calls the Eotechnic Era, roughly of the seventeenth century in Europe, and the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in America, into the Neotechnic of the late twentieth, avoiding at least a few of the evils of the Paleotechnic of the late nineteenth. Except in the paper and shoe factories, which do not dominate the town, there seem to be fewer strictly mechanical and senseless jobs. There still seem to be some crafts and trades to which a young man can be apprenticed, and in which he has some chance of making his own way. There are still a few independent stores that make money, and by the time they are driven out the chains may have become humanized. We are far enough south so that few people, except in one of the paper mills, are working themselves into neuroses. We are far enough north so that we are not completely dependent on Negroes, who are separate from us rather than subservient to us. I don't think that manual workers feel inferior to business men, or superior to them or try to ape them. I could go on for some time, without flattering Chillicothe, in pointing out some of the ways in which it has escaped the evils of our time.

But on the whole, the picture is only a few shades less gray and dismal than that drawn by the Lynds. Unemployment is still serious. Entirely too many people have jobs that are both unsuitable to them and precarious. Trade unions are feeble or crooked or both. Rents are high and, on the whole, the best livestock in this county is housed more safely and appropriately than many of the people. Merely from looking at people in the streets and in the poorer homes, I should say that the public health situation was bad. Plenty of people are strangled by installment

buying. The equipment of the public schools is good, but the old irrelevant curricula endure, the football field seems to be considered generally more important than the library, and there is a multitude of silly "activities." People generally seem to be increasingly dependent on pleasures that have to be bought, like cars and movies, and, therefore, on money and on their employers. The government is expensive and inefficient, social services are rudimentary, the public library is neglected, and religion is competitive and social.

In the country the spectacle is little more heartening. In general, the resources in land have not been conserved. This region suffers severely from droughts and floods. Farm tenancy is more humane here than in the South, but it is serious enough. In the past few years, despite the weather, our farmers have had a better chance than at any time since 1919, but the basic situation is still, I think, very unsound. Living and working conditions in the hills still astonish and depress every visitor who sees what he can of them. I would rather live in one of these shacks than in the mill towns of Pennsylvania or in the match-box suburbs of Long Island, but that preference is probably quite personal and subjective. The farmers here have less time, energy, and money for fun than the people in town, but they seem to be more capable of amusing themselves. Farm boys are still eager to try their luck in town, but now, possibly, more of them return.

Altogether, it isn't, as I see it, a very cheerful human foreground. I am reminded of some of the pictures of Thomas Rowlandson. Look at the whole from a distance, and you see a cheerful, almost idyllic composition of man blending with nature. Look a little closer, and you see a tangle, a mass of men and women, a society that is confused and sordid. Look still more closely, at an individual, and you may find something humanly appealing, comic yet somehow heroic. I am coming to some individuals.

III. *A Solitary Lady*

The farmhouse in which I live—a rectangular stone house on a hill plateau—was built by my great-grandfather a century ago. During the eighteen-eighties my grandfather went bankrupt; the house was for a long time unoccupied and fell into sad disrepair. Then my aunt took hold of it. For forty years she lived here, forty years of hard but happy work.

Almost single-handed, she cleaned up everything and started a garden. She bought and bred hens and cattle; she sold eggs, butter, and cream; she got up early and worked late, and saved every penny; she nursed her parents until they died, and then she lived on here alone, sanely and with good cheer, making her own life.

My Aunt Mary was a very small person, with a nice figure, a sensitive and gentle face, and gnarled and competent hands. She was reserved and unemotional yet warm and generous and deeply loyal to her own friends and own standards. In her there were blended extreme unworldliness and remarkable competence, the gentle reserve, innocence, and bewilderment of a lady of her time, and the stamina, fatalism, lack of squeamishness, and ingenuity of a good farmer. She would drive to town in her phaëton to make formal calls on her old friends or on God, and then come home to wash milk pails, dust her roses, and treat a nasty wound on a horse. Some people thought she needed their protection and advice, but they never offered it twice. They had not seen her working with plants, animals, and men, and then cooking her supper, washing her dishes, and settling down, with her dog at her feet, to make up accounts, write letters, and read nursery catalogues or the *New York Times*. She used to say: "People ask me what I do!"

As a boy, I visited her here every summer, and for me, life began in June and ended in September. Luckily, she knew nothing about child psychology and was both poor and busy. I trailed around after her and the hired man, and was allowed both to do any work I could and

to amuse myself in any way that occurred to me and wasn't destructive. The only times I was disciplined, and that sharply, was when I didn't show respect and courtesy to my elders and to workmen.

After I went to college and to work I didn't get out here so often, but when I did we had tremendously good times together. I knew that my aunt did not approve of many of my ideas, or of much of my writing, or of some of my behavior elsewhere; but it was always quite as clear that she thought that was all my own business, which she did not feel competent to judge. She respected me as I respected her, and though it was never mentioned, and shown but timidly, the old affection had only deepened.

The last time I visited her I arrived, as usual, about six in the morning and came out in a cab. When my aunt came to the front door I lifted her off her feet. Afterward, an old colored woman in the kitchen told me that my aunt had hurried into the kitchen, ashamed of her wet eyes, and saying half to herself, as though in excuse: "No one has ever done that to me before. No one has ever lifted me off my feet before." She seemed well during my visit but very tired.

Two evenings after I had left she had her solitary supper as usual, washed the dishes, and sat down to read a paper. Her only help, a hired man, had gone away three hours before. She felt tired but happy, because that afternoon she had got a telegram saying that her niece's husband, of whom she was very fond, had come through an operation very well. At eight o'clock she telephoned her doctor and said she had a strange and frightening sensation of choking. Would he please come out quickly? The doctor's own hand was in a bandage, so he got another physician, who had also treated my aunt for many years, to drive out with him. They arrived in about five minutes.

Jack, my aunt's collie, is ordinarily very gentle and he knew both of these men well, but when they arrived he stood just inside the screen door, barking so savagely that for a few minutes they dared not

enter. There was no other sound and only one lamp burning on a table in the hall. Finally they calmed the dog, and got in. Still growling and trembling, he ran into the dining room and hid beneath a couch where lay my aunt, alone, as she had lived. As everyone lives. Everything was in immaculate order.

Now I am not at all psychic, but sometimes I long so keenly for a word with my aunt that I imagine her, feel her, suddenly appearing at my side, in the barn or in the garden or in the pasture. It does not seem ghostly or weird. There she is in her broken old shoes, her clean dress, her big straw hat. We look at each other, and for a moment say nothing. Then we rush about the place, both talking at once. It is all very practical, and about things that don't make good dinner-table conversation. I show her the new things and try to reassure her about money and the future. We laugh a good deal, as we always did. And here comes my wife! There is a light in my aunt's eyes, and she shakes her fist in that odd little gesture of emotion and delight and is gone.

Once when my own small nephew was here, he cut down a weeping willow tree that had been given us and that we had set out with care and nursed for months. I found it, a whittled stick, on the floor of his room, and I could have tanned his bottom till he screamed. As I stood there looking at that stick, I felt my aunt beside me, smiling at me. I remembered a certain hen and a bee-bee gun and a hatchet that another small nephew had played with twenty-five years before.

IV. *Learning to be a farmer*

I shan't soon forget my first morning alone as a farmer. I was a schoolmaster, out here on spring vacation, trying to make up my mind about whether to try just this one more career. (I did, and for three years now the farm has been my home.) I had driven out from New York in an old Ford and was exhausted. About six o'clock that first morning the hired man woke me up and told me that Elaine, one of the cows, was badly off her

feed; he wanted to know what to do about it. I got up, assumed a knowing air, looked at the cow, found out what the hired man knew, consulted a neighbor, went to town for a bale of the best alfalfa, and with this coaxed her back to a less expensive diet.

It is always like this. Life on a farm is always going on, and questions are always arising for solution, questions of diet, disease, breeding, birth, planting, cultivation, harvesting, sale, repairs, reconstruction, drought, flood, wind, hygiene, mechanics, and all the rest. In time of course one learns to look ahead a little, and to solve a few problems before they arise. The quality of a farm is measured accurately and beyond appeal by the quality of the farmer; that is, by how much he is growing, and enjoying life himself, and not by his efficiency. However, his own growth, health, and pleasure are determined in part—though not wholly and always by any means—by the amount and quality of his anticipation.

The application of knowledge is the thing of course, and city-bred farmers like myself with an academic background are apt to be seduced by the simple delight of learning. Often enough I have been reading about fruit flies, or artificial insemination, or something that had little or nothing to do with my farm at the time, when my own chickens or garden needed attention. However, I am not wholly ashamed of this, because my neighbors err in the other direction, and because if my farming is a mess, I always find it a most entertaining one.

When I went east to get married I went on a bus, and I got to talking with a movie publicity man. I was all dressed up and looking out the windows while he talked candidly about farmers.

"What I can't get," he said, "is what these hicks *do* with themselves. They can't work all the time, and they can't likker up, and — all the time, and they ain't got no money. What the hell do they *do*? Jeez, they murder me!"

The answer is that even the poorest and most ignorant of them probably get more

fun out of their work itself than most city workers get out of theirs. Once a very wealthy "farmer" told me how fox-hunting relieved, for him, the "dullness of country life." Boredom is a mysterious matter, more appropriately handled by physicians and psychologists than by me. However, it seems to me that it would take the most extreme and outrageous poverty or wealth or weakness or lack of curiosity or ineptitude for reading, watching, and conversation to make country life dull. There is too much to learn.

The variety of knowledge demanded if you are going to stay off relief is astonishing. You may not know what the words mean, and you may never look into a book, but you have to have a working knowledge of some of the principles of genetics, zoölogy, botany, morphology, agronomy, chemistry, physiology, embryology, pathology, evolution, hygiene, carpentry, mechanics, physics, bookkeeping, accounting, economics, and so on.

Even a good farmer's knowledge of these subjects is very limited and empirical, but so far as it goes it is not apt to be superficial. It is easier to learn enough about something to talk about it entertainingly on a typewriter or in a classroom say, than to learn enough to turn that knowledge into money by way of the soil and animals. A farmer may use his empirical knowledge most, but his intuitions, based on experience unconscious or forgotten, and aroused by sympathy, are to me more exciting. They may even be more important. I like to see a good hand at a job, but I like even better to see a farmer at work who is so close to his animals that he knows what they need without any kind of thought at all.

Sometimes, when—as at lambing time—I spend a lot of time with the animals and brood over them, I can begin to feel, a little, what is going on inside them, and if there is anything more exciting than this feeling into an alien body and mind, I don't know what it is. And it is open to everyone.

I must point out that learning in the

country is immeasurably slower than in the city. In my first three weeks in the publishing business and my first three weeks as a teacher I learned more about publishing and teaching than I have learned about farming in my first three years on a farm. The reasons for this are that the life processes which only expose error are so slow, that income has so slight a relation to skill, and that isolation keeps one from being checked up on by colleagues and bosses. In about thirty years it no longer embarrasses you to claim that you are a farmer. And then where are you? You are crippled with rheumatism, the bank owns your farm, and your children want to go to medical school.

V. *Homage to an American farmer*

To me, quite aside from our economic relation, one of the most important men alive is a farmer named Sam Kincaid, our tenant at another farm, not far away, which my sister and I inherited. There are so many years, so many facts, and so many experiences between us, as well as those that bind us together, that it is with considerable daring and presumption that I call him my friend. In so far as we are friends, it is I who am honored by that relation, and proud of it. Here I must be forgiven for introducing a little family and personal history.

Almost every visit of my immediate family to my home, Oak Hill, has included a trip to this farm at Bellbridge. My memories go back to a time when my father, mother, sister, aunt, and I would drive up in a carriage. It was a big expedition, an adventure, for which we got up very early. On the way up the valley, my aunt would point out all the old farms and tell us scraps of their history. My father was a conversational and absent-minded driver, and we were in almost constant danger from the new motorists dashing along at twenty miles an hour and scaring our horse, or from the railroad and threshing machines which provided even greater terrors. Once at the farm, the horse was stabled and the children were turned loose.

At the time I speak of the tenant was an impressive old man with a white beard, named Mr. Albert Kincaid, who lived on his own adjoining farm with his active little wife, three grown sons, and two daughters. We were always given a gargantuan dinner, and after that Mr. Kincaid Senior, my aunt, and my father started on a long walk of inspection. I usually tagged along. Once, they say, I fell in the creek with all the absurd clothes of a child then, was fished out by Mr. Sam Kincaid, and was put to bed raging until my clothes were dry. Late in the afternoon, bearing many gifts, and always something special for my grandmother, we started on the long, adventurous trip home.

When the senior Kincaids died, our farm at Bellbridge was taken over by their oldest son, Sam. He and his two brothers and a nephew band together to work on their farms and on ours. They are all thin, tough, brown, bent little men, with large noses and bushy black eyebrows hung low over dark little eyes. Of this rather formidable crew, who have, individually and collectively, the look of being hard to beat, Sam seems to have the most intelligence; he certainly has the greatest authority. They have all slowly grown more friendly, but they are still very shy, without any timidity. When we appeared the other brothers used to say "How d'ye do?" politely, and then go on with their work or disappear.

Despite what I have long thought were economic absurdities beneath it, the relation between my aunt and Mr. Kincaid was anything but absurd. As I remember that small, practical, alert, and well-informed maiden lady, in her early sixties, and the tough little old bachelor farmer, tramping about their fields together, I marvel at the ability of good will and good sense to humanize and prolong obsolete economic technics. The relation between these two was based on mutual respect and courtesy. It was strictly limited but very deep. Each respected the character and competence of the other and there was deep human sym-

pathy between them; but aside from business, or rather, from production, the mutual ignorance was complete. There was a little gentle humor but, for the most part, the relation was extremely sober. I daresay that no man except her father and brother ever meant so much to my aunt, and yet Mr. Kincaid never even took a meal in her house, and I don't imagine this idea ever occurred to either. This strict limitation was intuitive, ingrained, and perhaps right, but it does seem to me a little sad.

When my aunt died Mr. Kincaid did not receive a telegram from us through a grotesque inadvertence that I shall always regret, but read of it in a newspaper. The day my mother and I arrived he appeared at Oak Hill; uncomfortably well dressed, but very simple, matter of fact, gentle, and deeply moved. We asked him to be one of the pallbearers, and I hoped that pleased him. As we went in and out of the church and to the grave I felt that that bowed and somber little man, so strong, gentle, and remote, was there, really there, more than anyone else. At any rate, one of the few things that kept me sane in that macabre and elaborate hocus-pocus was the thought of those two walking in the fields and sunlight with their dogs.

A few days later, my sister and I drove to the farm, to see how things stood. It was a painful visit, but I shall always remember it for Mr. Kincaid's behavior, which was intuitive and exquisite. There we were, my sister and I, one more generation of landlords. We were twenty-eight and thirty, and he was, I should say, nearly sixty. We had his life work, and a large part of his livelihood, in our hands, and he really knew very little about us. Throughout our walk and talk he recognized instinctively both that we were so much younger than he and that, most unhappily, we had to do business with him and had to be taken seriously. His behavior has never fallen below that exalted level.

We renewed the arrangement with him and took a long walk, discussing this and

that. My heart felt like a cold stone in my body, and I don't suppose Mr. Kincaid felt any better. Fortunately my sister, ordinarily as reserved as my aunt, has a talent for sensitive gaiety, almost flippancy, when a situation is difficult. She joked with Mr. Kincaid in a way that I could never equal. On our walk I slung my coat over my shoulder and unwittingly dropped my wallet. Later he and I walked back, and by retracing our steps, he found it. "Well, I reckon that's a good thing," he said, smiling; "I reckon your ma would have given you a licking."

Since then the relation has been much the same, superficially at least, as during the past thirty years. I go up oftener, because we can drive, and I like any reasonable excuse for talking with Mr. Kincaid. We go up to get a little corn or to see the wheat threshed or to see about some paint and fencing or to consult about Johnson grass or to see the latest disaster wrought by drought or floods. I am acutely aware of my ignorance and uselessness, but I do whatever I can to be of help. Once, in acknowledging a check, I told Mr. Kincaid briefly and simply why I was damned if I could see what right I had to his checks. Except for very oblique and tentative little jokes, he has ignored this completely. He has always called me by my given name, and now, rather timidly, I do the same to him. He settles on the nail and I try to do the same. I send him cigars at Christmas and he sends us the most wonderful sausage and pork tenderloin when he butchers. I don't see why our partner never comes to see us, or why we are afraid to invite him up here for a meal; but then there are so many things that I don't understand and that I'd rather handle intuitively than emotionally and rationally.

When I first appeared with my wife he was very pleasant and very reserved. It made me feel odd to see him take off his hat, and be careful not to swear, and say "Yes, ma'am," as he did to my aunt. Luckily, Peggy has my sister's talent for ignoring his abysses of reserve, without

invading them, and often now they are quite merry together. We almost always go to Bellbridge together with all four dogs. When I go up without Peggy, Sam always asks about "the little woman," as he calls her.

I don't think I am a snob, even an inverted one, romancing about this "poor but honest working man," this "nature's nobleman," and so on. I have known enough working men to know that manual labor, poverty, and even honesty are no more likely to result in quality than are leisure, wealth, and family trees. But the fact is that whenever I introduce my friends to Mr. Kincaid I wonder not what they will think of him, but what he will think of them. If there is anything false or cheap in them it may appear, and I am always just a shade nervous about this rigorous test of myself.

This man's quality is not easy to define or account for. It is not merely his fine instincts, honesty, competence, cleanliness, and long life of severe but not unhappy toil. It may have something to do with his deep reserve, his solitude, and his cunning with the soil and with all living things. Mr. Kincaid knows almost nothing about anything but his own kind of farming, and his life lacks completely the sweet and saving drugs of art and thought, as well as many simple comforts and pleasures. It may be that I find in this man an example of that moral fiber, very fine yet unbreakable, that I may lack myself, and that any good American civilization will require.

In January, after postponing it as long as we could, Peggy and I went up to look at the results of the latest flood. I don't have to repeat that tale of disaster, but I may report that about a third of the productivity and value of this one farm had been destroyed, and that it was quite clear that in about one more flood the creek would cut off and destroy most of Mr. Kincaid's livelihood and ours. We tramped about rather glumly, and discussed various schemes, none very good. Mr. Kincaid saw it all very clearly and looked even more bowed, his face even

more deeply furrowed. "We'll do what we can, and you come up again soon," he said, and we drove away. He turned from us and from that desolation and went about his chores.

Often we wonder about the future. Last June Mr. Kincaid discovered that he had an internal abscess and had to be taken up to Columbus, to a hospital, for a fortnight. The treatment was successful, and he looks better than he has for years, but the experience was a nightmare to him, and to everyone who knows him. Peggy and I called on him in the hospital a couple of times, but there wasn't anything we could do for a man quite wretched because he had been outdoors all his life and had always taken care of himself. When he was able to come home and watch the threshing, every man, woman, and child there was happy with relief. The notion of Mr. Kincaid's getting old simply makes me shudder.

The most likely possibility is that ancient Paint Creek, that sinister beauty, will one day take the shorter, easier way, and give the whole farm once more to the reeds, to the bass, to the herons, and to the grave and lovely meditations of the cottonwoods and sycamores.

Whatever happens, what little I am worth in any way is behind Mr. Kincaid, to the end.

VI. *Thistledown on the wind*

We have three nearer neighbors who for several reasons are closer to us than many people, in town and elsewhere, whom we see much more often.

One of them is Ed Wagner, the market gardener and general farmer, who has worked harder all his life than almost any man I have ever known, who seems literally to be dogged by bad luck, and who still faces the next dawn, the next job, and the next disaster with good cheer. Ed always has about ten irons in the fire, but any one of them is hotter than any of mine, and he always makes time to lend a hand to me or to any other neighbor in a pinch. But Ed not only works and is a good neighbor; he does something much

more rare—he uses his head! While he was plowing my garden last year, fast and well, he and I kept up a running conversation about the electric company, the Farm Bureau, the new livestock auctions, taxes, local, State, and national politics, the rise in the price of horses, the defects of gin, the federal prison, and half a dozen other matters that interest us both. He had thought well, on a basis of factual knowledge, about all of them. Doubtless other farmers have thought as much, but they are often so close-mouthed that you'd never know it. Of course I have known Ed, off and on, most of my life, and it takes about ten years to lubricate most rural friendships with honest, fluent talk. If I knew exactly why Ed, his wife, and his four nice children aren't six times as well off in every way as they are, I might have a much more complete idea of "what this country needs" besides the good men it has. I get especially exercised about him because he has a joy in living that many farmers with more property and money seem to lack.

Another of my good neighbors is Mr. Ralph Stone. Now Mr. Stone is a good deal like Mr. Kincaid in several ways and arouses in me much the same excited and slightly baffled admiration. Besides the orchard to our south, he owns a very large farm in the valley. He has at least half a dozen men working for him all the time, and three or four occupied tenant houses on his place. Whenever he can possibly house and employ someone he does so. He is careful with money to the point of seeming very tight, but I suspect him of constant secret generosity; above all, he is scrupulously honest. He is on a township school board, is one of the pillars of the Farm Bureau, and goes, I think, to the Presbyterian Church.

When I was a boy I always looked at this man with childish suspicion because his uncle, many years before I was born, had shot my aunt's Irish setter, asserting that the dog had killed some of his sheep. My aunt had found the body at the foot of the hill, with no wool in the teeth. My aunt liked this younger Stone, and

always said he was one of her best neighbors, but the image of that dead dog stayed in my mind for years.

Now ever since we have lived here the entire family has been most friendly to both of us. Mr. Stone has sold me straw and hay quickly, in a pinch, at market or less, he has let me hire men and machines, he has overseen the building of a line fence, keeping exact record of costs, except for omitting his own labor, and he has advised me carefully and thoughtfully whenever I have asked for advice. (As always, I think most of this rises from regard for my aunt; sometimes I think an inherited good name is as hard to hold on to, and as irrelevant, as inherited money.)

I shall always remember a bitter cold day in January when Mr. Stone drove into the yard, all dressed up, and in his very slow and careful way, asked me to join the Farm Bureau. I kept asking him into the house, but he said he didn't have time. Shivering to the bone, I seized the opportunity to raise every objection to the Farm Bureau I had ever heard of, or could possibly imagine, and got very good answers to all of them. We also talked about the A.A.A. decision, about the Canadian Treaty, and (gingerly) about politics. Like many leading farmers in the country, Mr. Stone is, I should say, in the center or slightly to its right politically, and unconsciously extremely Red in economics, sympathies, and general attitude. It will take many more disasters to their purses, or a Fascist drift in the cities and towns, or a war of fairly obvious uselessness; but I think that when the time comes, these lean brown graying men, or their sons, will be out with their shotguns if need be for production, use, and life, as opposed to property, profits, and death. This is only a guess, I admit, fathered by a hope. Well, that day we moved quickly on to the feeding of steers and the care of sheep.

"Had any trouble with dogs, Allen?" he drawled.

"Not yet, Mr. Stone," I said. I find it

impossible to say "Ralph," in the country fashion.

"Well," he said, "you can't be too careful. When you find a strange dog anywhere near them you get out your gun and shoot to kill."

He looked at me and smiled. I'd give a great deal to know exactly what he was thinking about, at that moment. That lovely setter had died forty years before, and I was warmed by that smile to my shivering marrow.

Another man whom I think of with Mr. Kincaid and Mr. Stone is Mr. Gabriel Oak, who, like Mr. Stone, has done me countless kindnesses. For instance, he gave me invaluable advice when I first bought sheep. Mr. Oak is a dairyman and general farmer whom also I have known for years. He and I have shared my purebred ram, and Mrs. Oak helped us to get started again this last spring with better hens. Like all good farmers, these have to work themselves stiff, and we are tired at night too, so we don't see as much of them as we'd like, but we know they understand.

I shan't soon forget a very few words I exchanged with Mr. Oak a few years ago, when I had just decided to give up my job and move out here.

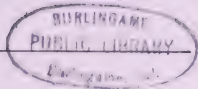
"You're coming home to live?" he asked.

Whether I'm sentimental or not, I admit that those words from that man hit me squarely in the throat. I had never thought of it that way. It had not occurred to me that anyone else could think of it that way.

"Yes," I said.

"Good," he said.

Mr. Kincaid, Mr. Stone, Mr. Oak, and all the others like them, and their strong wives and children—they are not just my neighbors, and some day, I hope, my real friends. They are the America I love. One thing I definitely do not like about them is their quite unconscious faculty of making so very many people I know, who speak more of my language, look like children, dreamers, thistledown on the wind.



TAXATION NOT FOR REVENUE

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is using taxation as a convenient implement to achieve social and economic reforms, thus following precedents almost as old as our Constitution. Nevertheless, this method is always greeted with howls of pain and astonishment, as though a blow had been struck below the belt. The wonder is that taxation has not been more frequently employed to get results that are difficult, complicated, and sometimes impossible to attain by other means. In matters relating to the regulation of business it is as though our court decisions interpreting the Constitution said: "You must not push, punch, prick, pinch, or inflict maliciously any superficial wound whatsoever upon Business, but you may take a .45 caliber tax law and shoot the daylight out of it."

The right of Congress to use taxation as a lethal weapon is well established. Similarly, the right of the taxpayer to avoid taxes by any dodge not expressly prohibited is well established. Consequently these conflicts are fought out under Marquis of Limehouse rather than Marquis of Queensberry rules, and it is inevitable that they generate bitterness.

"If the Government wishes to raise revenue," exclaims the appalled business man as he stares at a new law, "why doesn't it—etc., etc." But the Government isn't raising revenue; it is pointing a .45 caliber tax law at his head and telling him that he must not in future follow his customary procedure. It is on a reforming, not a milking expedition.

While our Republic was still very young the Congress decided that political independence was seriously qualified by our continued economic dependence upon European nations for manufactured goods; we should have a manufacturing industry of our own, and the way to germinate it was to erect a protecting tariff wall. This was literally long-range planning because the Indians were then hunting deer over most of our mineral deposit and in our forests. Importing was Big Business and it scoffed at the theory.

"If the Government desires more revenue," it said, "these schedules are so high that they will defeat their purpose." But the Government was not seeking revenue; it received from the higher taxes more than it needed or desired, and recognized the excess as proof of a flaw in the execution of its plan.

A much more recent example of high taxation not for revenue is the oleomargarine tax. Its purpose is to protect the dairy industry. If Congress had said: "You can make so much oleomargarine and no more because this country is committed to butter," the law would have been ridiculously unconstitutional. But a high tax hurdles this obstacle gracefully and gets the same result.

When the Federal Government decided to annihilate State bank notes the trick was neatly and easily turned with a ten per cent tax on them. Any other method might have been unconstitutional and certainly would have been more complicated.

II

The most interesting current example of a drastic tax law not intended primarily to produce revenue is that part of the Revenue Act of 1936 which levies a graduated tax on undistributed corporation earnings. Let me hasten to say, however, that while the yield under the schedules of this tax is not expected to be very succulent, it squeezes one end of the national purse to force the contents out at the other end, where they must pass through the income-tax screen. The law clamps down here, and the music is expected to come out over there. This is a novel variation on the old theme, and has been greeted with the customary horror and alarm. The deluge of adverse criticism drowned all but a few words of the defense of this measure, so it may be in order to explain its purpose, and, incidentally, call attention to its tremendous potentialities. The Treasury Department estimated that for the calendar year 1936 (without the graduated tax on undistributed earnings) \$4,500,000,000 of corporate income would be withheld from stockholders, and that if this income were fully distributed to the individual owners of the stock the resultant yield in individual income taxes would be about \$1,500,000,000. This large proportion would be due to the fact that so much of the income squeezed out at the other end of the purse would go to wealthy persons and, therefore, would pay high surtaxes.

The law was vigorously assailed on the ground that reserves have the same influence upon the safety of corporations in hard times that savings-bank accounts have upon the welfare of wage earners. On its face this appears to be sound beyond question, but further examination of the facts will raise some doubts. First of all, the law does not prohibit reserves or attempt to force distribution of all earnings. The text of the statute refers to "unreasonable reserves." There are hundreds of corporations that appear to serve as hide-outs for wealthy persons eager

to avoid surtaxes. By the use of these implements they can equalize their annual income in a manner that gives them an unfair advantage over the ordinary salaried man or proprietor of a relatively small business. Let us consider the case of a not too imaginary citizen who earned \$15,000 in 1929; \$10,000 in 1930; \$5,000 in 1931; nothing in 1932 and 1933; \$2,000 in 1934; \$3,000 in 1935; \$7,000 in 1936. Now let us assume that the man had been able to put all of his earnings in a corporation that he controlled and draw them out to suit himself. He would of course have equalized those dividends through the years named, and by handling the job shrewdly he might have come through without paying any income tax at all, assuming that he had a wife and several children. The wealthy do not avoid all taxes, but they dodge the higher brackets of the surtaxes by impounding earnings. They also, sometimes, allow you and other investors to buy stock in these corporations under the impression that their very large reserves make them exceptionally attractive. After wondering for a year or two or three why the dividends are so small you sell, and go on wondering.

The spearhead of the attack upon this law was the charge that it would make future depressions much worse than the last one by forcing corporations to reduce employment more immediately and more drastically in the absence of reserves. This statement is open to question. Wages are such a large proportion of the expense of every going concern that none piles up reserves large enough to pay unproductive employees very long or in such numbers that they temper a major depression. It simply can't be done, and it was not done during the last depression. On this point Big Business "doth protest too much." Reserves were used to pay unearned dividends in far larger proportion than to pay idle labor. Moreover, it is possible for sound business to provide reserves of almost any size and still not impound earnings without the permission of the stockholders. New capital

can be raised, and this would not be subject to taxation as undistributed earnings. As a matter of fact, successful and growing businesses usually do raise more in new capital than they pay out in dividends. So the new law does not rob them of all opportunity to protect themselves with reserves.

Back of the Government's plan to force the earnings out to the stockholders is another theory worth examining; it is that impounded wealth of this nature plays a part in slowing down the revolutions of the economic fly-wheel. To put it in terms that apply to the individual citizen, if all of us should go on a bread-and-water diet and save every penny possible we should indubitably bring about the very rainy day we fear and thus seem to justify our penny-pinching.

But the graduated tax on undistributed earnings has still another phase that may prove eventually to be just as important as any of those previously mentioned, possibly more so. I refer to the fact that it will squeeze the earnings into dividends for all of those numerous corporations that are owned in part or wholly by other corporations. In this vast foggy area of our economic realm strange creatures twine about one another and feed in mysterious ways. There are big holding companies and little holding companies and groups of undetermined relationship, often passing themselves off as friendly cousins while behaving more like brothers under the discipline of one father. The game of hiding earnings is very much like impounding water behind a series of dams. Each reservoir appears to be a natural lake until you open all the flood gates and see how the water winds along from one to another. Squeezing out the undistributed profits of corporations may change the map of our foggy area where the economists have generally got lost, and provide water courses that can be followed.

And now I should like to turn to another phase of taxation for purposes not quite as stated in the law. As you are probably aware by this time, a small flock

of taxes was hatched by the Social Security Act. Fortunately we shall not have to examine them in detail here, but merely to note the fact that they are to go into the general fund of the United States Treasury just like the income or customs taxes, and theoretically, on the face of the law, might be appropriated to buy machine guns for Mr. Hoover's G-men. But the Secretary of the Treasury is instructed at great length about a set of books he should keep; not necessarily of course on account of these taxes, you understand, but just because Congress wants him to take up bookkeeping in a big way, with separate entries for all of the States and separate entries for this and that, a sort of post-graduate course in accounting. However, this suggests the possibility that Congress may, at some future date, wish to appropriate funds, using the Secretary's various entries as a guide. But not necessarily, please remember. And the Congress hoped earnestly that this point would be crystal-clear to the United States Supreme Court. Because Congress certainly has a right to levy taxes; it is so written in the Constitution. But the Social Security Act is a volume and everything in it may not mesh perfectly with the numerous other volumes interpreting the Constitution, these latter volumes having been written by the Supreme Court and presumably very dear to the author. So Congress has said, in effect, to the Secretary of the Treasury: "Here is a purse containing forty-eight sums of dollars, and with it a list of forty-eight names; the first name is Alabama and the last is Wyoming, which should furnish a clew as to the others. Keep a separate account for each name but pour all of the money into the general fund; don't set up special trust funds. When the time comes to distribute the money Congress will examine your books and make appropriations. Meanwhile that intention is no concern of yours."

The unemployment insurance and the old-age benefit taxes on employers were upheld—as taxes—in decisions handed down by the United States Supreme Court

May 24, 1937. In view of these decisions, it is reasonable to assume that the remaining tax—the old-age benefit tax on employees—will be upheld. But many chapters of the Social Security Act volume remain to be passed upon, when, as, and if contested. Since fifty-eight distinguished constitutional lawyers guessed wrong on the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the writer's mind is a neutral blank.

III

Now let us examine the most significant example of taxation for reform, one that I consider a veritable earthquake in a capitalistic commonwealth. Our now admittedly heavy taxation of inherited wealth, while it certainly does not overlook revenue as one purpose, is proposed and defended upon the ground of public policy. It introduces a social-economic principle that is relatively new as history counts time. In effect, this principle, or preferably theory, says to the heirs of a large estate: "You don't need that much wealth; indeed, you would be better off without it; therefore, the Government will take most of it from you and use it for the general welfare."

It is idle to argue the pros and cons of this theory in terms of facts because they cross each other at right angles and give you no impressive preponderance of evidence on either side. Hundreds of heirs lead socially useless and even harmful lives. Other hundreds have contributed so wisely to the advancement of learning and the social sciences that Government plods along miles behind, doing its best only when it imitates the leaders. No reasonable justification or condemnation of high inheritance taxes is to be extracted from generalizations about the behavior of wealthy heirs. The best defense of these taxes, it seems to me, might be found in the incontrovertible fact that all liberal governments are in constant danger of evolving into plutocracies. This is especially true of Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, we have several times been so close to actual plutocracy

that the rulers became careless about wearing their camouflage, and even the dullest of the masses could name at least some of them.

An argument in favor of high inheritance taxes that rests firmly upon facts is the assertion that the conservation of great fortunes has been made much easier in this country (and Great Britain) by governmental regulations designed primarily to safeguard the smaller savings and investments. The less active they are, the safer, and the largest fortunes (or considerable portions of them) are often least active. They do not require large returns to satisfy their owners and they can go on growing through generations. From this springboard of fact we could go on to argue that if the custodians of great concentrations of wealth take reasonable advantage of their opportunities and safeguards they would amass such a large proportion of the national wealth as to unbalance the economic structure and possibly lead on to revolution. The next projection of this argument is that the Government must always maintain a strength overwhelmingly greater than that of any group of the governed, and that the strongest and most threatening minority we have comprises the custodians of concentrated wealth. If you believe this you can have little doubt about the wisdom of high inheritance taxes.

Frankly, I am not convinced by this argument because I observe that the infinite variety of opinion in a free country prevents wealth from becoming a cause in itself and concentrating its support for any man or platform. I believe also that the inspiring upsurge of energy in a free people brings new fortunes too rapidly for class-consciousness to crystallize. Equally unconvincing, however, is the strident assertion of the opposition that high inheritance taxes slaughter the energy and initiative of the most socially valuable citizens. I observe that in Great Britain these taxes are both older and higher, yet the will of the British citizen to achieve safety, power, and distinction through amassing wealth is much alive.

We have elected to enter upon a period of transition marked by a new opinion about large fortunes in private hands while we still subscribe, in theory, to capitalism. It is possible that we are so concerned with the dangers of concentrated wealth that we do not take adequate notice of its performance of certain essential services that have been not so much assigned as abandoned to it. For example, the continued advance of our form of civilization calls for large investments in pure science and vastly larger investments to transplant the seedlings sprouted by the pure scientists into the orchard of applied science. A great deal of this work has been done in a spirit of adventure, and paid for by wealthy sponsors with little or no hope of pecuniary profit. Without this exploring we should retard our progress. If it is now our settled policy to reduce the number of large fortunes drastically we must be thinking of alternative sources of support for indispensable activities. To develop these alternative sources is by no means impossible, but certainly we have not enough of them now, and the transition period is already upon us.

Great concentrations of liquid capital will remain in spite of heavy inheritance and estate taxes, but a larger proportion will be in the form of trust funds, in which, for the purposes of this discussion, I include bank deposits. Banks could neither give nor lend for the exploration of the stratosphere and the polar regions despite the alluring possibility that meteorology can be reduced to an exact science with almost unimaginable material profit to the entire human race. Such work calls for gifts. In launching upon its present course Government must accept the inseparable responsibility and be alert to make wise appropriations for the remote as well as the immediate public welfare. Happily our Federal Government has shown some promise in this field, especially in the Department of Agriculture and the Public Health Service.

To-day, I think, inheritance taxes might be discussed most profitably from a

practical point of view with special consideration of the problems of administration.

In their favor is the fact that they levy upon those best able to pay. Against them is the fact that in the higher brackets they are so heavy that they can prove disturbing to business when such estates are liquidated to pay taxes. To be sure, this will usually not be true when the large estate is represented principally by bonds and stocks and mortgages along with some real estate. Experience shows that half or more of such large estates can be sliced off and transferred to State and Federal treasuries with impressive ease. But we have in this country the largest number of closely held going concerns representing enormous estates to be found anywhere on earth, and they constitute our special problem in connection with the collection of inheritance taxes. They were born of the founder's brains and his usually tiny capital. He reinvested his profits, decade after decade. As a rule he couldn't raise capital at the start except on terms that seemed to him outrageous. He was in fear of being squeezed out of his budding business during his early struggles, and, like Henry Ford, he shied away from banker control or influence as from the smallpox. Thus we find these men at present with riches in the form of machinery, goods, equipment of great variety, and not much in cash, government bonds, or other securities fairly easily liquidated.

How shall the Government collect from such estates, especially if the taxes are upward of fifty per cent? The obvious course is for the estate to be mortgaged to a bank or syndicate of bankers. In this way the money can be raised very readily, assuming that the going concern is quite successful—and that is what we are assuming. But this course violates the business principle that has guided the concern from its inception, bringing serious problems and dangers. It is admitted by all of the Government experts concerned with the collection of inheritance taxes that such cases must be han-

dled with great care but, thus far, there is nothing specific in the statutes or rulings to tell us how this great care is going to be exercised. It seems to me that justice and sound economics dictate that some governmental agency (such as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, for example) be ready to make the loan. The business in question is going to have to buy itself back from some lender who advances the tax money. If it buys itself back from the Government we may assume that there would be no temptation to delay payment or increase the debt or interfere with the management of the property. No such assumptions are reasonable if the debt is held by bankers.

Bankers make their profits out of debt. When a prosperous debtor pays the mortgage in full that is not a happy day for the banker. All productive forms of human activity are, to the bankers, pegs upon which to hang debt. Consequently their normal tendency runs counter to the normal desire of all other persons, which is to avoid or get out of debt.

I cite the record of American railways under banker control as proof of the soundness of the policy of our numerous industrialists who have carried on the least possible traffic with banks. As members of boards of directors of railways, bankers have dictated both the issuance of bonds and the terms upon which their firms would underwrite them for highly profitable distribution to smaller investors. They have influenced the placing of contracts for supplies, and otherwise meddled in management, apparently with no ethical objection to sitting on both sides of the table and serving more than one interest.

You and I ride in luxury in a train that represents typically American achievement of which we are justly proud, but it is a fair bet that the company operating the train is so sunk in debt that there is only a glimmer of hope that it will ever emerge. There are railroad bonds dated A.D. 2000 and later. We don't even know that we shall be using railroads that far in the future.

However, this is not an argument against the high inheritance taxes on estates representing largely plant and good-will. It is offered only as a warning that such estates confront us with a special problem. The preservation of such businesses, it seems to me, calls for wise legislation. We may assume that they produce efficiently goods that we need. They also employ large numbers of men and women whose welfare it is the duty of the Government to protect. The actual heirs of such estates are of relatively slight importance compared with the public interest involved in the preservation of the estate itself and its right to follow the financial policies it has found sound. If the heir of a large estate is cut off with a paltry million because of high inheritance taxes we may laugh with impunity; but if the useful industry itself suffers we may pay for that laughter with tears.

As I see it, these practical considerations relating to the administration of the inheritance tax are far more important than the pro and con theories as to whether or not it is sound public policy. We have it and we are not going to give it up soon. Our present task is to prevent it from becoming a Frankenstein monster.

IV

The greatest obstacle to clarification of the issues relating to this or any other tax is the habit of the larger taxpayers to yell murder on any occasion and thus make themselves ridiculous even when confronting dangerous demagogues whose basic theories on taxation, if adequately and calmly explored, would disclose principles of government utterly repugnant to the Constitution and American traditions. They cry wolf too soon and too often. As an example, when Guy T. Helvering, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, asserted that he would allow no more annual deductions from income tax for obsolescence and depreciation of machinery after one hundred per cent of the value of the machinery in question had

already been charged off, with the machinery still in use, there was a howl of protest.

This and many similar wordy disputes, in which facts and fourth-grade arithmetic are ignored, serve only to befog our progress toward a logical tax structure. If we could achieve it, the principal beneficiaries would be the relatively small number of persons who pay the bulk of our taxes. All disputes about taxes have the same basic qualities as equity cases before a Federal Court. In the latter you are required to come before the judge "with clean hands." We need a great deal of hand-washing as a prelude to clear thinking. And this applies to the Government no less than to the taxpayers. It is the all-too-human tendency of government to expand regardless of need, but running along with this tendency, and confusing the problem, is a clear need for

governmental functions to grow. We must look closely to see which is selfish aggrandizement and which is service. The unreasonable growth of government will call for, and seem to justify, unreasonable increases in taxation.

But, above all else, the large taxpayer needs a clearer understanding of the fact that prohibitive taxation is the handiest tool the Government has for reform and more stringent regulation of business practices. In all probability we shall have many more taxes not intended primarily to produce revenue. For weal or woe, Government is reasserting its sovereignty in these United States. Big Business has lost its silk hat. And, for the present at least, it would do better to analyze governmental objectives and procedure with wisdom and calmness than to bemoan or grab frantically for its lost topper.





SELLING STORIES TO THE MOVIES

BY HOMER CROY

IT WAS on the publication of my third novel that I got an insight into the way some of the finest minds in Hollywood go round. The book had been out about two weeks, I suppose, when my publisher called up and said that a picture company wanted to talk to me about the film rights, and would I come in?

Would I! A picture company clamoring at my door (or almost) to pay me money! Why, it was like a dream.

"I think it's probably worth the trip into New York," he said.

This seemed a strange statement to make, I thought. I would have sledged in from Labrador.

"You bet I'll be there," I said.

"Well, let me know how it comes out."

This seemed strange too. Naturally a publisher would want to know when one of his books was sold to a film company.

I am wiser now. I am surprised that he was so interested.

I floated in the next morning and in no time at all was in the presence of two film men. It was a fine feeling to know that I had written something that had touched the hearts of these men; and it was a fine feeling too to know that I had them at a disadvantage, for they had sent for me. I hadn't come with my hat in my hand.

There was no weather exchange, no cigarette passing, no mutual-acquaintance scraping. "Well, let's get right down to business," one of them said.

That suited me exactly.

There was a little hesitancy here. The superior of the two smiled a bit embarrassedly and said he hadn't yet read the

book. Then it developed his associate hadn't read it either, but he had done better by me, for he had taken it home to read, but something had gone wrong at the studio that night and he had to pass up the pleasure.

I must have moved a trifle uneasily, realizing that the touch hadn't been as deep as I had thought. Still they were busy men. Others round the office had been touched.

"I suppose the best way to approach this is for you to tell us the plot," said the man who had had to pass up the pleasure. "I don't mean in detail," he added hastily; "just the high spots. A boy is the lead, isn't he?"

Yes, a boy was the lead, I said weakly.

"Before you begin, Mr. Croy, I want to ask you a question," said the chief. His manner had grown immensely business-like; maybe the sale depended on my answer. "It's a rule I apply to every picture we make. Is the boy an active or a passive character?"

The other fixed me with his eye; the room seemed to grow quiet.

"He is an active character," I said firmly.

The two exchanged glances and I felt I had hit the nail on the head.

"All right, what happens to him?" The two settled back.

I told what happened to him.

I am never good at telling the plot of a story, but I did the best I could by Guy Plummer and Bee Chew, and at last I was through.

The two seemed relieved.

"He seems to be an active character all right," said the boss.

"I just hit the high spots," I said.

The two talked a moment about who could play it, glancing at each other and making references that were not quite clear to me.

"I think we should be interested in producing your story, Mr. Croy; it seems to have screen possibilities—I like the box-supper scene. Has a homey touch. But we should have to go light on the religious angle. What do you want for it?"

I had prepared myself for this moment. *Black Oxen* by Gertrude Atherton had just been sold at the highest price ever paid for a novel, and I had determined to ask the same amount for my book. But a moment of hesitation seized me.

"First," said one of the men, "let me tell you what we paid for *The Covered Wagon*."

This film was making history; it was a world sensation; a measuring rule for all stories. The price paid for it was very, very small. In fact, pitiful.

I look back on that as the supreme business moment of my life. I have never been able to do it since, I have no hope for the future; but, some way or other, I was not put down and announced the amount I had set my mind on.

The men glanced at each other then smiled. The price was wholly out of reason, they said; they should have asked me that first. They told me other story prices in tones which showed they wanted to be patient and considerate, especially with a writer who had never sold anything. But I stuck. It may have been a case of just plain fright, but there I stayed and not a penny did I budge. When I told my wife about it she looked at me in astonishment. Never before had she seen that man.

An appointment was made for the following day. I was to get a release from the publishers, and the film company wired its representative in Washington to find if I really owned the thing. When we met there was a bit more grumbling over the price, but they signed the papers.

Later I discovered something I didn't know just then; and this was that not a soul in the office had read the story except a girl in the scenario department who had made a one-page digest of it. I began to wonder why the company had bought it and, when I found out, the knowledge wasn't very comforting. I had become better acquainted with one of the men and he explained the perplexing matter.

"We heard that another company was going to bid on it, so we thought we'd get the jump on them."

This was only a peep into the mysterious story-buying mechanism of a film company. In fact, I hadn't seen anything at all.

After a time I had another book published and immediately the film companies were after me. Selling a story was easy, I thought; a couple of conferences and a check—and stick to my price.

The situation was much better this time as I had two companies. Play one against the other.

Here began a most exciting time. Calls, conferences, lunches, hints that I had other people pressing me for the story. But nothing ever came of them. Bit by bit I began to realize that selling a story was not the simple matter I had thought it was. Many persons were mixed up in it, and I began to hear of what "Hollywood" thought and what "Hollywood" wished. "Hollywood," I discovered, was the West Coast office; for production had shifted west, and story-buying too. It was no longer a matter of chatting with two pleasant gentlemen about whether a character was passive or active. Many, many gentlemen were concerned, and their pleasantness was not impressive.

I began to hear of story analysts—gifted men who knew why a story "clicked" or didn't. I found mine didn't. The peak of interest was passed, days grew into weeks, the telephone calls thinned out. My story was on the shelf. I had asked the same price as I had for the first one but was beaten down. Instead of being

master of the situation, I was sitting humbly in the reception room. Weeks went into months.

I set out most earnestly to peddle it, and not one company was interested. I discovered something I hadn't known before, and this was the "story board." They were, I learned, a group of experts who met every so often and considered "material." I was beginning to find that a story was not merely a story, but was "material" or a "vehicle." Sometimes it rose to the dignity of being a "property." The story boards had considered my property and found it wasn't any good.

By this time I had made a friend in one of the scenario departments, and he told me something I hadn't yet learned.

"Y'see, the public taste changes all the time. That Americans-abroad story of yours would have been all right last season, but another story in that field has been made and the boys feel we had better pass it up."

And they did.

II

I put my story and my heart aside and went on with other matters; then one beautiful day the telephone rang and a most pleasant voice was upon it. The most pleasant voice belonged to the Eastern scenario editor of a film company; would I be good enough to drop in to see him?

I told him I would be good enough.

That was getting ahead in the world. No more reception-room waiting. Invited in.

He was most pleasant too when he rose and shook my hand. He was most delighted to meet me because he had read something of mine; he liked the homey touch it had. So many writers didn't have that homey touch. And he had liked my first picture; I had created some real people.

"They were active characters," I said.

He squared away from the desk a little. A situation had risen which he wanted to talk over with me, and this was about my story of Americans splurging in Paris. The reason he had asked me to give up my

time and come in to see him was to help him out of a jam. It was nothing serious, he really had no right to call on me except that he wanted to know me personally; sometime we might be able to do business together. Had I ever worked in Hollywood?

"No, I never have," I said.

"You ought to have something to contribute to Hollywood," he said meditatively. It developed they had lots of writers out there, but they lacked the homey touch. Homey touches made pictures.

"Would you consider going to Hollywood?"

I waited about three seconds and told him I would consider it.

This created a profound impression on him.

He began to tap his pencil on the desk, considering, as I could see, just how he was to present his proposition. The situation he had called me in on was due to the whole scenario "set-up." The very basis of the trouble was the two scenario departments; the real one in New York and a Western office whose duty was, it seemed, to ball things up. He never knew what the Western outfit wanted; in fact, they didn't know themselves. Stories were considered in New York and the suitable ones sent west; Hollywood then read them and sometimes bought them and sometimes didn't. Their judgment was most erratic, sometimes it approached the fantastic; it was a wonder any good stories were ever chosen. The whole unfortunate thing was on a hit-or-miss basis that was thoroughly exasperating.

Stories were bought not according to the calendar, but according to the theatrical seasons and to fit in with their sales conventions. Their salesmen held semi-annual whoop-it-ups when the story chief gave them pep talks about the yarns the department had acquired. Twice he himself had appeared before these salesmen. He shook his head, then smiled a bit sadly.

"You can understand how it is."

I smiled a bit sadly too and said I could.

Well—he became a bit more business-like—they had jammed things again; this time it was about that story of mine. The story had come up in conference but had been turned down, although in many ways it had things that would picturize. It was the custom of the office when a story was to come up to find the price the author wanted; but, of course this time it was not necessary. But Mr. M. had given orders to get an option on my story; then Mr. M. had got on the train to come to New York. After he had left, the situation had changed; the story had been rejected, but there was his order. He (my genial friend) was in Dutch with Mr. M. over another matter, and he especially wanted, just now, to do what Mr. M. requested.

He would not make me an offer on the story, as that was out of the question; but would I do him a personal favor and sign an option for twenty-four hours? Mr. M. would probably call up along the way; they would go over the list of things and he could check this item off.

As I look back I realize how gullible I was; but the man was most persuasive and most plausible and when he said he would set the option at a nominal sum it did not seem odd to me. After a bit of talk back and forth, the amount was stipulated at five thousand dollars and I signed.

There was more talk about going to Hollywood. As soon as Mr. M. got in he would take up the matter with him. Hollywood needed good writers.

Good Writer Croy floated out. Hollywood! By the time I got home the spell had worn off; and when my wife began to take it to pieces it didn't look so favorable. We read the option. There it was, three lines, on yellow second sheets. I went to bed disturbed.

Before noon the next day the telephone rang and it was who I thought it was. Something unexpected had happened, he said; he had talked to Mr. M., also a telegram had come in from Hollywood. A story they were buying had slipped

through their fingers, and when the board had found the office had an option on mine they had voted to make a quick substitution. It was just like the film business, he said, chagrined.

I set up a protest, but the matter was out of his hands, he said; after all, he was just an employee who was getting pretty disgusted at the way things were going. Would I come in to-morrow and see Mr. Blank in the legal department?

In going in and out of the office I discovered a man I knew in the publicity department. Possibly a week passed, then my telephone rang.

"Well, who do you think is going to play your story? Will Rogers!"

My spirits went lower than ever, especially a day or two later when I picked up a paper and saw on the front page an account of the fall program the company had completed the day before, with a special blurb about the fine story they had discovered for Will Rogers. They had looked everywhere for a suitable story, and at last had concluded negotiations for his new vehicle which would introduce him as a talking star.

Time passed and, through a man who had been in the Hollywood end, I discovered that the company had authorized the office to go as high as thirty thousand dollars for the purchase of the story. The picture made a profit of a million dollars. The company was immensely pleased.

III

I thought, by this time, that I was wise in the ways of Hollywood, but I was soon to find I was toddling across the floor toward my first chair, for I had not yet come in contact with the many phases and aspects of the mysterious process of buying a story. For instance, I had not yet heard of the "Bulletin."

I did not meet the "Bulletin" face to face until the publication of another book which had a Coney Island background. Meanwhile I had taken on an agent who had the story game licked.

"This one will be a pipe," he raved.

"Rides, sideshows, music, glamour, some hoochie-coochie, midgets, spangles, and a tightrope walker! It's what Hollywood lives on." Then he explained something which I had inadvertently stumbled upon. "They like new backgrounds. That's the cry now. The same old story but a new locale. No important film story has ever been made with a Coney Island background."

He was right. In no time at all the film companies were at our doors, and my agent was a pleased and happy man. And so was I.

One day he called up with tremendously good news.

"Do you know what! I've got your story in two 'Bulletins!'"

"Does that mean much?"

He was sorry for me. "Say, when they put you in the 'Bulletin' you're the same as on the way to the bank!"

Then it was I discovered that the studios have a weekly digest of the stories they wish to consider. Only the stories they regard as having the best plots or as best suited to the particular needs of the studio are put in the "Bulletin." The cream of the cream. This digest goes to the important people in the production department; it is their handbook of useful plots, the studio Bible.

A few days later he called up with even better news. "I didn't tell you anything about it—wanted to surprise you—but I gave a copy of your book to Edward G. Robinson and he wants to play Zimmer-man!"

And it was exactly true. Edward G. Robinson himself rang up and told me he liked the story and had recommended it to the studio.

The end was not yet, for my enterprising agent came back from time to time with more good news. One of the men at the Monarch Studio was "ear-minded" and never read the "Bulletin," but my agent had been at a party and had got him off to one side and told him the plot. The ear-minded man was nuts about it.

More good news flashed back. Monarch had signed a girl they were angling

for who, when she got on a tightrope in an abbreviated costume, would set men on fire. He hadn't got to her yet, but he would and he'd have her read it. Of course stars could not choose their vehicles, but a studio always listened, especially to a new star, and it wouldn't hurt anything to have this one pulling for us.

The amazing man did not stop there. He met the girl's manager and told him the plot (playing up the girl's importance) and the manager said he would tell her.

"You can't get too many people boosting a story," he explained. "It gets in the air, the studio becomes Coney conscious, then *zowie!* the dotted line. Besides, I'm going to hook you on to work on the adaptation."

It made me smile to think of the old days when I had tried to sell a story singlehanded.

Then came the best of all. The Day They Called For a Price.

The agent set it. There was a bit of grumbling, but no more than was to be expected; then, in the language of Hollywood, the deal got hot. Telephone calls, dashes to the studio to settle this and that, conferences about how certain changes could be made, talks about The Giant Top.

The telephone stopped ringing and the world was filled with a vast silence.

"It's the old army game," my agent explained; "but it's a game two can play. They'll stall around and keep us on the uneasy seat, but we'll sit tight."

One day while we were sitting tight he came in less cheerful than he usually was.

"I guess the deal's off." One of the film companies had just bought for release in America a film made in Vienna with a semi-Coney-Island background.

And indeed it was off. The story was dead. It has never been revived.

Meanwhile I was learning more and more about what goes on behind the story doors of Hollywood. I had known of course that all plays and books and the important magazines were sources of material, but I hadn't realized the way even

the small and obscure magazines were combed. There they are in the reading departments, these magazines, stacked on shelves and tables and sometimes on the floor, each with a little slip of paper in it showing it has been read. Somewhere in the mysterious files is a report on every one of those stories; sometimes I am haunted by the thought that these reports are never read. But there they are; the readers have done their duty. All the bosses have to do is to call for them.

I discovered too that the average person who sends in an unpublished story by mail has practically no chance. The merit of the story has nothing to do with it; in fact, it can't, for the mail departments have instructions to return unopened anything that looks like an unpublished story. It is simple if the name and return address is on the outside; a bit more complicated if these are not revealed. Then the envelope is opened, the date stamped by a machine, and the story is instantly fired back with return receipt requested. There is something to be said for the studios, for every studio is hounded by alleged plagiarism suits most of which spring from people who have not been able to get their stories published but who assert their valuable ideas have been snapped up. As a matter of fact, the studios do not plagiarize. Sometimes a department reader may carry an idea away with him, and it may come back to that very studio and the studio may buy it, but it happens about as often as Finsler's Comet.

It was at about this time that I saw the Phantom of Hollywood. My agent showed it to me, but he didn't call it that; that is my own name. He told me about it with great enthusiasm. He had been to a studio and had found they wanted an "original" story for a certain star,—had to meet a release date—and they wanted just the kind of story I could do. Homey touches and warm hearts and patched elbows. That sort of stuff, he said.

I wished to be a little more certain of my bearings, so he took me to the studio and we had a fine lunch. The studio

would not order the story or pay an advance on it, but that was because of policy, the story chief explained. But if I would write the kind of story he wanted we could do business.

This was not to be a "formula" story. The studio was sick of formula stories and wanted something new and different. But of course warm hearts and patched elbows.

The studio ran off the star's last picture so I could get an idea of the kind of stuff he had been doing, and keep away from it. A few days later I turned up an idea but wanted to make sure the studio liked it. The studio did. Say! there was a real idea. He looked at me with friendly puzzlement.

"Why haven't you been writing for us before?"

I smiled too and said I didn't know. It was quite baffling.

I matured the idea and set to work, and from time to time I went in to see him, or called him up and discussed some point. The story went swimmingly; what pleased me most of all was that I had struck a new note. That was what he called it. I had put the patches on new places.

At last the story was finished and I turned it in and we had a most delightful talk about the old newspaper days. A rattling fine fellow.

"I'll put pressure on them and get a quick answer," promised the agent.

The days passed; no answer. I took the matter a little out of my agent's hands and telephoned. No decision had been made, the story chief told me. But the story was "up." There was an ominous note to that, I thought. His manner seemed different too. Not a word about the amusing old newspaper days. Another mysterious element appeared: when I called up he would not be in. Or he would be "in conference."

More days passed, then the mail man brought me—I knew what it was before I opened it.

I called up—definitely no mention of the jolly old days—and he was most disturbed. He had meant to get me on the

telephone and explain it was coming. He knew just how I felt and he did not blame me, but things were out of his hands. (What a familiar sound that had!) The studio had decided to go back to "formula." After all, the public knew this star in a certain kind of story, and it would be tempting fate to change him over to something wholly experimental.

"I'd like to make this up to you some way," he said. "I'll keep you in mind and the next time we need a writer—" etc.

Inside of three months I chased that Phantom again—he always looks so near and so easy to bring down. I did catch him once, but the circumstances were exceptional and I insisted on being on the payroll while I was working on the "original." Later, when it was accepted, there was the full payment.

IV

I don't know why stories are accepted or why they are rejected. Timeliness, ballyhoo, novelty backgrounds, catchy titles, "gag" openings—all these are factors, but I am inclined to think the greatest is chance. You see, or your agent sees, one of the studio chiefs at a party; and over a cocktail you tell him an idea for a story. He asks you to come in and talk it over. Presto! you are at work on it. Sometimes it is produced. Sometimes it is even good.


The struggle for stories grows every day; more spies are afoot; more eyes are at keyholes. You can't sit down and start a story without feeling the breath of a "story scout" on your neck. And that is exactly what the studios have now—"story scouts"—men and women who can smell out stories which have just been started into the typewriter.

If you have a story up your sleeve let me warn you against the New York Rush Act. Once most of the stories were bought in New York and sent to the studios; but this is no longer true. Practically all buying is done on the Coast; the Eastern offices are a waning sun. They are feeders for Hollywood, synopsis writers. Scouts in the Injun country. But the author tasting Hollywood for the first time doesn't know this. His book comes out, his play is produced; a serial is announced; a short story is printed, and his telephone begins to sing a sweet song. If he won't come in to New York the gentleman will be happy to run out to see him. If he comes in to New York the best of food is put before him; he is treated with the greatest deference and respect. Not only does one studio do this, but two, or even three, may be kneeling on his doormat and looking up at him with pleading eyes. Oh, it's a fine feeling!


It is too bad it means nothing. The Eastern offices have to turn in résumés of new stuff, and are merely going through their orderly functions. But the new writer doesn't know this and thinks the money is practically in the bank. It is, but unfortunately not in his.

This hullabaloo lasts for some time; then comes the article which all scenario offices have in such profuse abundance—Silence. No word from either New York or Hollywood. You get hold of the gentleman who rode pellmell over hill and dale to see you. He is awfully sorry but it is out of his hands; then he brightens up and says, "But I'll see what I can do."

When you hear those words you know it is all over and can settle quietly down to a new piece of work.



The Lion's Mouth



WHO CALLS THE TUNE?

BY THOMAS T. READ

IT WOULD be interesting sometime to make a study of old saws and familiar proverbs to determine whether they linger in public memory because of their fundamental wisdom or simply because of their musical cadence or persuasiveness. I dare say we should find some enduring proverbs from which the quality of wisdom, if it ever existed, has long since evaporated. Suppose, for example, we consider the proverb "He who pays the piper may call the tune." Its phraseology is essentially narrow, for the pipe referred to is a bagpipe, and few but the Scots have ever been able to derive pleasure from listening to one of those. Probably the reason it is so often quoted is a recognition, as basically sound, of the principle that an ultimate consumer is entitled to specify what shall be supplied him to consume.

But it is one thing to lay down principles and another thing to apply them practically. A large consumer can easily specify what is to be supplied to him, and also maintain an inspection staff to test and ascertain whether the goods really do meet the specifications; but an individual consumer seldom has more than the most primitive means of inspecting and testing what is supplied him, and, in addition, is not infrequently ignorant of the precise qualities it should possess.

One result of this ignorance on the part of the consumer of what qualities he really desires is that the producer, who perhaps knows what they are, does not find it worth while to attempt to supply them. As a concrete example take strawberries. Their qualities that are important to a consumer are, in relative order: (1) flavor,

(2) texture, (3) appearance. It is only the least important of these three that has any practical influence on increasing sales. A potential customer, seeing an attractive box of berries, is impelled to purchase them; if they look unattractive he may buy something else instead. Flavor and texture, though much more important qualities, do not influence the sale. This situation makes its influence felt on the farm, where the grower, instead of planting the varieties of strawberries that have the best flavor and texture, plants the kinds that look the best by the time they reach the market. The buyer cannot obtain the best-flavored strawberries, for they simply are not being grown. The consumer, instead of being able to call the tune, cannot do so at all. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he does call the tune but names it incorrectly.

This situation exists, for varying reasons, in regard to almost all kinds of agricultural produce. Sometimes it is for reasons that are important to the producer but not to the consumer. The best varieties of sweet corn are not to be purchased in city markets, and, unless I am mistaken, the explanation is that their yield per acre is so small compared with that from coarser but more prolific kinds that market gardeners do not find it profitable to grow them. Similarly, farmers plant the varieties of potatoes that are least subject to blight and rot, or shrink the least in storage, or give the highest yield per acre, instead of those that taste the best and are most digestible when boiled or fried. Orchardists plant the kind of peach trees that are most resistant to plant diseases and insect pests instead of those that produce the best-tasting and best-looking peaches. Thus, in one way

or another, it is impractical for the consumer to specify what he wishes to have supplied him.

Sometimes these disabilities can be partly overcome, as is the case with apples. In the course of transit from tree to table apples have to survive many bumps and shocks which, especially in the case of delicate-textured fruit, cause them to arrive at the table with bruises on them. If the apple has a white skin the bruised place is discolored and quite evident. As a result one does not see many white apples in grocery stores; red apples are preferred because bruises do not show on them. The apples offered for sale are not simply red apples, but the special varieties of red apples (not necessarily the best-tasting ones) which do not bruise easily. Some consumers are, however, sufficiently well-informed to know that Grimes Golden, a light-yellow apple, has a taste that they like very much. Consequently they ask for it by name and can recognize whether they are being given what they asked for. Such a solution has obvious limitations. What housewife knows the names of the different varieties of potatoes or could tell one from another even if she did know what to ask for?

It is important to notice that what little has been accomplished to remedy this general situation has usually been done by the producers, not by the consumers. The reason you can buy Grimes Golden apples, if you want them, is because apple-growers, esteeming them highly themselves, persist in planting the trees and sending the fruit to market, not because apple-eaters insist on getting them and refuse to buy other varieties. The general absence of effective consumer specifications for agricultural products is due to the fact that it does not pay anyone to advertise brand names. The makers of a brand of cigarettes spend money liberally to persuade consumers to insist on receiving that brand. No individual grower of Grimes Golden Apples could afford to advertise them. Some years ago the raisin growers of California put on an advertising campaign to increase the sale of

raisins, but I do not recall that any specific variety was advertised. Even if a brand name were specified it might still be true that the kind the growers had for sale was not the best according to the consumers' standpoint. It is only where competition exists, as among the rival makers of cigarettes, that the consumer has effective means of testing various brands and deciding for himself which he likes best.

As an example in another field, consider book-bindings; a matter to which a buyer of books ordinarily gives little thought, unless he is a parvenu who wishes to adorn the shelves of a newly acquired library with rich-looking volumes. My guess is that not one hundredth of one per cent of the purchasers of *Gone with the Wind* cared one whit what sort of a binding the volume had. But there is a class of buyers of books—librarians—to whom it is a matter of concern. The cost of rebinding frequently used books is a serious item on their annual budgets. Yet it is a fact that not until a few years ago did they ever consider what is the most serviceable binding for a book. Since then tests have been made and the results have been passed back to publishing firms to persuade them to use the kind of bindings that stand up best in use, rather than the materials and methods that are easiest and cheapest to work with in their plants. In this case a special-interest group is looking out for the interests of the general public, even though the latter are not aware of it. But I cannot imagine any group that is likely to make it possible for me to buy the varieties of strawberries and sweet corn I like best. Indeed, I am not even sure that the kinds of book-bindings which librarians prefer are the kinds that individual book purchasers most want, or should want. It does not necessarily follow that the interests of the great number of individuals coincide with those of a special group who are able to make their wishes felt.

There are several odd angles of this general matter and I had an example of one the other day when I was looking at some furniture. The salesman proudly

informed me that it was solid maple, thinking to impress me thereby. Possibly he himself supposed that this was a recommendation for it; but one does not need to know much about wood-working to be aware that a solid piece of wood is much more likely to check, split, and warp than a veneered one. It is cheaper to make furniture of solid wood, and the manufacturers are evidently astute enough to make use of the natural, but unintelligent, public reaction to the word "solid" to facilitate the sale of what is easiest for them to supply, though not best for the consumer.

Another example may be drawn from the agricultural field. When fruit ripens a chemical change takes place, developing fruit sugars and flavoring substances, while simultaneously its outer appearance changes, usually to a yellow or red from the original green color of the unripe fruit. Most people can tell by looking at it when a plum, a cherry, or a berry is ripe and in best condition to eat, providing it is possible to eat it immediately after picking it. But when fruit is grown in California to be eaten in New York an appreciable time must elapse between removing it from the tree and its arrival on the consumer's table. The only available way to provide for this is to pick the fruit before it is quite ripe and allow it to finish ripening while in transit. Every farmer is familiar with this and would never think of eating the fruit he ships; he sorts out individual fruits that are too ripe to ship and keeps them for family consumption. Some taste a little better than the others will several days later, but bananas taste better when ripened in this way. There is no really practicable way of allowing fruit to ripen completely on the tree unless one had an instantaneous means of transport to consumers.

In the case of many fruits this early picking makes no difference in their ultimate outward appearance, but some, notably oranges, obstinately refuse to change color on the outside though they continue to ripen on the inside. As a result, when they arrive in the market, out-

wardly they appear green, though they are inwardly ripe. Considering what to do, the producers decided it would be much easier to make oranges look ripe than it would be to try to educate the public to disregard anything so well established and attractive as the color of a ripe orange and accept greenish-looking fruit. Oranges can easily be colored by one of two methods: dyeing them yellow or giving them a brief gas treatment that causes them to turn yellow at once.

Everything went well under this system until one of the groups that makes a business of looking after consumer interests discovered that all oranges are usually either gassed or dyed. Thereupon they launched an attack on the orange-growers, claiming that the public health was being injured by these practices. Since nobody eats the skin of an orange, it was far from evident why anything done to the skin would have any effect on the pulp inside, nor was it possible to prove that it did. Neither was there any convincing evidence that the dye used would have been harmful to anyone who actually did eat the skin or that any traces of the gas used remained on the skin afterward. Nor was there any evidence adduced that either dye or gas penetrated through the skin to the pulp. Naturally the attack failed of its purpose and, so far as I know, oranges are still being dyed and gassed as they long have been. The only net effect was to give, in some people's minds, further spread to the erroneous idea, all too prevalent in the world to-day, that the only good and sincere people are proletarians, and that anybody who tries to make a living out of a business can be safely assumed to be an enemy of the public.

One more example of the failure of the consumer to make his real desires felt and I am done. On the farm where I was brought up we had to bake our own bread. When the loaves came hot from the oven I was occasionally allowed to cut off a generous slice, spread it thickly with butter, and eat it. After fifty years I can still remember those "butter pieces," as

they were called, of hot bread as the most delicious food I have ever eaten. For the past thirty years I have been spending energy in futile attempts to obtain really fresh bread; not biscuits or rolls, mind you, but bread cut off a loaf about six inches square. To bake it at home is impracticable, but it should be obtainable from bakers. At the swanky hotels and clubs you cannot get it. They bring round impressive trays, provided with a means of keeping the contents warm, containing several kinds of rolls. The first time you greet them with glad cries, but when you start to eat them what do you find? They are the same varieties, put out by a baking chain, that you can get in any grocery store, and all this flummery merely signifies that they have been reheated, which, with almost any kind of bread, means that they are not as good as if they had been left alone.

I have at last found a little bakery, near my homeward road, where I can get a loaf of bread that, while not still hot from the oven, has at least not yet completely lost the delicious quality of freshness. If my friends have wondered what is in the paper bag I take home with me every night they have been too polite to inquire. But that procedure is merely an individual solution of the problem and I still fret over the general inability of people to get really fresh bread, and the deprivation which the present generation suffers because it does not know how good really fresh bread tastes.

Consumers are urged to organize in order to get what they really want. The practical difficulty with that is that an organization is likely to be dominated by a few people, and by joining it you surrender to those few your right of determining what you individually want. There may be some who like other persons to make up their minds for them; I resent having a steam-roller run over my individual preferences and needs. The only way I have been able to obtain bread as fresh as I like it, or other commodities satisfactory to my individual taste, is by persistent individual effort. I have but

little to leave to my children, but I hope I have endowed them with a determination to seek for practicable means of calling their own tunes.

AFTERNOON OF A PEDAGOGUE

BY LOUISE VAN DE VERG

IT PLEASED Dr. Charles Fury to be in his study. There is something so definitely scholarly, in the first place, in having a study to be in; that alone was a satisfaction. A den any man may have; and in his den you will find such an ordinary soul smoking or writing a few letters, or even more frequently falling asleep over his pipe, or, most rarely of all, entertaining friends at poker if his wife will let him. Dr. Fury had friends in frequently for poker, in the dining room, with refreshments ready prepared in the kitchen and his wife out of the house at a late movie to leave them untrammelled in their male pursuits; but his study he kept inviolate, the retreat of honest research, where he communed with his filing system.

On the afternoons when he had no classes Dr. Fury went to his study directly after lunch, his back pleasantly warmed by the admiration in his wife's eyes as they followed him. Sometimes, when other inspiration failed, as it must occasionally fail even the most creative thinker, he would invite her in and explain to her the mysteries of intellectual activity, which she could never understand but which always kindled that warm look of admiration.

"Look, Mary, I have that new article ready for the *Journal of Creative Research*," with a wave of the hand over assembled graphs, charts, questionnaires, and bibliographical notes.

"Charles, you are exaggerating!" Mary sometimes took these little liberties with him, smiling archly to make sure he would not mistake them for real criticisms. "There are piles and piles of blank paper, but you haven't written a line."

"The argument is all prepared—I have

only to write the words. It won't take me a day."

"You write so rapidly, dear! I can't see how you do it, and keep everything straight."

"That's what all these objective materials are for, my dear. See, this is where it all began. Down at the clinic they gave these tests to each child between six and eight who had his tonsils out—over a period of two years, that was. These are the forms; standardized Parker adaptations of the Binet material." It always amused him to watch the gradations of Mary's respect. Tests, while difficult, were an old story. She murmured something about "interesting," and waited, with her eyes on his face, like an infant bird awaiting a worm from the beak of its parent. These little similes were constantly occurring to him; he must not forget this one, for he could use it somewhere in one of his articles or monographs, and thus preserve that average of readable prose for which he was so often praised in reviews.

"Three hundred sixty-two of them," he pointed out, kicking the corded bale with the toe of his house-slipper. "And here's the tabulation of them and this is the tabulation pictured in a graph."

Mary looked at the graph with her next-to-the-highest expression of respect. She could never remember which was the ordinate and which the abscissa, and the admiration glowed in her eyes. "*This is a picture of those?*" said Mary, looking doubtfully from the chart to the bales.

"A picture of their distribution. You see, it follows the biological curve." Biology, to Mary, had always meant sex—approached from the clean, scientific angle, it is true, but still sex, and it had for years brought a blush to her cheek; so now Dr. Fury recognized in her eyes the determination to take the broad view, mixed with wonder at the ubiquity of sex rearing its ugly head even here among the austere records of intelligence tests given to babes of less than eight years.

"Biological curve of course, how silly of me," she murmured.

"Then this is the same tabulation broken down to separate figures for boys and girls—you see, the boys' distribution varies more; there are more high I.Q.'s among boys than girls."

"And more low ones too." But Mary had not learned that from this chart. She recalled his previous teachings, and triumphantly convicted him from his own mouth.

"But the average is the same," said Dr. Fury, leading her on.

"Except in performance tests, where girls' averages are *slightly* higher than boys'."

"But these are not performance tests, Mary." Again there was humility in her eyes, followed by the leap of admiration.

"Of course, Charles. I can *never* keep *everything* straight." She was wistful. "They look so much alike to me."

He smiled. "Professional mysteries, my dear." He pointed out the second bale of tests, and the tabulation of them separately and by girl-and-boy groups. "These were tests of the same group, taken in their own homes by specially trained graduate students, six months after tonsillectomy."

"After—?"

"After having their tonsils out." He moved forward the ultimate display. "And this is the end-product, to which all the rest was leading up. A before-and-after tabulation of the tests." He held up the graph.

"But Charles—there is only one line!"

"That's because there was absolute correlation between the tests."

"But that means—"

Dr. Fury nodded. "It means that taking out the tonsils had absolutely no effect on the intelligence quotients of this group of three hundred and sixty-two children between the ages of six and eight."

Now she was puzzled. He waited, pleased, before springing his explanation. "But Charles—I don't want to sound silly—you know I'm not familiar with what editors like, as you are, but—but will the magazine—"

"Well, my dear, it was a thing we had to know, one way or another. So many tonsillectomies occur every year, we had to know, you see? Positive or negative, information is what we have to have. Negative—like this—is the base on which we build. Positive information is what we build with. Spade work, Mary—research—that's the rock on which our changing civilization must be built. Right now we're on a plateau. Things seem pretty much the same, and all of us have periods of feeling that we're just marking time. But the change is coming. When it comes we must be ready. In this and other investigations like it I'm doing my bit to help." The last words he said very simply, almost as deeply moved as Mary.

In her eyes he warmed himself at the unflinching flame. As always, slowing his rapid march for her more halting feet, he had found inspiration. What better opening paragraph could he want than what he had just uttered? Now he wanted to be rid of her, his pen was champing to be off across the paper. But there must be a slight concession to the amenities; and Mary could be trusted to know when her welcome was outworn.

She was already on her feet. "Charles, that's what I so admire in you. Your inspirational quality. Your selflessness. Imagine Dr. Monkhurst thinking of that! How they can keep him on, year after year, as Dean—"

"My dear," he said kindly, for if she did not think quickly, Mary always thought clearly, and rapid brains must make allowances for sluggish ones. "It would be embarrassing on both sides to demote him after so long; and it's undeniable that on the speaker's stand the Déan can be very impressive."

"Not more impressive than you!"

He smiled indulgently, gave her one more pleasure. "There's one thing, Mary, that you can help me with. Anderson and Dominick worked with me on this, and Dominick suggested that the 'by' line should be alphabetical. I mean, it should be signed, 'By William P. Anderson, Adolph Dominick, and Charles G. Fury.' How does that sound to you?"


"It puts you last."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, since we worked together—"


"What nonsense! Charles, it makes me furious. You must get over being so modest. You have done all the work of organizing—you are writing it— And then they take advantage! I should certainly put it, 'By Charles G. Fury with William P. Anderson and Adolph Dominick'."

Undeniably Mary might be slow but Mary was sound. He said thoughtfully, "I believe you're right," and sent her out smiling.

He drew the paper to him, and set down the title. "The Tonsil-I.Q. Ratio in a Changing World," he wrote boldly across the top of the first page.



The Easy Chair



FIVE-CENT CHRISTMAS CARD

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

SINCE the word "lag" has passed out of the keeping of austere physicists and more austere small boys playing marbles and become a blessed incantation for social scientists, and has broadened on from them till the President feels free to employ it against the Supreme Court, the Easy Chair may apply it to the dilemmas of this page. Time lag demands a six weeks' prescience, so that sentiments intended for an audience keyed to a mood of holly and lighted spruce trees must be expressed before the leaves have fallen. There is always the chance that people will read what is said here with something of the amazement of one who, picking up an old copy of *The New Masses*, finds that the proletarian revolution will break out in the United States in 1933. And cultural lag restrains the newspapers from commenting on our remarks until the editors have to spend a half-hour in a physician's waiting room and so manage to catch up with the Quality Group. Thus it was that bands were playing football songs in autumn dusks when the editors began to reproach the Easy Chair for its treatise of last summer on the nature of idealism.

The Easy Chair has no handy definition of idealists and no sure test for idealism. Experience has derived a rule-of-thumb which seems to work: if someone tells you he is an idealist, he probably is. History provides another one: idealism is a process by which your private wish comes to be identified with eternal truth, eternal justice, or the right that must pre-

vail. Or, more simply: idealism is the will to subjugate man in the name of humanity, and idealists are those who love the people but fear or despise the mob and so desire to subjugate it for the sake of greater things to come.

When the clippings began to come in, the Easy Chair was absorbed in watching idealism grapple with a new behavior problem. Its professors were explaining that they had been wrong, fifteen years ago, about the Ku Klux Klan. There had been a lot of simple, honest working men in the Klan, bewildered but loyal souls who earnestly wanted to follow progressive leadership. So when Justice Black joined the Klan (from the purest motives, in order to do great deeds, in order to reform our corrupt government and live liberally for righteousness), he was really leading the humble onward toward the light. Idealism had been wrong: joining the Klan, which once it had too hastily condemned, turned out to be at worst an innocent high jinks like joining Rotary International and at best a knightly act which heartened and, it may be, purified Klansmen groping for the light, and which allowed idealism's champion to press onward in his noble work. Thus it was the entering wedge of Fascism to think otherwise than idealism thought and, moreover, if the garment of righteousness was just a trifle stained it had been washed white as snow by years of Senatorial devotion to the causes that idealism approved. And finally, as the heftiest idealist remarked in print, the

suggestion that the President might ask Justice Black to resign was intolerable. Why, that would be Executive interference with the judiciary, which at all costs must be kept independent.

Any gourmet would resent being called from such a dish to answer for an assertion that man's noble visions were among the primary causes of war. But only a little reflection was required to show that the interruption was only a variation of the same theme. The Easy Chair had said that idealism's noble dreams, which fired men to war, had a way of turning out to be quite different when war came from what they had seemed to be. It had said over and over that war effected a disastrous change on idealism. It had said that idealism had strange and alarming powers of adaptability.

Suppose the liberal editors had said: we are for Justice Black because we think he will vote our way; we don't give a hoot about his having belonged to the Klan, for he is on our side. Such a stand would have been perfectly comprehensible; everyone would have understood, as everyone understands anyway, that the editors would accept any help available. But, curiously (and, to some minds, forever mysteriously), to say that sort of thing is cynical, and because it is cynical it is not idealistic. It would imply that ends can justify means, and idealism is the habit of seeking ways to gild means with righteousness. The simplest gilt is merely to say that a means is not what it clearly is. Such deft and tutored adaptability the Easy Chair had traced in the idealism that fought the Civil War. Idealism begins by fighting to preserve the Union, and pretty soon it is freeing the slaves, repudiating the Bill of Rights, and fundamentally changing the form of the American government. Or it begins by defending the ideal of States' Rights, and pretty soon it is blasting States' Rights to little bits in defense of the national Confederate government. At the end of the war idealism is just as vigorous as it was at the beginning and far more righteous. That nobody can recognize

it as the same thing does not matter, for idealism commonly ends as the thing it set out to destroy.

Since war is in everyone's mind these days, it is instructive to scrutinize the description of the last war that has been given the official approval of idealism. The United States fought the war to protect American and Allied financial interests, but was drawn into it as the result of a skillful and corrupt propaganda. Germany was represented to the American people as a military absolutism, a pirate among nations led by a madman, which disregarded international law and flouted all the ideals of right, justice, and humanity. It must be defeated, we poor dupes were told, for the sake of democracy and the future peace of the world. Really of course the Allies were either indistinguishable from Germany or worse (for they had denied an aspiring nation its place in the sun), but they were represented to us as upholders of the right, the truth, justice, and the hope of the world's free peoples. These were all cynical lies and America betrayed idealism and the future by succumbing to them. The entrance into the War of the United States was the most tragic mistake in the History of the World, and the only people with vision, the only real heroes, the only idealists, were the pacifists. They refused to go to war, and they were right.

Nevertheless, anyone who takes the pacifist attitude toward the next war is a fool, a cynic, and an enemy of idealism. This is no time for neutrality: idealism must not be pacifist but must stand nobly for the right. War is not only justifiable but obligatory and sacred when it is waged in defense of the right. This time we have got hold of the right right. Last time we were fooled but this time we are not fooled. The right is the side that opposes a military absolutism which disregards international law and flouts all the ideals of right, justice, and humanity. Last time base financial values were at stake, but this time the hope of the world depends on our championing human lib-

erty. We were wrong last time, but this time we are right.

The Easy Chair has been widely denounced for saying just this. We have been told that we are adolescent and cynical, that we represent the childish egoism of the Lost Generation, that we learned nothing from the last war. What we should have learned from the last war, we are informed, is that this new war is righteous. The pacifist position was idealistic twenty years ago but it is cynical now. . . . About the time the cynics of the last war were being shepherded to Leavenworth and Atlanta, Miss Ethel Barrymore was bringing down the last-act curtain on a line that was supposed to represent her dismay on being converted to cynicism: "That's all there is (gasp)—there isn't any more." But the Easy Chair is trying to avoid both cynicism and idealism; it is just pointing out to the idealists what their ambivalence looks like. Idealism is cynicism but it always has, at last, the pure vision. Last time we were wrong, but this time the vision has surely come. This time idealistic war means justice and truth and liberty and the hope of the world. Every time it used to mean that we were deceived, but at last our eyes have been opened—to the great dream.

Twenty-one years ago there was the Lafayette Escadrille. It was composed of young Americans who, fired by the righteousness of the cause to which America was still recreant, slipped out of the country and offered their lives to the Allies. War correspondents visited them at the front and described their courage, telling us what magnificent fighters they were and glorifying their deaths. So the years passed and the War was over and idealism began to look back at those dead boys. In the backward view it seemed especially horrible that correspondents from a still neutral country had exulted over those combatant Americans, and that non-combatant Americans, reading about them, had gloried in that wasted valor. It seemed an intolerable mockery that young men from a peaceful country

should have been deceived into dying in ecstatic dedication to a cause so vile. It seemed a guilt in human nature which nothing could wash away that a nation could have deceived itself into applauding those wasted deaths and venerating the cause that killed them. So idealism began to tell us about 1921 and continued to tell us in song and story up to a little while ago.

The correspondents have gone to Europe again. Once more they are telling us about American boys who are fighting and dying for the right to which this nation is still recreant. (Please send them, as you did twenty-one years ago, chocolate and soap and cigarettes.) And the stories have the same ecstatic sound, the same exultation in slaughter and the same glorification of death, that seemed so horrible when we remembered it only a year or two ago. "They [the American boys] don't shave more than twice in a blue moon. But they can handle machine guns and crawl through the underbrush and not break under bombing and strafing by Fascist planes. 'Do they fight!' said a wounded Albanian who had served in the Lincoln Battalion. 'Jesus Christ, in one minute the trench is all clean.'" There you have the authentic tone, the same high rejoicing in the slaughter of Americans who have dedicated themselves to the everlasting right.

How pitiful that youth should be destroyed in a deluded vision, dreaming that its blood was poured out for human liberty when in truth its blood was spilled only to guarantee a French or a British loan. How hideous the dismembered body where the trench has been blown in by high explosive shells. This dead boy might have lived and worked and begotten children and rounded out his life in peace. But how noble that American youths should die in defense of the eternal right, and observe how the twisted limbs are straightened and a tragic nobility shrouds the dismembered corpse with light when the trench blown in by high explosive has been dug in Spanish ground. The years denied, the lost la-

bor, and the unfruitful loins diminish and are rewarded when we reflect that this boy died for right and justice. Those others were betrayed, but these have found the truth.

The Easy Chair talks with one of the Americans who have felt most deeply the reality of the newly attained right, who have argued most eloquently that we must defend that right *now*. The Easy Chair is troubled, uncertain, as so many of us were twenty years ago; but truth's apologist is serenely confident, as so many of us came to be. The Easy Chair is troubled by many doubts but especially troubled by the apologist's recurrent commandment that we must support the Spanish government (which, by the way, the Easy Chair does support) because that is the only way in which democracy can be upheld, because that is the side of justice and the right. But, the Easy Chair says, is it so certain that we shall be upholding democracy? There are those unhappy reports about the treatment of anarchists and unorthodox communists, there are those executions, there are strange dilemmas about POUM and others. And moreover, this united front, this banding together of some Allies who at last have got the naked and unblemished right in their keeping, aren't we marrying ourselves to some extremely odd manifestations of democracy where that other Fascism in Marx's clothing has massacred its thousands this last year? I don't know, the apologist says, with a finer honesty than most. I don't know. But I do know that the issue is simple, and that there is no time to assay and reconcile the component parts within it. We must support the supporters of democracy *now*. If we do we can adjudge those lesser matters later. If we don't it will be forever too late. We must do it *now*.

We had to do it *now* twenty years ago. Then also those lesser things could be adjudged and righted later on. If we didn't it would be forever too late. But

this time we have got the truth. . . . That's all there is; there isn't any more.

A woman writes to the Easy Chair one of the most appealing letters it has ever received. "I have only dim memories of the [Civil] war, I was a small child then, but I distinctly remember the day Lincoln's death was announced, and that I was rolling a hoop. I was brought up a strong Republican, and I must confess I have felt that the Civil War was a great mistake, and I feel now that the Great War, in which I lost my only son, has brought only hatred and tragedies."

Yes. But idealism tells us that hatred and tragedies count for nothing so long as we are right, and he should have waited twenty years to die nobly.

Only a few years ago a college was building a church to the Christian God in commemoration of its sons who had died in the last war. Some of us who had survived that war felt that the names of those who had died on the other side—oh, never think that there can be two eternal rights—ought to be recorded in God's tabernacle also, and while people managed to keep their faces straight, it was finally arranged that those few names could be listed in unsanctified stone just outside the door.

Well, the north is gray with snow, and Christmas, 1937, is at hand. Go quietly down streets gay with colored lights for, this year anyway, the American Christmas will permit friends to remember one another in peace. It is also permissible to remember friends who died unfruitfully in war twenty years ago. They were our friends and they were killed. But this time we are going to be right.

Yes, the Easy Chair meant what it said a few months ago. It believes in stamping out idealism with all the vigor that idealists approve. When you find someone who knows that this time we are going to be right deal with the fool according to his folly. So, Merry Christmas.



Harper's *Magazine*

BUSINESS FINDS ITS VOICE

BY S. H. WALKER AND PAUL SKLAR

FOR the past four years American business men have been making an unprecedented attempt to communicate with the public. As the managers of our industry, trade, and finance, these men have been trying to justify themselves before their critics by defining and acknowledging their responsibilities; and they have been trying to convince the public that their stewardship of the nation's business has been and will continue to be enlightened, productive, and safe. In their own words, they have been trying to improve their "public relations," primarily by "selling business" to the people.

Their method of doing this has been only partly new, for in order to control the public relations of specific companies or industries, corporation managements began developing the technics of communication and persuasion more than a generation ago. However business men to-day have had to readapt these technics, improving them and combining them in new ways, because their present objective is essentially new. Before the depression they had almost always approached the

public with the direct or indirect intention of selling goods and services; now they are working together to "sell" that general philosophy which justifies and animates business, and which also constitutes a practical guide to social, political, and economic action. Business has adapted a machine intended for distributing products to distributing ideas, thus releasing a new social force in America, and affecting not only business men but all the rest of us as well.

The immediate reason for what business has been doing is clear. During the great depression the big corporations, the big financial houses, and indeed business management in general, lost the confidence of the public more completely than at any previous time in the memory of living men. Business itself had perpetrated certain mistaken policies, which the stress of the times now made evident; meanwhile, Federal investigations and private inquiries were bringing the scandals of a decade to light, and almost every day provided a receptive people with new evidence to strengthen their

suspicion that most business men were plunderers. When the Roosevelt Administration began to use the growing hostility to business as an emotional force with which to push economic legislation through Congress, the managers of the large corporations found themselves unavoidably on the defensive.

Nor was this all. The people began to probe the accepted social and economic doctrines and to experiment. Not only was their President unintermittently devising laws and establishing bureaus to protect investors, to protect consumers, and to protect workers—to protect them always against business; but also in test after test the voters were making it clear that they were behind him to stay. When business men rebelled they found themselves helpless; their protests seemed to be wasted on the air, and every time the ballots were counted they were beaten. When they tried to ignore the activities of government they found fresh illustrations of the new feeling all round them, ranging from the irreverent dinner-table jokes about bankers and brokers which were current in 1933, to the popular demand for books like *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, the success of organizations like Consumers' Research and Consumers Union, the rising interest in consumer co-operatives, and the impressive public following won by such men as Father Coughlin, Huey Long, Governor Olson, and Dr. Townsend—not to mention the more recent epidemic of sit-down strikes and the portentous advance of the C.I.O.

The business men of the nation watched all these things with dismay. Their first angry impulse was to strike back blindly—to shout "Communist!"—to declare, as did the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce in 1934, that the government was in the hands of "an organized mob."

The trouble with such thinking—and there is still much of it in evidence among the less astute business men—was that it plowed no fields. Consumers' movements and "radical" movements of every shade were threatening only in the

measure that they won public support. To attack them then, as they grew to carry weight, was to attack the public; and for business men to attack the public is to beg the question of their own right to exist and do business.

What business needed to do was to discover the realities of the situation and evolve some program of action based on them—a method which the opposition was using with considerable effect. Certain business leaders had realized this at the start, and in 1933 and '34, partly through their efforts, business men generally began the slow process of working out and accepting as useful a realistic approach. Taking into account the prevailing state of the public mind (the widespread demand for more employment, higher wages, fairer prices, and for some new assurance of economic and social security in the future), they decided to show that they too had an interest in these things and could help to provide them. Going deeper, some of them assessed the generally skeptical and experimental (or revolutionary) public spirit, and determined persuasively to illustrate, with excerpts from industry's factual record, what they held to be the beneficial and evenly balanced interdependence of business and the people.

Samuel Crowther, a writer whom business men respect, had been thinking in these terms, and in 1934 he rated business sharply for having failed to state its case.

"Business," he wrote, "is highly skilled in informing the public as to its products. The great—and often clever—trade or profession of advertising does a good job. But when it comes to making plain the relation of business to the public, of the public to business, the efforts are mostly feeble and in no wise match the vigor and intelligence, to say nothing of the plausibility, of those who would bring in some other economic system in which private enterprise would not have a part."

Business accepted such criticisms as valid, and profited by them, as we shall show. However a new kind of advertising was not, by itself, a sufficient solution

to the problems a hostile public made pressing. Something more was needed, something Walter Lippmann, for one, struck on a long time later, when he explained the General Motors strike of last winter in these words:

"The sickness of General Motors is due, I have become convinced, to the failure of the management to realize that a corporation which employs over 200,000 men in thirty-five communities is no ordinary industrial plant. . . . To get on well with 200,000 American citizens is not a matter of ordinary business management. It is like governing a large city, and to conduct the government successfully it must be handled by men who have political gifts."

The business men of America worked out ideas of this kind for themselves during the depression and applied them, not only in their relations with labor, but also in the broader field they were undertaking to conquer. For example, the public-relations director of General Motors, Paul Garrett, said last year, speaking confidentially to the executives of his company: "Every day more than 28,000,000 'General Motors people' are casting a vote for or against us in a sort of informal nation-wide poll with their friends. These 28,000,000 'General Motors voters' represent our own huge organization—employees, stockholders, dealers, suppliers, product owners, together with their families. They have had direct, personal contact with us. . . . Because of this . . . their judgment is accepted. . . . We must learn to be good neighbors [to these 'General Motors voters']. . . . Our size now makes us vulnerable but 'bigness is as bigness does' and our 'bigness,' instead of a sin with the American people, will become our greatest virtue if we make it so by our living."

General Motors and the other large corporations most actively concerned in the efforts to "sell business" have carried the idea even beyond this point. They understand not only that it is necessary to state their case, and to support it in realistic dealings with voters, consumers, deal-

ers, workers, and with all the other "publics" on which large companies impinge, but also that *each business man, corporation, or trade association so doing must act for business as a whole.*

It is hard to realize just how rationally and thoroughly business leaders have worked out this broadest form of their idea, and how explicitly they urge it, as, for instance, Bruce Barton did in 1935, in an unusually well-received speech before the National Association of Manufacturers. First he explained his conception of the task at hand. "Research, mass production, and low prices," he said, "are the offspring of business bigness and its only justification. This story should be told, with all the imagination and art of which modern advertising is capable. It should be told just as continuously as the people are told that Ivory Soap floats or that children cry for Castoria. . . ."

Having thus pointed the way, Mr. Barton warned his auditors in these words:

"If any manufacturer says, 'I do not care what the common mass of people think about my business, whether it be popular or unpopular with them,' that man is a liability to *all* industry. No major industry has any moral right to allow itself to be unexplained, misunderstood, or publicly distrusted; for by its unpopularity it poisons the pond in which we all must fish."

Despite this advice, which has been put forward in innumerable other versions in the past four years, business men have not yet arrived at anything like an active unity of purpose; no doubt such a unity is impossible of organization under our present system. What they have succeeded in doing is this: they have roughed out a new policy since 1933; enough active interests support it to make it work, and more contribute their money and energy every day; most of those that will not or cannot support it at least commend it.

The essence of this new policy may be set down in three sentences:

1. These men have determined to tell their story; to "sell business to the public"; in other words, to "sell" the general

philosophy that guides business management to-day.

2. They have come to realize that they must back up their argument; that they must do something more than talk to the public at large; in short, that they must deal *politically* with the various "publics" on which depend the day-to-day conduct of business-as-usual.

3. Most important of all, they have agreed that each business personality must act in this matter for business as a whole: must plead not only its own cause, but the cause of business management in general, of employers in general, of capital in general.

We propose to show how this new policy has been put into effect and what its significance may be.

II

But first let us listen for a moment to the message which these business leaders have joined in uttering.

We shall present it in a form in which it has already undoubtedly reached you, in part at least, if you have been living in the United States during the past two years and have been able to read, hear, or see. We say this with some assurance because it is a composite statement, assembled from these sources:

A newspaper advertisement prepared by *Nation's Business*, the organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce

Booklets offered to the public in advertisements prepared by the National Association of Manufacturers

A magazine advertisement prepared by N. W. Ayer & Son, a national advertising agency

A series of magazine advertisements placed by the General Motors Corporation

A magazine advertisement placed by the United States Steel Corporation

The Voice of General Motors, as heard on the General Motors Symphony Hour

A national radio program sponsored by the Chase National Bank and affiliated institutions; specifically, scripts read by the following men: Andrew W. Robertson, chairman of the Westinghouse Electrical & Manufacturing Company and a director of the Chase National Bank; Bruce Barton of the advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; George M. Verity, chairman

of the American Rolling Mill Company; and Harper Sibley, president (1936) of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

This composite message may be said to represent what the group of men who constitute American business management earnestly want you to believe—so much so that they have spent a great deal of money to put it before you. It embodies the central theme of the present campaign:

"Of all the ways in which this country differs from other parts of the world, the thing which we are most apt to overlook is the great number of advantages possessed by the average individual.

"Proof? Let's look at the facts. We have half the world's communication facilities. We have 35 per cent of the world's railways and produce one-half of the electric energy. We consume half of the world's coffee, half of the world's tin, three-fourths of the world's silk. Under our standard of living we own more machines, all working for us and performing some useful service, than the rest of the world combined.

"American business leaders realize that to go forward they must at all times employ the best tools that modern science and invention can devise. New factories, new industries, and new employment spring from the discoveries of industrial research to-day. And to-morrow? Roads of cotton! Gasoline from sea sand! Sugar as a building material, and rubies from peach pits! Magic perhaps, but actualities of 1936, products of the test-tubes of chemistry, the wheels of industry.

"The economic pains we have had are the pains of adolescence. America is built, but men are dreaming of building it better. The heftiest responsibility that harries the American business man is the *responsibility to be successful*. His success is a 'must' for *your* sake as well as his own. For fundamentally industry is concerned, not with materials alone, but with human beings, with the desires and needs and hopes of people. Success in business nowadays is in direct proportion to its understanding of people. Big busi-

nesses are big because the public has made them so.

"Business leaders are asking their advertising men not merely to tell the public what to think about them and their products; they are asking the advertising men, with equal insistence, to tell them what the public thinks, what it wants, how it feels, what are its hopes and aspirations and ideals. Our great business democracy is becoming more truly democratic. The customer has become the real Chairman of the Board of every progressive enterprise.

"After all, the employees of industry are also its customers. The public really determines the wages that can be paid. The fact is that all of us pay each other's wages. American business cannot be separated from America. Business does not stand out as a group or caste. As producers or consumers or investors—sometimes as all three—we are all a part of it. American business is our business, just as American government is our government.

"Will America ever be finished? Never as long as American ingenuity begets ideas and American ambitions remain unsatisfied. To-day's scientists, inventors, and engineers are following the American tradition. In the laboratories of industry they are proving again that true progress is always expressed in terms of the individual. They are our present-day servants of progress. And—Who Serves Progress Serves America!"

Thus speaks the voice of business. We shall try to show how it has made itself heard.

The technics of public communication which business is using to-day existed, at least in a crude form, in the early twenties. Although they were not then employed in any such concerted drive as the one we are describing, they were used extensively, not only directly to sell products, but also to gain specific legislative ends and to control corporate and industrial relations with various public groups. The men who are carrying on the present campaign thus inherited their basic technical equipment and they have also been able to re-

view a vast amount of previous experience in its use. At one end of the scale they could observe, for example, the generally graceful and effective policy, over a long period, of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., whose present method an informed executive describes in these simple terms: "See what you can change; and what you can't change, explain. There is nothing in our charter about saving the nation. There is nothing in our charter about fighting the reds." At the other end of the scale, or near it, they could regard the lamentable history of the National Electric Light Association, some of whose methods in the campaign against public ownership of utilities drew so much bitter criticism that in 1933 the NELA disbanded. They could study the work of public relations counsel like Ivy Lee and Edward L. Bernays, recalling that it was Lee, more than anybody else, who had transformed John D. Rockefeller in the public mind from a symbol of greed to a symbol of aged benevolence, and that Bernays and his colleagues had invented many ingenious ways of publicizing men, products, and corporations (as for instance when Bernays staged a "Green Ball" to popularize the color green, in the expectation of creating a demand for Lucky Strikes).

It is true that whatever of method and technic the business men who are directing the present campaign have learned from the past, they have had to readapt. This campaign is distinguished from innumerable previous campaigns by one fact: it is not designed to gain a competitive advantage or to favor the interests of some one man, firm, or industry independently of the rest of business; this campaign, and the basic movement of which it is the expression, are designed to establish business as a whole securely in what business men believe to be its rightful place in the national polity.

We shall attempt now to describe this present effort, in terms of business' practical use of the technics of communication and persuasion; but this will not be easy. You will be able to perceive in this only

one thin stream of effort directed toward selling business and business' social theories. For while a firm sells American business, quite naturally it sells also its own industry and perhaps its own products too. Or it may use its power over public opinion to defeat specific legislation or a specific political leader as well as to combat "those who would bring in some other economic system in which private enterprise would not have a part." Again, one man will distort the trend for personal or competitive reasons. You may expect to find here a complex of old and new methods and a complex of special efforts and general efforts; no class of men in society can act in complete accord so long as the co-operation between them remains voluntary.

III

To business men the most obvious way of telling the public something is to say it in an advertisement. Accordingly, since 1934, a great volume of printed advertising has been devoted to selling business-as-a-whole.

General Motors financed the most important series, a succession of spreads in four colors in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and other magazines of big circulation. A boxed paragraph in each advertisement described the results of research in General Motors' laboratories, but the text, week after week, was much more general in nature; for the theme was "Who Serves Progress—Serves America," and the arguments explored the advantages of "the American system of free opportunity, free initiative, free competition." Such advertising differed distinctly from the so-called "institutional advertising" which had begun appearing in the nineteen-twenties, as is best indicated by the fact that the most alert sections of the advertising trade itself soon began to draw the distinction very sharply, specifically urging an increase in the new "public-relations advertising." The institutional advertisers had told you that their firms were sound and

friendly, and without actually selling their products, had showed you that theirs were good firms from which to buy; now the argument was on a much broader basis.

Until 1935 the United States Steel Corporation had not advertised to the general public at all. Selling its wares only to business men, the Corporation had felt it had little to say to anyone else. In 1935 and '36, however, as a result of the altered policies introduced by Myron Taylor and his associates, you might have learned from Steel Corporation advertisements that your child rides to school in the care of steel, or that steel made Park Avenue possible, or that the automobile manufacturers had leveled out their employment curve, which was good for the steel industry, which was good for America; and in question and answer Big Steel contributed its own version of the central theme of business' message. "Does our country no longer need great builders?" it asked. "Have we no frontiers left, as some would assert?" And it answered, "Andrew Carnegie, if he were alive, would be the first to deny it. United States Steel, which carries forward the industry he helped to create, protests against any such counsel of despair."

DuPont has been explaining the place of chemistry in daily life; one such series of advertisements appeared in the college papers. And most of the other large corporations, as for example General Electric, Goodyear, the Aluminum Company of America, and International Business Machines, have placed copy of this same general kind from time to time in magazines or special editions of newspapers.

Only the very biggest corporations of course can afford to finance on their own behalf a statement of the general case for business, to be placed before the general public. But a characteristic sign of the times has been the way in which the business leaders have tried to make it possible for the smaller firms to raise their voices too. For example, in 1936 the National Association of Manufacturers (NAM), to which most of the biggest companies be-

long, issued a series of five advertisements, with titles such as "What Is Your America All About?" and "Americans Have More Because They Earn More!," and sent them to newspaper publishers everywhere, to be sold to local business men and run over their signatures. "This program," the NAM explained to the newspaper publishers, "is something not just for manufacturers to finance. It involves every business in your city. Preservation of jobs, payroll, and community trade are correlated with the preservation of the private enterprise system. It is logical, therefore, for all who benefit to share the costs. . . ." Similarly, the United States Chamber of Commerce, representing fifteen hundred trade associations and local chambers, ran a series of paid advertisements with such headlines as "Sharing the Wealth: 1936"; these ordinarily bore the signature of the Chamber's magazine, *Nation's Business*, but publishers who so desired might use their own papers' signatures, thus adding new members to the business chorus.

One small but enterprising advertising agency, the MacDonald-Cook Co., of South Bend, Indiana, prepared a series of twelve advertisements round the theme, "Prosperity Reigns Where Harmony Dwells," and succeeded in selling them to the NAM last July. The NAM took them to send out to publishers in areas liable to industrial unrest, where they might be sold to local civic and business organizations and signed thereby. Of special interest was the fact that the copy was aimed particularly at persuading labor, advising the presumptive reader, for instance, "never for a moment" to "let yourself forget that you are a property owner—a home-owner—and that every action you take should be to protect that interest." Or again, that ". . . many influences are at work to destroy the value of your citizenship. . . . They strive to pit class against class. . . . But . . . they can not succeed where American citizenship is awake to its perils and true to its trust."

Many newspapers and magazines sym-

pathetic to business have brought out special issues, such as the annual "Voice of Business" edition of the New York *Sun*, which appeared for the first time in January, 1936. Most of "big business" took space to state its views in this paper, and business men helped to distribute it widely over the nation; Gilbert T. Hodges, of the executive board of the *Sun*, described it to us last fall in these terms: "The *Sun* recognized a definite responsibility to help and co-operate in getting the story of business before the public. In accepting that responsibility it brought out its first "Voice of Business" number. . . . This is fine as far as it goes! But it is only a drop in the bucket to what has to be done to blast away the tremendous prejudice that has been built up against business. . . . Not only must those who have commenced a program continue it, but those who have not yet seen the need of such a movement must be urged to join the ranks, so that, more and more, the story of business will be told, and constantly kept before the people."

Perhaps the most interesting of such special editions is an issue of the McGraw-Hill magazine, *Factory Management and Maintenance*, which came out in August, 1936, and which was subtitled, "What Industry Means to America." Like similar ventures, it was designed for public distribution, and offered an opportunity for companies unwilling or unable to finance an entire campaign to put their views on record with a single advertisement. However, it served a more important purpose: it was edited as a sort of reference book for business men who might wish to plead the cause of business management elsewhere but who might find the necessary historical and statistical data difficult of access. It contained carefully selected facts and figures, graphically simplified in color, under such heads as "More Machines Mean More Jobs, More Wages"; "Many Factory Employees Are Stockholders"; "Workers' Wages Are Paid Out of Value Added in Factories"; and "Industry's Tax Bill." As *Printers' Ink* ex-

plained to industry in general: "In this epochal issue of a business paper you have revealed a consciousness of the advertising job—the teaching job—that lies before you. Now broaden your scope and tell your story again—tell it often—to the people of America."

Four thousand copies of this issue of *Factory Management and Maintenance* went to what the public-relations experts call "group leaders," persons whose word the public will accept: educators, clergymen, columnists, writers on public affairs, political leaders, the governors of all the States. Various business men likewise distributed the issue (one company ordered 5,000 copies to give to its employees). More important, however, was the fact that the statistics and arguments embodied in the magazine were brought to the attention of large numbers of business men; drawn either from *Factory* or from the original sources, they appeared thereafter in pamphlets, advertisements, films, radio broadcasts, and editorials in newspapers and magazines. Business not only supported this venture handsomely, taking over 309 pages of advertisements and thus giving the volume a weight of three pounds, six ounces; business also used it widely as a convenient supply of ammunition in the general campaign.

IV

Business has succeeded in transmitting a great part of its message as straight news and editorial matter.

In so far as the message of business is of genuine and immediate public interest, its place in the news columns is clearly legitimate. The various corporations have only to prepare and release the proper publicity. Moreover, if the editorial columns of newspapers and magazines often express the same ideas which we have been quoting from advertisements, this fact should not necessarily arouse any suspicion that the press has been subsidized: that we have, in the old phrase, a "prostitute press." Sometimes this happens because of a desire to curry

favor with potential advertisers by showing that the paper is friendly to their cause; a sort of osmosis takes place, and the newspaper assumes the color of those with whom it does business. But ordinarily it happens for the very natural reason that publishers are business men. Even a publisher who would refuse to advertise canned peas in his editorial columns has a perfect right to set forth the same philosophy which the pea canner would pay to have published if it is his philosophy too.

A curious illustration of this point exists—an editorial service called the Industrial News Review, of Portland, Oregon, owned and managed until 1934 by the late Colonel E. Hofer, and subsequently by his two sons. The staff writes some 2500 words of editorials each week; these are lithographed and sent free to 12,000-odd small dailies and country weeklies all over the country. In the single year 1934 these papers printed an estimated 2,650,000 column inches of the Hofers' writings, which consist, as an authorized article in the *Oregonian* put it, of "propaganda directed skilfully . . . in favor of big business—and little business too, so long as it is privately owned." Quite openly, the Hofers draw a subsidy from a list of large corporations, utilities predominating. The Colonel used to contend, as his sons do now, that the views he expressed were his own and had been all his life, that the subsidy did not influence them; and in fact, all the evidence indicates that this is true.

The process through which the views of business find their way into the news and editorial columns is made enormously more efficient by the various firms of "public-relations counsel" and by the public-relations departments of big corporations. For example, a speech or a public announcement by the chairman of the board of a prominent concern is legitimate news. Utterances of this kind have been more carefully prepared and pruned and polished in recent years than ever before. Many executives, it is true, write their own speeches; but there are many

cases in which not only the chairman's address to the stockholders and his annual report but also his apparently casual after-dinner remarks are departmental rather than personal products, ingeniously designed by experts (who may never hear them) to produce precisely the right effect, and of course to be distributed to the press.

The "public-relations director" of a corporation may be anything from a publicity hack to a top executive with broad authority, a general political and financial adviser whose influence extends over advertising and many other technics of public influence. Nowadays, in the larger corporations at least, he is likely to be the latter. Likewise the independent firms of public-relations counsel are likely to exercise a very pervasive influence over the activities of the corporations they serve. If we discuss them briefly here this is not because they confine themselves to the dissemination of news but because the dissemination of news was their original function and is still an important one.

Of the independent counsel, the best-known are perhaps Edward L. Bernays, Carl Byoir, Bernard Lichtenberg, and T. J. Ross of the famous firm of Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross. These firms all advise more than one client (between thirty and forty, in the case of Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross) and they draw considerable fees. For instance, according to reports filed with the S.E.C., Marshall Field paid Carl Byoir \$40,000 in 1935; the Pennsylvania Railroad paid Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross \$20,000; Allied Chemical & Dye paid Bernays \$25,185; and the American Tobacco Company paid Lee and Ross \$23,096 and Bernays \$24,000.

In so far as these men prepare the editorial presentation of the case for business, this is what they do: they try to tone and co-ordinate all the news released by a given company—from speeches to announcements of the building of a new factory; they try to see that columnists, writers, educators, etc. get the facts about the company (and the facts about business in

general which the company finds occasion to release) in usable form and maintain pleasant relations with it; they try, so far as they are able, to control and time the news which that company makes; and they help bring out the social implications of each new step their clients take.

Bernays, like the others, knows that it is better to implant an idea in a group leader's mind and let him spread it than to write up the idea and send it to the papers as a release, in the old-fashioned way; because what an independent bigwig says is news. He has developed the technic farther perhaps than anybody else. Here, for example, is a recent example of his shrewd use of group leaders.

In 1934, Philco, a client of Bernays' at the time, was developing for its radios what it called "high fidelity reception." No public announcement was made. Instead, Bernays had letters sent to a list of well-known music critics, asking what they thought of radio reception. Then he persuaded Pitts Sanborn to edit and issue under his own name a "symposium" of opinions on radio reception wherein the answers to Bernays' letters appeared, making the point that reception was generally bad.

Names make news; the "symposium" got a great deal of attention in the press. When it had been well publicized Philco was ready to announce "high fidelity reception," and to hold an exhibit celebrating it as the answer to the currently poor reception.

At about the same time, still under Bernays' supervision, Philco set up an organization called the Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, which Pitts Sanborn was persuaded to head. The Institute began to issue booklets and surveys on good reception, children's programs, etc.; these were sent to schools, clubs, and the like, where they were well received because each one was written by an authority. Philco's name appeared only briefly as the founder of the Institute. Thus Philco and "equality radio" associated themselves firmly in the public mind.

This of course was purely a commercial

scheme, involving none of the larger ideas which business has to sell; but it is worth relating for what it suggests as to the methods by which the more astute public-relations counsel can promote the cause of business.

V

Another technic which business uses in the effort to explain itself is radio.

Radio has special advantages as a medium through which to control business' relations with the public. Not only do listeners tend to be favorably disposed toward the corporations to which they feel they are indebted for sponsored music and entertainment, but also, as a rule, one needs more words to sell an idea than to sell a product, and people will listen to a longish radio talk when they might skip the same words embedded in an advertisement or a news story. The personality of the speaker has its effect too. As David Sarnoff, head of the Radio Corporation, has said: "Radio's message . . . is personalized and intimate, man-to-man, friend-to-friend, as no message through any other channel except personal communication can be."

The National Broadcasting Co. recognized the implications of these facts in a significant series of advertisements, directed to the trade, which began last July. The first advertisement was headed, "Gentlemen, We must get that across to the Public." The text made these points: "Faced with new situations, new standards of economics, new attitudes of labor, Business must campaign for public favor as never before. . . . And so we say: 'Get your story across through the greatest force the world has ever known for influencing lives and thoughts—Radio'."

A number of business organizations had taken this advice long before it was given. Every Sunday for a year, for example, in the course of the General Motors Symphony Hour on the NBC network, the "Voice of General Motors" had been speaking—not merely about automobiles, but about such more general mat-

ters as employment, wage-levels, and "the American system." The Chase National Bank, co-operating with 45 affiliated financial institutions, has provided, over the CBS network (now changed to NBC) on Friday evenings, a kind of business forum spiced with orchestral selections. Likewise, the Ford Company has been speaking on the air in the person of W. J. Cameron, who handles Ford's public relations; he gives a short talk every Sunday on CBS during the Ford Symphony Hour. (Sometimes, because the Ford Company follows its own rules and its executives avoid the sessions where more gregarious business men compare notes on their line of action, Mr. Cameron takes a tone peculiarly his own. In one talk he inveighed against "the disease of egocentric social insufficiency that afflicts the so called intelligentsia." Mr. Cameron said: "Fostering itself within itself as most ingrowing aberrations do, itself writing books about itself for itself to read, delivering lectures to itself, drawing its bread ration from the system it pretends to despise, and seriously believing its own inflation to be substantial power, it presents a clear-cut pathological condition. Its recoil from masculine competition is effeminate; its fear of the size and power of machinery is infantile. . . .")

DuPont sponsors a program over CBS called the "Cavalcade of America," which consists of dramatized incidents from American history and "outstanding episodes from the humanitarian side of America's progress." The corporation has presented over the air the story of the "Seeing Eye" (the organization which trains dogs for the use of the blind), the history of anti-tuberculosis Christmas seals, and dramas called "Women in Public Service," "Willingness to Share," and "The Humanitarian Urge." If this is not the ordinary material of a business broadcast, it is perhaps because DuPont, as a manufacturer of munitions, has a special problem to solve.

Some, at least, of these programs you have probably heard. You may never have heard the broadcasts for which the

National Association of Manufacturers is responsible. But the NAM's electrically transcribed program, "The American Family Robinson," has been on the air for three years and has been heard at least once a week from 222 small stations. Each week the Robinsons solve their worldly problems and listen to various comments on labor conditions, legislation, and general social trends, expressed in familiar terms by the father of the family. The NAM's opinions also issue from various foreign-language stations, on Polish, Swedish, Hungarian, German, Italian, and Yiddish transcriptions.

Avoiding the networks, the NAM is freer to say what it pleases. One must remember that the national networks are by no means open to anything a business man might choose to put on the air. The stations composing the NBC and CBS and Mutual System function under short-term licenses, a somewhat precarious franchise controlled by the Federal Communications Commission. Moreover, the networks have been facing a Federal re-allocation of wave-lengths for two years; and NBC, at least, has to heed the cry of "Monopoly!" directed at its parent, the Radio Corporation. As a result the networks must exercise their editorial judgment to determine which paid broadcasts to allow and which to forbid; their executives are fully conscious of the fact that they occupy a ticklish position. NBC prefers not to state any blanket editorial policy, merely affirming that "fig-

uratively and literally, the real control of radio in our land is in the fingers that turn twenty-six million dials." The CBS policy, however, has been defined. Writing to the chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1936, William S. Paley, president of CBS, said in part: ". . . it is our fixed policy not to sell time for propaganda of any sort. When we think that the public is sufficiently interested in a subject suitable for discussion over the air so that propagandists of opposing sides should be heard, we allot the time without charge. . . . We have an absolute conviction that the air would be misused were such discussion confined to those causes or advocates of causes who were able to pay, and we would very quickly build up an undemocratic and un-American situation in which the air belonged to those with the money."

By avoiding the networks the NAM's broadcasts avoid a comparatively strict editorial supervision; the small independent stations that take these transcriptions are free from the constant fear of public criticism that plagues an organization like NBC; their editorial policies are generally loose, or (frequently) non-existent. More important than that, these stations, particularly those specializing in foreign languages, reach the humbler ranks of the population—the people to whom the CIO is appealing, and who strengthen some of the other mass movements which the men who represent business management consider subversive.

(The second article in this series, next month, will discuss the use by business of motion pictures as a medium of persuasion, and will show how the several media are combined in practical use by specific organizations.—The Editors.)



THE GLOBE

A STORY

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

HER hands folded over her stomach, her lips slightly pursed, Mrs. Merkel nodded her head in confirmation of what she was about to say.

"Of course I know it's none of my business, Charlotte, and goodness knows I don't believe in interfering in other people's affairs, especially their children; you never get any thanks when you try your best to help people, they never seem to take things in the spirit you mean them but . . ." She took a deep breath and glanced across the room, "but I must say I don't see what Ralph wants to go and spend his money on a thing like that for."

They both turned their heads and looked over at the globe standing in the corner beside the fireplace.

Charlotte nodded her head.

"I know. I thought it was sort of foolish too. As a matter of fact I said so and then he went and got mad and . . ."

Mrs. Merkel's eyes lighted up as she leaned forward in her chair.

"So he got mad, did he? Just because you said . . . and I bet he paid a lot for it too. Those antiques always cost a lot. I must say I never could see why just good new furniture that wouldn't collapse when you sat on it wasn't every bit as good, better really than those antiques that you have to pay a lot of money for them and then the first time you sit down just as like as not they go and collapse on you. Now if I . . ."

"And the funny thing was he carried it

home all the way himself. He bought it in some place over on Second Avenue and . . ."

"How much was it?"

"Only fifteen dollars. That's not much for an antique, I guess, but . . ."

"Well, he probably had to take it to the station in a taxi. That would cost say fifty cents at least, or maybe more depending whereabouts on Second Avenue he bought it of course." They both turned their heads and looked again at the globe. "But what would he want to do that for? What's he want to do: study geography again? My goodness, if it was something useful . . ."

Charlotte shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you know how he is. He's always looking at those maps of his and . . ."

Mrs. Merkel clicked her tongue a few times and shook her head.

"What I had to put up with from your father sometimes! I don't know . . ." She looked at Charlotte intently for a few seconds. "Men are funny, Charlotte."

Charlotte nodded her head. Mrs. Merkel sighed.

"And then to think what you could have bought with that money. Fifteen dollars—more when you count the taxi fare, that was probably a dollar or so. Say sixteen dollars. I remember your father always used to be doing crazy things like that. I remember once he got the idea he wanted to make a boat and there he'd sit night after night making that silly little boat, one of those model

things, you know, that doesn't even go in the water; night after night he'd sit there, hardly paying any attention to me when I'd try to make some conversation instead of just sitting there like a dummy, and all the time he could have been making something useful; you know how it is around a house, shelves for the kitchen or maybe a rack for shoes like they have, you know with a place for the heels to catch on so they don't slide off, they sell them now at Macy's for a dollar eighty-six, I think it was, but in those days you had to have things like that made, and of course we couldn't afford . . ."

"Remember that doll's house and all the furniture he made me?"

"Yes, sure, of course. Oh, I'm not saying your father's not a good cabinet maker. Heavens no, he's real clever and if he'd ever had any sense about business he could have got a long ways, but that silly little boat, why . . ."

Charlotte laughed.

"Yes," said her mother, "it sounds real comical now, but it wasn't so much fun for me, let me tell you, night after night . . ."

"I don't ever remember seeing that boat. What happened to it?"

Mrs. Merkel laughed and shook her head.

"Oh, dear!" She laughed again. "It seems funny now. But it wasn't funny then. No, sir. Why, one day your Aunt Sarah was there with little Albert . . . or no, wait a minute, it wasn't Albert at all, it was Sterling; you remember Sterling. Goodness how could I have thought it was Albert, why Albert wasn't even born yet, that shows how time flies, don't it, why it seems like only yesterday. So as I say, Sterling was sort of fussy that day, crying and jumping up and down like they do, and so just to keep him quiet I gave him the boat, I gave it to him to play with and of course he had to go and drop it and the whole thing just sort of fell to pieces."

"Goodness!"

"Yes, I never thought it was such a flimsy thing as all that, although I'll never forget how hard it was to dust around it,

it was a terrible dust-catcher, you can imagine. But to make a long story short: was your father mad? Say, honest, I don't know when I saw him so mad. I said to him, 'Why, good heavens,' I said, 'I didn't know it was as important as all that and . . .' But he just went on yelling at me and so finally I started in to cry and then he stopped and when I didn't stop crying why he finally came around and apologized and . . ."

Mrs. Merkel paused for breath and they were silent for a few moments. Then Charlotte said, "Still, I don't see what he wanted with that globe."

"No, but then you never can tell."

Charlotte laughed, looking over at the globe.

"It was a funny thing though. When he came back with it, lugging it all the way up from the station (I was using the car that day), why, there were a lot of people here, a lot of our friends, and everybody started in to kid him about it. Did you meet Ellis Proctor? No? Well, he's a scream, and he said maybe we could play football with it, and Phil Strong, he said, no, it would be better to cut holes in it for a face and then use it on Halloween with a candle stuck inside of it."

"That's a good one."

"Yes, but the best of all was Larry Cook. He's in the insurance business now but he used to be an actor, and when everybody else had finished wisecracking he just stood up and pointed at the globe, you know the way they do on the stage, and recited something from Shakespeare. I remember we had it in school. It was from the 'Tempest.'"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Merkel.

"I don't remember just how it goes. You know, it's that part that starts out: 'We are the things that dreams are made of.'"

"Oh, yes, sure."

"I don't mean it starts that way, but that's in it. Anyway, there's something in it about 'the great globe itself.' And that was the whole point of it, you see. They all got a big kick out of it. Shakespeare . . ."

"Imagine! Did you say he used to be an actor, Mr.—what's his name?"

"Cook, Larry Cook. Yes and I guess he must have been pretty good too. His wife . . ."

"What's his wife like?"

Charlotte looked down at the floor for a moment and then up at her mother.

"Oh, I don't know. All right, I guess."

Mrs. Merkel laughed.

"You don't sound very crazy about her."

"Oh, she's all right. I don't know, though. I don't think she understands him, really, but I suppose she's all right, only I think she's kind of dumb. She never says much. Or just shy, maybe. I don't know."

Mrs. Merkel nodded her head sympathetically.

"Yes, it's sometimes hard to tell. Still, in the long run, what I always say is if somebody's got something interesting to say the chances are they'll say it. They won't just sit there like a clam and if they do, why you can be pretty sure they just keep their mouths shut because they haven't got any ideas, that's all, except in the case of a man like Coolidge of course, and then that's a different story."

"Oh, yes, of course. Well Ralph seems to like her . . ."

Mrs. Merkel's face lighted up.

"Oh, that so?"

"Yes, he seems to think she's got a lot of brains. I can't see it myself, but she was the only one out here that day that wasn't making fun of that thing—that globe. She claimed she liked it, so naturally . . ."

"Hmmmml!" Mrs. Merkel looked across the room at the globe, squinting her eyes a little. "That was clever. So she said she liked it . . . And besides when men say they think some other woman's got brains you want to watch out. Nine times out of ten it's not brains they think she's got but something else, if you get what I mean." She turned to Charlotte. "Brains is a good excuse, it makes everything seem all right. 'Oh, yes, we just sit around of an evening and talk about books and Shakespeare.' Well, maybe so,

but . . . And then if she has got brains she'll use them and before you know it, likely as not, you're being fooled and everybody knows about it but you."

Charlotte laughed and said, "Oh, I'm not afraid of anything like that. Ralph isn't that sort."

Mrs. Merkel looked at her, her eyes still narrowed, focussing, as they had been when she looked at the globe. For a few seconds they said nothing, then Mrs. Merkel relaxed and sat back in her chair.

"Of course you know best," she said.

Charlotte looked at her.

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Merkel raised her eyebrows and gave a short sigh and looked round the room.

"Did you have those curtains the last time I was here?" she said. "You didn't, did you?"

"No," Charlotte said. "But what . . ."

"Where'd you get them? Macy's?"

"No, Bloomingdale's. What do you mean, I know best?"

"What?" Mrs. Merkel looked at her vaguely, as if she were trying to remember something that had happened a long time ago. "Oh . . . why, just that you know best, that's all. Goodness, I wouldn't think of suggesting . . ."

"No, really, Ma."

"Why, I simply mean if you're that sure about Ralph, why I'm glad of it, that's all, it's a fine thing and I'm glad of it, if you're so sure as all that, that's all."

"She's not especially pretty," Charlotte said slowly. "She . . ."

"That don't mean a thing," Mrs. Merkel said decisively. "Not a thing. Why, some of the plainest women I ever saw . . . well, as I say, it's none of my affair. How much did you have to pay for that dress you had on the other night? You know: the little green chiffon one with the little jacket."

"I don't see what a man like Larry, like Mr. Cook, could see in someone like her."

"Well, there you are, that's just what I mean. There must be something if . . ." She looked at Charlotte sharply. "Are you and Ralph . . . I mean do you and

Ralph . . . are you . . . uh . . . happy together? . . . you know."

"Why, yes. Yes, I guess so."

Mrs. Merkel sighed.

"It's not so easy sometimes, is it? I mean—well, love and all that. It's all right, I suppose, but it's not really what it's cracked up to be, is it?"

"Well . . . no," Charlotte said, slowly.

Mrs. Merkel looked out the window, smiling a little. Then she said, "Has that Mrs.—what's her name, Cook? Has she got any children?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"Oh," Mrs. Merkel said.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just wondered, that's all."

"She's been married once before," Charlotte said.

Mrs. Merkel frowned.

"Oh, that so? Divorced?"

"No. He died."

"Oh! That's too bad."

"Yes. I feel sorry for her."

"Yes. That's a shame."

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Merkel cleared her throat. Then Charlotte said, "I guess maybe Larry felt sorry for her too. I mean perhaps that's why he married her."

"That happens a lot. More'n you'd think. Men are funny. They're kind of simple sometimes, in some ways."

They looked at each other, then both of them, at the same moment, gave a short laugh.

"I see you got an electric clock," Mrs. Merkel said. "That's what I tried to get your father to get but he wouldn't part with that cuckoo clock. Just because his sister sent it to him from Germany. It loses about twenty minutes a day too, but every time I say anything about it he gets mad. You know the way he gets, spouting German at me, as if I understood a word of it."

Charlotte laughed and said, "Well, I suppose everybody has crazy ideas . . . like that globe of Ralph's."

"Yes, but men seem to be more stubborn about those things. You know the

way they get when they make up their minds about something they want—unreasonable."

They looked at each other understandingly.

"And then when you're dead tired . . ." Mrs. Merkel sighed again and looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Well, my goodness, I should think it was about time for them to be getting here. Whatever happened to that friend of Ralph's, you know, the fellow that works in the bank too?"

"Murph?"

"Yes, that's it. Mr. Murphy. What ever happened to him?"

"Oh, he's still around. I saw him a while ago."

"I thought he was sort of crazy. He talked about a lot of crazy places he'd been to that time I met him. China and Europe."

"Yes, he's been all around."

"I remember he talked about a lot of outlandish places," Mrs. Merkel said. "I wonder what Ralph sees in him."

"I don't know. He thinks he's great though. He just sits there by the hour and listens to him when he gets going about all those places. Of course it's very interesting but you get sort of tired of it after a while."

"I just wondered."

"Wondered what?"

"Oh, I don't know." She looked round the room. "That's a pretty picture you've got over there. Well, I don't know, do you think he's a . . . a good influence for Ralph? I mean, don't you think he puts a lot of his crazy notions in Ralph's head, maybe?"

She looked at the globe.

"Oh, I don't know," Charlotte said.

"Well, I just wondered. Men are funny that way. Oh, look, there they are."

There was the sound of steps on the porch and a key being turned. The two men laughed as they came into the hall.

Mrs. Merkel raised her eyebrows and looked at Charlotte.

"That's a good one," Ralph said as they came into the room.

Mrs. Merkel turned her head partly as they came in and talked over her shoulder.

"Well, we were just wondering if you were ever going to show up at all. We were just beginning to give up hope. Ralph, did he make you go to that place where he goes to drink beer again? I should think . . ."

Mr. Merkel laughed and said, "By golly, Ralph put up an awful fight all right, but he lost in the end, eh, Ralph?"

He winked at Ralph and then went over to Charlotte and kissed her.

"Well," said Mrs. Merkel, "we were just admiring that thing, that globe of yours over there, Ralph; it certainly is quite an antique. I had no idea you were going in for collecting antiques now, my goodness, you certainly must be coming up in the world. The next thing you know I suppose you'll be going in for collecting oil paintings. Well it certainly is nice to be able . . ."

"Oh, it didn't cost much," Ralph said.

"Say, that's a nice piece of work, Ralph," Mr. Merkel said. He went over and looked at the frame in which the globe was set. "That's good joining they did here, you know it? So, so. . . . Let's see now. . . . My goodness, it's a big world, ain't it?"

Just then there was the sound of wailing from the floor above. Charlotte got up. A moist benevolent smile came over Mrs. Merkel's face and her eyes dimmed slightly.

Mr. Merkel looked up from the globe, smiling.

"Well, can we see the young man, now he's awake?" he asked.

"Not yet," said Mrs. Merkel firmly. "Of course not."

She followed Charlotte out of the room, walking softly, a look of mystery and conspiracy on her face.

Mr. Merkel and Ralph looked at each other awkwardly for a few moments, then bent down together over the globe.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Merkel, "it's a big world, all right, ain't it, Ralph?"

Ralph looked down at the globe. He gave it a turn with his hand. An ocean swam before his eyes. His hand was on a continent.

"It certainly is," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Merkel, "it's a big world." He pointed his finger. "Look, there's where I come from and now—" he traced a path across the ocean with his finger—"now I'm here." He looked up and laughed. "It's funny, ain't it?"

"Yes."

Mr. Merkel shook his head and gave a sigh.

"It's too bad. You think maybe some day you'll see a lot of those places. But you never do. You think maybe later, when . . ."

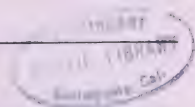
Mrs. Merkel called to them from upstairs.

They went up.

"Well, well, well, here he is," said Mr. Merkel, going into the room, holding out his arms toward the child. "Here's the little son of a gun!"

Ralph stood by the door, smiling.

Mrs. Merkel rocked slowly back and forth in a chair, her hands folded roundly over her stomach, watching her daughter and her grandchild in the small warm room, feeling complete and satisfied with the close warm comfort of the world.



WORLD'S FAIR, 1939: A PREVIEW

BY GARDNER HARDING

OUT in Flushing Meadows, a little less than twelve miles from the heart of New York City, lies a bleak tract of land that up to two years ago was a marshy dump surmounted by a layer of fifty million cubic feet of ashes. From this greatest of the world's ash heaps there will rise, between now and April 30, 1939, the greatest of all world's fairs. Celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the United States Government (dating from the inauguration of George Washington as first President), the World's Fair of 1939 promises the greatest public show modern industry has ever attempted. It offers modern architecture its biggest spree in our times. It plans for lighting and landscaping effects and the handling of huge crowds by methods that are revolutionary in design and astronomical in dimension. For the theme is "The World of To-morrow." The mightiest city of to-day has set out to prove that it is a community where such a vision may be most ambitiously brought to earth.

In its outward form the World's Fair plan justifies these pretensions. It will set up a microcosm of all phases of future life. With a capital structure of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars—three times the recent investment of that of Chicago—the Fair is to occupy an area almost twice as great as that of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and one and one-half times the size of Central Park. Its working force will alone comprise a city of over 150,000 population. It is planned for an attendance of fifty million people.

So immense an enterprise cannot fail to be an absorbing event in the life of the American people. If, aside from its magnitude the Fair can really focus the attention of the average citizen, it may exercise a profound influence not merely on our physical progress but on our social planning in the broadest sense. In our interdependent world a vigorous conception of the future may engender altogether new movements in the arts and sciences, and may set new bounds to the resources of our daily living.

World's Fairs have often in the past become landmarks in American history. It is true that almost without exception they have been financial failures. That is because we have insisted on running them as private enterprises, and not, as in Europe, as investments in domestic prosperity and foreign good will principally financed by the government. The great Paris fairs have always had government support, and this formula has been followed in varying degrees by other foreign fairs since 1851, when the Crystal Palace in London opened the first great exposition of modern days. But in the United States fairs have always been promoted by cities. The reasons have been obvious. Ever since our own first exposition in New York in 1854, sponsors and promoters have sought to stimulate local business and glorify their community in the name of some patriotic celebration. We have had fourteen authentic and recognized World's Fairs, and only four of them—including, notably, the Century of Progress fair at Chicago in 1934 and

1935—emerged with a profit. But all of them have left traces, some of them enduring ones, on the course of our public life.

One of them, the great World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago, rang the bell for all time; more and more in recent days we have come to recognize it as a fount and origin of cultural changes in American life. In the eighties Chicago and the eleven grain States had emerged from the era of borrowed money. By 1890 this region was free of debt and was sending to the East as investment money the first secure profits of its great agricultural wealth. When money changed direction in this way, the Middle West realized it had grown up. It entered the era of the Chicago Fair with an exuberance never seen before or since. The country as a whole celebrated with it, feeling that America too was coming to maturity. And every important country in the world put up a building or sent an exhibit, as if recognizing that at last an American celebration must be adequately recognized.

The spirit of the time called for a new American architecture, and there arose the Court of Honor, with its rows of huge buildings gleaming white in superlative elegance. So beautiful was the pure dignity of those Greco-Roman façades that for two generations our architects of public buildings have mainly followed the pattern set at Chicago. The classical formula has indeed become an incubus to-day, and the last dreadful results of it, reduced to convention and complacency, hideously adorn Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington at the present time. But in Chicago, when Stanford White's work first began to be noticed, and St. Gaudens and MacMonnies came into their own as sculptors, there was a great mind to direct the grand design and save it from banality. D. H. Burnham was Chief of Construction of the World's Columbian Exposition. He was the greatest civic planner this country has produced. The World's Fair gave Burnham his golden opportunity, and the beginnings of park

systems in American cities date from that time. For the United States the term "landscape gardening" might almost have been coined at Chicago.

The frosting and grille work remained in American home architecture for a while longer, but down came the chromos from American parlors and a new taste in home decoration replaced Rogers statuary and horsehair sofa. In engineering the results were even more sweeping. The first use of structural steel for a big building was in the Home Insurance Building in Chicago, built in 1885. At the World's Fair the new construction method was crowned with the sanction of engineers throughout the country. It was impressively demonstrated in the vast Manufactures Building, which had a circuit of a mile round its walls, used 6,000 tons of steel in its trusses, and could seat 300,000 persons. At the precise time when those figures sank into the public consciousness the skyscraper became possible.

And in that day when all the Western world traveled about its cities in horse cars, Chicago showed an Electrical House. In it were not only incandescent lights and globes, but the new electric elevator, electric irons, washing machines, sewing machines, cigar lighters, an electrical ice box for making ice with an ammonia compound, an electrical cooling system for hot weather, and closet doors opening by a push button and lighting a bulb inside (an ultimate convenience which landlords are still denying us forty-four years later). A searchlight cast a beam forty miles, and an orchestra in New York was relayed to an audience in Chicago by telephone. In short, so faithfully did the Exposition of 1893 reveal inventions and conveniences which are still considered remarkable novelties to-day, that it set a mark not to be easily surpassed by the prophetic engineers and social scientists who are now planning to show us "the world of to-morrow." Will the New York exhibits, one wonders, prefigure the America of forty-six years hence with such startling fidelity as the Columbian

exhibits of 1893 foretold the America of to-day?

The Chicago Fair in 1893 opened a year late, had many grievous heart-burnings, but closed triumphantly with a profit, taking in thirty-three million dollars and spending only thirty-one million. Our fathers remembered and delighted to tell of Little Egypt and her *danse de ventre*, which kept the Midway Plaisance out of polite conversation for a generation, but created a bawdy tune Americans will never forget. But they remembered too the gracious proportions of the Fair itself and the lovely MacMonnies Fountain and the City of Light. Twenty-two million people came to stare at these wonders. (Forty-one years later, although the population of the Chicago region had tripled, only half a million more people came to the Century of Progress in approximately the same number of days. To put the figures more graphically, it is as if ten people out of every hundred Chicagoans went to the Fair every day in 1893, while only four went in 1934—and three when the Fair kept open another year.)

This is the age of sophistication, and the managers of the New York exhibition realize that the technic of World Fairs has changed greatly with the passage of time. How they are adapting themselves to this situation remains to be told later on. But no one who studies the fairs of the past can fail to suspect that there was a certain primal exuberance in the pattern of the old fairs that had passed its crest before the Great War. They have never had quite the same sure-fire appeal since. Of the Paris Fairs, the greatest of all was that of 1900, which 48 million people visited—a world attendance that still stands as the record. The biggest fair previously had been the Paris Fair of 1889, the world's first electrical fair, which produced the Eiffel Tower, and which had 33 million visitors. By contrast, the perhaps more beautiful and effective Paris Fair of to-day had only 6 million visitors in its first two months and is not likely to reach either of these records. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904 at-

tracted approximately 20 million people, and for the first time put mechanized American farming on world view; the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 attracted 19 million, and might have gone on to a record if the outbreak of the World War in 1914 had not decimated its attendance.

The significance of these fairs continued at a high mark. Indeed, the San Francisco Fair was so important to the people of California that Theodore Roosevelt won their consent to the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan on the immigration question by letting them win the Panama-Pacific Exposition away from New Orleans. The Tower of Jewels still rears its somewhat faded splendor from the fore-shore of San Francisco Bay to mark the remains of our finest exposition of yesterday, but the bondholders of the Fair remember it best by the fact that only 12 million dollars was returned to the enterprise out of an investment of 50 millions.

There remain of past fairs, therefore, a few buildings of no permanent importance, an aggregate loss to promoters and backers of fairs in this country of well over a hundred million dollars, and a glamorous, creative, often permanently useful impulse to the more ordered growth of the United States. There is one other thing which has been always present but in our more mature years has been heard of more and more frequently. That is the cash benefit to the local community. Consider the statistics compiled by Chicago merchants and hotel keepers following the Century of Progress. Their figures showed that for every dime spent by visitors at the Fair, thirteen other dimes were spent in and about the city of Chicago. Critics from other cities could almost see Chicago fill its lungs again with the new fresh air of prosperity while the Fair was on. It was the depression's gold-medal instance of self-help. Artistically the Fair was commonplace; and as a mature and ordered plan of the best in American life it was about as profound as an afternoon on the radio. But as Sally Rand truly said, it had a sock; and

the greatest of all its exhibits were the American people who came to see it, hoping in vain that the rest of the Fair would be as exciting as Sally Rand.

II

The business men and bankers who are behind the New York Fair have set up a competent staff. The staff has long since become acquainted with all this past history. It has blue-printed a design which strives to include the excellences of all past fairs. It is now expending immense energy in filling this design with life. There is no unregulated enthusiasm about the New York Fair, no danger of its being postponed a year, very little risk of its coming out in the red. Yet an essential conflict runs through the whole project.

It is not easy to define this conflict precisely. Perhaps the plainest way to state it is to say that the people who are running the New York Fair are committed to two models of World Fairs and it is an even break at the present time which will win. They want to bring back the goggle-eyed wonder with which the American people beheld the World's Columbian Exposition, which succeeded so well, they realize, largely because it was dominated by civic and disinterested purposes. But the pressure of modern times also compels them to follow the streamlined path to the advertisers' paradise attained at the Century of Progress, which glorified the exhibitor for a calculated commercial success.

Can the promoters of the New York Fair reach both of these goals and still produce a unique and memorable occasion in American life? Or will they merely attain the distinction, already emphasized in the fair's own publicity, of offering "an opportunity to reach directly by personal contact the greatest concentration of consumers ever assembled"?

The problem is the more acute because of one fact concerning the Chicago Fair of 1934 which few people now recall. That was the glaring miscalculation about at-

tendance. After elaborate research, the sponsors advertised the Fair as assured of an attendance of 55 million people. That figure was used as a computation to calculate exhibit space, just as a newspaper offers its circulation figures to its advertisers. When the turnstiles finished clicking in the fall of 1934 barely 24 million people had passed through, less than half of the assured estimate. In the hold-over year following—a better year for business—the gate went down to 16 million. The Fair was geared to make a profit and it did make a profit of almost half a million dollars, including the remaining funds returned to the bondholders only a few months ago, but the exhibitors felt let down, and many of them do not yet understand why that World's Fair fell short of expectations.

The reason for this dilemma is not merely that nowadays many other wonders in the modern world compete with a World's Fair for public attention. It is that the nature of the fair itself has almost inevitably changed. Outweighing all other differences between 1893 and the present day is the prominence of the modern exhibitor. The World's Columbian Exposition did not make him the center of the picture. The modern fair must, for he is paying for it. The 1893 fair, in the age of innocence before advertising promotion became a major industry, sold its show, in large measure, directly to the public on its intrinsic merit as a national event—and it cost only a little more than thirty million dollars. The New York Fair, according to its budget, depends on proceeds from its commercial exhibitors for practically half of its estimated cost. It expects to take in between 55 and 60 million dollars from these exhibitors (almost twice as much as the total cost of the 1893 exposition!). The remainder of the budget is being met by a 27-million-dollar bond issue and by some 35 million dollars (including site values, improvements, and exhibit costs) contributed by the city, State, and Federal governments.

Consequently the New York Fair of 1939 faces a problem which even its best

strategists have found perplexing. It must deliver its public to its exhibitors and to its advertisers; and it must at the same time induce its exhibitors to work with it in producing an occasion which transcends advertising.

The unfolding plan of the Fair shows the inevitable battle between these two purposes being fought out on many fronts. It is still possible that the longer-sighted public interest may win. It is even possible that the Fair will set a new standard of showmanship primarily for community purposes—unequaled in the past and hard to match in the future. The Fair management has courage. It is going to try to go beyond the accepted mode. Some of the principles of operation it has dared to adopt stir the imagination. But it faces difficulties that sharply test its fine intentions.

Everyone will remember the riotous arrangement which the accent on promotion gave to the Chicago Fair. A famous packing house had an imposing building close to one of the principal entrance gates. A distinguished publishing firm had a building wherein was displayed every publication issued in the world, with its own name synthetically expressing all. It was hoped that the automotive industry would key its exhibit to the joint purpose of making the public motor conscious. Instead what was accented was the era of automotive gadgets, many of them like free wheeling now happily passed on. Every one was attached to the brand name of a car. The assembly line, one of the best shows at the Fair, was Chevrolet all the time. Chrysler showed stream lining in its extremest form; and it was one of the triumphs of the Fair when Ford opened his own building during the second year. There was much that was impressive and stirring, but you had to have the soul of a yokel on a visit to town to take it at the pitch of perfect enjoyment its sponsors intended.

At the New York show the intention is to subordinate everything to a broad, civilized general plan which the Fair itself will absolutely control. Let us see how

this will work out in the details of the Fair.

Suppose that you are a visitor to the Fair in 1939, having your first glimpse of it on arriving at the World's Fair station of the Long Island Railway, just fourteen minutes away from Pennsylvania Station in New York. (There are nine other entrances to the Fair fully as convenient, but you happen to have chosen this one.) At your back to the north will be Flushing Bay, and between you and the yacht basin and the boat landings on the bay will be one of the immense parking plazas which all together will permit the accommodation of 30,000 cars in the Fair grounds. Before you, to the south, the Fair will spread out in the shape of an immense airplane. You are near its cockpit, and the wings spread a little south of you to east and west. Far to the south, across Horace Harding Boulevard and along Meadow Lake, the amusement section extends for almost two miles, with three hundred concessions competing for your future diversion.

But right now it is the wing-spread of the airplane that engages your attention. This is the focal center of the Fair. Here are grouped across your vision most of the seventy-five large buildings, twenty-five or more of them constructed by the Fair itself, and the remainder by the larger exhibitors from at home and abroad. To your left, across an ornamental lake, is the United States Federal Government building. Flanking it and matching it in general design, but differing in the accent of their occupants, are the buildings of the forty to fifty foreign nations. Somewhat nearer are those of the States, with New York State's in the dominant position; for this is to be a permanent building in Flushing Meadows Park after the Fair is over and is expected to serve as a marine amphitheater for water pageants and outdoor performances for many years to come.

The area in which all these buildings stand is called the Zone of Government. Looking farther to the right (toward the entrance from Grand Central Parkway)

you see the eight other zones of the Fair. Each zone occupies an area of ten acres and more. Each has its own focal point. Each is an architectural unit. And each represents a single aspect of the life of to-morrow.

This long, low white building quite close to you, for example, is the central building of the fascinating Zone of Community Interests, one of the boldly novel conceptions of the Fair. There was very little emphasis on community interests in 1893, and they were much overshadowed by private industry in the Century of Progress; but here they are to be given their due. In this Zone are grouped exhibits in town planning, schools, sports, recreation, arts and crafts, co-operative and betterment movements, religion, public health, social welfare, and a huge miscellany of other occupations and interests of a socially-conscious community. Without them no picture of the future for the average citizen could possibly be complete.

Gradually the plan unfolds. One Zone of eleven acres is devoted to Communications, and at its focal center, over at the north end of the Central Mall, twin pylons 160 feet high beckon to the television exhibit, one of the most ambitious in the whole Fair. Farther to the east is the Zone devoted to the Food Industries. At the extreme south, almost a mile away, is the Transportation Zone. In between and among the radial avenues of the airplane wingspread are the Zones devoted to Clothing and Cosmetics (including all that pertains to wearing apparel and its accessories), to Business Administration, to Means of Production (which includes electricity as only one of its wonders) and to Means of Distribution (where the co-operatives will attempt to vie with the department stores and the advertising agencies will account for the social usefulness of their billion-dollar business).

III

This division is not going to be easy for the average exhibitor to grasp in all

its detail. If it is to be truly impressive, the management must hold to its original plan, so that as you go about the Fair you will have a perspective that subordinates all the exhibits to a harmonious design of future life related to the common things you yourself eat, wear and use. But the bold and simple clarity of this plan is at the present moment under fire—and by some of the principal sponsors of the Fair itself. One of them was long engaged in a sit-down strike to put up a building at the Fair's Broadway and Forty-Second Street, irrespective of zone or plan or any other such "eye-wash." But the Fair is sticking to its guns and the exhibitor has already made inquiries for space in the proper place. A harder case is that of the international concern that has taken eleven thousand square feet in the Electrical Production building. There it proposes to show not merely its great achievements in that field, but also to group other exhibits, such as its own private history of transportation and its own demonstration of ultra-violet rays in relation to health, despite the fact that they belong in quite other places in a well-ordered Fair.

Having no such diversity of branded products, the airplane industries are behaving with much more commendable public spirit. They have combined their initiative in one great exhibit and no one company will overshadow another, according to their plan. The result is that the history of aviation, from the Kittyhawk flight down, as well as the design for its future, have a splendid chance of coming before the public without any exaggerated sales talk for particular makes of planes or their accessories. For their own reasons the oil companies have chosen to associate their exhibits at the Fair under the same terms of decent restraint. So, in very large measure, have the railroads. And wherever it can, the Fair management is using the trade association to moderate the blatancy of competitive advertising.

The most irritating prospect seems at present to lie in the dreaded radio-beacon

concession. Texaco had such a concession at the Texas Centennial. It consists of open-air radios, a hundred or so feet apart, so spaced that you never can get out of reach of their announcements, music, and highly colorful advertising messages. The concession is supposed to be worth as much as a quarter of a million dollars, and the New York management will have to fold its ears back tightly against this siren call. If the concession is sold, in spite of all the high pretensions of the Fair's national sponsorship, then indeed the public will know that it has been sold down the river to the commercial exhibitors.

It is a lot to ask of an enterprise so essentially promotive that it should think in terms of the public to whom it professes the Fair belongs. But the origins of the Fair, its civic background, its personnel, and its policy up to the present, all suggest that it is going to come far nearer to playing fair with the public than most such expositions. George McAneny first introduced the idea of the Fair to New Yorkers, and a more disinterested citizen it would be hard to find. Builder of the subway, town planner, acting mayor in an era of reform, McAneny had made such a reputation as a civic idealist that when the Fair was first announced on September 23, 1935, it came nearer to winning unanimous approval than any other large community enterprise that had appealed to New York since the War. Associated with the idea in the early days were also such men as William Church Osborn; Percy S. Straus of Macy's; Robert Moses, Park Commissioner and creator of Jones Beach; and former City Chamberlain Henry Bruere—all of them men of dynamic influence in New York.

The site was already part of the plan, and no other was ever seriously considered. The one hundred and thirty-one incorporators who vouched for the first corporate plan, which was accepted by the State of New York in October, 1935, were probably the most eminent group in the aggregate that ever signed papers of incorporation in New York.

The top drawer of American industry and finance is behind the New York World's Fair. These facts account for the orderly and impressive growth of the project in its early stages, as well as for the rather impersonal character which its magniloquence has been unable to avoid.

Then Grover Whalen was put in executive charge of the Fair. There is nothing impersonal about Grover Whalen. He is the colorful popular executive who can handle anything from a police department to a department store or a liquor company, a man who, though still under fifty, is almost a legend in New York for getting things done. When the growth of the Fair required executive direction of high voltage McAneny became Chairman of the board of directors and Whalen became president. The sponsors of the Fair soon had their reward. It had begun modestly as a 40 or 50 million dollar enterprise; now it assumed a budget of 125 millions. A bond issue was placed before the people of New York, and although it has not been fully subscribed, its success has been so resoundingly proclaimed that no one knows the difference. San Francisco had already announced that the Golden Gate International Exposition would be the World's Fair of 1939. The International Convention Bureau in Paris was shortly heard from, however, to the effect that this accolade had been accorded to New York; and as 21 nations constitute this bureau, including all the principal participants in World's Fairs, this settled which was to be the "official" exposition of that year. What has discreetly not been mentioned is that the rank of World's Fair of the first order, such as Brussels was in 1935 and Rome will be in 1942, could not be conferred at intervals between these seven years. To a vigorous executive this distinction is not a vital one, however, and at this writing nearly 40 nations have already agreed to exhibit at New York out of the 59 invited; while San Francisco, which will have a beautiful and memorable exposition all the same, again plays in hard luck with its particular hope of par-

ticipation from the Far East again dashed by the war in China.

The energy rate of the New York Fair under Grover Whalen is amazing. Its construction program, under which building and ground improvements must be ready when the Fair opens to the extent of an initial outlay of 47 million dollars, is already a month ahead of schedule. The \$750,000 Administration Building is already operating at the site of the Fair, and dedication ceremonies will proceed at less than monthly intervals during the winter as the great cluster of central buildings takes shape. Hundred-foot Oregon piles have gone down to solid ground through the ashes and silt, to be capped with seven feet of cement to fasten securely in place the great Perisphere, the theme center of the Fair, and the lofty Pylon, its architectural focus. Ten thousand shade trees, each fifty feet high, are being put in place. There will be no acres of sun glare and hard pavements at this Fair. It will be as sylvan as Central Park, with 50,000 benches, 3000 comfort stations, lagoons and gardens and shrubbery contrived as only Robert Moses can contrive them. On every four-acre plot—the size of an average big-league baseball park—there will be 32 full-grown shade trees at the New York Fair and more than 100 shrubs. If we reckon half a million people as the average daily attendance at the Fair, half of them can in a common impulse sit down on the benches at once. (And on some days in July they probably will.) There can be no question, moreover, but that when the State of New York takes over Flushing Meadows Park after the World's Fair is over it will be one of the most beautiful parks in the country adjacent to a great city.

Other elements in the building of the Fair proceed, however, with less certainty of touch than this extraordinary construction program. About a year ago all the foreign embassies in Washington were invited to attend a reception and banquet at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Some 43 out of 48 responded by sending

their chief accredited representative in the United States, which is considered an all-time record for such an event even in Washington. At this gathering Mr. Farley spoke brief words of greeting; Mr. Whalen did the same; and he was followed by the late Senator Robinson. After about nine minutes had been devoted by these men to the purposes and prospects of the Fair, the rest of a long evening was turned over to a vaudeville performance of lavish but not very distinguished quality. All the incorporators and directors of the Fair attended this event personally, and some were extremely caustic when they came back home. The ambassadors asked many questions, and the sponsors of the Fair returned answers; but the general verdict on the banquet was that as showmanship it was more complex than profound.

Other activities of Mr. Whalen's have been similarly criticized: his support oratorically and frequently of A. F. of L. participation in the Fair and his reticence about the C. I. O. (although eminent members of his board of directors have signed agreements with it); his former prominence in attacking "subversive" movements and his subsequent disdain of many liberals; and his close association with Tammany Hall from the time he began public life as Mayor Hylan's secretary. But in spite of these shortcomings Mr. Whalen is doing an effective job. His executive committee is as loyal as it is distinguished. It has kept the Fair clear from politics, its contracts are above suspicion, and it is steadily carrying out a distinguished and difficult plan.

IV

Yet in the eighteen months still remaining before the Fair opens the public certainly should not leave the management to its own devices. Much still remains to be done if the Fair is to reflect not merely the world of to-morrow, but what we already know of the more desirable world ahead of us to-day.

For example: this country is spending twice what it did ten years ago on recreation. This is not rich men's money alone, but represents all classes; for government programs make up much of the difference. What will be the story of the future of leisure? Also, shall we continue as individuals to buy things far ahead of our ability to pay for them, as the credit companies are beginning to report again? Will installment buying stretch into the distant future? Most of the prospective exhibitors favor it and are now energetically abetting it. Will they do so at the Fair? The co-operative movement in the country is now twenty years old and is making the most rapid growth it has ever experienced. Will that pattern of life be represented at the Fair only as it looks to some exhibitor who opposes it? Who will speak for the consumer at the Fair? Who will speak for labor, for the farmers, in all other Fairs the forgotten agents of production? America under the New Deal leads a complicated life, shot through with promises for the future which are not altogether welcome to organized business. Will organized business do all the interpreting of this future?

The Health Center of the Fair will of course admit exhibitors who sell standard drugs and hospital supplies. Where will they draw the line in proprietary medicines—at the point where the American Medical Association draws it or at a point preferred by the powerful exhibitors of these products? Will "pure" bread be

displayed at the fair, that solid, delicious loaf that contained three times as much flour as water and milk combined; or will the "extenders" and "aerators" in use today point to still laxer standards for the bread of the future? Optometrists want to be doctors with a medical standing. Will they still appear at the Fair as opticians who make a living selling more glasses?

These are live issues, livelier than doubtless Grover Whalen imagines. He proposes to invite the public to a Fair run in the community interest. Can it satisfy the public that it is being invited in good faith? Chicago provided one answer when it became clear that the Century of Progress was run in the paramount interest of the advertisers. The public attended in less than half the numbers confidently anticipated. This time the public can still speak up in ample season and demand the kind of fair it wants to attend.

The New York World's Fair is a national expression of the mind of the country. Its sponsors, whether they set out to be or not, are trustees for the honest expression of the average man's interest in the life of the future. Amid the million-watt lights, the glittering ceremonials, and the cascades of sound and color with which this greatest of World's Fairs will dazzle the country, it is not too much to hope that the average man's interest in the future will be remembered before it is too late.



I FLY FOR SPAIN

BY EUGENE FINICK

Lieutenant Eugene Finick, American volunteer pilot in the Spanish Republican Air Force, told this story of his adventures to Leland Stowe, American correspondent, in a Spanish hospital.—*The Editors.*

I FLY for the Spanish Republic. Well, maybe it's more accurate to say I *flew*. Anyway that's what I did from September, 1936, until the second of last June when I got mine—here in the right leg and a few other places. But I'm on the way back now. Four operations in two months. The army surgeons say they'll give my leg a final overhauling in six or eight months and then it'll be as good as new—and only a centimeter shorter than the other one. So I'll be able to fly again. Boy, that's the most wonderful news I ever had in my life.

I might as well begin at the beginning, I suppose. You want to know who I am and how I came to enlist in the Spanish war. Well, there's plenty of time to talk in an army hospital; and it's a treat to have an American to talk to, I tell you. Yes, I'm from New York. I was born on the East Side and I'm twenty-five years old. My father was Polish by descent and my mother was Czechoslovakian. My father fought in the American army during the World War. He fought to save democracy and that's what I'm doing. Maybe I should add that I'm a Catholic—an American Catholic. People seem to forget that the Spanish Republican Army is made up overwhelmingly of men born and brought up in the Catholic faith.

After my father died I had to leave school to help support my mother, two sisters, and my kid brother. I became an

automobile mechanic in Ford repair shops in Pittsfield and in New York. I was crazy to learn to fly and I used to spend my week-ends hanging around Floyd Bennett and Roosevelt airports. I had the great luck to meet Jimmy Collins, the ace tester for government high-speed planes and one of the greatest aviators we ever had. Jimmy became a good friend of mine. Thanks to Jimmy and other friends I was able to take flying lessons. I started taking lessons in 1931 and I had had a student's license in New York State for four years before I came to Spain. I never got a regular pilot's license because I couldn't afford to pay the price for one unless I was sure of getting a commercial job; so I just kept flying week-ends whenever I could.

Then the war broke out in Spain. I wanted to come over from the very first. Why? First, because I'm an American and I always believed that Fascist dictatorships are the worst menace to freedom that exists in the world to-day. I felt that the Spanish people were getting a raw deal. I said I'm an American. Well, my idea is that Americanism means the right of a people to decide for themselves how they'll be governed.

The first Sunday in September, 1936, out at Floyd Bennett Field, I got into a hot argument with some of the pilots there. Some of them were for Franco and some were for the government. Naturally, I defended the Republican government.

There was one fellow there, sitting alone and saying nothing but listening all the while. When the argument finally broke up he took me aside and asked me if I was interested in going to Spain. I said I certainly was. It turned out he was representing a group of people who were interested in the fate of democracy in Spain. I just grabbed at the idea. At last I had a chance to go.

But don't think I was just looking for adventure and a chance to see the world. I faced the facts very coldly. I figured out there was terrible disorganization on the government side; most of the army had deserted them; Franco was pushing northward from Seville, capturing new towns every day; and he had crack Italian pilots flying Fiats, modern planes built for war. From all you could learn in the papers, the Republicans didn't have any planes or pilots worth a damn. With my lack of military experience I figured I'd probably last about two weeks.

I left New York in the middle of September. I reached Madrid September 24th, and was taken at once to the air ministry.

Some of the other Americans who came over that fall turned out pretty bad. The less said about them the better. I won't mention any names, much as they deserve it. One of them beat it with more than seven thousand pesetas he had taken from his outfit and from Spanish friends. Another turned yellow. When it was time for him to go to the front he got sick. Then he asked for leave to go to Valencia to meet his wife, so he said. Of course we never saw him again. The other American of our group was too old for combat flying, and he's still active as a chief navigator behind the lines. I'm the only other one left out of the group I came in with. Some of these fellows and those who came later for big money contracts were so bad they gave all Americans a black eye for a long time. We didn't come with contracts or to make a lot of easy money. And don't think I'm a Red either. I never belonged to any

political party. I suppose you can call me a liberal. Anyway it fits.

II

Well, we got to Madrid. It was about eight days before we could fly, so we spent the time investigating Madrid. On the ninth day they tested us out on the Breguet bombers. Those Breguets—fifteen to eighteen years old—only had a speed of 140 to 160 kilometers an hour—not much over 70 miles an hour. They were heavy and cumbersome to maneuver, and so slow it was a crime.

At that time, when we first took to the air, Franco's rebels were marching on Toledo and they were only twenty miles away. There was no way of stopping them. We didn't have any army. We only had a mob of undisciplined volunteers who hardly knew one end of a rifle from the other. They were rushed up to the front; truckload after truckload of young fellows in their working clothes, some with old outmoded guns and some without any at all. It was no victory for the Fascists. Those poor Spaniards were simply slaughtered.

It was our job to give them all the support we could: to go out and bomb the roads where the rebels were advancing and try to hold them up. We soon found out we were likely to get it both ways. Our men had had no experience and they couldn't tell our planes from the Fascists'. They shot at us as we flew over on the way to tackle the rebels. At first we were more afraid of our own troops than of Franco's. It was like that for a good while. Too long to suit us.

The first flight we made was with six Breguets loaded with bombs. It was out beyond Toledo. We were supposed to raid a concentration of rebel troops and artillery. In those days the Fascists marched *en masse* along the roads and we bombed the roads and bridges. Ben Leider and I were in the squadron. There were two Frenchmen, an Englishman, and a Czech. At that time, the beginning of October, the government only

had a handful of trained Spanish pilots and most of them were used in posts of command or for administrative purposes. The government had decided they wouldn't put the administration of the air force in the hands of foreigners.

On this raid we had a five-year-old Boeing fighter on which they could never synchronize the guns. It always came back with its own propellers shot full of holes. Lacallé—you've heard of him, he's the greatest ace the Spaniards have turned out and I'll bet he could make a Richt-hofen or a Nungesser look sick! Well, Lacallé flew the rattletap old Boeing and we also had three Nieuports. They're supposed to be biplanes, but they have a third kind of a wing between the wheels. They were heavy and slow. After five minutes in the air the window-shields were covered with oil and you couldn't see a thing. They were built just at the end of the War, all outmoded ships. I saw a few World-War de Havillands, like those the British used to fly. In America they'd be in a museum, but last October we'd have taken planes out of the Smithsonian Institute if we could have got them. All that the Spanish government had then was a flock of World-War crates. Nothing else.

This was my first raid. We got over and dropped our bombs, but we'd no sooner unloaded them than we were attacked by about fifteen Fiats. All we had to protect us in our slow-motion old Breguet bombers was a squadron of six pursuit planes, the World-War crates I've been describing to you. Lacallé in the Boeing, one Spad, one Dewoutine, and the three Nieuports. Lacallé's squadron was at about 3,000 meters, and we were about 800 meters when the rebel squadron pounced on us.

One group of six Fiats hopped our Breguet bombers; the rest went after Lacallé's fighters up above. Of course the Fiats were flown by veteran Italian military pilots. The Italians had been flying in Spain since the end of July or the beginning of August; more of them every week. And a nice picnic they'd

had of it. Well, they had planes twice as fast as ours were and they had it all their own way in this fight too. In our heavy antique bombers the only thing for us to do was to hedge-hop for home as fast as we could. We could only do 160 kilometers an hour at top speed, while their shiny new Fiats made 350 kilometers on a level keel. Just about three times as fast as our Breguets, that's all.

When you're up against that kind of a handicap, and your life's staked on it, believe me you fly as you never flew before. You skim the trees, so the enemy won't dare to dive at full speed. It simply depends upon how good shots they are in those Fiats roaring past over your head. By hedge-hopping in tight formation the enemy can't get underneath you, and you have some protection on your tail and from above, because your own machine-gunners in your ships can lay a curtain of fire across the top. So our only vulnerable spot really was from the front and on the sides. You see, the Breguets had no forward guns and only a half-swing on each side. That's where they had us, given the fact that we had the speed of an air-turtle. And they knew it, all right. We lost two of our six Breguets and the three Nieuports in twenty mad, dizzy minutes. Lacallé and Captain Darre, a first-class French pilot, fought hard at terrific odds and they brought down three Fiats. If we'd had ships on anything like even terms we'd have ripped hell out of them. As it was we lost five to their three. It wasn't bad piloting. We simply didn't have the planes.

That was the first time we got those explosive bullets that all the Fascist planes have been using ever since. When we got back my plane had holes in the fuselage as big as your fist—chunks torn out by the explosive bullets—and on the opposite side there were scores of small holes from the exploded shrapnel. You can imagine what they do to a man when they hit him. But neither my machine-gunner nor I got hit.

From reading novels I used to wonder how you feel under fire in an air battle.

I thought a man must be brave and heroic. But actually in a gun-fight you're so busy trying to bring the enemy down and trying to out-manuever him that you've got no time to think about anything else—no time to be afraid. Maybe you're scared just before it begins, but when a pursuit plane dives at you with its machine-gun wide open, there's only one thing to do and that's to spoil his target for him and fight back with all you've got.

After that we made two more attempts at raids from Getafe. But we never reached our objectives because we were attacked before we got there. Also we were deserted by our own pursuit planes, who were supposed to protect us and were flown—most of them—by the mercenary fliers—men who were flying for fifty thousand francs a month and were a bunch of racketeers and no more.

On November 1, 1936, when General Franco was hammering at the gates of Madrid, we hadn't had a single modern ship of any kind from France or Russia or anywhere else. We were sent back to Murcia to wait for new airplanes that were supposed to be coming in, and meanwhile were assigned to patrol the Mediterranean coast from Cartagena to Alicante with our old Breguet museum piece, scouting out ships and reporting what flag they were flying and what direction they were taking. But along toward the end of November we got word that some new airplanes had arrived at last. Only four months after Franco first got his from Italy and Germany; but still they had arrived and were being assembled. We were going to have some real ships to fly and fight with at last.

They were biplanes, the "Chatos" which have since become famous. That's what the Spaniards called them on account of their snub-nosed fronts. The Chato is a fairly recent Boeing model. I think it was put out three or four years ago. Of course we only got a small number at first. But they gave us a new lease on life. It was like being mustered out of a suicide squad. What couldn't we do with these new beauties? That's all

we talked about or thought about from the day we got the news.

Meanwhile the Spanish government had started an aviation training school about October 1st. They were training young Spaniards with Breguets and Moths.

The students were young soldiers who had been in the infantry and had been recommended for their bravery, intelligence, and promise. In two months or less these boys were sent off to the front with only forty hours of flying to their credit. If you're not a flier that may not mean much to you, but it's a terribly tough assignment, you can take it from me. I was assigned to a post near Cartagena to act as a pilot in the bombing and machine-gunners' school. I flew the same old Breguets and sometimes an old Vickers torpedo bomber. Then there was an antiquated high-wing monoplane job. When you flew it you felt as if you were under an umbrella and never knew when it might fold up. It was really no good whatever. I never found out what the atrocity was called. I stayed there in the bombers' school until the tenth of January. Then I was sent up to Toledo province to break in on our new ground-strafters, and were they beauties! They were good for 260 kilometers an hour and they carried sufficient fuel for seven hours of cruising, where formerly we could only get four hours of cruising out of the Breguet suicide crates. Now we could carry a full load of twenty-four bombs (300 kilograms of bombs), a pilot, a machine-gunner and our four machine-guns at the front. It was in one of these ground-strafters, as pilot, that I made my first service flight on the central front in the middle of January, 1937.

III

When we took out those ground-strafters we had our first fight on equal terms with the rebels and we gave them a thrashing that they remembered for a long time. The rebels were making their drive on the Jarama front. We took off,

a squadron of fifteen ground-strafters, protected by twenty-five fighters, all new Chatos.

We flew at an altitude of 1,000 feet. Our objective was to bomb the troop concentrations and strafe the trenches in front of Jarama. Just before we reached the trench-line objective we tightened up our formation in groups of threes, and each group increased its distance. When we were about 3,000 meters from our objective, we dived down with motors wide open. We swept in at a forty-degree angle and opened up our guns on the trenches. Each plane had four machine-guns and we were firing from 1,800 to 2,000 bullets a minute from each gun. It's terrible punishment; the kind our men had been taking for two months without a chance at a comeback in the same coin.

The strategy was to open up the guns at 1,000 meters and dive to an altitude of 400 meters above the trenches. With three planes and twelve machine-guns unleashed simultaneously, that stream of fire is hell. Then when we were directly over the trenches we'd let loose our load of bombs—seventy-two bombs from a group of three planes. No human being can really stand it. We saw the rebel soldiers break and run. The poor devils couldn't take their own medicine. They quit their machine-gun posts and ran for cover, wildly, like frightened rabbits, in every direction. Each of our planes dropped its twenty-four bombs. It was simply hell on earth—just a hailstorm of bullets and then a thunderstorm of bombs. That's what ruined the Italians over at Guadalajara a month later. They had never had anything like that—and they simply couldn't stand it. There, at Jarama, we stopped the Fascist advance in its tracks. They were compelled to stop and dig themselves in. It was the only protection they had from this type of aerial attack.

This went on for several days. On the first day we panicked the rebels all along the line. We made three service flights that day, the last at three in the after-

noon. On that one we were attacked by between thirty and forty Italian planes. We were fifteen ground-strafters and we were protected by only fifteen Chato pursuit planes, so they had us outnumbered and they thought they were going to rip us to pieces. Our fighters, in three groups of fives, were from 1,000 to 3,000 meters above us. We had done our strafing and bombing. We were flying at only 500 meters and were about to return home.

The Fascist planes set on us. Part of them swooped down on us ground-strafters and the rest went for the Chatos up above. They couldn't attack us from below or on the tail because we were flying too low. They didn't know our new type of ship, so they made the fatal error of attacking us from in front—about fifteen of them. Then the fireworks broke loose. It was a wild head-on screaming battle. Our machine-guns cut loose from the nose of our ships everything we had. In the first assault six rebel airplanes went down, crashing on their own lines. Meanwhile other Italian machines were falling down from up above. The Chatos were wiping them up. Most of them fell completely out of control. In that one dog fight we brought down nine Fiats and didn't lose a plane. It was the first time in the war that we had knocked the Fascists clean out of the skies south of Madrid.

I don't know whether I brought down any of the rebel planes or not. You can't tell because you are flying in tight formation of threes, and you all have a heavy curtain of fire on the attacking group. It's impossible to know whose fire actually gets the plane. That's the difference between the World War air-fights and those to-day. From 1914 to 1918 it was mostly individual combat. But modern aerial warfare is all group combat. The whole tactic is to keep your group formation; two planes go at the enemy plane or the enemy group, firing one on each side, and the third plane guards the tails of the two other planes. That's why there are so few stories about air-combat aces in the Spanish war. No one pilot can claim

credit for bringing down an enemy plane with any surety. It's group combat, that's all.

That night we got back without losing a single plane. We were in pretty high spirits, I'll admit. But frankly, we usually don't feel any different when we get back than when we take-off. We always make plans of what we'll do that night. When we were going to the movies we bought our movie tickets and carried them with us, so we'd be sure to lose no time if we had a late flight. We always expected to get back for the show. Our aerodromes were 100 kilometers or more back of the lines. Distance doesn't mean a thing. We've bombed the rebel barracks at Zaragoza or their airfield at Seville. With this cruising radius it's perfectly simple. Franco keeps his heavy bombers as far back as possible from the front—over by the Portuguese border. They do that so as to force a long and dangerous flight home on any raiding squadron.

Our Chato fighters simply raised hell with the Fiats. The Italian pilots fought hard, but our men outsped them and outmaneuvered them. We got eleven enemy planes and we lost none. We did have two machine-gunners killed and three of our planes made forced landings behind our lines. Still there was the score—Republicans, 11 planes; Francoists, 0. From that time on the Fascists evidently got specific orders to be prudent. They never tried again to attack us from in front or below. They had learned their lesson.

IV

We turned the air-tide at Jarama at the end of January and the first days of February. After that things were quiet for some time. There were no real fireworks until the big rebel push to break through at Guadalajara and smash on into Madrid from the rear. You remember, that was where they threw in four divisions of fresh Italian troops, between thirty and forty thousand of them.

Guadalajara was the first example of

real co-operation between our Republican infantry and aviation. It was mostly due to our air force that the Italians were routed. We call it the second Caporetto. We made more flights per day than we'd ever made before. We maintained constant aerial attacks in all kinds of weather, and at times the weather was fearful. But we had to do it to save Madrid from the menace of that drive, and we tore that rolling, mechanized offensive into ribbons. It was the most terrific spectacle I've ever seen. Nothing that Hollywood ever turned out in mob scenes could touch it for action and horror.

We were flying in squadrons of fifteen planes, one after the other. They were sent over in waves and as soon as one squadron finished its job, another arrived to pick it up right where the other left off. I think there must have been eighty or ninety airplanes in the air most of the time. That's what actually held up the Italians' advance and gave our troops time to counterattack and dig in. But you would have to have been in it to imagine what it was like.

Here were nearly forty thousand Italians who had broken through our lines where we were least prepared. They were perfectly motorized; tanks and great motor lorries filled with troops. They came roaring along that macadamized road. They had a tremendous advantage in numbers and had caught our infantry off its guard. You looked down on that dark, endless column from the air and it seemed as if they'd keep going from sheer physical weight. A whole army on wheels, blasting its way and moving as fast as the tanks in front could clear the route.

Our orders were to stop the leaders, blast them off the road. We came over, squadrons of fifteen in close formation. We dumped every bomb we had on the tanks in front and the road—tons of high explosives. We dropped them flying low, so there was no mistake about where they'd hit. In two minutes' time the tanks and the road were a shambles. The tanks were blown up, overturned,

piled up in knots. Then we strafed the troops in the motor lorries—and all the time our infantry was closing in and charging. It was a co-ordinated ground and air attack, the most perfectly executed maneuver we had ever pulled on such a big scale.

Most of the Italian troops had never been in a real battle before. Or if they'd been in Ethiopia they'd got a false idea of what war is like. Anyway it was more than they could stand—and it was worse because their officers had told them they were going to ride right into Madrid, just as they had into Addis Ababa. I saw them jump from their tanks, leap by the hundreds from the motor trucks, and run as only men can run who are possessed by the overwhelming fear of death. They were little dark shapes, twisting, turning, knocking one another down in their madness to find shelter somewhere from that rain of death. The road was completely clogged by now. The motor trucks extended back for several miles—I don't know how many. The trucks couldn't go back; they couldn't turn around. Their drivers had deserted them. It was every man for himself. The fields were full of running soldiers. Our infantry had opened up a terrific fire and other squadrons of our planes were dropping 300-kilogram bombs on the Italian supply trains far back near the rear of their columns. The explosions must have been deafening on the ground. We could even hear plenty of them above the roar of our motors.

By this time thousands upon thousands of Italians were racing for safety. They were so panicstricken that many of them ran headlong toward our own advancing troops. The Fascists had thrown away their rifles, their knapsacks, everything. Escape was their only thought. Before that day's attack was done there must have been thirty thousand Italians scattered in mad flight all over the countryside. When nightfall came and we turned back from our last flight they were still running for cover and long lines of empty trucks and heavily loaded ammunition trains

stood deserted on the highway that was supposed to take them to Madrid. It was a hell of a mess down there all day long. We just kept letting them have it. I know it's terrible. You don't have to tell me! But who started this war anyhow?

V

When did I get this bad leg? It was during our first offensive on the Guadarrama front. It started on May 31st at three o'clock in the morning. We were trying to take Segovia. Those of us in the Loyalist air squadrons were flying all day long, making five flights a day. That's a devil of a lot of fighting, in case you've never tried it.

The first two days went off well. On the third day, June second, the enemy was getting tougher. We thought we were through for the day when we got an order to take off immediately. In seven minutes we were in the air. Just as we got off the ground a heavy thunderstorm broke and it looked pretty bad. The clouds were black and thick. When we got nearer the front the ceiling was very low, so we had to go up through the clouds in order to cross the Guadarrama mountains.

We had four ground-strafer—I was flying one of them, as usual—and we had twenty-five pursuit planes on the flight. The trouble was that fifteen of them were flown by new pilots who were sent out with us to learn their bearings. They were instructed not to engage in any dog fight. Well, they didn't engage. They just flew right into the mess and had to fight their way out with the rest of us. The four of us in the tri-motored bombers had orders to wipe out an artillery concentration at La Revenga—our last job for the day.

After we crossed the Guadarramas we flew through a break in the clouds and we saw La Revenga ahead of us. At the same time we saw a large group of Fiats and Heinkels. They were busy as a flock of buzzards, bombing and strafing our troops. The Fascists were just as sur-

prised as we were. By that time it was 8:15 in the evening. On account of the storm and the late hour we didn't expect to find any enemy planes in the air and they must have thought the same about us. We popped out of the clouds and found ourselves right in the midst of them.

It was a mad jumble. Before we knew it we were mixed up with the rebel fighters, but we had no idea there were so many of them. We only saw about fifteen planes at first and seven or eight of our pursuit ships took them on. We ground-strafters were flying at a dangerously high altitude, about 1,800 meters, and we paid for it later. As the four of us broke through we saw the fight start. We thought our Chatos could more than take care of the rebel ships in sight, but we didn't know we had only ten experienced fighters with us and we had no idea there were about fifty rebel planes in the air, most of them hidden in the clouds. So we four ground-strafters decided to go through with it. Unless it's plain suicide or the odds are overwhelming, we always go through to our objective.

We opened up, full speed, straight for La Revenga and let loose our bombs. As we let them go the Fascists jumped on us. The plane next to mine started burning, but the pilot put the fire out. We had great luck with the bombing. We knew we had no time to spread them around, so each of us let go with the whole load—twenty-four bombs—at once. It was a wild stab. And we planted the lot of them on the artillery concentration; wiped it out. Bum's luck, that's all it was. Our machine-gunners were firing all the time, trying to hold off the rebel pursuit planes. We were in a tight spot. So we made a guess at when we should be in the right position, dumped everything we had and turned for home.

We banked to turn back, and as we did so the Fascist fighters came up at us from underneath. That's one of the most vulnerable angles for big bombers like ours. We were wide open for it. The bad weather had kept us much too far off the

ground and the surprise encounter hadn't given us a chance to go in low for the bombing. The rebels cut loose at us with everything they had. I heard explosive bullets ripping through my wings. Then I felt the aileron controls snap off, and I knew I was in for a tough time. I lost speed on the left bank turn. The other three ground-strafters hadn't been hit in any vital spot and they were leaving me behind. That meant that the Fiats would give me the works if they could.

I held the motors wide open and started zigzagging like a fool. I thought if I zigzagged hard enough maybe I'd spoil the aim of the attacking planes and get through somehow. For the first couple of minutes I made out pretty well. One after another the rebel fighters came at me. I don't know how many there were, but they kept coming from both sides and underneath. I'd lost seventy-five kilometers a mile in speed already.

Down below the infantry battle had stopped. An air fight is a show, you know. I was zigzagging and diving at an angle, trying to spoil the rebels' aim—and they were really rotten shots. But owing to the broken aileron controls, I couldn't maneuver very much. Then there came a whistling past my ears, all of a sudden—and my whole control board was gone.

I didn't have time to know whether I'd been hit or not. At a time like that you might not feel an arm or leg wound at all. Flames burst out in the front of the cabin, and the gas tanks were at my feet and over my head. In a flash the entire front of the ship was in flames. I shouted to my machine-gunner to jump; and I began pulling to open up the straps which tied me to my seat. The pilot is supposed to be the captain of the ship, you know. Passengers out first!

The plane wasn't out of control yet, but the two cabins were burning on both sides. I knew I had to jump through the flames. That's the first time I felt as I know a chicken feels when it is roasted alive. I was tugging like mad at the straps, but I remember I was debating in my mind, should I shut the motors off or

leave them wide open? I hated the thought of losing one of our ground-strafters in enemy territory. I decided to leave the motors wide open on the chance that the ship might come down behind our lines.

All the while I was hunting for the release lock to the straps. The smoke blinded me. I was getting fainter and fainter. I don't know what happened next. I must have lost consciousness, yet I must have pulled myself loose and jumped somehow. The next thing I remember I opened my eyes and I thought how wonderfully cool it was. I was tumbling down. As I turned over I saw the ship flying like a flaming rocket. It was going straight ahead on an even keel.

I was whirling down. Things were tumbling around me. Everything looked cockeyed. Then I realized where I was and pulled the ripcord on my parachute. It was an Irving seat pack. I'd always had the greatest confidence in that 'chute. I looked down and saw the ground coming up and coming up and the 'chute hadn't opened. I thought, "Maybe the 'chute won't open." I kept falling and the ground kept coming up and still the 'chute didn't open. Then I asked myself, "I wonder how it will feel to die? Will you feel any pain?" Then I thought, "There'll be such a terrific shock you won't feel anything. It'll be all over before you know it."

I was still falling. I must have fallen about a thousand meters and I thought "It's a good thing you had about 1,600 meters to start with." By that time I'd decided I wouldn't feel anything when I struck the ground; I'd simply be killed. Then I got mad. I thought, "You've flown all kinds of old crates and never got hurt. You've been shot at in dozens of dog fights and never got hit. You've just escaped the bullets from three or four rebel planes—and now you're going to die because this damned parachute won't open." I never got so mad in my life.

It was crazy, but I threw the ripcord away. I grabbed at the 'chute on the seat

of my pants and tore at it like a fool. I ripped it away from me—so hard that I tore the nails off of three of my fingers, only I didn't feel it then. Then the 'chute opened up. Before I knew what had happened I was caught up with a terrific jolt that almost knocked the wind out of me. The 'chute had worked. What happened was this. There are rubber bands on the seat pack and when you pull the ripcord the rubber bands are supposed to release the lock. But the flames had burned the rubber off, so the ripcord didn't work. When I tried to tear the 'chute off I tore open the lock instead.

But wait! You haven't heard anything yet. I started looking around and I began to feel parts of my body burning. It was a lucky thing I was wearing a leather suit. Otherwise I'd have burned up before I hit the ground. My face and neck and wrists and ankles had been the only parts exposed. They were all badly burned, but my pilot's headgear and glasses had saved my eyes and the upper part of my head.

I saw that my leather suit was burning slowly. The long fall and the rush of air had fanned the embers. I started beating the fire out with my hands, on my legs and body. Then I began looking around to get my bearings. I found that the wind was blowing me toward our lines. I felt pretty good about that. I figured I had just about enough altitude to be able to make our lines. So I went on beating out the embers I still found in the burnt spots in my leather suit.

I thought everything was going fine again. Then suddenly something whizzed by me—the old familiar sound of machine-gun bullets. In a split-second a Fiat zoomed past and I knew he'd come back. My heart went back in my mouth. I wished the ground would come up like a racehorse. I knew I had to do something awfully fast.

So I started swinging the 'chute from side to side, pulling one side and then the other. That way I'd be a moving target. With luck I might escape getting hit.

Then I pulled the cords to make me drop faster. It worked, all right. I began to shoot down with more speed all the time. But the Fiat was coming back. It slashed by me from below and flying at an angle. The machine-gun was wide open. I guess the angle was what saved me. The bullets whizzed by and didn't hit me, but I began to see bits of blue sky through the envelope of the 'chute and I knew what that meant.

Now I'm swinging for all I'm worth and the ground is coming up damned fast. I'm sure there'll be a third attack. Sure enough, I see a monoplane coming up and I think, "This time you're done." It looks like a Heinkel at first and I'm swinging back and forth, waiting for the bullets. I know what it's like to feel like a target. Then I see it's one of our monoplane fighters come to rescue me. I don't see the Fiats after that. Long afterward I found out we had lost three planes, two of them ground-strafters, in the whole fight and we brought down nine enemy machines. But that's not part of this story.

The ground was coming up terribly fast now. I had no time to watch. Between my swinging back and forth and the bullet holes in the top of the 'chute, I was falling—not floating down. I said to myself, "You're going to get a hell of a bump." Then I saw I was headed for a forest. I figured I must manage somehow to fall between the trees.

The trees were coming up at me like an express train. I saw the tops of two trees and a space between. Then I gave myself a swing toward that little hole where the ground was. The 'chute tore down through the branches and stopped with a jerk. I heard the canvas tearing as I went down. Then I was yanked to a stop. The branches had broken my fall. That's what saved me. But I was still hanging about twenty-five feet from the ground. I'd forgotten all about my burns. I thought, "Well, you didn't get killed after all." Then I asked myself how I was going to get down—and just as I thought that, the 'chute tore loose. Down I went.

I hit the ground hard, on both legs, and the right one snapped under me.

VI

I didn't feel any pain. All I felt was a snap in the leg. I was lying on my back with the breath half out of me. Then I heard the machine-guns and artillery going again. That reminded me that maybe I was still inside the rebels' lines. I tried to sit up and I saw my leg stuck out like it was half-twisted off my body. I thought, "How can I get to our lines? I can't go very far." I looked around and saw a big rock by a tree. I crawled there on my hands and one knee, dragging the leg behind me. Pains began to shoot through my leg and I felt the burns worse than I ever had yet.

I lay behind the rocks, wondering if I was inside the enemy lines. I decided I must be, so I took out my revolver. If anybody came I decided I'd shoot as long as my bullets lasted. I must have lain there for about three minutes. Suddenly I heard yelling, like a pack of wild Indians. A bunch of soldiers were rushing down the hill toward me. They jumped from one tree trunk to another and began shooting. The bullets began smashing all around me. I thought, "You're done for this time." Then I got ready to fight it out and just as I was going to shoot I saw a red star on the cap of one of the men. I thought I must be crazy, but I looked again and I saw another red star.

Then I knew it was our own troops. They thought I was a Fascist pilot and they were shooting at me. If I shot back I knew I'd be killed. They got closer, always behind the tree trunks, and I put my revolver back in the holster. I thought if I didn't return the fire they'd stop shooting and they did. But that didn't help much. When they had me surrounded a dozen or more of them came rushing at me. I tried to call out that I was a Loyalist, but they didn't hear me and the uniforms are too much alike. They pounced on me shouting "Fascist

dog! Fascist dog." They dragged me out, one pulling at my broken leg. They kicked and beat me. I was trying to yell in Spanish, but they didn't let up until an officer came. By that time, they'd hurt me worse than the burns or the broken leg. The officer asked for my papers. Then the men all acted as ashamed as a bunch of kids. They could see I was badly hurt.

After that they couldn't do enough for me. They carried me half a mile, loaded me into an old ambulance, and drove me about twenty-five kilometers—over some of the roughest mountain roads in the world—to a mountain clubhouse that had been converted into an emergency hospital.

The building was crowded. It could only hold one hundred men and the medical staff was very small. The doctors and nurses hadn't slept for four nights and they had no electric lights. So they turned the headlights of an automobile on the so-called operating tables and put

me to sleep with injections. When I woke up a few hours later my leg was in a plaster cast. It was burning something terrific. I couldn't open my eyes and I never had such pain in my life.

Since then I've been transferred from hospital to hospital, and I've had several operations. The doctors here say my leg will only be about one centimeter shorter than the other, and that means I'll be able to fly again.

The only trouble is it's an awful long time to wait, and there's not much you can do. There aren't many Americans come out here, and there aren't many books or magazines in English to read. I get darned homesick sometimes. But I came over here to do a job. I'm going to finish that first if the war's still on when I get rid of these crutches. The only thing I worry about is my mother and sisters and kid brother. They live on East Second Street. If you see them when you get back tell them I'm all right, will you?





WORD-TROUBLE AMONG THE STATESMEN

BY STUART CHASE

In this article, the third and last in a series on human communication, Mr. Chase applies the principles of semantics—the science of language—to political talk. If you read the earlier articles you will remember that he pointed out two major difficulties in our use of language: identification of word with thing, and failure to locate the *referents*, the tangible events in space and time, to which abstract words refer.—*The Editors*.

DURING the World War a patriotic American physician protested against the placards GERMAN MEASLES, displayed on houses where children were ill. He suggested VICTORY MEASLES.

"Many publicists," says H. G. Wells, "think of international relations in terms of Powers, mysterious entities of a value entirely romantic and diplomatic. International politics is for them only thinkable as a competition of these Powers. Patriotism is not something Power represents, but something in which Power trades. Germany, Austria, Britain, France are not names of peoples or regions, but of Powers personified. They say: Austria will not like this; France will insist upon that. . . . To this Power idea, political life of the last two centuries has schooled many otherwise intelligent men and by it their minds are now invincibly circumscribed and fixed."

It is almost as difficult to visualize a "power" or a "nation" as it is to visualize The Good. I ask you to think of "Germany," and what do you see? An area colored yellow or brown (the British Empire was usually red) on a map in your school geography. That is your chief visible referent. Germany has geographical reality, although its boundaries make

little topographical sense and are sometimes shifted. The other measurable referent is the native population living in this area, men, women, and children. They can be counted. Their characteristics, however, are astronomical in complexity and variation. Some of these people compose the German Government, and one person to-day makes the major political decisions.

A topographical section, a file of people, or a group of officials is not, however, the personified "nation" commonly used in language. The latter is something impressively more, an essence, a might, a will—and so a ghost. Observations in the area disclose nothing corresponding to such an essence. They disclose Schmidt I, Schmidt II, Schmidt III going about their business, if any, or kicking their heels in an employment office, if none. "Germany" may have gone mad in 1914 and again in 1933 as excited commentators say, but the organic madness is in the realms of demonology, not in the area called Germany. Indeed, you yourself recognize this when you say: "The German people are not so bad in the main, but *Germany* . . ."

If Germany in terms of real referents does thus and so then you must be pre-

pared to see every person in the population, with a heave-ho like sailors on a rope, doing thus and so. "Germany chokes freedom." All together now, choke! But if all together, who is left to be choked? The cows perhaps or an American newspaper man in Berlin. Well, some persons called Germans are choking the activities of other Germans. Correct. The German Government as a group of officials is doing some choking. Yes. But "Germany" is not doing any choking. No. When you get away from "Germany" and begin to think about Schmidt I the fog begins to lift. In any country in so-called Western Civilization you will find most people eating, sleeping, laughing, talking, going to market, rearing children, working in factories, tilling the soil, reading newspapers, attending concerts, games, and moving pictures, riding in railroad trains and motor cars—a good deal as most people are doing in the next country.

Some people in Germany to-day are performing certain acts of which I disapprove. But I find many people in the area called America performing acts of which I also disapprove. Mr. Hearst, for instance. Are there relatively more of such actions in Germany? I believe there are, but I confess my inventory is not complete. At this point intelligent criticism can take place, but not in the foggy realms of a "mad Germany."

The Middle Ages suffered from the bad language of theology, but not from abstract "nations" and "powers." These monsters are hardly more than two centuries old. If a nation is not a person it obviously has no personal sense of honor. Therefore its "honor" cannot be insulted. If Chancellor Blowhard gives orders to shoot down the citizens of a village across the border in the country of Zenda, the government of Zenda has reason to take strong measures, for its people have been cruelly hurt. But if Chancellor Blowhard announces that Zenda has been chosen by God as a refuge for all the knaves and poltroons on earth, the only official notice warranted by the govern-

ment of Zenda is to ask the people across the border why they elected such a silly Chancellor. To order general mobilization because of an insult to a wraith is madness indeed. But military reprisals have been undertaken for less. More normally, a battle of insults precedes the gunpowder.

I say the "government" of Zenda and fall into my own trap. What is "my government" that diplomats are so punctilious about? "My government requests an immediate apology." . . . "My government extends the warmest hopes for his majesty's recovery from the stone. . . ." Where are realities for these envelopes sealed with the great seal, these satin breeches, grim lips, and frozen politeness? It is said that not more than eight persons can sit round a table together to discuss a given topic and make intelligent progress. When a pressing decision must be reached, seven are better than eight, five are better than seven, one is best of all. *Somewhere round that table you will probably find your "government."* When thinking about governments let your mind go through the word to a great mahogany table. What man or men sit there? How wise are they, or is he? What would you do if your legs were under it?

At no point is the semantic discipline more needed than in agreements between governments. Treaties are signed and torn up; solemn obligations are entered into and repudiated; generous understandings are reached and violated. Part of this is due to bad faith. The diplomatic gentlemen are sometimes plain liars. But part of it occurs because the high contracting parties have not located the referents which their high words discuss. When you read an editorial complaining that solemn international obligations have been violated it is a good idea to find out if the obligation is the kind of thing that really can be violated. Think of all the non-aggression pacts now on file. Think of the difficulty, sometimes the impossibility, of finding out who the aggressor is. High talk by high

fools does more damage in international affairs, one suspects, than sinister plots and barefaced lies by diplomatic knaves.

From the American papers in July, 1937, comes an Associated Press story:

Soviet Russia received an apology from Secretary of State Hull to-day because Admiral William D. Leahy, United States Chief of Naval Operations, recently called the Russian people "virtual slaves." Leahy's remarks, made in a recent speech, prompted Russian diplomats to file objections. The admiral explained he meant no offense.

Whatever he meant, the phrase has no communicable value. The Russians, said the admiral, are blab blabs. Yet the "insult" is taken seriously, the cables warm up, notes are exchanged, diplomats go hastily down long corridors with official papers, an international incident is in the offing. Which reminds me that Joseph Cotton, when Assistant Secretary of State, found to his dismay that there was no word in the American diplomatic code for "laugh."

Kingsley Martin tells us that in 1929 Lord Snowden created an international crisis by using the word "grotesque" in connection with a French Minister's proposal for a financial settlement. We had better go back to the duel in cases of this kind. Let Lord Snowden give the French Minister satisfaction for injured honor at thirty paces rather than run the risk of calling out the army and navy, because La Patrie cannot tolerate the word "grotesque."

I mentioned Mr. Martin in an earlier article as an expert dissector of the British "Crown." Observe in the following quotation how Disraeli, Prime Minister at the time, and so the man at the mahogany table, skillfully shifted responsibility to a magical Crown, and thus checkmated effective opposition to his policies.

What Disraeli did in his Crystal Palace speech was to blend into one vast imperial whole the problem of the white dominions, the problem of Ireland, the problem of the Near East, the problem of India, and finally, by a stroke of genius, the problem of Queen Victoria's relationship to her subjects. Henceforward it was impossible to induce

anyone to think clearly and coolly about any of these issues. It became impossible to hint at the necessity of Home Rule in Ireland, or to demand better government in India, or to discuss the ethics of British occupation of Egypt, without being charged with disloyalty to the Queen. To turn an intelligent imperialist movement into a popular jingoism, which bore fruit in the Boer War, was the immediate result of Disraeli's exploitation of the Crown.

The long agony of the people labelled "Jews" is largely caused by semantic confusion. The abstraction "Jew" is given an equipment of phantom characteristics. Isaac I, Isaac II, and Isaac III are then harassed or tortured on the basis of this notion. If you meet a person subscribing to a certain religion called Jewish and do not like him, that is one thing. It may be his weakness or it may be yours. But if you denounce him as a "Jew," apart from his space-time characteristics, you perform a monstrous act. You are a victim of hallucinations and, strictly speaking, are not sane; for there is no concrete entity "Jew" in the living world. It is a word in your head. For such behavior I am willing to call Hitler mad. There are also madmen of this persuasion in New York City.

II

"The American people will never tolerate socialism; will never tolerate fascism; will never surrender their liberties; will never defy their Constitution." How often have the changes been rung on these stirring statements? One might as well say: "The people of the moon will never tolerate green cheese." Produce referents for American people, socialism, fascism, liberty, "defy their Constitution." Otherwise such statements can elicit emotion but little more. What kind of liberty, at what place, at what time?

Writing on democracy in the *New Republic*, Luis Alberto Sanchez, of Peru, reviews his contribution to a symposium:

"Political democracy is not on the wane; it is going through a period of correction and of clarification."

While Sanin Cano of Colombia begins his:

"I am afraid democracy is practically losing ground all over the world."

Is this a flat disagreement on the facts? No. It is disagreement because each gentleman means a different thing by democracy. What would be a semantic appraisal of the word—an appraisal in terms of the scientific study of language—meanings? One begins by asking: what kind of democracy, where, when? Shall the kind be political as in a nation; industrial as in a labor union; social as in a club? Shall the place and time be the Athens of 500 B.C., the Roman Republic of 100 B.C., the Dutch Republic of 1600, the Commonwealth of Cromwell in 1655, the American democracy of 1787, or the American democracy of 1937? Democracy-in-general is as meaningless a term as Jews-in-general.

In the world of to-day let us see if we can find the significant relations between various governmental forms now in operation. I think it fair to assume that the major decisions of all governments are made by very few men, often by one man. Mr. Baldwin has been the chief decision-maker for the British Empire—he dismissed the late King. Mr. Roosevelt has made decisions recently for the United States, Mr. Blum for the French Government, Hitler for the German Government, Mussolini for the Italian, Stalin for the Russian. These gentlemen are subject to various checks and balances, but *for the moment* their decisions are conclusive. The check on Stalin is expulsion by the Central Committee of the Communist Party; the check on Hitler is the Reichswehr; on Baldwin, the Parliament and the Cabinet; on Roosevelt, the Congress and the Supreme Court. The check on Mussolini appears to be only his own conscience.

In the so-called democratic governments the man who decides is elected by a counting of citizens' votes. His decisions may be mandatory when he is in office, but if the majority of citizens do not like them they can vote him out at

the next election, appoint another leader, and reverse the policies. In the so-called dictatorships the man who makes the decisions has no set time limit. He stays indefinitely. He can be ousted only by violence. The fear of violence leads him to apply more castor oil, concentration camps, firing squads, and secret service corps than democratic leaders do. His political decisions may be better or worse, but the methods he usually adopts to keep himself in office are worse. On the other hand, he can often get things done with more efficiency than can democratic statesmen. Dictators can begin a war more readily and in the past have used war as a method of keeping themselves in office.

Dictators can get things done. It is folly to blink this fact. The rate of change, especially technological change, in modern societies makes it imperative to get things done. Otherwise things are likely to explode. Stalin and Hitler have both got rid of unemployment. Democratic governments, with their checks and balances and repeated shifts in policy-makers, often avoid rather than squarely face the problems raised by change.

Most of us in America prefer the democratic form of government. But when we are confronted with the weaknesses of democracy as currently practiced we tend to burst into rhetoric about freedom, liberty, the Constitution, hallowed rights, and imperishable traditions. Such talk does not get things done. On the contrary, it delays them. Intelligent citizens who value democratic forms of government should forget the rhetoric. They should bend their energies toward making studies, performing experiments, to the end of changing the machinery of democracy to articulate with changes in the environment. Such a course is impossible if people think of "democracy" as an entity, fixed, eternal, and inviolate. Sweden is now providing a laboratory where new machinery is being invented to keep the democratic method up to date. That, I submit, is the way to avoid dictators.

The majority of citizens go about their business in one country as in the next. This is the objective picture to keep constantly in mind. As I went about Russia in 1927 I had to pinch myself to realize that these peaceful, friendly, busy people were in the midst of a great historical revolution. On top of the common base of daily behavior rises the governmental structure, normally with one man making the chief decisions in any given country at any one time. It is in some such focus that you and I and Adam I should form our opinions on national policy. It is this picture we should see before we demand a war for democracy, or military aid for warring factions in foreign countries in the interest of preserving democracy.

One-man governments have three names—Communism, Fascism, and "Republics"—where the President holds power until the next *coup d'état*, as in certain Latin American countries. What are the observable distinctions? The man at the top follows the accredited pattern of hanging on to his job. He is used to it, he likes the quarters, and he hates to quit. Modern dictatorships are heavily collectivized in the sense that the state dominates and directs economic activities. Private businesses may or may not be profitable, but so far as power is concerned they are subservient to the dictator.

In the so-called Communist dictatorship of Russia the plain man is probably more highly regarded to-day than in the so-called Fascist dictatorships of Germany and Italy. Ivan I may even receive a greater relative quota of consumers' goods and public benefits, but no operational tests have been performed to establish this. It is also highly probable that Stalin is more loath to begin an offensive war than Mussolini or Hitler. He has less to gain from it; for Russia is a territory replete with rich natural deposits, while Italy and Germany are deficient in many raw materials.

Sympathizers with the Russian form of dictatorship are afraid of attack by the

so-called fascist dictatorships. Naturally they desire all the help they can get, so they make many statements about democratic governments supporting one another. Such statements are loud noises to me. The question I have to answer is this: As an American, do I love the people of Russia enough to urge the killing of tens of thousands of my people in a war against Germany, Italy, or Japan? The answer is no. I desire to see the people of Russia given a chance to work out one of the most significant economic experiments ever undertaken, but I am not prepared, as an American, to protect that experiment by force of arms. I remember too vividly the last time Americans ventured forth to make the world safe for democracy. If I were Ivan I the case would be different.

At this moment, a brazen invasion of France is going on. The Prussian militarist powers, in undisguised violation of their own signatures, of every canon of international law, of every principle of decency and humanity, are trying to crush the French people and their elected democratically constituted government. Apparently this does not matter to us. We sit by idly and contentedly, denying French democracy the means to defend itself. Neutrality followed to its logical conclusion has made America effectively pro-German.

Doesn't that take one back to 1916? It was not written in 1916, however, but in 1937. I have followed Alfred Bingham in transposing a few words. The way Louis Fischer actually wrote the paragraph published in *The Nation*, March 27, 1937, was this:

At this moment, a brazen invasion of Spain is going on. The fascist militarist powers, in undisguised violation of their own signatures . . . are trying to crush the Spanish people . . . We sit by idly and contentedly, denying Spanish democracy the means to defend itself. Neutrality followed to its logical conclusion has made America effectively pro-fascist.

Thus we find an emotive content similar to that of 1916, similar slogans, a similar call to cherish democracy. Mr. Fischer, I take it, is prepared if necessary to go to war to defend Russia. I am not. I am one of the greatest idle and contented sitters-by you ever saw.

III

I do not like dictators, especially those styled fascist, but I dislike the facts of modern warfare more. It may be argued—and is—that if Hitler gobbles up Russia the United States will be next. Hitler has first to deal with Stalin's army, and especially his air force. In the not too probable event that he conquered Russia, one suspects that he would have trouble enough trying to sit on the one hundred and eighty million Slavs stretched along two continents without being eager to sit on one hundred and thirty million Americans occupying a large section of a third continent. I outline this common argument not so much to refute it as to give a sample of the fantastic nature of many political arguments.

If I do not want to go to war then I must be a Pacifist. Good Lord! Absolutes to the right of us, Absolutes to the left of us. At times like these I am almost ready to go back to sign language. How would you call a man a Pacifist with your hands? One reason why people who do not like military violence get into so many battles among themselves, and are on the whole so futile, is that they try to deal with Pacifism as a timeless principle. Nearly every living animal will fight when cornered; the impulse is deep in the nervous mechanism of survival. Whether men will fight or not depends on a given set of circumstances at some given time and place. Non-resistance as a timeless principle is meaningless. To refuse to fight in a given war is a different matter, and often takes courage. Furthermore, to proclaim in advance what one will or will not do in some future situation is a branch of astrology. You do not know what you will do until you are in it. In the event of an unprovoked attack by air on your city, a military invasion of the country in which you live, a sudden revolutionary uprising on the streets as you are going home to lunch, your boy being choked to death by poison gas—how can you tell what you will do *then*?

Opponents of Pacifism make much of

the well-known argument about the criminal attack upon your sister. Would you fight to protect her virtue? If so you are no Pacifist and not really opposed to war. Even formal logic could correct the implied syllogism:

Major premise: War involves violence.

Minor premise: Those who defend their sisters use violence.

Therefore: They are warriors.

Though the context of a criminal attack is entirely different from that of organized, deliberate warfare, both are cheerfully lumped together. You cannot compare situations in different contexts, and make sense.

Then I am not a Pacifist? No, I am not a Blab. On the principle of survival, I am opposed to taking action against the lives of the citizens of any country if there is a possible way to avoid it. Whether I should fight in a future war or not, or advocate fighting, depends on time, place, and nature of the provocation in an experience not yet encountered. My feeling is against war; what my body will do when the time comes I cannot say.

A war of ideas is a contradiction in terms. An idea cannot be fought with guns. At best, aggression may sometimes be discouraged with guns, but aggression is an act. What usually happens is a sequence of reprisals, beginning with a disagreement over an idea—say Catholicism versus Protestantism, or Fascism versus Democracy. Even in a childish quarrel the original disagreement tends to be lost in the bitterness of the fight about who began the fight. "You started it!" "I did not, you started it!" When the battle goes over from high words to physical violence, to reprisals, killings, and "atrocities," the disagreement becomes insoluble. Faces must be saved, lives avenged. The struggle ends when fatigue and exhaustion exceed desire to pay the other fellow back. To this dreadful impasse do our words lead us.

The worst thing about a so-called war of ideas is the *identification of the idea with the physical tactics*, real or alleged. Catholicism is the tortures of the Inquisi-

tion; communism is the execution of priests and generals; imperial Germany is cutting off the hands of Belgian babies; fascism is the bombing of civilians in Madrid. Fortified with such identifications, opponents of these ideas are ready to tear the world to pieces to stamp out unholy doctrine. While Hitler was battling Catholics in Germany a meeting took place at Madison Square Garden in New York where strong sympathy was shown for General Franco and the Spanish rebels. One of the speakers was the Reverend Bernard Grimley of London, editor of the *Catholic Times*. He reduced the conflict to its simplest terms: "The issue," he said, "is God or anti-God." Thereby he identified God with General Franco, with German troops under Franco, and so with Hitler, who at the time was fighting God in Germany!

"Neutrality" is another troublesome abstraction. As an Absolute it can obviously never be defined; yet we witness laws, orations, public meetings, organizations, books, pamphlets to enforce it. Nobody wants to enjoy a word, "neutrality"; one wants Adam I and Schmidt I to forego the doubtful pleasure of blowing each other to bits. Steps can be taken to make a war more difficult to inaugurate, but neutrality, to have meaning, must be decided for each specific case. Neutrality of what kind, where, when?

What are "munitions of war"? This question is now perplexing statesmen and believers in peace. They hope to find an exact definition, and so prevent the export of munitions. The word is there, so of course the thing must be there. A little observation shows that referents for the term are impossible to locate unless one wants to include practically every raw and processed material. The conditions of modern warfare and modern technology are such that a whole people is mobilized as well as the army, and nearly every mineral, foodstuff, and technical crop enters into mobilization requirements. Camera factories are turned into plants for making gun-sights; cotton for dresses

becomes guncotton, farm-tractor factories begin to throw tanks off the assembly line. In some cases a line of paper credit is the best of all "munitions." The pursuit of the word is hopeless. The best a given government can do is to list categorically certain materials that it will or will not export, with no illusions as to stopping trade in all "munitions."

It has frequently been pointed out that war is unprofitable to a given country. Norman Angell wrote a famous book, *The Great Illusion*, emphasizing this. America lent the Allies money. The Allies paid only a fraction of the money back. So America lost billions, and we conclude that wars are unprofitable and should not be undertaken. But wait a moment. *Who* lent the Allies *what*? When we begin to analyze the concrete situation, we find that many American bankers made a very sweet thing out of war loans; many American business men made great sums of money out of goods ordered on the strength of war loans; many American workers held jobs at high wages out of war loans. That more people suffered than benefited in America may or may not be true. To draw flat conclusions about the unprofitableness of war for America is to misunderstand what actually happened and to complicate a realistic program for dealing with another threat of war.

IV

Consider "free speech" as an Absolute. Liberals criticize the government of Russia for denying free speech. When one mildly observes that most Russians do not know what free speech means in the American sense one's head is snapped off. Free speech is declared to be free speech everywhere, at all times. Only the morally obtuse would fail to live up to the great principle. If you are caught, as I have been in the toils of a moral lecture on this subject, invite the moralist to go out on the street and shout a few selected four-letter words and see how long free speech is permitted him before the police

arrive. Freedom is a relative term, having meaning only in specific contexts. In America, criticism of the government, of government officials, of industrial tycoons, of exalted members of the clergy, great bankers, and other high-mucky-mucks is one of our highly valued privileges. To carry the concept over into Russia or Turkey or Japan is meaningless. The context has changed, and the concept must change.

A newspaperman reported an interview with presidential candidate Harding in 1920 as follows: "A Senator, distinguished, powerful, an astute leader with surpassing skill in political management, told me that Americanism was to be this year's campaign issue. When I asked him what Americanism meant, he said that he did not know, but that it was a damned good word with which to carry an election." It was—in 1920. In 1936 Messrs. Landon and Knox found that it had worn a little stale.

The Republican party is an elephant; the Democratic party a donkey. Outside of this zoological notation the differences are hard to find. As animated abstractions, the parties are worth a rousing fight. Men turn pale with anger as they discuss party politics. Semantically there is no "party" as an entity. The referents of the term are individual voters more or less controlled by local bosses. Observing them, we find they behave in substantially a similar way. The ins become the outs, and the outs become the ins. Payers of income taxes are more likely to profess Republican sympathies in the North, Democratic sympathies in the South. Indeed the only *measurable* difference seems to be that Republicans pull one lever on the voting machine and Democrats another. The election of 1936 was decided by the relative strength of those who liked Mr. Roosevelt and his policies as against those who did not. This is not to say that political parties are a fantasy and should be abolished, only that in discussing politics it is well to keep abstraction levels clear and find real differences if any. In many countries we find perceptible

differences between liberal and conservative blocs; not so as a rule in the United States.

V

In the second article of this series I tried to apply the semantic tests to certain aspects of economics; here I am trying to apply them to certain aspects of politics. Each topic might fill a solid book and still be far from covered. Here we have had space for only a few flashlight exposures. The technic is applicable to every phase of human activity. Even scientists, whose talk is governed by a diligent attempt to find referents, sometimes bow down to Absolutes. When Einstein demolished the Absolute Time and Space of Newton many physicists were as shocked as were respectable bankers when England went off gold.

In the fields of philosophy, logic, literary criticism, sex theory, pedagogy, law, race, where you will, the student of semantics is embarrassed with the richness of the evidence that people do not know what they are talking about. A business conference, the *Congressional Record*, a meeting of a Board of Education, the proceedings of almost any annual convention, a get-together of pacifists, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of communists, of delegates to the A. F. of L., a banquet of the bar association—words, words, words, making blab, sense, blab, blab, sense, blab; a thin, white flicker of meaning on a broad black band.

From 1870 to 1914 in the United States this kind of thing did not make so much difference. Men were busy overrunning a continent and words could not seriously deflect the course of hustling and impetuous action. But those of us who have lived through the Great War, the Great Boom, the Great Depression, and now observe the rise of the dictators abroad are not so easy in our minds as were our fathers in the days of Cleveland and McKinley. Even if not caught in an active catastrophe of fighting, financial ruin, personal suppression, deportation, or violence, one reads the headlines morn-

ing after morning with a kind of dazed incredulity. Has the planet begun to spin in the wrong direction? Is the oxygen leaving the atmosphere? Is agricultural mass production taking essential vitamins out of foodstuffs and slowly poisoning us? What is the matter with people? What is the matter with governments? What is the matter with us?

First a war that killed thirty million human beings. Then a speculative boom which, after producing more bad language to sell more fantastic propositions than in the entire previous history of finance, exploded like the airship *Hindenburg*. At last, when a little headway has been made against economic disaster, the peoples of Europe, more civilized than any other living group, prepare solemnly and deliberately to blow one another to molecules. Schmidt I, Ivan I, Giuseppe I, and Anatole I do not want to blow one another to molecules, but by a course as relentless as a Greek tragedy, they now move, white-faced and slow, to that end.

Confusions persist and increase because we have no true picture of the world outside and so cannot talk to one another about how to stop them. Again and again I come back to the image of the map. How can we arrive at a given destination by following a grossly inaccurate map, especially when each adventurer has a map with different inaccuracies? Better language can clear away many non-existent locations which clutter the maps we now carry. It will help us talk sensibly with one another as to where we are, why we are *here*, and what we must do to get *there*. If the characteristics of people and groups are in fact different from the characteristics our charts and theories ascribe to them, the charts are dangerous, and we run into reefs instead of sailing through open channels. If people do not in fact behave as our ideas of "fascism" expect them to behave we are rendered helpless in dealing with the happenings which go under that label.

Semantic analysis helps to explain many baffling contradictions. Why are Christian preachers so ferocious in time of war? Why do well-to-do church members oppose laws against child labor so bitterly? Why is Tammany Hall, the notorious den of political brigands, so kind to poor people? Why do great scientists like Eddington and Millikan bring Heaven into their deductions if not into their experiments? Why are radicals so bent upon exterminating one another through factional splits? Why do socialist mayors call out the police to beat up strikers? Why are people with deplorable opinions frequently pleasant to talk to? Why do moral sinners often have such a good time? Why can't we find the money to finance better living conditions when we can readily find it to finance better dying conditions? Why is a balanced budget no longer a sacred symbol when a nation goes to war? Why is the right of private property enforced in many areas but not in the anthracite coal district of Pennsylvania? Why do we close down factories when unemployment is spreading? Why do all of us have such a dreadful time living up to our principles?

Such questions have haunted me for years. A certain cheap satisfaction can be derived by exposing contradictions in the opinions of those one does not agree with, but how about the alarming contradictions in one's own opinions and behavior? When one sees clearly that most principles, as currently affirmed, are unattainable because they have no contact with reality, the pain of such contradictions is eased. If a man affirms that his purpose in life is to jump over the moon and he does not do it you are not grieved because poor humanity does not live up to its principles. Many principles will be found to be moon-jumps when referents are sought for. Poor humanity is not indulging so much in moral failure as in bad language.



INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY

NOTES FROM AN OHIO FARM

BY CHARLES ALLEN SMART

I. *Seed*

I UNDERSTAND that every spring, in Plymouth, Massachusetts, a little procession of people in Pilgrim costume commemorate an event of three centuries ago by going out and planting some corn. For fertilizer, a fish is planted in each hill with the seed. The incumbent Minister of the First Church says a prayer. Now I don't happen to go to church or to pray. Still every year ten million or so other farmers and I, in this country, do certain profoundly strange and important things, and sometimes have strange thoughts and feelings about them, and this little ceremony in Plymouth is the only one I have heard of that recognizes, in any way, their religious significance.

The first preparatory rite is hauling out the manure, in autumn or winter or early spring. My hired man, James, and I are able to handle ours with my little "pick-up" truck. It is tiring but not half as nasty as it seems. Good manure is a lot cleaner, for instance, than street refuse. Ours rots all summer.

Then the plowing, dragging, and harrowing. I have tried several times to plow, years ago as a boy, and recently, and I have never been able to do it. If I had more chance I think I could learn; but so far every time the plow has gone too deep or jumped out of the ground or wandered all over the place, or all three, and after about five minutes I feel as though I'd run a mile. Dragging and harrowing are easier. I don't know anything much

nicer to look at than a good field all ready for seed.

We have planted corn here twice now in my tenure, but I do not yet know how to operate a corn planter. It seems to me a very strange and inefficient machine. A long wire with pieces of metal attached to it at regular intervals, the distance between the hills of corn, is stretched across the field. The planter is driven up the wire, which releases the seeds of corn. The wire has to be moved every time a new row is begun. I should think that a catch on a wheel would do the trick, but then I'm no mechanic. It is hard to believe that these odd little machines being driven along wires in May are planting seeds that in a few weeks will be square miles of corn as faultlessly ordered as a drill at West Point, and much more exciting.

A wheat drill is larger, more complex, and more ingenious. It is used in the autumn here to plant wheat and other grains, and at the same time it plants timothy seed and drills in commercial fertilizer. We have had to plant rye twice here on the hill, as a cover crop for hay and for early pasture itself. The first time I called up a neighbor and arranged to borrow a drill. My hired man at the time, Hubert, went and got it with his father's team. It had been loaned to another neighbor, who had allowed fertilizer to get wet in it. Now fertilizer hardens like cement. Hubert and I spent a morning cleaning it out and then

Hubert got to work with it. I followed for a while, and everything, to my ignorant eye, seemed to be working properly. When he got through Hubert reported no further trouble. It was only the following spring that I found that all the timothy seed (eight dollars a bushel when bought) had been dropped in a small area at one end of the field, and a band twenty feet wide, the length of the field, had not been planted in rye. I have rarely felt quite such a fool.

The following autumn, after the other field had been cleared of corn and Hubert had departed, I got a neighbor to harrow it with a tractor, and I sowed the rye and timothy myself by hand. I used an old seeder which is simply a gadget attached to the bottom of a sack. You fill the sack with your seed mixture, open a vent at the bottom, turn a crank that turns a disk that throws the seed many feet, and walk steadily down one corn shock row after another. After a couple of rows, the seeder broke down and I had to finish the job by hand. I felt certain that I could not spread that seed evenly over thirteen acres and make it come out right, but it did. A couple of weeks later, when I happened to be in hospital, Peggy, my wife, reported that the rye had come up evenly all over the field. That winter most of it was frozen out, and it gave us only a few days of pasture; but I'd rather be beaten by twenty-two degrees below zero than by my own ignorance.

Then came the question of putting in a mixture of spring hayseed. A couple of washtubs full of grass seed are exciting. I plunge my arms into that cool, clean seed, and look at those mysterious hard little grains, and I see thousands of rolling acres of grass, with roots gripping the earth, and the wind caressing the green, and great herds of cattle and sheep eating it, and lying down in it to rest and chew, and growing fat and strong. I hear the grasses murmuring, I feel them drawing up the water and the richness. . . .

On a clear warm day in March without wind, when the pools of water had mostly disappeared but the earth was still damp,

I did my sowing. It's an easy job. The sack isn't heavy, and I sowed the thirteen acres and more in less than a day. The seed flies out like hard rain and stings your hands red. You walk steadily over the earth in the sunlight, looking up now and then at the hills. You imagine the grass growing. It doesn't have to be cultivated, and with any kind of soil and dampness at all, it spreads. It's good food; it's a fine, useless beauty too. You think of Johnny Appleseed, moving west in this very country, when it was a lovely wilderness, and Abraham Lincoln's father was chopping down trees. You think of the Mongols and their herds, always moving, always looking for grass. You wonder whether, if you do something like this, the red and black figures in your book are so terribly important after all. You remember a farmer's telling you how his father sowed grass on horseback. You think of getting your animals through the winter alive, and you know that from now on the earth is going to help you and them, free, gratis, for nothing. You want to sing, dance, yell, get drunk, and pray. And you walk on, steadily, listening to, and watching carefully, the fall of that divine Rain.

Like most religious ecstasies, this one is followed by doubt. Is the damned stuff going to grow after all? Was that clay too wet? What about those pools of water that collected in the next few days? Then the tiny seeds begin to sprout, and take root, and you see that they are doing much better in some places than in others. And the weeds appear too. Then it doesn't rain for three weeks, and when you wake up at night you listen for drops on the roof. But then one day, after the stock have eaten off most of the rye, which has a different color and texture, you are walking out across the fields with dogs and you notice suddenly something new, a fine green fur, not the old rye, not the weeds, not moss, but grass! . . .

Year after year you go out again with a sack of green mystery, on clear, warm, windless days in March, whether it makes any money or not, whether you can afford

it or not, and whether you get any breaks in weather or not. "There goes that old boy," they say, "still sowing grass." And then one fine day it's all over for you, and they take your body, like the fish at Plymouth, and put it in the earth. The process is fancy and silly, but in a short while all that, and all you, are quite forgotten. But meanwhile the roots of the trees and the grass are reaching down into the earth to the ashes, to the skull, which feeds them, and the leaves and grasses are waving in the wind and sunlight.

II. *Wool*

The first harvest of the year is the clip of wool from the sheep. The shearing is done as soon as there seems to be some slight chance of no more really cold weather and as soon as the sheep begin to be uncomfortable. By that time the wool is nearly three inches long, some yolk or grease has risen in it, and it is not yet fouled by burrs and tags of manure.

The slight trimming and cleaning that I had done before lambing my first year had taken so long that I knew that I could not do the actual shearing myself. I was a little ashamed of this until I discovered that most men who have raised sheep all their lives can't shear their own sheep and have to call on outsiders. I had heard so many tales of the carelessness of professionals, who often, it seems, nick the sheep badly, that I thought of watching a neighbor shear and then borrowing his power shears and going to it myself. But I don't like to keep borrowing tools, I didn't want to botch the job myself, and our veterinarian told me of a man who he said was very careful and efficient.

We located this man and a date was arranged. He had warned us to keep the sheep dry, so I penned them up the night before. From the top of an old table I made a shearing platform about eighteen inches high and six feet square. It should have been a little larger but it sufficed. That morning I got up early enough to get all the milking and chores done before seven-thirty, when James and the shearer would arrive. I had left the

upper doors of the shed open, for ventilation, but it had rained and some of the rain had blown in on the sheep.

The shearer arrived on the nail. He was a tall, thin, powerful young man with red hair and he brought hand shears, which he preferred. He felt the sheep and at first decided that they were too wet to go ahead, but soon discovered that only one had been really wet, and that we could dry her fleece on the floor of the corn crib after she was clipped. We put the platform near the doors and the shearer set to work. I caught the sheep for him, weighed the fleeces, and put them in a huge bag I had got the day before from the Farm Bureau.

Shearing is an extremely nice job. The wool has to be clipped close to the skin, which is loose, tender, and not sharply different from the base of the wool in color. There is no shearer in the world who can work without any nicking at all. I was nervous at first, but quickly reassured. It was apparent that my shearer knew his job thoroughly. When he finished there were not more than a dozen nicks on seventeen sheep, and only one bad one. The yolk is itself a disinfectant, and most farmers don't bother with anything else; but I had ready a weak phenol solution, which my shearer was glad to use, although he pointed out that cuts and scratches on his own hands were always healed by the grease from the wool. I thought I'd make a fortune out of this idea until I discovered, with no great surprise, that lanolin, refined wool grease, had been used as a base for ointments for many years. I have heard that an isolated man in Minnesota or somewhere "discovered" the principle of the screw!

The shearer sets the sheep on her rump on the platform, leaning against his own body, and held by his left knee and upper arms. Then he begins to clip beneath the right ear (or left ear, if he is left-handed) and works down and out, taking the fleece off in one piece, just like unbuttoning and slipping off an overcoat. As in all work with animals, you have to be

fast and sure: while clipping close and fast, without nicking, you have to keep the sheep from struggling and keep the fleece from falling apart and getting mussed up.

It is one of the neatest little feats of manual dexterity and skill I have ever seen. For my seventeen sheep that year my shearer took about two hours and a half, which I think is very fast, considering that all the time we were talking about sheep, horses, and hogs.

The father and grandfather of my shearer had been shearers too, and he was using their very whetstone. He sheared between twenty-five hundred and three thousand sheep a year. He was also a traveling farrier and blacksmith and raised hogs from garbage he got at restaurants. He had the shrewdness, toughness, good humor, and insouciance of all good workmen and free spirits, whether they are actors or plumbers, writers or house-painters, composers or veterinarians.

After a ewe is entirely shorn the fleece is gathered together, with the clean inner side outside, and tied in a ball with paper twine. In tying a fleece you have to be careful to keep from mussing it up or breaking it apart. This is one job that I did learn how to do.

As the job progressed there was more and more bleating in the shed, and outside, because the lambs could not recognize at first these new, thin, clean creatures, their shorn mothers; but the mothers could recognize their proper lambs, as always, by smelling their rumps. There was some fighting between ewes who did not recognize one another. They say bucks that are old friends will fight savagely after being shorn.

As soon as the job was done I paid the shearer his twenty cents a fleece, loaded the huge sack of wool, with a crate of old hens I had decided to sell, onto my little truck, and drove to town to the Co-operative.

Farming has its low moments, but this act of delivering the goods that people need is not one of them.

III. Corn

The real victory is in the harvest of the corn. It is on these enormous fields, drilled with such precision, kept clean with such care, with the green pennons and tassels waving all summer in the wind, and harvested with such a fight, that all of us, in this region and elsewhere, eat and live. It is these heavy ears that keep the big parade of hogs and cattle moving from pasture and barnyard to stockyards, slaughter houses, kitchens, and dining-room tables. It is these yellow seeds, put carefully into good and bad ground in May, that become in time not only corn flakes and bacon, but also figures in checkbooks, permanent waves in hair, curtains rising in darkened theaters, and even strange ideas and emotions set down curiously in black and white marks on paper, and moving strangely into people's heads, like toxins and antitoxins.

When I moved out here the meadows had to be plowed up, and so for two years even remote, uneconomic Oak Hill heard the portentous whispering of the corn in the wind. In August, depending on the weather, the stalks and leaves begin to turn yellow, at the bottom first, and the ears, if the crop is good, push upward, outward, and downward toward the earth. Sometimes in midsummer we have the storms and high winds that destroyed the *Shenandoah* and her men, and that flatten the corn to the ground so that it does not ripen properly and is very hard to cut.

Along in September we begin to see whether the grains are dented and look to our corn-knives. These are formidable weapons with straight two-foot blades, blunt at the end. With one good blow they will cut a hill of corn (or a head, for all I know) clean off.

First, you find the four central hills in an area fourteen hills square, bend down the tops, and tie them all together. This forms a "gallus," not to be cut until the fodder is hauled in, that is the core of the shock, and provides something against which to lean the first armfuls of fodder. Then you begin to cut, hacking away with your right arm and gathering the tall

stalks, heavy with their ears, into your left arm, until you have cut so many that you can hardly carry the load. One soon learns to balance that heavy load on the hip, so that the entire weight is not on the left arm and shoulder. It is well to tie the left cuff to the thumb or to a glove; otherwise a few hours of cutting will rub the wrist raw. The armfuls of fodder with corn are piled into the shock, and it is very strange to me that the sound of a load moving through the corn not yet cut and stacked against the shock makes a sound exactly, but *exactly*, like that of a wave breaking on the shore. In corn-cutting, my mind is always full of memories of the sea. When a shock is finished you take a thing called a fodder pulley, which is merely a notched board fastened to the end of a light rope some fifteen feet long, throw it round the shock, and pull it together as tightly as you can. When you have got the pulley tight you tie the shock together with binder twine and then take off the pulley. Then you go on, for hour after hour and day after day, until finally your field is an even array of fortresses, with ripening pumpkins in between.

Corn-cutting, like most farm work, is hard enough. I remember well the second day of my first corn-cutting; the first day is always deceptively easy. About ten-thirty the field began to slant and rotate. I had to sit down in the shade for a few minutes, and then with lunch, or almost instead of lunch, I had to take a stiff drink of whiskey. (In a pinch, there is nothing like it.) But corn-cutting is a good job, a constructive, satisfying release of all the sadism frustrated and stored up for a year, or years. The air is fine, with the smokiness and slight chill of early autumn, and the work itself makes one feel like Alan Breck, fighting all day with a cutlass.

Cutting is only the first step. Next comes husking, which can be postponed almost indefinitely and stretched out through autumn and early winter, but which has to be done sooner or later. It is rather simple and rather dull. You

untie the shock, push it over, and then rip the ears out of the husks, and throw them into a pile. Then you put the fodder back as it was and tie it together again, to hold it from the wind until you can get it hauled in and stacked near the barnyard for feeding. There is a little hook mounted on leather that you can get and tie onto your right palm, and that makes it much easier to jerk back the husks. If cutting would be good for unemployed condottieri, husking would appeal to the acquisitive. Those little piles of yellow beside the shocks, got there with so much effort, are literally gold. They may cost you more than they are worth, but that consideration has never yet deterred the counters.

The next thing is hauling in the fodder and corn. This job too can wait almost but not quite indefinitely. The winter before last was so bad that one saw piles of corn and shocks of fodder in the wheat fields as late as spring. Some good farmers, like Mr. Kincaid, our tenant at our other farm, haul their corn in right away, and their fodder as they need it or as soon as they can. If you are in the bottoms and don't get it in right quick, there is always a chance of its going down in a flood and landing in someone's bedroom in Memphis. If you have teams and wagons, only the worst mud can hold you back; but if you are trying to farm with an old roadster turned into a pick-up it is another story.

Last winter James and I labored with that corn, that fodder, and that damned (but invaluable) truck all winter. We'd wait, apprehensively, for a hard freeze without much snow—the worst possible weather for the rye or wheat coming on—and then rush out, drive and load the truck as fast as possible, and sooner or later get stuck. Like most city people, I had the idea that when your car got stuck all you could do was get a team or wrecking car, but soon enough I learned what can be done with fodder, sacks, rocks, old boards, old fence posts, and the most grueling work. Several times I got Peggy into it to drive while James and I lifted

and pushed, finally got it moving, and then waited, with our hearts pounding, while Peggy drove with mad skill for the barnyard. Usually we had to unload all corn and fodder first. James is made of iron and steel, but more than once I'd come in, plastered with mud and chilled to the marrow, from a three-hour session of this kind and have to lie flat on my back on the floor by the fire for a couple of hours, praising God for the Jameses of this world, and loathing my own weakness.

We got all that corn into the crib and all that fodder into the barnyard and both into the bellies of the sheep and cattle, and the manure back on the earth, and there are people somewhere who had woolen socks on their feet and ate roast beef for dinner. And spring came at last, and we put more seeds into the earth.

IV. *Milk*

When you have only two or three cows, milking them is not a hard job, but it is the core, somehow, of all the morning and evening chores. Milking of course has to be learned, but it is like swimming or riding a bicycle, in that once the knack is acquired it is never lost. I learned how to milk one summer when I was about fifteen years old. My aunt had no help, or at least outdoors help, at the time, and I milked the four cows. My hands, wrists, and forearms were weak when I began but much less so at the end. In college, I did some mediocre rowing on one-hundred-and-fifty-pound crews and learned how to play squash racquets, which I kept on playing more or less regularly until I moved to the country. The result is that I do not now get tired when I milk, and my wrists are the only moderately strong parts of my body. In his autobiography Bliss Perry says that the milking he did as a boy strengthened his wrists for fishing; but alas, I am no fisherman.

I had a lot of fun in the barn that summer years ago. I was very proud of my job. I had a cat and three kittens that I taught to follow me out to the barn, line up in a row beside me as I milked, stand up on

their back feet, and catch the fresh milk that I squirted into their mouths. They had to drink like mad and, even so, a good half of the stream was spattered on their faces and bodies. After each had had a shot or two they would all retire to corners of the barn and spend a delicious half-hour licking themselves off. They loved it and so did I.

I always like to fetch the cows, because it makes such a pleasant walk at the two best times of the day. The dogs always enjoy it so much, and so do our small nieces and nephews, when they are visiting us. I like to see the condition of the pasture and to make mental notes of odd little jobs of fence repairing or weed cutting or brush gathering waiting to be done. There is always something nice to watch, like a rabbit making fun of the dogs or a covey of quail taking off like a squadron of planes or an exquisite little skunk driving the dogs crazy or a long black snake going his own mysterious way. One can see most parts of the farm from our yard, and if the cattle are nowhere to be seen they are way down on the east hillside, below the old graveyard, or hidden in the trees on the edge of the cliff to the west, or taking their ease in their shed. It is easy to forget this last possibility, take a long walk for nothing, and come back feeling silly. James is so much better at most of the jobs than I am that it always tickles me when he does something like this. One day last summer he went twice all the way down through the woods on the cliff to the west, to the railroad, and back—a good two miles of bad walking—before he found them in the shed.

Sometimes of course the cows come home at the right time all by themselves. During the drought last summer they did this too often for comfort because the pasture was so dry that they had to look forward to the corn we fed them at milking. Then too they paid attention, for the first time in years, to a repeated call of "Soo-ook!" or "Whoo-ook!" Once in Paris, at the *pension* of Madame Melon-Hollard, in the rue d'Assas, my friend Dr. Rochat, from Switzerland, and I got

into a talk at luncheon about cattle in his country and mine. After everyone else had left the table, we closed the dining-room doors and compared the cow-calls that we had heard. (Hog-calling, cow-calling, and sheep-calling form a branch of comparative literature that I promise myself to explore some day.) I discovered then, however, that this was a field of scholarship that required literally a *field*. Madame Melon, her children, her staff, and half the pensionnaires came running in, white as sheets. I doubt whether the establishment has forgotten the episode to this day.

Once the cows are in they pause at the watering trough for a drink, and if the air is fresh and they feel lively, for a bit of clowning. In the winter sometimes you can break the ice in the trough with your feet, but sometimes you have to fetch a pick-ax, or a spud, or both, and hack away for a while. In the summer the next step is merely to go to the house and fetch the milk pail, and the garbage pail for the hogs. My cows all know their proper stalls and are all moderately gentle, even when fresh, so that I can sing to myself and let my mind wander and indulge in imaginary conversations.

I have never been able to sing worth two cents, even to my own satisfaction and even in a bath, and I consider this deficiency one of the minor curses of my life. However, for people of my sort a farm rivals a bathtub. One never has that illusion of resonance, but one has privacy and can bellow his head off at work. James sings right well, like most colored people, but he is very shy about it. I am still rather shy about "singing" round the house, but in the fields and especially in the barn, my improvisations make up in gusto and shamelessness what they lack in music. I can approximate a few sea chanteys, and an old Yorkshire song that I can only spell phonetically, "Ilkla mor ba dat," but my masterpiece and favorite, especially while milking, is an endless piece very vaguely suggestive of a Gregorian chant. My barnyard Latin is both fluent and meaningless, and I attain

what suffices to *suggest* to me the pure, sexless wonder and sorrow of that amazing music. It is deeply satisfying, especially on a somber evening of autumn or winter, with the milk squirting rhythmically into the pail, the mud and manure sucking one's feet, a wet tail smacking one across the face, and a cold drizzle permeating the old building, one's clothes, and one's very marrow.

"Pater noster qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. . . . So-o! Put your foot back! . . . Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis! . . . Hagii Ichthyos quelque chose! . . . Arma virumque cano, Senatus Populusque Romanus, amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, Aa-mant! . . . Stand still! . . . Gloria in excelsis Deo! . . . There you are; all over. . . . Ite, missa est. . . . Ite, missa est.

V. Water

Bathing in the winter is only a chore, involving most of the resources of the household, planned carefully in advance, and executed as quickly as possible.

One winter we bathed chiefly in front of the fire in the old soapstone stove in our bedroom. Using towel racks, towels, and rugs, Peggy made a sort of nest of warmth. Of course one had to be careful not to scorch one side, but at least the other side did not shiver constantly at the same time. For fun, economy, and convenience, we used often to bathe at the same time. I often wished that I were a painter and could record some of the comedy and sensual beauty of that scene. One felt it in terms of Daumier or Cruikshank, of Degas or Rembrandt.

In the summer we bathe, in our own peculiar ways, almost as easily and pleasantly as anyone. The "bathroom" is cool and dark and not hard to manage. If we miss a shower bath or tub too much all we have to do is to wait until James has gone home, and bathe on the lawn. One advantage of bathing on the lawn is that the water is so easy to get and so easy to dispose of. Another is that one can splash and spill and pour with abandon.

The most important is that it is such pure sensual fun to be naked and bathe in the open air, on the green grass, under the trees, with gentle airs, and slanting sunlight, or even moonlight, caressing our bodies.

It takes a little more time and effort, but is much more fun, to go down to the old swimming hole in North Fork, a creek a mile away in the valley. As a boy I used to walk down there and back, but driving is better, because one doesn't get hot all over again, climbing the hill on the way home. The hole we use is a fairly good one, over one's head at the deepest, with a moderately hard and clean bottom. There is a place to dive off and there is a cleaner rock and gravel bar from which one can wade in. The current is strong enough to make the water seem fairly clean, whether it is or not.

The hole is on a back road, and is fairly private, so that sometimes we can go in naked. There is a single-track railroad nearby, which makes us nervous about the dogs, but the trains are infrequent. We always take two or three dogs with us, for the fun of it, and to bathe them as well as ourselves.

The swimming itself of course is nothing much, but one can at least be completely immersed and cooled, and come out feeling a new person. There is nothing like a long, deserted sandy beach on the ocean, or even a steep rocky shore into the sea, with surf, salt water, and gulls; but our swimming hole provides more modest pleasures of its own. It is sheltered by willows and sycamores, and is visited, if one is quiet, by little green herons and other water birds whose names I shall never know. And one can lie on one's back in the water, in sunlight, or shade, or moonlight, look up at the silly little white clouds in the deep blue sky between the tree tops, and listen to the distant, bucolic sounds of fields and barnyards.

More sensational, if more remote, are the waterfall and pool at the farm at Bell-bridge. The creek is about seventy-five yards wide at this point, and the fall, at

low water, is eight or ten feet high. The rock is limestone, carved into a multitude of treacherous and fascinating holes, caverns, and under-rock streams. The pool below the falls is wide, deep, and nearly always clean, in part, at least. It has a gravel bottom. The falls are always changing in volume, sound, clarity, and general appearance. We have seen that creek a deep, raging, muddy torrent several hundred yards wide, wiping out farms and fences and rushing along with such weight and savage power that the falls were only a ripple, throwing up a desperate wave. At very low water there may be only a stream or two a few feet wide, very clear and very gentle.

This waterfall is one of the joys of our life. It has a remoteness and beauty, and a mysterious life of its own, that cannot only take the weight and sting out of scheming, calculating, and worrying, but also make one almost forget the destructive power of the creek itself. When I tramp those fields and go into those farm buildings I always have some hope or fear, some scheme or worry, on my mind; but all I have to do is to walk down beside and over those falls to get away from all that and sink into the most blessed relaxation and peace. That waterfall was there in the wilderness long before there were any farms or houses within hundreds of miles, and it will be there, as remote, mysterious, and lovely as ever, long after the farm has been washed away and we are all dead.

VI. *Wood*

The only compensation that we have for the gradual loss, from old age alone, of our oaks, aside from pieces of silver, is a huge supply of firewood. For three years now, in autumn and winter, James and I have spent any time we had left from other things in working up this wood, and it looks as though we'd be doing the same thing for the next twenty-five years. In time we may have to stop buying coal entirely and spend more than spare time with saw and ax.

Once I have grown accustomed to the

ugly carcasses of great trees that I have loved, I thoroughly enjoy sawing, chopping, and splitting—which I call hewing, a term I never hear. They require skill and knowledge that can be acquired by a city-bred man only very slowly. They tax your strength to the limit, yet you can always stop and rest. The results, though meager considering the work involved, are definite and indisputable, as in painting. When the leaves are falling, and the winds are rising, and the snow comes, a neat and sizable pile of firewood is a Good Thing. When I find myself getting nervous and touchy, and all my little worries and complexes are beginning to warm up and hop about, a long afternoon in the wind and cold with ax and saw is a sovereign cure.

When I came out here as a boy, an old Negro began to teach me how to use an ax, and I am better at it than some people I have seen; but it will be years before I can always hit the right place, with just the right force, and always get my whole body into it, without any straining and wasted effort, and with the grace of a good man with an ax. I have learned how to sharpen an ax for splitting and chopping, and I have learned that for keeping an ax head on, a piece of pulpy poplar wood is better than any metal wedge. I have at last learned how to file and set a saw, not really well, but well enough to get along with the work. It will be years, if ever, before I learn all the kinds of wood, and know what each is good for, and how it should be handled. But I have seen enough old carpenters and woodsmen go wrong not to be quite discouraged.

Another thing I like about hewing wood is the pleasure of working outdoors in winter with James. We have always been able to swing a crosscut saw together, rhythmically, without wearing each other out, and that's more than some teams can say. James works along very steadily, and yet even he will admit now and then a little weariness, and is not sorry when I have to call a halt. He can be silent pleasantly for hours on end, yet sometimes he feels like talking, and when he

does he has something to say. He is always alert to the condition of sky, wind, snow, and air, can tell the different kinds of hawk apart at great distances, and can identify almost any track in the snow. His response to the scene about us is never wholly practical. He likes to stop for a moment and watch the dogs at play or hot after a rabbit as well as I do, and I can see in his eyes, I think, that a bird on the wing means more than something to be shot or spared for some reason. I like also to draw out, if I can, his superstitions about the moon or about animals or whatever. He has plenty, but he wears them lightly, and I am sure that most of them have in them somewhere a germ of truth. Sometimes, gingerly, I like to try to explore his knowledge and opinions. In a few ways, at least, this Negro who has raised a large family and has never been outside Ross County except to Columbus is closer to me than some people of my own color, age, and class whom I have known all my life.

One day, I remember, we were both kneeling in the snow and mud, on opposite sides of a huge log, using a crosscut saw. We were near the end of the cut, but I had to stop for a minute to get a fresh start. I was too tired even to stand up and stretch. Somehow we got to talking about war. It appeared that in the last war, because of his family and occupation, James had just escaped the draft. I dared to ask him whether he would sign up, or help in any way, in another war.

"No sir, I wouldn't. Not me."

This was more definite than anything I had ever heard from him, on anything.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I may be wrong, and I ain't read much, but I look at it this way: I don't see that anyone gets anything out of it, one way or another, I don't want to kill no one and I don't want to get killed."

The best time of course is when a darkness and a new chill have fallen on us, and we guess at the time, and pick up the tools and start back to the house—James to his carrying of wood, coal, and water

and to his dishwashing, and I to my feeding and milking. When we get through we are tired, but not too tired, and just cold, wet, and dirty enough to look forward to warmth, dryness, hot water, rest, and food. Sometimes Peggy comes out to meet us, and the dogs all spot her and run to her barking with delight.

A couple of hours later the work is all done and James has gone home and I have bathed and changed my clothes and Peggy has supper ready before the fire, but has taken time to make us both a little drink. So we sit there a minute before the fire, and raise our glasses to each other and talk about this and that and fall silent. Then we eat—well—and clean up the

table. Sometimes we call up a friend and go to a movie. Or else we stay at home and listen to music, or play chess or talk or read, sometimes aloud, some book that has blood in it, some book whose "iron English rings on the tongue." Then we put the dogs in their kennel, take the air a few minutes in the cold moonlight, listening to a hound somewhere far away, and go to bed. And after a while, when we are lying close to each other, and the windows are open, we watch the black limbs moving, and listen to the wind or to a mouse in the wainscoting, and watch the moving firelight on the ceiling.

If there is a god, anywhere, who has done this to me, let him hear my thanks.

THIS FAITH, THIS VIOLENCE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

IS IT not possible to believe without wanting to fight?

Can we have no faith without battles?

*War is something for lions, for germs which must devour each other,
For bodies and anti-bodies, the corpuscles burning red and white in the blood,
For serums and toxins. But what of man? Is he only a germ or a lion?*

*There is room here for all of us; we do not eat each other with rich sauces,
Bones are worthless, we are not mice, we cannot build a house out of a skull.*

*Faith is something to share, to take joy in, pride in,
Showing it to others too, being generous, offering it around,
Because there is so much, more than enough, an inexhaustible treasure,
Faith in life, in ourselves and our destiny, in goodness and valor,
Call it God if you like, or call it whatever you please.*

It is strong and positive, it is not hateful or spiteful.

*It is a matter for joy, almost a matter of rapture
That here, on this earth, between the two freezing poles,
Not altogether burned by the sun or drowned by the wind,
In hunger and pain and sickness and fear of death,
Man lives, builds cities, grows wheat, and goes to church.*

Do not be fooled, do not make any mistake—

We cannot afford to murder each other, even with flags and bugles.

For if those of us of one blood and mind were ever to destroy

Finally and irreparably, once and for all, forever,

Those others whose differing blood or ideas lash us to fury,

How bare would earth seem, how lonely her hills and water courses.



WHAT'S BEHIND THE STRIKES?

BY ALEXANDER H. FREY

Most labor disputes—in fact the vast majority—have not arisen simply out of the desire of workers for more pay or shorter hours. Behind the strike has usually been a struggle for effective unionization and the resulting power of collective bargaining. The Industrial Revolution, *i.e.*, the mechanization of the processes of production and the introduction of the factory system, brought about conditions which have terminated the ability of any but the most highly skilled workers to bargain individually with their employers on a basis of equality. In earlier times employer and employee belonged to the same community, attended the same church, participated in the same political activities, and were not very far removed in the economic scale. There was no great surplus of labor; if the terms of employment offered to a given employee by his employer were unsatisfactory more likely than not they would talk face to face and reach an accord. Or if the terms were regarded by the employee as utterly unreasonable he could do odd jobs for others, farm on his own land, and look forward to the security of at least subsistence for himself and his family for an indefinite period. And eventually either his employer would feel the need of his services sufficiently to modify his former offer or the employee would find other satisfactory work in the same community.

But with the coming of the Industrial Revolution all this was changed. Great cities developed which were the centers of the factory system. The individual

worker and his employer (to-day very frequently an impersonal corporation) grew farther and farther apart socially and economically. The favorable atmosphere for personal conferences and adjustment of disputes disappeared. The individual factory worker to-day owns no land, has no tools, little or no capital, and hence has no resources with which he and his family can hope to survive an extended deadlock with his employer over terms of employment. Moreover, even if desirable jobs are available elsewhere, he cannot afford to transfer himself and his family and their few possessions to a distant city. In short, under modern industrial conditions the individual worker is powerless to bargain on an equal basis with his employer with respect to the terms of his employment. Acting alone, he has no practical alternative but to accept the terms offered to him. This, in briefest outline, is the story behind the passion for unionization. To labor leaders and other students of labor problems the desirability of organizations through which workers can bargain collectively is axiomatic.

Nor is the benefit of such labor organizations confined to labor's ranks; it is important to employers and to the consuming public as well. The recent depression has emphasized the fact that ability to purchase must approximate ability to produce if periodic accumulation of disrupting surpluses of consumers' goods is to be avoided. The workers of the nation are by far the largest body of consumers. Unless they have sufficient

wages—buying power—to enable them to purchase a reasonable proportion of the consumable goods which they help to produce, surpluses of goods will again arise and a new depression will be inevitable. To the maintenance of our competitive, capitalistic society the making of profits is essential. Competition being severe, there is constant pressure upon employers to reduce costs of production. Labor costs are frequently the greatest single item of expense in the production of goods. Consequently, the reduction of wages, or its corollary, increasing hours of labor, is an ever-present temptation. As already indicated, the individual employee does not have the equality of bargaining power which might enable him to counterbalance this threat. Nor can even the most generous, altruistic, and farsighted employer afford to pay wages much in excess of his competitors. If, in the interest of immediate profits, wages are reduced to a point where workers are unable to consume the products of industry, a crash is inevitable with disastrous consequences to all. But effective labor unions, operating over a wide area, can modify the development of this pernicious cycle. Herein lies the interest of employers and of the public generally as well as of employees in labor's achievement of collective bargaining.

Yet, despite this almost self-evident special interest of employees and general interest of the public in the development of effective labor organizations, the growth of union membership has been incredibly slow. In 1931 the labor unions of this country embraced only one-fifth of all wage earners, excluding agricultural laborers. The recent depression with its attendant poverty and excess of labor caused many workers to drop their union membership. Unquestionably the Wagner Act and the current activities of the C.I.O. have stimulated an increase in the ranks of organized labor. But there would seem to be little doubt that even to-day scarcely one-quarter of the industrial workers of the country hold union memberships.

II

What is the explanation of this amazing paradox that laborers, whose self-interests are so dependent upon collective bargaining, have not flocked into unions—their collective bargaining agencies—almost to a man? There are four principal factors: (1) inertia on the part of the rank and file of workers, (2) deficient labor leadership, (3) the solid front of employers and effective back pressure on their part to thwart the development of unionization, and (4) the attitude of the courts when confronted with controversies arising out of labor disputes.

The first two require no extended discussion. Laborers are not exempt from the human tendency to be more concerned with the immediate present than with the speculative future. If a man has a job he has at least so much security and present income. He knows that if he joins a union his income will be decreased by the amount of the dues that he will have to pay. He knows that as a union member he may be called out on strike and thereby lose wages and perhaps even his job. He is, therefore, strongly inclined to let well enough alone and not take out the insurance for his job-future that union membership may constitute. If he subsequently loses his job or suffers a drastic reduction in pay his availability for union membership is further affected.

About the deplorable quality of labor leadership, there is not much that can be said except to recognize that it is a concomitant of the weakness of labor unions generally. So long as the efforts of employers and the attitude of the courts (along with labor's natural inertia) keep the vast majority of workers out of unions, just so long will the emergence of more intelligent, reasonable, honest labor leaders be curtailed. Heretofore the risks to labor leaders of jail sentences or other penalties have been so great that in many instances only the fanatics or the dishonest have ventured to array themselves against the opposing forces. Under the circumstances the really extraor-

dinary fact is that many men of extremely fine character and capacity have always been found at the forefront of the labor movement.

There are serious, impartial students of labor problems who are convinced that, despite the inertia and inadequate leadership to which I have referred, labor's struggle for effective unionization would to-day be much farther advanced had employers not been so skillfully combating this movement. For many decades there has been going on a miniature civil war between capital and labor with an arsenal of weapons on each side. The employers are equipped for both attack and defense. An aggressive move on the part of employers is the lock-out, so called because it refers to an employer's act of locking his plant against employees willing to work, in an effort to get for himself more favorable labor terms. This is the counterpart of a strike. It has been held that employers may without legal penalty enter into a combination to lock out their employees.

The blacklist is another device of employers for eliminating union employees: employers furnish one another with the names of former employees known or believed to have union membership or even sympathy and the employer so notified refuses employment to the worker in question. Although this resembles a secondary boycott, it has not received judicial condemnation. Moreover, statutes which have been enacted against blacklisting have had little effect, the difficulties of proof being almost insuperable.

A prophylactic measure popular with employers for guarding against unionization of their employees has been the so-called "yellow dog" contract. This is an agreement which an employer exacts from an employee that the latter will neither join a union nor induce other employees to do so during the course of his employment. As the nickname suggests, labor particularly resents this stratum. Such contracts are never made the basis of damage suits for breach thereof, but are intended, as Mr. Justice Maxey of

the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has pointed out, merely as "an emplacement for equity's longest-range injunction gun." In other words, the purpose of a "yellow dog" contract is to enable an employer to get an injunction, not against his own employees, but against labor leaders and union officials seeking to unionize his employees, on the ground that such persons are threatening to induce a breach of contract on the part of the employees.

Once a labor dispute has started, the injunction may become the employer's main reliance. But as this is primarily a defensive measure, consideration of it will be postponed until labor's weapons in this struggle for unionization are discussed.

A number of scattered anti-union activities of employers have recently been crystallized into a cohesive technic for strike-breaking known as the "Mohawk Valley formula." This formula was distributed to the National Association of Manufacturers by James H. Rand, Jr., President of Remington Rand, Inc. It was outlined as follows by the National Labor Relations Board in its statement of a case involving that corporation, decided March 15, 1937:

"First: When a strike is threatened, label the union leaders as 'agitators' to discredit them with the public and their own followers. In the plant, conduct a forced balloting under the direction of foremen in an attempt to ascertain the strength of the union and to make possible misrepresentation of the strikers as a small minority imposing their will upon the majority. At the same time, disseminate propaganda, by means of press releases, advertisements, and the activities of 'missionaries,' such propaganda falsely stating the issues involved in the strike so that the strikers appear to be making arbitrary demands, and the real issues, such as the employer's refusal to bargain collectively, are obscured. Concurrently with these moves, by exerting economic pressure through threats to move the plant, align the influential members of the community into a cohesive group op-

posed to the strike. Include in this group, usually designated a 'Citizens Committee,' representatives of the bankers, real estate owners and business men, *i.e.*, those most sensitive to any threat of removal of the plant because of its effect upon property values and purchasing power flowing from payrolls.

"Second: When the strike is called, raise high the banner of 'law and order,' thereby causing the community to mass legal and police weapons against a wholly imagined violence and to forget that those of its members who are employees have equal rights with the other members of the community.

"Third: Call a 'mass meeting' of the citizens to co-ordinate public sentiment against the strike and to strengthen the power of the Citizens Committee, which organization, thus supported, will both aid the employer in exerting pressure upon the local authorities and itself sponsor vigilante activities.

"Fourth: Bring about the formation of a large armed police force to intimidate the strikers and to exert a psychological effect upon the citizens. This force is built up by utilizing local police, State Police if the Governor co-operates, vigilantes and special deputies, the deputies being chosen if possible from other neighborhoods, so that there will be no personal relationships to induce sympathy for the strikers. Coach the deputies and vigilantes on the law of unlawful assembly, inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, etc., so that, unhampered by any thought that the strikers may also possess some rights, they will be ready and anxious to use their newly-acquired authority to the limit.

"Fifth: And perhaps most important, heighten the demoralizing effect of the above measures—all designed to convince the strikers that their cause is hopeless—by a 'back to work' movement, operated by a puppet association of so-called 'loyal employees' secretly organized by the employer. Have this association wage a publicity campaign in its own name and co-ordinate such campaign with the work

of the 'missionaries' circulating among the strikers and visiting their homes. This 'back to work' movement has these results: it causes the public to believe that the strikers are in the minority and that most of the employees desire to return to work, thereby winning sympathy for the employer and an endorsement of his activities to such an extent that the public is willing to pay the huge costs, direct and indirect, resulting from the heavy forces of police. This 'back to work' movement also enables the employer, when the plant is later opened, to operate it with strike-breakers if necessary and to continue to refuse to bargain collectively with the strikers. In addition, the 'back to work' movement permits the employer to keep a constant check on the strength of the union through the number of applications received from employees ready to break ranks and return to work, such number being kept secret from the public and other employees, so that the doubts and fears created by such secrecy will in turn induce still others to make applications.

"Sixth: When a sufficient number of applications are on hand fix a date for an opening of the plant through the device of having such opening requested by the 'back to work' association. Together with the Citizens Committee, prepare for such opening by making provision for a peak army of police, by roping off the areas surrounding the plant, by securing arms and ammunition, etc. The purpose of the 'opening' of the plant is threefold: to see if enough employees are ready to return to work; to induce still others to return as a result of the demoralizing effect produced by the opening of the plant and the return of some of their number; and lastly, even if the movement fails to induce a sufficient number of persons to return, to persuade the public through pictures and news releases that the opening was nevertheless successful.

"Seventh: Stage the 'opening,' theatrically throwing open the gates at the propitious moment and having the employees march into the plant grounds in a massed

group protected by squads of armed police, so as to give to the opening a dramatic and exaggerated quality and thus heighten its demoralizing effect. Along with the 'opening' provide a spectacle—speeches, flag raising, and praises for the employees, citizens, and local authorities, so that, their vanity touched, they will feel responsible for the continued success of the scheme and will increase their efforts to induce additional employees to return to work.

"*Eighth:* Capitalize on the demoralization of the strikers by continuing the show of police force and the pressure of the Citizens Committee, both to insure that those employees who have returned will continue at work and to force the remaining strikers to capitulate. If necessary, turn the locality into a warlike camp through the declaration of a state of emergency tantamount to martial law and barricade it from the outside world, so that nothing may interfere with the successful conclusion of the 'Formula,' thereby driving home to the union leaders the futility of further efforts to hold their ranks intact.

"*Ninth:* Close the publicity barrage, which day by day during the entire period has increased the demoralization worked by all of these measures, on the theme that the plant is in full operation and that the strikers were merely a minority attempting to interfere with the 'right to work,' thus inducing the public to place a moral stamp of approval upon the above measures. With this, the campaign is over—the employer has broken the strike."

To those who are unfamiliar with the extremes to which very many industrial leaders have gone in their relentless opposition to the development of labor unions the effrontery involved in actually codifying such a program of oppression, deception, violence, and corruption must seem well nigh incredible. But that the "Mohawk Valley formula" or a definite plan closely resembling it has been utilized in combating *successfully* numerous recent strikes cannot be doubted. With Philadelphia as a reference point, one can

all too readily recall the riots at the Chester plant of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company and at the Hershey factory of the Hershey Chocolate Company, each preceded by citizens' committees, special deputies, quasi "martial law," spurious "back to work" movements, and barrages of false propaganda eventually arousing the local citizenry to massed attacks upon the strikers. Other sections of the country can no doubt remember similar local episodes.

And the employer's most effective weapon against the development of labor unions remains to be mentioned. This consists in discharging or discriminating against individual workers for union membership or activity. The labor movement's greatest obstacle has arisen from this constant threat and the ever-present fear which it invokes. Out of the individual employee's powerlessness to combat it arises the paradox that the success of the struggle for collective bargaining is contingent upon the power to bargain collectively. When one includes in the battery of employers' guns the stimulating of so-called "company unions" (puppet employee associations dominated by the employer or his representatives) and participation in trade associations through which numbers of employers can present a united front to the demands of labor, it is amazing that the struggle to achieve organizations of employees independent of company domination has succeeded even as well as it has.

III

A chief reliance of workers in their campaign for unionization has been the strike. When an industry is thoroughly unionized, strikes are comparatively rare, and such strikes as may occur are called by union leaders as representatives of substantially all the workers involved in the dispute. Strikes for collective bargaining in previously unorganized areas, however, are almost necessarily begun before complete union machinery can have been set up and leaders accredited. Fear, largely

generated by his employer's actions, is so great on the part of the average employee that he tends to avoid union membership. Unless stimulated by some greater fear or aroused by a dramatic appeal, he continues to ignore the safeguard for his future that would spring from the formation of a collective bargaining agency. Hence it is inevitable that whenever steps toward the establishment of a union occur the initiative is taken by a coterie of the more vigorous and fearless employees. The invalidity thus becomes apparent of the frequently voiced objection to strikes for unionization that they represent attempts on the part of a mere minority of the employees to coerce the employer into action affecting all. If, while an employer is doing all in his power to influence his individual employees to abstain from union membership, the employees must refrain from group action aimed at neutralizing the employer's efforts unless their group comprises at least a majority of the employees, collective bargaining will be an unattainable fantasy.

At one time English law forbade strikes under any circumstances. It was about four hundred years before the Industrial Revolution that the pestilence, known in England as the Black Death, swept large areas of the earth. This terrible tragedy immeasurably affected the course of the law's development with reference to the labor movement. The mortality among English workers was so heavy and the labor scarcity so great that the individual artisans and laborers who survived had a bargaining power of disturbing proportions. Consequently Parliament in 1351 enacted the Statute of Laborers which created not only a duty to work but also to work in accordance with prescribed standards. Thus there was introduced into English (and subsequently American) law the conception that the labor contract and labor relationship are subject to a different status than are other contracts and other relationships.

One of the dogmas of the common law is that if a person is caused economic injury, for example, a business loss, by the

acts of others, he can either enjoin their conduct or recover money damages, unless they can prove that their purpose is lawful and that they have employed lawful means. A business man may cause tremendous economic loss to a rival, may even ruin his rival's business by deliberately selling below cost, and the courts will attach no penalty to his conduct. This is judicially regarded as only the ultimate consequence of legitimate business competition, in which the survivor was seeking merely to serve his own economic interests and not maliciously to injure his bankrupt competitor. But many courts have issued injunctions against attempts by workers or labor leaders to persuade others to strike in order to induce union recognition on an employer's part. These courts offer a wide variety of reasons for this result, but the underlying thought is that the workers are seeking to bring about a cessation of activity in the employer's business that will be economically detrimental to him, and that the employer and the employees are not business rivals, and hence this injury is not justified. In this area the courts fail to apply to the workers reasoning comparable to that used in support of injury by one business man of another, namely, that the workers are seeking merely to further their own economic interest in collective bargaining and not endeavoring maliciously to injure the employer. The explanation for these contrasting attitudes can be traced back to the Black Death, the Statute of Laborers, and the parade of statutes and decisions stemming therefrom. The culmination has been an inchoate judicial reaction that the sale of goods and the making of profits is optional with the owner, while the sale of services and the earning of wages is morally (though not now legally) mandatory, and hence that if the desire of employees to withhold services for the sake of ultimately bettering their positions conflicts with the desire of an employer to make profits by selling goods, the former should yield.

When labor in its struggle for union

recognition supplements the strike with other devices this tendency of the courts to suppress interference by labor with the "free flow of business" becomes even more marked. Unless strikers can succeed in preventing their employer from filling their places with other adequate workers, they merely sacrifice their jobs and their wages without bringing economic pressure to bear on the employer. Consequently, most strikes are accompanied by some form of picketing. Picketing usually has a three-fold objective: (1) to influence public opinion in favor of the strikers, (2) to dissuade non-strikers from going to work, and (3) to provide a physical activity for the strikers which will help to maintain discipline and morale. Here again the courts have come to the aid of capital in this struggle with labor by issuing sweeping injunctions against picketing. To be sure the prevailing judicial formula is that only non-peaceful picketing will be enjoined. But as far as the second and most important objective of picketing is concerned, *i.e.*, dissuading others from taking the strikers' places, peaceful picketing is virtually a contradiction in terms, for almost any effective action which pickets might take to keep others from replacing them might be, and indeed has been by many courts, described as non-peaceful.

If strikers or their associates beat up fellow-employees who refuse to join the strike such conduct is and always will be regarded as unlawful and subject to criminal as well as civil penalties. An express or implied *threat* of physical harm is also to be condemned and may be judicially penalized by injunction or otherwise. Unquestionably an *implied* threat may be just as real as an express one. But if courts go far enough in enjoining implied threats of violence virtually all picketing can be outlawed as non-peaceful. The mere presence of numerous pickets has been held to constitute such an implied threat. Dirty looks, insulting gestures, and deprecatory epithets have been relied upon by other courts in granting sweeping anti-picketing injunctions. All pick-

eting, except possibly the simplest variety, does present an intimation of impending harm to opponents of the pickets. It may be that effective picketing inevitably involves some invasion of the rights of others. Abstractly, no violence or threat of violence by any person or group should be condoned. For this reason should all picketing be banned? In the ultimate analysis, this is a social problem, namely, is the advantage to society in removing this possibility of violence sufficient to offset society's loss resulting from destruction of one of labor's chief weapons in its struggle for collective bargaining?

Another form of pressure which workers frequently bring to bear upon their employer in the event of a struggle for union recognition is the boycott. In its simplest form a boycott is a concerted withholding of patronage, a refusal to buy the boycotted commodity. Obviously, withdrawal of the patronage of the strikers alone would have small significance. Consequently, an attempt is usually made to induce non-strikers to participate in the boycott. Such an extension of the arena of boycott is sometimes termed a "secondary" boycott. If economic pressure results, once more the injunction intervenes on the side of capital. Many courts will enjoin secondary boycotts unqualifiedly. Other courts will permit such conduct provided the persons outside the labor group have been persuaded by peaceful means to withhold their patronage. But a strict interpretation of "peaceful" can have the same practical consequences as a total prohibition of such boycotts.

Courts also distinguish between primary and secondary strikes. A secondary strike may take either of two forms: it may be a sympathetic strike in which employees who have no particular dispute with their own employer strike in order to induce him to bring pressure to bear upon another employer to agree to the demands which the latter's striking employees have made upon him; or it may be a strike by employees, who otherwise have no dispute with their employer,

against having to work on goods which at an earlier stage in their processing have been produced by non-union labor. Even in jurisdictions where the legality of strikes for union recognition is conceded, courts are inclined to grant injunctions against secondary strikes at least as readily as they do against secondary boycotts.

Injunctions against strikes, injunctions against picketing, injunctions against boycotts—at every turn in its struggle for collective bargaining labor has been confronted with an injunction. Actions for damages or even fines might have been surmounted, but the injunction has devastating potentialities. It can be issued by a single judge; the defendant has no right to a jury; restraining orders and preliminary injunctions may be granted solely upon the basis of affidavits presented by the plaintiff without the defendant having been heard at all in his own behalf; violation of an injunction is contempt of court for which imprisonment may be inflicted; and most drastic of all, this punishment can be visited upon individuals not named in the injunction or even having notice of it, either by designating a class of unnamed persons as defendants, or by charging complete strangers to the proceedings with having so conducted themselves as to “obstruct the course of justice.” Furthermore, the detrimental effect of injunctions issued in labor disputes is virtually the same whether the injunction was properly or improperly granted. The injunction remains in force until set aside by the issuing judge or by a higher court. Appeals are costly and slow. By the time the case has been carried to a court of last resort and there decided, a long enough interval has elapsed so that the injunction has done its work of hampering the strikers and their leaders sufficiently to cause a breakdown of the strike.

IV

Every move of labor toward its goal of collective bargaining checkmated by injunction, every effort thwarted by the

ruthless ingenuity of employers, is it any wonder that unionization has made comparatively slight progress? Yet, in the light of modern industrial developments, the need of workers for collective bargaining is increasingly clear. Moreover, the importance to the rest of the public of strengthening labor's status has gradually been dawning, and legislatures have endeavored in various ways to come to labor's aid. In 1898 Congress passed the so-called Erdman Act. This statute sought to promote unionization of interstate railroad employees by outlawing “yellow dog” contracts and forbidding employers to discriminate against union members. But in 1908 the United States Supreme Court, in the noted case of *Adair v. United States*, held the Act to be unconstitutional because repugnant to the Fifth Amendment declaring that no person shall be deprived of liberty or property without due process of law. A companion case, *Coppage v. Kansas*, arose in 1915 out of a Kansas statute also declaring “yellow dog” contracts to be unlawful. Again the United States Supreme Court thwarted the legislative effort to stimulate unionization by declaring this State statute unconstitutional as in conflict with the “due process” clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. In each of these cases Mr. Justice Holmes was among those dissenting.

Rebuffed in its effort to lessen the severity with which employers treat union workers, Congress addressed itself to another obstacle in the path of the labor movement, namely, the injunction. In 1914 Congress passed Section 20 of the famous Clayton Act. Although the wording of this section leaves room for some construction (this is inevitably true of a statute covering a broad field), it might reasonably have been interpreted as manifesting a Congressional purpose to take away from the federal courts the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes except where necessary to prevent irreparable injury. But in 1921 the United States Supreme Court, in *Duplex Printing Press Co. v. Deering*, held that

the benefits of this statute extended only to "those who are proximately and substantially concerned as parties to an actual dispute respecting the terms or conditions of their own employment, past, present or prospective." This decision reversed both the District Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals and evoked dissents from Justices Brandeis, Holmes and Clarke. The value to labor of the Clayton Act was largely destroyed by this narrow construction as it left union officials and other labor leaders as vulnerable to the injunction as formerly.

Not until 1932 could sufficient strength be mustered in the Senate and in the House to enable Congress to attempt to override these judicial vetoes. In that year the Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed. This statute embraces the subjects dealt with by both the Erdman and the Clayton Acts. Instead of making it a crime for an employer to require an employee to enter into a "yellow dog" contract, the Act of 1932 provides that such contracts shall not be enforceable by injunction or otherwise in any federal court. The Act also denies to the federal courts the power to enjoin any person "interested" in a labor dispute from doing a number of specified acts, such as "Giving publicity to the existence of, or the facts involved in, any labor dispute, whether by advertising, speaking, patrolling, or by any other method not involving fraud or violence," and "Assembling peaceably to act or to organize to act in promotion of their interests in a labor dispute." One of the features of the Act is that it protects defendants in actions for labor injunctions from many of the grave procedural abuses to which they were theretofore subject. The United States Supreme Court has not as yet passed upon the constitutionality of the Norris-LaGuardia Act in whole or in part. Its validity has, however, been upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals (see, for example, *Levering & Garrigues Co. v. Morrin*) and the refusal of the Supreme Court to grant an appeal from the Circuit Court is at least a straw in the wind.

The most recent federal enactment on behalf of labor is the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, popularly referred to as the Wagner Act. This statute characterizes a number of acts by employers as "unfair labor practices." These "unfair labor practices" are in general the more common activities of employers in their attempts to defeat the development of labor unions. They include (a) coercing employees not to join labor organizations, (b) dominating the formation of labor organizations—this relates especially to company unions, (c) discriminating in the hiring or firing of employees against union members or against employees who have availed themselves of the rights established by this Act, and (d) refusing to bargain collectively with employees' representatives. The Act provides that representatives selected for the purpose of collective bargaining by the majority of the employees in an appropriate unit shall be the exclusive representatives of all the employees for the purpose of collective bargaining as to conditions of employment. A National Labor Relations Board of three members is set up. If a complaint is made to this Board that an employer has committed one of the unfair labor practices designated in the Act, the Board may conduct an inquiry, hear testimony, and, if the Board finds that the employer has been committing the unfair labor practice charged, it may issue a "cease and desist" order and may also direct the employer to reinstate employees with back pay where improper discharge is involved. If the employer ignores the Board's order, the Board must petition one of the federal Circuit Courts of Appeal for enforcement of the order; and if the employer desires he may petition the Circuit Court of Appeals for a review of the Board's order.

In a series of historically startling opinions delivered April 12, 1937, the United States Supreme Court completely upheld the constitutionality of the Wagner Act. This statute and the Norris-LaGuardia Act are of course only applicable within the domain of the federal government,

that is, where interstate commerce is concerned. But they are already being supplemented by State legislation. Twenty-five States now have strike injunction statutes patterned after the Norris-La-Guardia Act. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Wisconsin have already adopted State counterparts of the Wagner Act, and similar legislation for the creation of State Labor Relations Boards is pending in other jurisdictions.

V

With the aid of such statutes, State and Federal, there should be a tremendous forward surge in the labor movement. With removal of barriers heretofore erected by employers against the establishment of independent labor unions among their employees and with a limiting of the power of the judiciary to enjoin acts in furtherance of unionization, the inertia of workers with respect to union membership will decrease, competent labor leaders will multiply, and collective bargaining will at last become a reality.

This will take time. The process will be accompanied by strife. There will still be strikes. Doubtless we have not seen the last of the "sit-down" strike, the illegality of which has not been challenged by any statute or judicial decision to my knowledge. If a legitimate labor dispute develops between an employer and a group of workers sufficiently large and organized so that by the familiar processes of strike, picketing, and boycott they have a reasonable likelihood of gaining their objectives, it might be in the interests of society to avoid the physical disorder and violence and the widespread disruption of business which strenuous opposition to these orthodox labor measures often produces, by permitting *such* a group of workers to substitute occupation of a factory for the more cumbersome and wasteful methods they normally employ. On the other hand, the taking over of an entire plant by a few irresponsible and self-seeking workers should never be tolerated. But where to draw the line

only patient and tolerant trial and error can determine.

Nowadays when strikes and strife occur people often ask, "Why doesn't the Labor Relations Board step in and settle the controversy?" Such a question fails to comprehend the purpose behind the creation of these Boards, State and Federal. This purpose is to prevent the major anti-union acts of employers and thus make it possible for workers to organize effective collective bargaining units as a result of which they will gain equality of bargaining power with their employers. The theory is that once this equality of bargaining power has been attained, government will thereafter keep its hands off, trusting that through the operation of economic laws labor and capital will reach agreements which will be in the best interest of society; and even before this beatitude of bargaining equality arrives the Labor Relations Boards are not to be charged with the stupendous task of regulating the relations between capital and labor through compulsory arbitration or otherwise. Much can be said in favor of the legislature establishing boards of mediation to which, if mutually desired, both an employer and his employees could appeal for aid in settling a labor dispute; but there would be great danger of limiting the effectiveness of the Labor Relations Boards if to their present functions were added those of the proposed boards of mediation.

Not infrequently one hears the complaint that the Wagner Act and kindred State statutes are one-sided in that they impose restrictions on employers without placing responsibility upon labor. Of course this legislation is partial: it was addressed to an unbalanced situation. Opponents of these measures cry that labor unions should be required to incorporate in order that they may be held legally accountable for their misdeeds as corporations are. If this plea is made in good faith it arises out of ignorance of the law; for ever since the Coronado case was decided by the United States Supreme Court in 1922 labor unions have been

subject to suit by service of process upon representative officers in substantially the same manner as corporations.

It must be recognized that all this pro-labor legislation may fail of its objective: employers may in the future, as they have in the past, so manipulate legal doctrines as to defeat the legislative will and thus retain their present bargaining advantage; or it may happen that such legislative aids to labor may become so great as to create not an equality but a superiority of bargaining power on the part of labor. In this latter event far more than mere

incorporation of labor unions will be necessary if our capitalistic institutions as we now know them are to be preserved.

This much, however, is certain: that the existence of collective bargaining units for all labor, independent of employer domination, and probably organized for the most part along industrial rather than craft lines, is of vital importance to the nation, and that it is fatuous to concede to labor the right of collective bargaining without also legalizing some effective means whereby collective bargaining may become a reality.

SOLITUDE

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

Translated by C. F. MacIntyre

*SOLITUDE is like a rain.
 S It rises from the sea to meet the night;
 It rises from the dim far-distant plain
 Toward the sky (as by an old birthright),
 And thence falls on the city from the height.*

*It falls like rain in that gray doubtful hour
 When all the streets are turning toward the dawn,
 And when those bodies, with all hope foregone
 Of what they sought, are sorrowfully alone;
 And when all men, that hate each other, creep
 Together in one common bed for sleep:*

Flows solitude, a river black and deep.



VOYAGE FROM MOJI

A STORY

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

TILL midnight and after, the girl lingered at the ship's rail.

On its mountainside the village of Moji became a cup of light with a pale pavilion swelling over it. All Japan resolved presently to a few luminous rocks that tapered up, ever so often, like the spires of a drowned city. The young woman at the rail had taken off her hat. For two hours after sailing she had remained at the stern, watching the waves gather and expire, their twisted rims breaking like porcelain and scattering to the night. When she moved at last to go inside she was chilled body and mind; her teeth chattered as she gave her cabin number and followed a steward down the steep hill of stairs.

A woman, lifting silver-stoppered bottles from a valise that was unfolded on one of the berths, wheeled round with a gasp as the girl closed the door.

"Oh!" she said, wrapping her negligee over her breast, whipping it together at the knees. Then, seeing who it was, she burst into rippling laughter. "My dear, how you frightened me!" she cried. "I thought you were one of the cabin boys."

"Sorry," the girl said. She sat on the other berth, drawing the sleeves of her sweater down about her wrists for warmth. "I'd have knocked," she said without smiling, "but I thought I was to have this cabin by myself."

The woman in negligee, an Englishwoman by her diction, closed the lid of her valise and gave it a little push, mak-

ing room for herself to sit down. She smelled faintly of lilacs and she had a bright, immediate smile which she offered without reserve.

"It's a nuisance," she said warmly, "but on these Maru boats even honeymooners can't hope to be alone: my husband, you know, must occupy a horrid close little room with *four* other gentlemen. So we're quite lucky," she concluded, with her head to the side, scanning the rather sweeping features of the girl, "we're really quite lucky, having just the two of us here."

"I see."

The compressed line of the girl's mouth was released a little. "I guess we are, at that. It's a shame though," she said, "that you and your husband must be separated. You're on your honeymoon, you say?"

The Englishwoman leaned back on her elbows. "My dear child!" she blurted; then, impulsively, she flung back the lid of her valise. "You didn't understand. I just said that to—why, we've been married twenty years, the Major and I!" She drew out a photograph. "That's my husband, Major Hague. He'll be so—so *amused!*" And her arch, smiling mouth parted again with laughter.

The girl laughed too, joylessly. She handed back the photograph and got up.

"I'm Billie Foster," she said, and she took her bag—brown imitation leather with large brass seals—from the cabin floor and laid it on her berth. "Billie's

my real name," she added deliberately; "not a nickname. And I'm not married," she stated, after the pause while she turned a key in the lock, "but I'm engaged."

After rummaging beneath some lingerie, she turned with the color swelling high up in her face and handed the older woman a snapshot. "That's my fiancé, Mrs. Hayes, or whatever-your-name-is," she declared; and in her dread of being patronized, her voice flew to an unnatural register. "His name's Philip Wang. His father was a peasant."

"Well!" faltered Mrs. Hague. Her ease was shatteringly disrupted. There was downright hatred in the girl's voice; it quavered perilously on the brink of tears. "Well, my dear," Mrs. Hague said uncertainly again, "he's—"

"Ah—you can't say he's handsome." The girl jerked a jar of cold cream from her bag. "Because he isn't, I know that. But he *is* intelligent and he's decent, and things like that." She pulled her sweater over her head and hurled it on the bed. "The hell with it!" she broke off harshly and turned to the mirror, unscrewing the lid of the jar and slapping the bleached lathery substance on her face.

Mrs. Hague, gone a little pale, gathered her tremulous resources and rose. Taking the girl gently by the shoulders, she turned her round. "Really, my dear," she said softly, "there's no need for you to behave like this. How I've antagonized you I don't know—I honestly don't know!—but I'd like very much to be friends with you. We're going to share this little room three days, you know."

The girl's hands were so agitated that she dropped the lid; it went spinning and clattering under one of the berths. "It's just," she returned acridly, "that I want you to know whom you're rooming with. If you do, we can go on from there." She tried to turn back to the mirror.

"But such a way," sighed Mrs. Hague, "such a way to tell me about yourself!" She smiled engagingly, giving the girl's shoulder a little pat.

"Choosing a husband," she said, "I've always said, is like choosing a hat—there's no accounting for tastes. One woman likes something chichi; another prefers something plain, or something like mine—pinkish and rather swollen with a tendency to jowls. In any case, the *thing* is whether the hat you've chosen pleases *you*! If you think it's most becoming, if it helps you walk down the street with a certain dash—that's the thing, isn't it?" She smiled again persuasively, giving the girl a shake. "No one's going to despise you, child—Billie, you don't mind if I call you Billie? They may criticize your taste, as I'm sure they do mine, but they can't hate you because you prefer yellow to pink. Why, I've lived in the Orient for three years . . ."

"And some of your best friends are married to Chinese, I suppose?"

"That's perfectly true," replied Mrs. Hague agreeably. "In fact, my husband's niece is married to an East Indian who's one of the most distinguished scholars in his field."

This little invention she murmured with complete candor, and on the strength of it released the girl to turn to her valise for a cigarette. "Won't you have one with me?" she invited winningly.

"Thanks."

Miss Foster resumed her position in front of the mirror, dragging deeply at the cigarette and brushing back her hair, certain strands of it pale yellow against the brown where the sun had stayed. At length she said without glancing round, "I owe you an apology, Mrs.—"

"My friends call me Frances. Won't you?"

"Well, Frances. But if you knew—"

She was determined to speak in nothing like a whine; her voice went cold again. "If you knew how I've got it from every side—from everybody, my mother even. After all, since I'm doing it for her, it's been—"

"I take it then," intercepted Mrs. Hague, leaning back on one elbow and blowing out the smoke in a fan,

"I take it you don't love this young man?"

The girl sat down on her berth and began stripping off her stockings. "I suppose I do."

"Then you're marrying him," said Mrs. Hague softly, "because you want to, because you *must*. Not for your mother nor for any other reason."

"That's right." She dropped her stockings in a heap and sat back on the berth.

Mrs. Hague lay back too, her cigarette dangling from her lips, giving ear to the girl's voice and trying to establish the tenor of it, noting how preposterously this hardness shone from her eyes—how absurd was the entire personality which the girl tried to assume like a garment the wrong shape, the least flattering color. "Listen," she said presently, "why don't you tell me about it?"

The girl stared at her; desolate and frail and ill-used she looked: a girl with an immense amount of sun-streaked hair and tired eyes—an appealing air of being vulnerably young. "It's so hard," she replied effortfully, "to say what you mean."

"There, do try."

The bruised expression, the false, inscrutable light went from her eyes; she flung her cigarette into the wash basin.

"Well, two years ago," she began, quietly enough, "I left the town where I lived to enter the State university. You can believe it or not," she added with the first charming indication that she knew how to smile, "but that's what I am—a co-ed, not a chorus girl! Anyway," she resumed, "that first term I had to get through the worst way—waiting table, washing dishes, even scrubbing floors. That was all right. I didn't mind working hard. It was the snobbery," she explained, staring at her hands, "the other girls—not wanting me for their sororities, giggling at the clothes I had to wear." She glanced up. "You wouldn't know about that.

"Well," she said, "I got good grades. And the second year I began to tutor people in math. I was good at math. I might have been a certified accountant or

something if I'd gone on. Anyway, this Philip Wang, he was one of the students I tutored. His father has been a peasant in Shansi (he told me all this and a lot of other things) and had bought up lots of land. He got very rich, and Philip came to America for an education." The girl breathed deeply, pulling her feet up on the berth and lying back with her head on the pillow. "Philip was a nice boy. I liked being with him—he had more sense than the average college man. Once in a while he'd bring me flowers or something. At Christmas, you know, he wanted to give me an expensive jade bracelet he'd sent to Shanghai for. I wouldn't take it of course. He couldn't understand, but from then on I kept our relationship on the academic basis. No more flowers or candy or anything else.

"Then," she said, "my father—he was a mechanic—my father was killed. He'd been working in an interurban terminal; one of the cars crushed his back. There was insurance for the funeral expenses but nothing left over to support my mother. That meant, you see, I'd have to quit school and go to work, because mother was an invalid; she needed special care and things."

"So Philip Wang," put in Mrs. Hague, "Philip loaned you the money and you were able to stay in college?"

"That's right. He insisted. I didn't even have to explain about it—I could tell he was lending me the money because he admired me—not because he wanted me. Though he did that too," she amended. "Not long after my father died he proposed to me."

"The thing is you accepted him," persisted Mrs. Hague brightly, "because you loved him!"

"No. I might have loved him, I wasn't sure, but I didn't want to marry him while we were there in the States. You know how it would be. I told him I'd have to think it over. Before I could decide, his father sent for him to come home."

"How long ago would that be?"

"Over a year. Last June the doctor

told me I'd have to take my mother out West. There was only one place I knew to get money. I wrote Philip, and I said I'd come to him."

The girl turned on her side and stared searchingly at Mrs. Hague. "That makes me sound saintlike. It's not that way at all. When I see Philip," she cried in a rush, "I may find I'm really in love with him—I couldn't have done it if I hadn't thought that! And then it'll be different in China."

"Oh, I think so," said Mrs. Hague with her unique comprehension. She fished a tin from her valise. "I really do! Do you like toffee? I bought some lovely toffee in a shop in Tokio?"

The girl's eyes seemed to be fixed through and beyond her. "He's never kissed me," she concluded. "He never kissed me once."

Before breakfast the next morning, when Mrs. Hague put her nose over the top step of the companionway, she saw they were to have a blue, flawless day, and from the rail she gazed out across the sea, waiting for her husband and watching the little islands slip by.

This is the kind of day that will make me long for England, she thought wistfully: picnics are being planned over the porridge on a day like this; garden parties will be given for women prettier than the flowers; old ladies will cast off their shawls and young men will stride bareheaded down Piccadilly. The whole island will emerge from the fogs, like a jewel plucked out of cotton.

But her husband was a collector; he adored the Orient. In Peking they would stay till certain T'ang figures were unearthed, and then it would be Japan, where they had just been for a brief vacation, and after that China again, or Bali. No—England was a long way away.

She began thinking about that curious girl who had come bursting into the cabin last night.

Although her sleep was always profound, Mrs. Hague had dreamed about Billie Foster. She had fancied herself as

that girl and she had fancied being met at Tangku by a young Chinese she had never seen before, being taken off to some unholy province with an outdoor privy, while the Major stamped up and down the wharf, searching and shouting for her. It seemed quite dreadful at the time, but now she thrust her arms out over the rail and laughed. At that moment she was kissed on the nape of the neck.

"Major."

Her husband kissed her again, rather more passionately on the mouth, and then he kept his head lowered while she wiped off the rouge. Mrs. Hague felt a glow of consideration, asking him about his own experiences before she confided hers.

"Two American officers from Manila," reported the Major sourly, "and two Japanese. That meant of course closed portholes. I spent the whole night trying to breathe shallowly and counting the germs."

"Poor dear, you do look dashed."

As a matter of fact, he looked singularly fresh, but as Mrs. Hague had told the young woman from America, he was spoiled. She had erred, however, in declaring him swollen—that had been to press home her point; for, as many of her Peking friends declared, Major Hague was a fine, hearty figger of a man.

"How about you?" demanded the Major. "But of course," he added reproachfully, "you had a Class A, didn't you?"

"I? I was perfectly comfortable. But Major," she said, lowering her voice with import, "the most extraordinary girl is sharing my cabin. Really extraordinary. I do want you to talk to her."

"English? You're not going to ask her to visit us, Frances?"

"American, and she's not going to Peking; she is going to Shansi. She's engaged to a young Chinese out there."

"Really?" Major Hague began to whistle.

"Oh, Major! You've met heaps and heaps of perfectly charming girls who—

darling, there's no accounting for tastes. As I've always said, it's like choosing a hat."

"Yes, I know," said the Major. "Just the same." He broke into his whistle again.

Mrs. Hague decided to leave it at that. They had been pacing up and down the deck, and as they came to the stern once more, she looked out at the long wrinkled avenues of foam.

"Isn't it exciting?" she said, squeezing her husband's arm. "The beginning of a voyage, I mean? Even a short one. There's such a feeling of unsolved secrets and things unsaid. It's as if life all together is right here on a little blob of wood rocking about on the waves! So that the only important relationships," she pursued intently, "are with these people—how you're going to stand watching them eat their melons in the morning, brushing their teeth at night. I've read that lots of times," she confessed earnestly, "but it never seems quite true till one's actually—"

"After all," protested Major Hague, "I have to watch four pairs, four sets of teeth being brushed, while you've only one. Moreover, I don't think I could endure closed portholes for more than a year."

"What I mean, Major, is that when I'm on a boat and there's nothing but good, clean water all around, and the mud's left behind with all the hideous little houses on it, I want to be kinder than I ever was before, Major. I don't want to tell lies. It's like beginning all over again with people who don't know how awful you are and the vile things you've done. It—"

"It would be extremely awful of you," chuckled the Major, "practically vile, in fact, to keep me another instant from my breakfast."

"Oh, dear," mourned Mrs. Hague as they followed the waiter, "they've put us at a table for two. I didn't want to be by ourselves—I wanted to be at the purser's table with the others."

"There isn't room." Major Hague polished his silver with satisfaction.

"And will you look at 'em, my dear? I'd rather be at the captain's table with the Japanese. Where are these people you're going to be so kind and honest with? The same old characters out of *Punch*—schoolmistresses from America, army officers from Manila whose wives have eaten too many bananas. You've got too fanciful while we've been in the Orient, Frances."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Hague, definitely let down, "they aren't very unusual. I fancy Miss Foster is having her breakfast downstairs. You'll like her, Major, she has a certain quality."

"Oh, I daresay," responded Major Hague, ripping off the skin of an orange. "A certain quality nobody else wants."

While the Major in his steamer chair spent the hours writing in a journal (he had kept a journal since a boy of ten), Mrs. Hague moved like a bright and murmurous light over all the ship. There was a bridge game in the dining saloon where Mrs. Hague lost generously, would have lost indefinitely had not her partner with unnecessary sharpness excused herself. Then Mrs. Hague discovered diverting Japanese children in the steerage (who thought her altogether a nuisance, tolerating her through sheer politeness) who played games which Mrs. Hague organized. Since the morning had not broken its promise but had ballooned out on every side with mild crescent waves and a profoundly blue sky, there was the view from the rail. Mrs. Hague spent several hours here, bending her face to the water and thinking intently about a number of things.

The murmur of water made her contemplative, and her mind would dart from gay chimeras of the child, round and jolly as a water baby with little corn-kernels for teeth, that she and the Major would one day adopt, to the ribs of ships and peeled bones and monsters in green draperies floating over the floor of the sea. Her imagination could change the drabdest fact to something utterly delightful; with her bright mind she put jewels in its hair and ribbons on its wrists,

set an arc of pure glamour like a shawl round its shoulders.

But it was the girl, Billie Foster, who absorbed her most. Somehow Mrs. Hague felt responsibility toward that girl—first because she had won the girl's confidences, even more because she was scarcely past twenty and forlorn, while she, Mrs. Hague, had over forty years behind her of undiminished contentment. . . .

It was true that anything Mrs. Hague was told, spoken urgently or with a trembling lip, she accepted as truth. Like many people who are mistaken for down-right fools, she was simply innocent and responsive. Unlike many clever ones, she liked people neither with suspicion nor remorse. Soon after dinner she lighted a match for the Major's cigar, tucked his rug round him, kissed him rather guiltily, and went below, repeating a plan triumphantly under her breath.

The plan had to wait. Except for once when she had been washing her hair, Billie Foster was asleep, as she had slept all the day, her hair like a profusion of copper coins burdening the pillow, her young body curled on the berth much as if it had been dropped there (so mused Mrs. Hague) from the jaws of some monstrous beast. As the girl had explained, she had traveled third class all the way across Japan, sitting up at night on the train and sleeping scarcely at all. It was her intention, she had declared, to spend most of these three days catching up.

"To keep from thinking, poor child," sighed Mrs. Hague. But it *was* a disappointment. "It can wait. To-morrow will do," the Major's wife comforted herself, and rather sadly began to take off her clothes.

Billie Foster awoke the next morning feeling refreshed and singularly calm, lying as she was on the deep, protective breast of a ship with the engines throbbing like a heart beneath her. She sat up on her berth, pushing back from her shoulders the weight of her hair and

stretching out her arms as if there were something to embrace. The Englishwoman had gone up to breakfast, and Billie put her feet on the grass mat and gazed out through the porthole. The mild salt breeze blew in, lifting and laving her hair. Outside, the deck stretched like a piazza to the rail, gaunt birds beyond it balanced on the wind, bleating their little cries and letting fall their drops of silt into the water.

Billie turned back before the mirror, releasing the straps of her nightdress and gazing with pride on the upright torch of her body. She regarded it as a very core of strength, unyielding and indomitable, willing to do what it must without complaint; she sang as she sponged herself and smiled into the mirror to see her own teeth and felt completely happy.

There was one thing—she had flung it like an insult at the Englishwoman the first evening out, and then, for the initial time, shaped it wonderingly into words. There was one thing, perpetually looming and threatening her composure like a faint, dark haze on a clear horizon. But often, as now, she could look through or above it, even blow it like a feather from the landscape entirely. She was young or healthy enough to think any unpleasantness, not present or too urgently ahead, could never occur at all—as one invites boring people in a flush of good will to lunch, feeling confident that the date set, a week away, is too remote ever actually to come round.

After she was dressed and powdered she walked up the steps and down the passage, keeping the walls, when the boat lurched a little, erect with her hands. The passengers had gone on deck, and in the dining saloon were only the waiters who brushed by with armfuls of rinds and egg cups.

While Billie sipped her coffee the room surrounded her in a sort of beauty. There was sunlight so pure and strong it seemed almost to burst the glass, while round the corners poured the air from the sea; on the table were honey and cigarettes and nuts and pomolo fruit, that

could be peeled like a fig and unfolded from the skin like a flower.

After she had eaten she went on deck, circling it a dozen times before she stopped at the rail. The steerage children were playing games; among them was a woman with graying braids pinned up about her ears and a handkerchief at her nose to revive her from the smells—a matron who proved to be the Englishwoman, Mrs. Hague, making rules and explaining with gestures the game of tag.

"Major!" she began to shout, gazing up imploringly at a gentleman who was whistling and enjoying the sun farther down the rail. "Major, what's the Japanese for—" Then she saw Billie, and her mouth curved in an enchanting smile. "I'm so glad you're up and about to-day," she called brightly. "Major! that's Miss Foster. My husband, Major Hague!"

There was nothing whatever to do. Billie was overcome with shyness and she recoiled at this intrusion on her mood. She merely nodded and started to walk away. But the gentleman down the rail had stopped whistling and came striding toward her.

"Well, how do you do?" he said almost truculently.

"Oh," said Billie, and she clapped her hand to her hair, not to save it from the wind but to hide her eyes which were watering with embarrassment. "How do you do?"

They shook hands awkwardly while the Englishwoman's laughter rippled below them and her handkerchief fluttered on the wind. Major Hague, a big fresh-colored person with sturdy shoulders, nodded at Billie several times and turned to gaze down at his wife.

"That game she's teaching 'em, whad-ayacallit, tag." He spoke in a rolling, deliberate voice. "They don't seem ever to have heard of it."

"I thought everybody," responded Billie nervously, "all children, in all countries, played tag."

Major Hague broke into a whistle, broke off again, and snorted with laugh-

ter. "They're just humoring her. I daresay they know the game perfectly. The Japanese have excellent manners."

"I wish I'd got to know them better—I had to come right through Japan."

Then she blushed, wondering, as she felt him looking at her, what his wife had told him—if perhaps he scorned her a little? "I wonder what it is," she thought, "that makes Englishmen so *clean*? All that fog and rain, you'd think they'd grow up damp as moss." And such pride as they had: Major Hague's chin held so high, his blue eyes gazing out blind and bloodless like a portrait of the king's—the stamp and seal of empire set upon him; anything impure must wither up before it.

"The thing is, they're not a trustworthy people!" declared the Major sharply, as if she had spoken these things aloud. "They're short-tempered and aggressive. Give me a Chinese every—"

He halted; a resounding silence fell with the ship's noises crowding soft and assertive between them. She could tell by his hands, closing and unclosing on the rail, that he knew; that he was ashamed for knowing and for what he'd said. Instead of feeling outraged, she felt sickeningly sorry for him, almost like apologizing.

It was Mrs. Hague, gay and young, ravishing with the sunshine in her hair, who saved everything; they might have gone painfully on standing there forever.

"The most charming children in the world!" she cried joyously, climbing the flight of steps. "Do let's find deck chairs. They're charming but they've exhausted me. And the odor down there!" She shuddered delicately, putting her handkerchief to her nose. "Nothing in Peking can compare!"

Sitting between them, facing the swinging expanse of sea, Billie was acutely conscious of them both. Surely there was never a woman so gracious or lovely as this Englishwoman with her loose gray braids and shapely hands and the diction that came tempered with British love and kindness from her throat. And the man

with his sanguine, somewhat bewildered face at finding this stranger inserted between them—had ever a man at home such splendid clear eyes, such immaculate cuffs with the gold links clasping them, and the fingers beneath square and clean? These things impressed her sadly. It was as if the only fear she had, for what there was before her, was that she might never see people like these again. . . .

The Hagues began to speak of their house in Peking, and Billie listened with a quiet sadness, not envying them at all but held in dolorous wonder that there could be people for whom money was lavish as grass, who had been taught nothing of meagerness, who could devote their whole lives to being learned or kind.

"Our Mei Mei, just before we left—our Tibetan—died, so the vet said, because I fed her cream puffs," grieved Mrs. Hague. "It was too dreadful—to know that one had deliberately killed a little dog. Lame old men and dogs I simply can't resist," she confided simply, "and cruelty to animals I can't forgive."

"When I was ten years old I sat on a frog," said Billie eagerly, pleased to contribute something. "It was awful, my first awareness of death. I was fat though; it died instantly."

"It isn't very wise," the Major's voice suddenly resounded from his coat collar, "to become attached to 'em, pets, I mean. Their life span's so much shorter than one's own. Unless one chooses turtles or toads; they live forever."

"But imagine," cried Mrs. Hague in dismay, "imagine sleeping with a toad! Mei Mei always slept at the foot of my bed; I do believe we were equally devoted. And she forgave me when she died. She was shivering uncontrollably, but she gave me a lovely long stare and swooned away in a series of little shudders. You'll see where we buried her, Billie—under the wisteria arbor where . . ." She stopped and put her hand on her husband's arm. "Major, you mustn't let us keep you from your journal."

The Major struggled up from his steamer chair, looking more bewildered

than ever. He nodded shortly to Billie and walked whistling away.

"Now!" said Mrs. Hague, turning in her deck chair and folding her hands so that above the blue veins the Chinese bracelets, bound round her wrists, clattered up and down. "Now," she said, and her voice was quiet with kindness, "I have a little plan, Billie, that I want to suggest to you."

Billie stared back, the blood swarming up into her face, believing utterly in any miracle this gay and godly creature might evoke.

"It's true," said Mrs. Hague in apology, "we dock at Tangku to-morrow morning, and there isn't much time for you to think about it. But if there's any doubt in your mind," she said in her most urgent voice, tapping Billie's arm with her painted fingertips, "if there's any doubt at all, I do think you'd be wise to think this over."

Billie sat very still, indeed powerless to move at all. It was as if a door in her mind, never guessed at, had suddenly been flung open, and at the Englishwoman's signal she might gaze out presently across vistas of unsurmisable charm.

"For a long time," explained Mrs. Hague, "for all the three years we've been in Peking, I've been simply dying to do a book on Chinese etiquette. The only thing is, I can't write for more than fifteen minutes without paralyzing my forefinger. The Major's busy of course, and there's absolutely no one to be got in Peking. I thought," she said, poking at a hairpin and smiling her warmest smile, "that if you'd care to be our house guest while we work on this book, you and I—it would take about a year, I should think—that thirty dollars a week . . . Then, you see, my dear," she concluded triumphantly, "you could save practically all that and you could pay back that young man what you've borrowed from him!"

The miracle was overpowering in its simplicity; Billie sat up with her hands so agitated she hid them in her coat. "It's true," she said wildly, "that I type

quite well. I could begin in longhand till my typewriter came from home?"

"Of course you could," responded Mrs. Hague; "you think about it. I'm sure you'll see . . ."

She patted the girl's arm and went off rather tremulously to explain to the Major; Billie, looking after her, thought she did a waltz down the deck.

During the afternoon the waves were flattened yellow as isinglass by a pressure that began with dense heat and compelled clouds to inch, glacier-wise, down the sky. The slightest noise on the ship became significant as a chime in the annihilation of sound around it; at first the rain came, with each drop falling cleanly and singly; then the lightning cracked out like whips, and the wind came smack-down against the water. Rain swept over the decks in a tide. In the suddenly darkened alleyways the passengers moved uneasily, bearing up the walls with their elbows; after dinner some collected for comfort under the glaring lights of the saloon; others shrank pale with nausea into their berths.

Mrs. Hague was among these, and Billie Foster brushed back the gray plaits and put cologne on the pale forehead till she dozed apologetically away. Then, with the spine of the ship twisting and stretching on the rack of that tumult, Billie got into her raincoat and went on deck.

The rain rushed in directly she stepped out the door, but it was reviving and welcome after the closeness of the cabin. She pushed to the rail, gripping it and staring down at the waves, tossing their heads like cattle. Next moment the ship plunged sickeningly; she was wrenched away fierce as a leaf in a spring gale, and she would have been hurled back against the door, had not two arms in a mackintosh caught her neatly about the waist and half-propelled, half-carried her along to the glassed-in portion of the deck.

It was Major Hague, buttoned to the throat in his mackintosh, a muffer wound twice round his neck; above it his pale,

thin-lidded eye recognized her disapprovingly.

"You shouldn't be out in this storm!" he shouted at her, and his voice like a deep bell echoed in that narrow space. "The whole damned boat," he resumed in his deliberate voice, "the whole damned thing's as ineffectual as a mollusk when something like this strikes it."

He turned and looked out through the glass so that in profile a sudden fork of lightning carved out his cheek, the bold nostrils, the dark, shaven bone of his jaw.

"Your wife's feeling better," ventured Billie timidly, when she'd caught her breath. "After she went to sleep, it was so hot down there I—"

"I don't believe in seasickness," the Major volunteered sharply, turning his pale eyes down on her. "I don't believe in it!" he said, staring at her as if in accusation. "The thing is, keep your mind off the motion," he said, "keep your mind as level as always and your stomach can't play tricks!"

"Oh, yes," Billie said quickly, clapping her hands to her hair and pressing her toes against the planks. "That's the thing," she agreed, "the only way to avoid it."

He waved toward the chaos beyond the rail. "If you just look at it and don't feel it—" he said, and perhaps it was the vigor in his veins, the assertion of health and life, that set a warm banner of color flying on his cheekbones—"any fool knows that going up and down in a lift could turn his stomach if he let it. It's a lot worse," he concluded loudly, as if to convince her, "a thing like this is a lot worse . . ."

Then he swung round as if in loathing, and his body crushed her back against the wall; since there were no words to say, his eyes blazed down at her after they had kissed, his body hard against the water-logged weight that hers had become, the mark of his beard still smarting on her face.

"Well," he said hoarsely, "you're com-

ing to live with us," he said, and the muffler seemed to strangle his voice.

The storm which they had abandoned came pounding against the glass; the wind swept whistling about their feet. Billie pushed him away and ran down the deck.

There was mist and a thin rain the next morning, but the sea was calm. Everyone crowded to the rail to see the fishermen, the mud houses, and the little boats with ribbed sails that unfolded like fans. Mrs. Hague, her head wrapped in a veil, came on deck from breakfast. She searched both decks for Billie Foster and found her under the glassed-in portion of the deck where one could watch the wharf without being seen.

"You really should have had breakfast," she told her chidingly, pressing her arm. "It's dangerous eating on the train, because they may not wash their vegetables. It'll be hours till we get to Peking."

"No, I seldom eat breakfast."

"Then you must learn to, dear," said Mrs. Hague, winding the veil snugly round her braids. "You're much too—oh!" she broke off suddenly, and wheeled in excitement to the rail. "I nearly forgot the young man who'd be here! D'you recognize him, Billie? All the Chinese still look alike to me, I fear!"

The girl, rather flushed, buttoned up her raincoat. "Of course I recognize him. He's standing by that pile of rope, the man in the blue—the blue robe or whatever you call it, those things they wear. He doesn't see—"

"Now, you must say," directed Mrs. Hague vaguely, "that you've decided to visit us in Peking for a few weeks. Then you can write him all about it. It'll be quite easy, dear; our train is leaving just as soon as we're through the customs."

The girl put her hands in the pockets

of her coat and turned to Mrs. Hague almost angrily. "But you've misunderstood," she said; "I didn't say I'd come with you; you didn't understand at all."

Mrs. Hague stared at her in astonishment, her mouth dropping open. "My dear," she stammered, "I thought, I thought you—"

"Of course I'm going to marry Philip," said the girl implacably; "that's what I came for, that's why I'm here."

"But if you don't love him." The Englishwoman was in tears.

"I do. At least I don't know that I don't. No, really, you've—"

At that moment the Major came up the companionway. He took off his hat rather stiffly when he saw them.

"Please don't think," blurted the girl to Mrs. Hague, "that I'm ungrateful. I'm not, and you've tried to be awfully kind. But you must learn," she said almost savagely, "not to interfere with other people's lives!"

She brushed past Major Hague and ran down the companionway.

"Major," cried Mrs. Hague.

She waved her hands in the air as if something must be there to catch and explain it all. "Did you hear? I know she intended to come with us. I—I can't understand . . ." She began to weep distractedly, and he put his arm around her.

"Never mind," he said. The whistle began to blow, and the ropes rushed out to clasp the wharf. "Don't be hurt, dearest," he said, "she was a common little thing. She might've run off with my finest jade." He gave his wife his handkerchief and bent down to kiss the pale-pink brows under her hair. "There's no telling," he said firmly, "what might have happened," and he kissed her again. For he loved her, really, very much, and he hated to see her cry.



“PREXY”

BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

IT is a mystery to most of us college presidents why the public is so interested in us. To those few of us who are a bit pompous this public concern seems quite logical. But most presidents are relatively simple, modest folk, anxious to do a good job on a college campus; to us the public spotlight is often as irritating as it is surprising.

Whatever a college president does seems to have some degree of public interest. If he loses his job special news writers are sent to cover it “adequately.” If he loses his driver’s license that gets headlines, too. We are asked to indorse everything from newspapers to gasoline. No public issue arises without some campaign to indorse or oppose it, and we are always urged to sign the letter to President Roosevelt which appears in Monday’s papers with a column or two of signatures. We are asked to speak on every subject imaginable, before all kinds of audiences; and usually there is no honorarium. Neilson of Smith once urged a “Be-Kind-to-College-Presidents Week,” when they should be let alone and not asked to express opinions on subjects on which their only competency is that they are college administrators.

We really ought to be pleased that the public is interested in us. If colleges were not one of America’s main industries our jobs might be much less secure. The public demand for higher education makes our colleges going concerns, even in times of depression. About a million American young people are enrolled in one thousand institutions of higher learn-

ing. Probably one out of every five American families has members now in college or includes former college students. The American passion for education is highly emotional; loyalty to Alma Mater is less a matter of brains and more a matter of feeling than any other national loyalty. College presidents are the mouthpieces, the figureheads, for these institutions; no wonder we get letters on every subject under the sun, advice galore; naturally what we do and say interests the public.

A college president’s job is a varied one. Here is what I am supposed to do: Preside over a campus with a thousand students, a hundred teachers, and two hundred employees—all of whom are, in some way, influenced by how well I do my job. Select new faculty members, six to ten a year, and keep all of them serene, suppressing jealousies and avoiding hurt feelings—and remembering that an able professor is usually a sensitive plant! Preside at faculty committee meetings, trying to advise them toward the wisest decision, supporting what they recommend to the trustees. Preside at faculty meetings, which are often a time-consuming bore. Decide dubious cases of admission, of discipline, and of scholarship award. Welcome student opinion on college policies and faculty appointments, but always with full loyalty to the faculty. Try to keep faculty departmental difficulties from harming the college’s educational program. As far as possible, know students personally, discuss their difficulties with them sympathetically and wisely;

attend all athletic contests, and chaperon many dances. Teach a class, meeting weekly for one semester; (this is one of my greatest privileges; it meets in my home, in a most informal atmosphere). Remember the name of every alumnus I meet anywhere—if he has a "grouch," try to mollify him—if possible, interest him in the college's future. Meet parents, particularly those who feel their sons have not had fair treatment by a professor or a faculty discipline committee. Meet a young alumnus and the girl he is to marry. Write a fifty-page Annual Report on the college's progress and problems.

I am also supposed to be responsible for a property which cost six millions, and an annual budget which totals a million; know by the tenth of each month that no budget items are being overdrawn; decide as wisely and impartially as possible which items in the next budget must be reduced, which requests for departmental funds, salaries, library, upkeep of grounds may be granted. Keep in touch with trustees, particularly members of the executive and finance committees, trying to show them the college's needs and yet constantly endeavoring to have all the final decisions be theirs, not mine. Travel about twenty thousand miles a year—by auto, train, plane, and boat—meeting alumni groups in forty localities from San Francisco to Portland, Maine. Present the needs of the college for new buildings and endowment to possible donors, alumni, and others; usually this is not done by direct appeal (I have asked for money on only three occasions during thirty years as a president) but by showing the college's accomplishments, its future, and its present needs. Make about one hundred addresses a year—to students at the weekly Assembly, to alumni at dinners, at Sunday convocations in other colleges, at teachers' meetings, Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, patriotic societies, church suppers (Meiklejohn correctly termed college presidents "peripatetic phonographs"). Try to keep cordial the relationship between "town and gown" by serving on the Executive Committee

of the local Chamber of Commerce, Y.M.C.A., Hospital, Community Chest (and for a brief period, School Board). Smooth over difficulties: of prankish boys in trouble with the long-suffering police; of an irate property owner who 'phones that "my" boys have cut down his evergreens to decorate for a fraternity dance (they hadn't); of a faculty wife discouraged over her husband's ill health and finances (find some generous alumnus to help); of a boy who must be staked out of my own pocket to get home for vacation (he repaid me); of an alumnus needing help to get the position for which he is applying.

Questions which other presidents have told me have faced them include: Shall we put lightning rods on our buildings? Shall Professor Jones' home, college-owned, be painted white or yellow? With mounting food prices, is it wise to raise on our farm more pigs and chickens? Shall I bail out the lad who, drunk, "stole" a car, or let him spend a night in jail to reflect? How can I best explain over the long distance to John's parents that their boy has just killed himself? Is it wise to change the tune of "Alma Mater"? Which precise shade of blue is our college color?

It is never a monotonous job—and I would not swap with any other.

It is a twenty-four hour, twelve months' job. There is a long summer vacation, but I am at the office at least one day every week. Unlike professors, there is no sabbatical leave; in thirty years I have been away, entirely free from the office, only for two trips to Europe, one of seven weeks, one of ten.

II

We presidents are unlike in many ways. Some of us look like presidents; many do not—and the latter enjoy it more. In a crowd many of us would be taken for mildly successful business men. On the train from New York to Northampton, Neilson was enjoying the banter in the smoking compartment. One of his companions said, "I sell autos; what's your

line?" "Skirts," promptly replied the president of Smith's two thousand girls.

Most of us are married. Alice Freeman Palmer (Wellesley) is almost the only married woman president on record; she was active while her husband was active too. We men almost always find we must have a wife to help us on our job. "Mrs. Prexy" has a job as diverse and interesting as her husband's. She may be—and often is—the intimate friend of countless undergraduates; she can help to keep the faculty serene by her thoughtfulness; she may take a place of large responsibility in the social and charitable activities of the college town. As a hostess she may have a thousand guests for a reception, ten house guests, usually trustees or rich donors, and twenty for dinner—all in forty-eight hours. At a social gathering of presidents and wives the following were reported as the activities of one wife, during her husband's absence, in only eighteen hours: within her home she entertained the widow of a benefactor of the college and one of her relatives, provided rooms for the dance guests of two college boys whose parents were friends of the president, gave a luncheon for a French duchess who had come to lecture to the French Club and the Faculty Wives' Club, presided at the meeting of fifty faculty wives held in her home, and interviewed and pacified three irate policemen intent on arresting the boys in a nearby fraternity house.

In many college communities all college guests—preachers, lecturers, general visitors, prominent alumni—are entertained at the President's House. In one New England college there is a famous cook, who stays only "to oblige" the president and his wife; her salary is modest; her chief demand for her continued service is that she shall meet all distinguished guests. The ingenuity of that particular president is shown not alone by his able management of the college; he must adroitly take visitors, even titled Englishmen, through the kitchen to show them the view of the beautiful pines behind the house and "to meet Mrs. Jones, who helps

us." Crestfallen is the guest who, knowing this cook's interest in famous folk, learns that she has no desire to meet him!

In some presidential homes college students help; visitors to President Angell at Yale found undergraduates greeting them at the door. Often the college chauffeur becomes a character about whom tales are told, such as the Irishman who, while the president worried about his distinguished guest's tardiness, hunted up speakeasies far and wide with William Allen White to prove to him that "prohibition didn't prohibit." Or the Austrian butler on another campus who feels himself a real part of the college staff as he cares for guests, telling them of the college's excellencies.

A president's success is measured by his ability to deal with his trustees, his faculty, his students, and his alumni. Truly he has a host of bosses. Usually the Board has one or two men whose influence counts most—like Bannard of Yale, Davison of Wesleyan, Gibson of Bowdoin, Hepburn of Middlebury, Loree of Rutgers, Morrow of Amherst, Swift of Chicago, Warren of Williams. In State institutions it may be the Governor or the State Superintendent of Schools. In the faculty the president usually has some "elder statesmen" with whom he may consult freely and frankly. In many colleges to-day there is an advisory committee of professors with whom all appointments and promotions are discussed. Once presidents were tzars; now the American Association of University Professors and, on some campuses, local units of Labor Unions protect faculty rights. To-day the following could not happen: Seelye of Smith ruled over his faculty with vigor; one lady teacher vanished suddenly; her friends worried and one finally summoned sufficient courage to ask the President what had happened. He said, "Why, Miss Smith, I dismissed her; she had the audacity to scold me." Student relationships are usually the simplest and most satisfying; young America is very fair-minded and loyal.

The male president of a woman's college has a peculiarly difficult position.

Surrounded by women, a man may easily become tzarlike—with unfortunate results—or feminized. To command the respect of the fathers of students and the husbands of alumnae and male trustees takes almost a superman. Alumnae may let their loyalty transcend wisdom—the president must curb but not disturb. If he has a few men on his faculty, in only rare cases are they as able and aggressive as men teachers in men's colleges. Actually, there is no reason except tradition why boys prefer male teachers; girls usually do likewise. In coeducational colleges boys are often splendidly taught by women teachers. No woman professor has as yet been chosen in a man's college. There still is sex discrimination. In spite of the fine record of college-trained women in government positions, in spite of a woman's becoming a Cabinet member, in spite of the protests by presidents of women's colleges, Harvard has so far refused to admit women to her new Graduate School of Government. The presidents of women's colleges feel this sex antagonism keenly. Men's colleges receive gifts in the millions; women's institutions, if lucky, in the thousands. A few years ago the presidents of seven women's colleges organized to present to the public the claims of all the women's colleges; the results so far are chiefly intangible, with very few checks. Neilson (Smith) and MacCracken (Vassar) have so developed the institutions over which they preside that from every standpoint except endowment and professorial salaries they surpass all but a few of the men's colleges.

Among the women leaders of women's colleges Blunt (Connecticut), Comstock (Radcliffe), Gildersleeve (Barnard), Glass (Sweet Briar), Park (Bryn Mawr), Reinhardt (Mills), and Woolley (Mount Holyoke) have been as successful as any of us men. Their task is doubly difficult too. They have their job to do in the office; when they return to their homes they are the hostesses; no wife relieves them by arranging dinners, receptions, social contacts with students, faculty, and town.

We men do not envy them their twenty-four hour a day responsibility.

Presidents gather and hobnob on various occasions. The annual meetings of the Association of American Colleges attract three to four hundred presidents—a catastrophe in the convention hotel would give headaches to many hundred boards of trustees! The meetings are addressed by speakers from America and abroad. The informal gatherings in the corridors are, however, more popular than the lecture hall. Here we discuss problems with faculty and trustees, new presidents soon to be appointed, ideas for professorships we must fill, schemes for raising funds and attracting students. Many States have annual college-president conferences; many regions, likewise. A unique organization in New England, nearly a century old, comprises about twenty non-state, non-women's institutions. For two days in October the president and one faculty man from each member college meet on the campus of the host institution; a spirit of complete candor is said to prevail, no reports are printed, no reporters are admitted.

We meet at one another's inaugurations too. These are often occasions of academic glamour as we march in our many-colored gowns and hoods. The speeches vary little; presidents are usually more interested in the length of the inaugural address than in its contents. Finley's speech of welcome is similar to those he has given on many, many earlier occasions, but it is always charmingly delivered; Lowell said more in five minutes than the rest did in twenty; Angell was at his best as an after-dinner speaker. Sometimes we pay academic debts by conferring honorary degrees on one another; the president most recently chosen may get his first honorary hood at the first inauguration he attends as his college's presidential delegate. Friendly rivalry exists among us thus to honor one another; Seymour escaped last June by being abroad; Conant and Dodds were showered a few years ago. Watch the papers and count the degrees Baxter (Wil-

liams), Day (Cornell), and Dykstra (Wisconsin) will get.

III

Most of us speak our minds frankly on public affairs, often even on matters in which we have no competency. I think there is much to be said for the attitude of King (Amherst), who believes his job is to run a college, not to speak out on matters which do not directly concern the campus. He was almost the only one of the Northern presidents who did not publicly denounce Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposals; even when pressed by his trustees, he maintained that this was no concern of Amherst's and refused to be counted, for or against. Most of us are conservatives, as are our bosses, the trustees, in general; and radical economic changes worry us by threatening adversely our endowment income. For many years before being a Democrat became so popular, Sills was the only member of that party heading a college in the Northeast. Even to-day MacCracken's (Vassar) vigorous support of Roosevelt differentiates him from most of the rest of us. Some of us may be too critical of modern trends at Washington; probably our faculties and students show a higher percentage of approval. In this "new day" it would be most unfortunate if the proletariat considered college presidents as unresponsive to modern tendencies. We may "view with alarm" too often; some of us regret that Angell made such a large part of his valedictory at Yale a denunciation of Roosevelt. After all, our job is chiefly academic.

Presidents of State-supported institutions are under much more of a curb on public matters than those of us who preside over independent colleges; few of the heads of independent colleges, even those which have close denominational ties, are prevented from speaking publicly the truth as they see it. Cowling, at Carleton College, to-day has much greater freedom than Coffman at Minnesota. Probably this group of presidents can do more than those in institutions under public control

to fight for freedom of speech; we can publicly oppose Oath Bills, we can urge freedom for the teacher. There are many signs of impending interference with academic freedom in American colleges; here we have a large responsibility.

The president's freedom of speech often gets him into trouble. One president took an assigned topic for his speech at a conference and described the preparation for marriage which could come through study, without mentioning the influence of the Church and the home—a topic assigned to another speaker. The official Catholic weekly of the State denounced him for this oversight and branded his institution as "Godless"; his mail was unusually heavy for the next two weeks! Another president, in 1928, stated that he would not vote for Al Smith "but not because he is a Catholic"; he found himself involved in a controversy with a Methodist Bishop; forty letters of vilification arrived from bold enemies of the Pope who were too cautious to sign their own names. A letter to Jewish premedical students, explaining the difficulties of admission to medical school (ten applicants for each place open to a Jewish boy) was seen by a reporter, and the presidential signer was occupied for a full ten hours with interviews over the telephone by three New York dailies, requests for pictures and special stories (refused) and eulogistic reports in next day's papers in Germany twisting his advice into an attack on American Jewish students. (Of the seventy letters which followed from Jews, a large majority commended the president for his helpful frankness to the Jewish student about a situation entirely beyond his control.)

When college presidents are dismissed the public is keenly interested. Politics may have been involved in Frank's departure from Wisconsin, but most of his presidential colleagues felt that it was deserved; no matter how fine a speaker and writer he is, he was not a successful university president. We were amused at the story that he set eight o'clock as the

time for his formal dinners—in a community where such New York hours were not the custom; on the occasion of his first dinner for the Governor the executive and his wife presented themselves too early, and were refused admission by the butler! Little left Michigan because he was unwilling, even when head of a State institution, to give up his vigorous public support of a proposal (birth control) to which a majority of the State's citizens were opposed; his defiance of tact and diplomacy deprived American higher education of a leader of great ability. Dennett resigned from Williams because the trustees decided to use funds to expand the campus, when he felt strictly educational needs were greater; his request for a "suspensory veto" over trustee financial actions was foreign to the American principle that trustees control and presidents carry out their decisions; the president must educate the trustees about the college's needs, and in doing so often has to exercise great tact and patience. The Williams situation of last summer is unusual; Dennett was succeeded by Baxter, who was considered for the presidency when Dennett was selected three years ago, and who was Dennett's main advocate then. Baxter's presidency will be much easier because of the difficult and distasteful work which Dennett did in connection with the college's finances and faculty. Jaquith's resignation last June from Illinois College was for financial reasons quite unlike Dennett's: because the trustees were unwilling to do what he considered their share in meeting the college's financial crisis.

One of the most disturbing presidential resignations of recent years was Meiklejohn's at Amherst; his career since has been largely one of frustrated hopes and plans. In his influence on students, I doubt whether there has been his equal; in uniting his faculty and solving financial problems—including his own—he failed. But Dwight Morrow, in looking back at the crisis, told Nicolson, his biographer, that he doubted whether the trustees' action was wise. A forced resig-

nation may hurt a college for years—and so may an incompetent president.

There are many pitfalls which may destroy a president's usefulness. Sometimes one trustee with wealth may prove difficult. Markle, rich coal baron on the Lafayette Board, made MacCracken's position as president most uncomfortable. The rich, opinionated trustee insisted on strengthening the engineering department, although Lehigh with its fine School of Engineering was only a few miles away, and Lafayette certainly had more pressing needs. The president must also have found the gift of trustee Kirby (five-and-ten-cent-store tycoon) embarrassing: to endow a department and erect a building for government courses in which the superiority of capitalism would forever be maintained. For some reason Lafayette seems to be a difficult place for able presidents; Warfield, who preceded MacCracken, held the position for many years chiefly by "doing nothing." Lewis, the very able president to-day, has been faced with a difficult athletic problem. He insisted on eliminating subsidies to football players, changed coaches, and secured an able athletic director from Harvard. For some unaccountable reason football defeats entirely beyond normal followed—and alumni howled; one alumnus, say the town papers, has offered a new athletic building if the athletic director is discharged. A victorious football team in 1937 has quieted the critics somewhat. At Wooster a large gift was promised if the college would disband the fraternities; over vigorous alumni opposition (which still hurts the college) this was done, but the donor died just too soon and neglected to include the proposed gift in his will; the president soon resigned. Miss Woolley, resigning at Mount Holyoke, found many of the trustees determined to defy her wish for a woman successor, perhaps because a Board largely composed of males usually prefers to work with a man president. In the long drawn-out controversy over Ham's election, the Mount Holyoke

Board showed neither wisdom nor astuteness in their public statements; Miss Woolley, deeply disappointed, made one statement and then maintained dignified silence.

Sometimes governors and State superintendents of schools fail to get along with the president of a State institution. At Connecticut State a president recently resigned, partly owing to an unwise vote of his Board, over his protest, largely suppressing freedom of speech for the student body, and partly because he and the Commissioner of Education differed. At Massachusetts State, Baker's effectiveness is being hampered by Governor Hurley. In one recent year governors "fired" three State university presidents.

IV

A president may find part of his faculty against him. A professor, in most colleges, can be discharged only if he runs off with his neighbor's wife (one "wise-cracking" president advocated the securing of a charming woman of careless morals, who might visit campuses where there was a professor who could not otherwise be eliminated, use her charms on the stubborn man, and help the president free the institution of the incubus). If peace cannot finally be attained the president usually goes.

Faculty power varies greatly on different campuses. At Yale the professors may thwart the president's desires for a new professor or the promotion of a younger man. Angell could hold French, who had a call elsewhere, only by making him the Master of one of the new Colleges, with professorial rank; the English department insisted on the promotion of another man. To most of us the Yale faculty seems rather self-sufficient, perhaps smug. The scheme (slightly modified since the French case) of practical professorial veto over the president may make for a congenial, compact group of professors—but it has marked liabilities. Harkness offered Yale millions for a plan to divide the college into small

units; all the president's efforts to have the faculty adopt the plan failed; "it would be such a change from the old Yale"; years were wasted. Disgusted, Harkness made the offer to his Alma Mater's traditional rival. When the donor's representative called on Lowell and proposed the gift, the Harvard president called his secretary and asked for the plan, fully worked out years before with full faculty approval. Delighted at Harvard's administrative efficiency, Harkness greatly increased the gift. Then the Yale faculty woke up and decided the plan had merit—and fortunately Harkness again made the offer to Yale. If Yale's president had had the power that Harvard's does, Yale would have had the first "college plan," and barely possibly Harvard would not have had her Houses at all, at least from the Harkness millions. (For the success of the plan, and its influence on the American college world, it is fortunate that Harvard was included; most of us, I think, believe her plan to be more educationally effective.) One of Seymour's largest tasks will be to find an able dean for Yale College, who will aid the president in bringing to the college some of the great progress which came to the professional schools under Angell.

Faculty difficulties may present themselves in other ways. A professor is often temperamental, an individualist, sensitive to the core. He must be handled most tactfully. If the professor is a woman, the difficulties are even greater—I was never jealous of my male colleagues who preside over faculties largely or entirely feminine! Jardine, experienced in statecraft in Washington and diplomacy in Egypt, is learning at Wichita that teachers are different from civil employees.

One of my friends tells a story that well illustrates this faculty sensitiveness. He wore a very large hat of which he was most fond, oblivious to its shabbiness. He decided that instructor Brown was not to be reappointed and told the department head to so notify him. Instructor Brown asked for an interview

just as the president was leaving for a speaking trip. "You have no idea, Mr. President, why I am here." The president kept silent, thinking he knew all too well the expostulations over unfair treatment which were to come. "We bachelors who eat at the Faculty Club have been discussing this matter for some time, and we finally decided we ought to speak to you, and I was selected to tell you. We think you ought to get a new hat." The president, amazed, soon let his visitor know that the sort of hat the president of the college wore was none of the instructors' concern—and ran to catch his train. Then he thought: Brown has evidently not been told of his dismissal; when he is, he will assign it entirely to this interview, not to his failure as a teacher. At the first stop he dashed off a wire to the department head, "Reappoint Brown for next year." When he told us he plaintively asked whether we thought he must be kept for a second year, poor teacher that he was, to avoid any feeling that the president was vindictive over the criticism of his hat.

A Middle-western college suffered for two decades from a most unfortunate occasion when leading faculty members accused the president of undue familiarity with women students and secretaries (a college president must be as far removed from such gossip as Cæsar's wife). The president agreed to resign, perhaps because he wished to save the college from unpleasant publicity. Unfortunately, publicity was not avoided, many of the abler faculty men left, trustees were alienated, and the deposed president's two successors failed to unite the college's clientele.

Athletic problems, chiefly football, often hamper a president's success. Knox's record-breaking string of football defeats certainly did not help Britt with his alumni; at Iowa Jessup found that the university's expulsion from the "Big Ten" reflected on him throughout the State; at Centre the alumni and community insistence on a nationally successful team contributed to the resignations of

Ganfield and Turck; Lewis (Lafayette) has lost much alumni support by his demand for a "clean-up" of football; Clothier (Rutgers) is bothered by a "big time" athletic tradition in a small-sized university; Ward (Western Maryland) was a leader among the more religiously inclined colleges of the country, although his football team achieved success which made his colleagues suspicious of the methods used to attract and hold players; Wilkins (Oberlin) having tried with little success to change the athletic standards of the Ohio colleges, is now encouraging the organization of an informal national group of institutions "like-minded athletically"; the chief criticism of Graham (North Carolina) throughout the State is based on his valiant but probably unsuccessful effort to eliminate subsidies to football players in the Southern Conference. The presidents of women's colleges—and Reed with no intercollegiate sports—may congratulate themselves that they are spared!

King at Amherst has used athletics skillfully to revive undergraduate morale and alumni support. Amherst's athletic record was low when Pease resigned; some alumni felt that the undergraduates had become blasé, content with defeats. King, who boasts he has never played any outdoor game except croquet, became an ardent fan, following the team to all its games, backing the new coach wholeheartedly, pleased when boys with athletic promise were admitted. Victories followed; the campus became more athletic-minded than any other similar New England college; gifts for a new athletic plant costing three quarters of a million were soon secured. Jordan, the coach, became Athletic Director; his name is prominent in the catalogue list of administrative officers. Few, in building the new Duke, saw to it that a stadium became one of the most striking parts of the new campus and that the football team became nationally known and successful. Tucker's wise use of athletics did much to nationalize Dartmouth.

Newspapers can hurt a president se-

verely. The president of a college located in a two-paper town usually finds one paper boosting him and one anxious for every chance to criticize. Robinson at the College of the City of New York must regret the full accounts, probably often inaccurate, of every difficulty he has with his rather unruly students. Reporters always consider presidents "fair game"; I have been interviewed about almost every subject under the sun, often entirely unassociated with the college, and at all hours—including phone calls at two A.M. Refusal to say anything may be twisted by the reporter so that it will hurt the college or the president. When news of a gift, a new appointment, or most newsworthy of all, a new football coach, breaks, one must be sure the metropolitan and local papers make the announcement simultaneously. "Jumping a date line" on a college release has happened all too often; the college dare not boycott the paper, and unscrupulous editors—there are some, though few—or careless copy writers—there are many—may get a scoop which pleases them and brings to the college the wrath of all the other papers. How to divide your news so that you keep both the morning and afternoon papers still friendly requires a Solomon.

V

Two tests of presidential effectiveness are: Can he say "no" graciously without offending? Here we need the skill of the politician, the wiles of the superman. Burton at Minnesota and Michigan is said to have been able to refuse faculty requests for more money for salaries or departmental needs "as though it hurt him more than it did the asker." Second, can he wait patiently, quietly, to accomplish his plans, or is he the type who drives ahead ruthlessly over opposition, unwilling to wait and win? A wise dean once said of an able president, "His only weakness is that he has no reverse gear."

Sometimes we are very careless about matters of public concern connected with

our colleges. The presidents of the colleges in Massachusetts were "asleep" in letting the Teachers' Oath Bill pass the legislative committee before they even knew of it. They requested a rehearing and found themselves made ridiculous by the non-college-trained, shrewd Irishman who presided; after each president spoke denouncing the bill, he called on a communist or a socialist who did likewise! The bill passed; at the next session a very vigorous campaign resulted in a vote to repeal and a Governor's veto, which was sustained. In Connecticut Yale has had continual trouble with the threat of taxation in New Haven. The veto of the Governor (ex-Yale Dean) alone kept her athletic playing fields off the tax rolls of the town of Orange. Many of us are keenly worried about the possibility of taxation of part of our endowment or property. In Indiana a bill to tax dormitories was stopped only by a compromise which will ultimately cost the colleges much. Harvard was probably astute, as she acquired Cambridge property for her expanding campus, in agreeing to make a large annual gift to the city, partly in return for police and fire protection. We who are Protestants feel that the main hope we have of remaining "tax free" rests with our Catholic brethren; they do not wish to pay taxes on their collegiate property either, and bishops usually have more influence than presidents with governors and legislatures.

We presidents are proud of our profession. We are humble about our abilities. We think the public often expects too much of us and our colleges. We would like you to understand clearly what sort of folk we are. Please do not expect the impossible of us; we cannot educate your sons and daughters unless they have the capacity for self-education within them. We know that many experiences educate just as effectively as a college. We do not want the public to consider us supermen or individuals disdainful of those who are not college trained. Actually, we are very much like you.



THIS SETBACK IN BUSINESS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

AT THIS moment, in the presence of statistics that mutter to us in an intelligible language, it would be a tragedy of profound darkness if our generation were to leave in history only the story of a confused generation which refused to learn.

No one can ignore the fact that the indices which presage the economic events of the coming year point downward. These same cruelly frank cycle charts sounded the same warnings in 1929. Those who dared call attention to them were greeted with hoots of hatred. It was possible to howl down the prophets, but it was not possible to howl down the disaster. It floated in to us upon a tidal wave of rosy assurances about the future.

There are elements in the community which flourish only on good news. The hope of prosperous days does indeed entice men to press along the road; but are we still sure that we can keep up their advance by holding up hopes built on data which must turn out to be false at the next turn?

If we believe this we have learned nothing. Our economic environment is constructed of material and ponderable elements. It is something about which we can and ought to be realistic. Those who are charged with the responsibility of dealing with events surely cannot afford to be fooled.^{*} If there is a possible disaster ahead, it can be averted only by understanding it. It cannot possibly be defeated by pretending it does not exist. It is as easy to pretend that a hostile army does not confront you or that a storm is

not gathering on the horizon as to ignore the accumulating energies of an industrial depression.

At this moment the air is filled with discordant and contradictory cries—the cries of men who have interests to serve, business interests or political interests, or who have hatreds to support. The government has broken the back of industry, we hear. The stock market, nerve center of the capital markets, has been eviscerated. Capital is on a sitdown strike. Taxes devour us and paralyze thrift. Corporate executives have been driven from the markets. “For God’s sake, let the insiders trade,” wires a former brain-truster to the SEC. The capital-gains tax starves investment. The economic royalists, we are told by others, are coldly preparing a crash. The bears are selling the Administration short. It is all confusion, propaganda, terror.

Out of this sort of talk nothing can come but trouble. What is needed, it would seem, is a calm statement of the patient’s physical condition. Even if the doctor does not know the cure himself, if he can indicate the malady he will have done something. I do not insist that I can do this. But at least that is the objective of what follows.

II

As a brief prelude to the notes which are to be recorded here, it is essential that we pause; lift the hood which covers the engine of our capitalist money economy, and see how its parts go round.

A business enterprise is a producer of two products. It creates commodities or services. But it also creates money income. In the making of its commodity or service it spends money. This money is called the cost of production.

From every enterprise two streams flow out. One is a stream of goods or services. The other is a stream of money payments—costs of production. The goods go into the market to be sold. The money payments go into the pockets of the people—workers, investors, material men, and others. This is the money income of the nation. The nation has nothing else to spend, nothing else with which to buy the goods which have been poured out into the market save this money income or, of course, past money income which has been saved from other seasons of production. When enterprises stop producing they stop producing not only goods but money income.

There is one feature of this operation which is of vital importance. The enterpriser who has sent goods out into the markets to be sold and who has also sent money income out into the pockets of the people expects to sell his goods. And he expects to get back in the operation of selling all that he has paid out in producing, plus a profit. Since there is available for all of the enterprisers together only what they have paid out, it must be obvious that all will not be able to take back in prices what they have expended in costs plus a profit. Some will suffer losses. And this is one good reason why our business system, instead of being called the profit system, may be more accurately described as the profit and loss system.

At times, however, most, if not all, of these enterprisers succeed in taking back all that they have paid out plus handsome profits. The secret of how this is done is the point to which we have been traveling. The vast flood of money income poured into the hands of people to spend each year may come back into the hands of the enterprisers who pay it out—may come back to them in the form of prices for

what they sell. But if any of these enterprisers do not get it back—do not expect to get it back—there will, clearly, be more money available for those who do.

Let us suppose a manufacturer produces a number of locomotives in the course of a year. He pays out very large sums in costs of production; but when he sells the locomotives he does not ask any of these sums back. He is willing to sell to a railroad company all his locomotives and accept in payment several millions in bonds which are mere notes—promises to pay at some time in the future.

Another enterpriser builds a house and lays out money in wages, interest, and material costs. When the house is finished he is willing to sell the house to a buyer, taking a tenth or a third of the sale price and accepting for the balance a mortgage note.

Or let us suppose that the State erects a public building or a road. It spends vast sums in wages and for materials; but it never offers the building or the road for sale (assuming it is not a toll road). It takes back in prices no part of the costs of the operation.

In all of these cases the great sums laid out by the manufacturer or builder go into the hands of people and can be used by them to buy the products of other producers who wish to sell for cash; none of it need be expended on the product of this producer who takes long-term notes for his pay.

In practice of course the producer himself seldom takes the long-term notes. Usually the person to whom he sells his product issues his obligations of indebtedness—stocks, bonds, notes, mortgage notes—and with the funds obtained pays the producer; but the product is none the less paid for with funds created by long-term borrowing.

When, therefore, we see these industries which sell their product for evidences of indebtedness or for funds created by evidences of indebtedness, we know that a supplementary stream of money income or purchasing power is flowing into the economic blood-stream.

As long as these enterprises are in operation there will be this expanded flow of money income which all the other enterprisers who sell their goods directly to consumers for cash may take back and divide among themselves in prices. And when these enterprises which are supported by long-term borrowings diminish, the supplementary income which they create also diminishes, and the expansion of purchasing power open to all other producers is contracted.

This, in brief, is the reason for all the talk we have heard about the "capital industries." Many prefer to refer to them as the "heavy industries" or the "durable goods industries." But they are best described as capital goods industries, for they are economically significant not because they are heavy or durable but because they are financed by means of long-term borrowings. And this is significant because it has the vital effect of producing an expansion of the money income of the community which may be drawn on to purchase the output of the consumer industries.

I have given of course a highly simplified outline of the process of money-income production. That process is subject to numerous interruptions, detours, complications which cannot possibly be considered here; but the outline conforms sufficiently to the general features of the process to serve as a basis for the diagnosis used here.

All this might be brushed aside by the student as elementary were it not for the fact that there is no lack of theories at war with this one, and for the further more serious fact that so much that is said and written about the current decline and its causes ignores these facts completely. In any case even the informed reader will need to keep this outline in mind in connection with what follows.

III

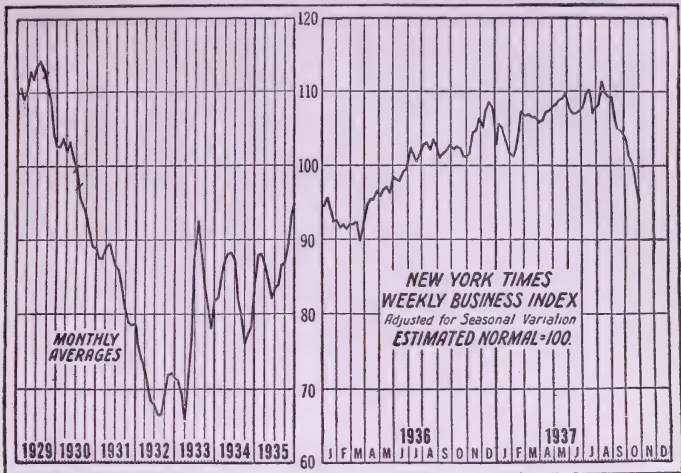
We may now take a swift glance at the business scene as it appears in the middle of November.

First, it is necessary to bear in mind that a number of persons of importance in Wall Street and elsewhere one year ago sold to the financial world the pleasing faith that America stood upon the threshold of one of the greatest booms in its history. This expectation was built upon the belief that all our great industries were in dire need of plant rehabilitation and expansion; that we were in for an indefinite era of easy money; that the construction industries were about to revive upon a grand scale, and that confidence in the future had at last soundly returned.

At the time this happy outlook seemed to me utterly unfounded in any visible signs in our economic world. But the country took up the hope in earnest. And upon this hope the stock market set off upon the last leg of an ambitious flight—a flight, however, which lost its buoyancy almost while the inspiring hymn of the joyous prophets was vibrating in our ears.

But business itself—production and employment and wages and profits—seemed for a while destined to vindicate the soothsayers. The most inspiring reports, week after week, made it possible for those propagandists of prosperity, the financial editors, to proclaim that, in spite of the Enemy of Mankind in Washington, the boom, like Time, was marching on. The spiritual and political reflexes of recovery were everywhere visible. America, penitent only yesterday, was inclining away from its mourners' bench. Reform was waving good-by to us and Things, once again, seemed on the point of leaping back into the saddle from whence they had been so unceremoniously flung somewhere back in 1932. Then perhaps some time last May the more observant watchers began to note some tremors as if the onrushing chassis were piling up upon its sputtering engine. And then in August business began to sag.

I have reproduced the business index chart of the *New York Times*, as of early November. There are others. Perhaps all are subject to grave criticisms. When, however, they agree, we may accept the



Courtesy of the New York Times

THE NEW YORK TIMES BUSINESS INDEX

picture they make of business as reasonably authentic. The simple line of this chart speaks to us eloquently of what has happened. I wish to lay a pointer on just two aspects of this chart.

First, a glance will reveal that at the end of last October the level of business activity stood at almost the same height as at the end of 1935. In other words, between the middle of last August and the end of last October all the gains of 1936 and 1937 had been canceled out.

Second—and this is significant—in the last two and a half months shown on that chart, the descent was as great as it was in eight months following the 1929 crash.

Are we to leap to the conclusion that we are now headed hopelessly for the chasm? I think not, if the business world will stop hating the President and if the President will stop playing politics and if we will all turn our ears away from the song of the promisers of abundance and look with simple realism at our situation.

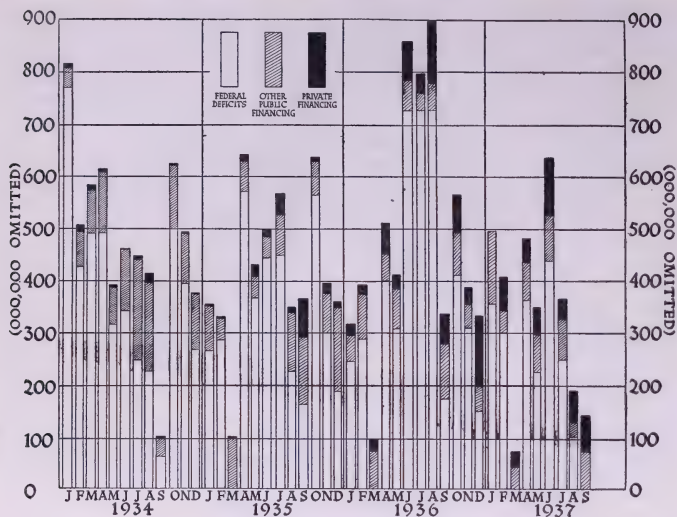
First, what has produced the decline? I do not speak of the stock markets. They should have declined, for the ex-

cellent reason that they were unjustifiably high; and they were unjustifiably high because they had soared upward on the expectation of the coming boom. As the boom did not materialize, it could not collapse. What collapsed was the expectation of the boom and of course with it the stock market came tumbling down. But what has caused the decline in productive and distributive business?

Here we must revert to what was said above about the flow of fresh funds into our economic system through the mechanism of long-term financing. I have reproduced another chart. It is designed to illustrate the flow of capital financing from 1934 to 1937.

The three sources of security financing are federal borrowings, other government borrowings (State and local), and private corporation security issues. This chart is designed to show the volume of each in every month since 1934.

A mere glance will serve to show that the great bulk of funds flowing into the system has been federal government borrowings. Next in importance, but



GOVERNMENT DEFICITS AND NEW FINANCING, 1934-37

The white part of each column represents federal deficits, *i.e.*, the excess of spending, month by month, over federal income. (This excess is averaged for three months at the peak of the bonus distribution.) The gray part represents other governmental deficits or financing (State and local), not including refunding operations, which put no new funds to work. The black part represents private financing as shown by applications to the S.E.C. (not including refunding operations). Notice how the black part of the column fails to increase when the white part shrinks.

vastly smaller, have been State and local government financing. *Least of all has been private financing, playing an almost negligible role in this function.* The small black caps which tip the peaks each month illustrate graphically the utter failure of private business (whatever the cause) to make any effective contribution to the expansion of purchasing power through security financing.

It would be well if to this were added another chart showing the course of the construction industry. For building, when active, draws into the system an immense amount of long-term funds by means of mortgages. But it is not necessary to encumber this narrative or these pages with any more charts. It is sufficient to say that private building opera-

tions, upon which so much hope was based, have failed to put in an appearance in any important volume. Building did, indeed, increase, but not enough to be effective, and in the past few months it has declined pitifully below the level of last year.

All this serves to make clear two vital facts. The first is that the recovery to date has been built on federal government financing; or, to put it another way, on federal deficits; or, to vary the form again, on the unbalanced national budget. The second is that the flow of funds in the aggregate reached its peak in the summer of 1936 and that in the main the flow fell off up to the beginning of October, the last period for which there are complete data.

Private financing has been heavier in the past twelve months but has not appreciably made up for the decline in federal financing. The economic system may be likened to an engine which has been slowly geared up to a rising speed, after which the supply of steam into the cylinders has been slowly reduced. It is like a body whose circulating blood stream needs to be replenished at intervals by blood-making foods but which, over a year, has had these foods slowly withdrawn from the diet. The recovery energy was weakened, and it was easy to see, a year ago, precisely what would happen.

What can we discern for the future in this? It is that if private financing should not revive and the government should withdraw from the field, then the whole system would sink down in a comprehensive disaster of the first magnitude.

If this is true, what becomes of the clamor of business for a balanced budget and the President's promise to balance the budget? Does this mean that we must go on living on endless government deficits? The answer is—yes, *if we wish to support the present price structure.* And in this essential fact lies the key to the whole situation.

IV

From the point of view of recovery the central and even tragic blunder of the President was his surrender to the drive for higher prices. He believed that raising prices to the 1926 level was essential to his program and apparently he has persisted in this belief until now. The present price structure can be supported only on an inflationary base. And this is what we have had until recently. The borrowing of the federal government has been wholly inflationary.

If you borrow \$10,000 from me I give you a check for that amount. You deposit it in your bank, with the following results: you will have the \$10,000 to spend and I shall not. Your bank will have the deposit and my bank will lose it. There are neither more nor less dollars in

the country after the operation, and the total of the country's bank deposits has not been changed. If, however, you borrow the \$10,000 from a bank, the bank will give you, not \$10,000 in cash, but a receipt for a deposit in your bank book. After you receive the loan the bank will have a \$10,000 deposit it did not have before. The bank's deposits will be increased by \$10,000. Even if you should withdraw the \$10,000, the situation would not be different. For you would withdraw it to spend or invest and you would give a check to someone else who would deposit it in his bank. The increased deposit would remain, merely shifted to another bank. The result of this kind of borrowing is to increase bank deposits and hence bank money.

This is what the government has done. It has done almost all its borrowing from the banks, thus adding billions to the available bank money of the nation.

It has been this inflationary bank money which the government has spent. And it is this vast fund—running to fifteen billion dollars in the past four years—which has been available for consumers to spend upon the products of consumer industries. Without these large inflationary infusions the prices would not have been possible. Without a continuance of them they cannot be continued.

People make the mistake of supposing that inflation necessarily resembles the grotesque orgy which astonished and amused the world in Germany. In spite of alarmist economists, however, it is possible to have moderate credit inflation. Indeed, I hold the view that a certain amount of inflation is essential to the functioning of the capitalist system; but I believe that this should be rigidly restricted to private credit inflation. And even that should never be more than we can absorb. Mr. Keynes insists that the capitalist money economy is in equilibrium only when investment equals savings; and he suggests measures for achieving this end. I fear that investment must exceed savings, but that the inflationary excess must never be more than the system

can absorb. And by this I mean that the inflationary excess must not be more than can be offset by the losses of those enterprisers who suffer negative profits and by the normal extinction of debt through failures, bankruptcies, cancellations.

Thus we have seen the government producing inflation to expand purchasing power and at the same time whipping up prices—and thus canceling out the purchasing power as fast as the inflation generates it.

At the same time a large amount of purchasing power is drained off into the savings funds of people. The dollar which starts its career as a relief dollar travels to the merchant's cash register and after a brief career in circulation comes to rest at last in the account of some person who proposes to save it. There it is imprisoned and can be rescued and returned to the stream of expendable funds only by investment; and investment is in a state of paralysis.

And so we have business putting up prices, making trade agreements to raise them, clamoring for laws to raise them, farmers collaborating with the government to raise their prices, and workers clamoring for more wages, all of which is possible only through a continuance of the inflation; while the public generally joins in the chorus for the balancing of the budget, which is the swiftest means of ending the inflation indispensable to the price structure.

The choice is a simple one, even though it be an appalling one for a political government to make. We must make up our minds either to inflate or deflate. If we decide that we want to hold up prices we must decide to inflate. The government must make an end of talk about balancing the budget. We must make up our minds not merely to inflate but to inflate even more.

If we decide that inflation by government credit is too dangerous—which is the fact—then we must decide to move down to a lower price level.

We can of course evade the decision; in which event time will make it for us.

And time's decision will be deflation—a general slithering down of prices, to be followed by the advent once more of the inflationists who have a delightful little stratagem ready to hand—the spending of the gold profit.

This is a severe test of the courage of the present government. To make the sound choice it would have to retrace all its steps, admit that its famous price-raising tricks were only so much stage business. But it is a moment for courage. My guess is that the statesman who seeks the approval of his contemporaries at this juncture is a fool. There is but one verdict now worth having—the verdict of history.

The one hope of escape now is an attack on the price structure. The Robinson-Patman Act and the Miller-Tydings Act should be repealed. The Commodity Surplus Corporation and its price-pegging operations should be demobilized. The policy of subsidizing scarcity and artificially boosting farm prices should be ended. Marketing agreements should be discontinued.

The government should make ceaseless war on every form of violation of the Sherman anti-trust law and the Clayton Act. Trade agreements, scarcity agreements, price and production agreements should be ruthlessly scotched. The building industry should be investigated and the whole structure of monopoly controls in it by labor and contractors and material men should be brought to an end. The Guffey Coal Commission and every vestige of the NRA theory of trade control over industry should be stopped. The government itself should take the lead in the discouragement of price-boosting.

The tax system should be completely overhauled in order to take the burden of taxation as far as possible off active purchasing power. The corporation undistributed-profits tax should be corrected and modified, and the unbelievably dishonest and stupid and paralyzing social security tax to create a vast reserve should be repealed.

Speculation in securities should be further restrained and the stock exchanges as far as possible prevented from becoming a disturber of the peace of the security markets, and such inflationary activities as the government is to continue should be limited to low-cost housing upon some sane and realizable basis. There should be an end of government salvaging of debt; railroads and other corporations which are bankrupt in fact should be allowed to secure for themselves

the benefit of bankruptcy and the revival of their investment functions.

And behind all and over all there should be an end of the half-mad cults of abundance. The day of the promisers—the destroyers of poverty and the makers of abundance, Republican and Democratic—ought to be closed. Perhaps one day we shall know how to achieve this miracle within the framework of the capitalist system. It is a very real and sober world of facts that we must now face.

SUMMER EVENING

BY JAMES AGEE

BANDSTANDS every Tuesday evening
Bring us to the drawling square;
Braid, glad horn, blunt drum commend us
Each another, shed of care.

Locusts with enthusiasm
Celebrate the spended day;
In the dappling shadowed porchswing
Love finds out the usual way.

Children are composed this season;
There is hope among us yet.
Hope can cut the roots of reason,
And the sorrowful man forget.



A HAWK AT DUSK

BY LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IT WAS as peaceful a scene as you might wish to see. The month of May was still in that pristine stage when summer at last, after two months of false starts, begins to come in rapidly like the tide at full flow.

At this time of the year, after winter has made its last stand in the gusts of April, every day will mark a perceptible advance in the new season. Little jungles start up in the watered places; damp rocks grow mossy; hard outlines become blurred. One morning you awake to find that the weather-vane has veered sharply to the south. All day a warm breeze that carries in its seductive fragrance a new and voluptuous hope, a taste of benefits to come, a promise of ease and bounty, washes over the land; the horizon loses its corporeality, fades, merges into a veil that softens all the lower reaches of the sky. Nature, after six months of a clarity so inexorable that it leaves no scope for the unknown, no refuge for illusion within its emptiness, again becomes the fountainhead of mysteries.

Drama and passion return upon the stage, the bare boards are covered in mystic green, a veil is drawn over the setting. And then the prelude begins with soft murmurs that rise, spread, and swell out in chorus.

Within a few days the woods have grown immensely in size. Where last week they were thin and transparent, exposing their limits to the casual gaze, your vision no longer encompasses them. The breath of the tropics has brought with

it a vast obscurity within which the direct testimony of vision, confined as it is by fixed horizons, gives way to boundless imaginings. The border has become a misty and impenetrable barrier of green, the interior a vast gloom tenanted by moving lights and shadows, and by the originators of those countless rustling sounds that have no visible source. Yesterday you could see through its delicate fringe of green the structure of each individual tree. Bird songs could be traced to their source in the feathered bodies that shuffled between the twigs. To-day the trees speak again with new voices, voices from the south; but you can find nothing. The lower limbs of the forest rise and spread into a mottled and confusing darkness in which the light becomes lost. In the labyrinthine caverns strange rites are performed. Pan has returned. Elves scamper after him through dense underbrush that closes over their traces, leaving silence and dread. Others suddenly make a commotion overhead so that the whole roof of the forest shakes, but all you see is a slender yellow caterpillar dropping toward the ground on an invisible swinging thread. Then panic is imminent and it is better to escape again to the open.

In this season the Meadows are apt to turn green almost overnight. The Meadows are really all marsh, knee-deep in water, but from the hills in summer their true character is disguised by the thick swamp grass that rises above the surface. The hard white hummocks of straw that crackled underfoot yesterday are now lost

in a sea of waving luxuriance. Birds and countless little beasts that are never seen by man have an inaccessible refuge here. They carry on their warfare and make their own peace on their own terms. In the early morning and again in the evening of these first warm days of May the Meadows ring with sound as if tiny bells were fastened to every rustling stalk of grass. The spring peepers sing in chorus from one end to the other, but you cannot find them out. Swamp sparrows call back and forth from hummock to hummock, marsh wrens chatter, yellow-throats lisp persistently. From deep in the alder jungles come thumps and watery gurgles and moaning sounds that have no explanation. You cannot investigate them, you cannot satisfy your curiosity by pursuit. This is no longer your world. Despite appearances, there is enough water overflowing its banks and streaming through the hummocks to drown a man.

You retreat over the hill with the tall, skeletonesque windmill on top. The fan faces full south, revolving slowly. On such a day even the sky has become more expansive and friendly, the sky of the south that looks down indulgently on indolence. The malevolence of that gray pall through which the winter sun showed feebly, the turbulent and uncertain battleground of April across which heavy clouds maneuvered like a battle fleet in action, give way before this warm stream of air from the south. The transition has been achieved, the enemy vanquished, peace enthroned. Hawks drift northward, high overhead, swallows swing low over the fields, reoccupying the country. The veil that obscures the faroff horizon has dissolved overhead, leaving a clear expanse of blue in which a few unformed cherubs float. Love has returned.

II

The day was drawing to a close. The sun had dropped below the tall hemlocks at the edge of the wood; but it still lighted up the weathercock that stood out over

the cupola of the white barn, and the sky was radiant with the warm wash of evening light. The breeze from the south had died with the sunset and the fan of the windmill that stood on the hill was motionless.

From the roof of the little barn that abuts on the big one with the weathercock came a muffled cooing accompanied by the faint scraping of pigeon feet on boards. The pigeons that had been free all day had come into the loft to relieve their mates on the nests. They bowed and scuffled and pirouetted, puffing out their throats, uttering mournful rolling coos from deep in their pigeon interiors. The sound of their activity mingled with the evening sounds of the woods close at hand. A distant and continuous cawing of crows formed a background. Warblers chanted to one another through the massed foliage. And the whole scene was pervaded by that ubiquitous humming of nature in which no separate sound distinguishes itself, which seems to be rather an expression of the vast silence of space, the faint music of a sphere that rolls on oblivious to days and hours.

A dreamy spell suffused the end of the day. The many voices were less piercingly urgent; they blended more gently into one another, each muted to the mood of the evening. Industry had come to an end—now leisure was the order of the hour. The serenity of a day well spent, of good works accomplished, of benefits received and destiny fulfilled, brooded over its finale. This was the hour when life relaxed a little, asking no more than passive acquiescence in the spectacle. Peace enfolded her own and waited for night to draw the curtain.

The pigeons were coming out of the loft for a last flight. They gathered along the ridgepole, emerging through the openings of the loft on to the narrow landings, blinking for a moment, then flapping up to the roof. The cocks drew in their heads, spread their tails against the shingles, let their heavy, iridescent throats hang slack, and rolled soft thun-

der about in their breasts. They pirouetted, they strutted after the hens, trod on their tails, followed them down to the eaves and up again. They danced and cooed and pecked at one another in passing. The hens held their heads high, walked delicately on the tips of their pink pigeon toes, as if shocked and put out by so much display of brute maleness. They were offended and a bit frightened. They flaunted their chastity, but were not above temptation. They were coy and elusive, side-stepping quickly away from their pirouetting mates. The loft was like a nunnery besieged by heroes.

Then one of them gave the panic signal. There was a sudden heavy clatter of wings and the whole flock blew away as if a gigantic and invisible hand had swept them from the ridgepole. They swept down to the ground, wheeled all together, rose above the tree tops, circled, and passed over our heads with a shrill whistling of wings. The sun came to life on the white underside of their pinions, spangling the air as they flashed past, all banking together for a turn. The second time they came aloft high up, so high that we could not be sure whether it was their wings we heard or a cat's-paw in the upper branches of the trees. The whole field passed high overhead, spread out, then massed together again, changing from black to white and back as the sun momentarily caught their wings. Then the lead bird collapsed, his wings went limp, he pitched headlong toward the ground as if shot. And after him the whole flock tumbled, formation broken; every bird simultaneously went out of control. But, just in time, they all recovered, swept up into the sky again, and circled about the weathercock.

It was a spectacle of pure splendor and exultation. The birds flew, not in flight for their lives or in greedy pursuit, but merely because life was so strong in them that they could not stay quiet. They had to test their wings once more before they folded them for the night. They capered in high spirits, with pride in the strength and deftness of their pinions.

One would suddenly cut loose from his mates, swing away from them racing, snapping his wings like a whip; off into the sky in a great reverse circle, the stiff blades of his wings cutting deep; then in again, floating now, wings quivering like reeds as he settled once more into the bosom of the flock.

The pigeons were in a mood to play. They had mock stampedes when every bird would tumble as though a threat had appeared. It was great sport. Like a colt in pasture, close to the refuge of his mother's flanks, who shies and capers away from make-believe dangers, they dodged the attacks of an imaginary enemy from that sky that held in its warm and placid radiance only the serenity of perfect comfort and the untroubled security of peace.

III

Who can herald the approach of fear? No one sees it coming, hears the rustle of its footsteps in the leaves. Suddenly it is there, a gnawing, sinking sensation in the heart; not visible and palpable, to be grappled with, to be thrown down and overcome; merely a sickness of the nerves, a weakening of the will. It invades from within, paralyzing action and dissolving the cells of thought. It destroys the integrity of its victims and renders them incapable of organizing themselves for resistance. Unlike terror, which prompts action swifter than thought, it undoes the muscles and turns resolution to water so that its victims wait upon it helplessly.

No trumpet blasts announced the new-comer, no rolling tattoo of drums, no clash of cymbals. But, as if some strange and silent compulsion emanated from his presence, some attraction beyond resistance, our eyes fixed him instantly, fascinated by his slight form as he towered, unheralded, behind the barn. It was as if a fast pirate ship had suddenly appeared hull down on the horizon of a halcyon sea. With two flicks of his perfect wings the little falcon rose straight up out of the south, rose up on high to where he commanded the scene, a dimin-

utive menace alone in that shining expanse. The sinking sun had gilded the sky like metal. In the east dusk was already threatening. Against the rising gloom was a long thin stream of cloud as though a drop of oil had been wiped across a polished steel plate; and the horizon was somber.

The pigeons had left off play, the spirit of freedom suddenly fallen from their wings, and were now circling in rapidly toward the barn, close above our heads. The rest of the sky was empty from end to end, except for the faint layer of cloud and the little falcon aloft in the south, a sable speck against its burnished brightness. The hemlock woods that banked against the barn on one side had darkened perceptibly, as if a shadow had fallen, and all of a sudden seemed tensely quiet. The warblers had for the moment hushed their chanting. The only sound was the intermittent rustling of the pigeons' wings as they circled overhead, drawing in close to the comfort of the loft. The serenity of the landscape had not been touched. There had been no disturbance of any sort, no reverberation of guns, no flash of lightning. Nothing distinguished the scene from what it had been a moment before except a mote against the sky, a little falcon no larger than a grain of dust. The gathering twilight and the silence were suddenly as ominous as though a column of smoke had appeared in the sky. Peace trembled on her throne.

Then the outlaw drew his narrow wings in close to his body and dropped obliquely across the sky toward the barn and the huddled flock circling over it. He was an exquisite and delicately shaped creature, smaller and finer in build than the birds whose company he was joining, with his slender body, long tail, and narrow pointed wings like gleaming knifeblades. As he drew near he spread his wings again and levelled out in his course, streaking past the weathercock. Now close behind the flock the wings were set in motion. They flicked sharply, each stroke like the snap

of a whip. The pigeons had massed together for security before their common danger, driven like sheep before the menace of a pair of iron knuckles hidden in the approaching projectile. Their wings flashed through the air in long downward arcs, they stampeded out in a great racing circle over the woods and back toward the barn with its fixed and indifferent weathercock. But the slender falcon was like fate in flight, swifter and more powerful than mere pigeon mortality. He turned abruptly in full course, his wings almost perpendicular to the ground, tail spread in a fan, and gained a march on the flock. The gap was slowly lessening as the field streaked overhead again.

Now you could see every detail of the predator's jewel-like perfection, the slaty blue wings, the tail barred with white, the darkly streaked underparts. His form was superb. He banked sharply for every turn, pinions and tail spread wide, with no diminution of his ruthless pace, and each time drew closer to the racing pigeons. In the straightaway he was like a deadly piece of precision machinery working at high speed, his long stiff pinions whipping the air as he closed in for the kill.

Suddenly there was real terror. The last pigeon of the flock went off at an hysterical tangent with winged horror only a few lengths from his tail. He veered in panic toward a grove of elms growing in the open, hurtled toward them in a long descending arc, turned and twisted between their trunks, and as the threat descended on him plunged headlong into the ground, like a ship that hurls herself against a rock rather than fall prey to the pirate bearing down on her. The pigeon rebounded once and rolled over at the base of the trees, momentarily stunned by his fall. But the falcon threw up sharply, swung out in a wide racing curve, and returned after the flock.

The pigeons were still circling about the patient weathercock. If you had not seen the hawk, or had mistaken him for another pigeon (as well you might with-

out observing closely), you would have found this flight of doves part of a peaceful twilight scene, appropriate to the close of a day of rare loveliness, of gentle placidity. The air was soft, balmy, and fragrant. The evening light was conducive to dreaminess, and the soft rustling of the pigeons' wings as they passed overhead lulled one with a sense of infinite peace and security. In the distance a tree-toad, anticipating the night, was calling in a gentle tremolo. Even a wood thrush was now singing his vespers from deep in the woods, his easy, sonorous tones, interspersed with trills and grace notes, voicing the melancholy and repose of a world that was ready for sleep. Yet this appearance of comfort, of peace, of serenity that might have struck you (as a pirate ship with its white sails gleaming over the wide expanse of a placid sea might have seemed the very incarnation of felicity), was only a blind for ruthless depredation. If there is a power in the sky that directs the destiny of pigeons and people, it must be either a power of sheer irony with such a sense of the ridiculous that it finds perverse pleasure in draping garlands on the death's-head; or else, as seems more likely, a great and pervasive benevolence that looks with pity on doomed mortality and draws this merciful veil over the imminence of its impending end. No one looking at that pastoral scene, hearing the soft music of that evening, could have comprehended, in all the cruelty of its meaning, that death commanded the sky.

The little falcon was once more close upon the flock. The sleek pigeons with their iridescent throats swept in terror overhead like a band of winged projectiles, the air whistling through their pinions. They circled out over the woods in close formation, all acting in unison, responding to one impulse. The falcon, more delicately constructed for his deadly mission, brought up the rear.

He was following one bird now, pursuing it as one pigeon pursues another in courtship flight, responding to every maneuver of its attempt at escape. Slowly he closed in, and as the flock streaked

overhead he seemed finally to merge with the bird of his choice. At the same instant there was a puff of white in the air, like smoke from the guns of a man-of-war, but one waited in vain for the thunder that should have followed. The downy feathers drifted lightly to the ground after the flock had passed on, descending as gently through the stillness as if an angel in heaven had merely brushed them from his wings.

The pigeons had taken a long turn about the windmill, death with them, flying in their midst like a member of the fold in good standing. Once about the windmill and then they came back, wheeling over the woods. Again a victim was marked out, detached from the others, and pursued. The pigeon lost his head, like a dog with a can tied to his tail, and fled wildly toward the loft that embodied all the comfort he knew. The horror was just above and behind him, in a position to strike with the hard knuckles of his talons. Only a desperate maneuver could save him now. Then the little falcon turned over and swooped on the bird, which plunged in panic toward the wide roof of the barn. Both birds now had their wings set in close to their bodies. They dived steeply and streaked low over our heads, the air screaming through their stiff pinions in a long wail that ended with a hollow, sickening thud as the pigeon, unable to save himself, struck the roof with all the force of his plunge. The hawk, his wings and tail quickly braced, threw up high in the air over the barn and circled back, while the pigeon rolled heavily down the slope of the roof and fell stunned to the ground.

Dusk had spread up from the horizon in the east and was now absorbing the last light of day like a sheet of gray blotting paper. The earth, the windmill on the hill, the stolid weathercock, and the hemlock trees alongside the barn were losing their solidity and darkening against the sky. From the woods a warbler, oblivious to the drama of the scene, shot up above the tree tops singing wildly, as if lifted on a fountain of song, then dropped

back silent into the forest. There were one or two scattered caws from the crows in the distance, followed by quiet.

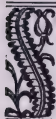
The pigeons were still circling over the barn, their wings rustling like silk each time they passed overhead. But now that night was so close the pirate seemed to have given up the pursuit. For the first time since he had appeared he slackened his pace. He circled once toward the flock, changed his mind, and took a new course. Now he rose up above the windmill and circled with pinions outspread and motionless; then drew them in to his body and dropped obliquely out of the sky toward the Meadows on the other side of the hill. The pigeons passed overhead, dropping lower now, the whole flock quivering. Then, with one accord, they all braced themselves with wing and tail, flapped heavily, and dropped down onto the ridgepole. They stood there, motionless and weary, savoring the returning peacefulness of descending night. The tree-toads were singing in chorus, calling and answering on every side. A garden toad from behind the barn let out a soft moan that was suddenly quenched. A gray pall of slumber seemed to have descended on the scene, and after a few moments of uncertainty the night sounds of early May were coming into their own. The pigeons stood quietly on the ridgepole, their heads high, their little eyes alert; but already forgetfulness was on the way, their little memories were growing dim. With the disappearance of the hawk recollection of panic faded. Fear weakened, uncoiled, lost its grip on the heart, and finally slid away altogether. Now peace the enchantress, peace who pities us all, shrouded mortality in her mantle of twilight.

Nothing had happened—nothing at all.

The pageant of life resumed where it had been broken off. Cock pigeons danced again in the magic light of evening before demure and hesitating mates. They spread their tails against the shingles, ruffled all their feathers, puffed out their heavy throats for the soft utterance of their passion. The hens made a great display of chastity but were obviously not beyond temptation. They drew out their necks, held their heads high, and looked with glittering eyes as alarmed as they possibly could. They edged delicately away from the pirouetting cocks, with coy mincing steps of their little pigeon feet, and pretended to be dreadfully shocked by the vulgar, the unmistakable advances of their mates.

From beyond the hill a whippoorwill called now, signalling the approach of night. A star glittered dimly in the east. The pigeons, one or two at a time, walked down the eaves, dropped to the narrow landings below, and went inside. Sleep was coming to banish the cares of daylight, to soothe wounded spirits, to restore a world that had fulfilled with honor the mission of its day. Soon an owl hooted twice from far away in the woods. The reverberation of his soft war-call passed over the silent Meadows, crossed the hills, penetrated faintly into the barnyard.

But the pigeons knew nothing of the night. They were secure in their sanctuary, roosting on the firm rafters, their heads tucked blissfully into the oblivious darkness of their wings. . . . All except one, who remained on the ground under the eaves of the barn. Now that the horror had passed away he had found his feet again. He stood there, silent, dazed, and motionless, in a world of gathering darkness.



The Lion's Mouth



WHEN SQUIRREL MEETS SQUIRREL

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THIS afternoon I watched a squirrel on our front lawn under the oaks collecting acorns and burying them. For a time he carried them one by one to some cache; but now he was burying each where he found it, without bothering to mark the spot. I watched him with a sort of amused pity. Of course there was no need to mark the spot. He wouldn't need those acorns. He had enough in his cache for a hard winter, and he was saving these others just because he couldn't help it. I ought to know; because in these moments of brutal self-analysis I must admit that I too am a squirrel—of sorts.

The other day, for instance, I cleaned out my desk. This is an old-fashioned high "secretary" containing bookshelves, a cupboard, some deep recesses, and a number of drawers. The process of cleaning, hallowed by time, is to pull out one drawer after another, empty it on the desk-flap and go through the small pile of miscellaneous treasures, putting back in the drawer those of continuing value, and setting to one side whatever might well be thrown away.

The separating of wheat from chaff in each successive pile I do with cool and unsentimental efficiency. The heap of discarded matter grows rapidly, and some of the drawers go back half empty. When all are back I find that by combining their contents I have two entirely empty drawers. Into these I crowd all of the discarded matter, because it is quite possible that some of it might, after all, be of some use to me some day.

The cupboard in that desk I should prefer not to mention at all; but in this

present confessional mood I am forcing myself to do so. The front of each shelf, within handy reach, contains things of immediate value, often needed. But back of them are miscellany that I literally dare not examine. Sometimes when the light is good and I am searching for something on one of these shelves my glance strays too far back and I catch sight of the corner or identifiable end of something that has always been there; then I find myself shrinking back. Closer scrutiny would compel questions, and questioning at this late day would amount to sacrilege. Time has made that ancient jetsam a hallowed part of me—probably a part of my soul.

One cannot reason about anything the existence of which has ceased to have a reason. One can only accept.

We moved into this new home not so very long ago; and among those near and dear to me were some temerarious enough to believe that the process of packing and moving would compel me to winnow. I did, it is true, help to assemble in the cellar a large quantity of things to be sent to the Salvation Army, and even to the ash cans. During the final days, however, just before the arrival of the movers, I sent my own contributions to the cellar by messenger, for I found the strain of viewing that pile was too great. But God loves a squirrel. There happened to be none of us in the cellar when the movers were finishing their work, and they had no instructions about that pile, so they packed it all into a number of empty boxes and took them along. These are now in the new cellar, and some day I may unpack them. But they are mixed in with some other boxes, dating back to earlier residences, which I do not dare open.

Providence is indeed kind to me and far beyond my deserts. The new home is a rambling farmhouse in the country, modernized and rebuilt, but with spacious attic and cellar, not to speak of the fabulous areas of a barn converted into a garage. Then too there is all the adjacent out-of-doors. I can find vast storage spaces, and I am doing so. I think that I am losing the hang-dog or sheepish look that was beginning to grow upon me after perennial questions as to why I kept a broken lawnmower, for instance, after a new one was purchased, or lame chairs or empty picture frames. I have room here for anything, from an almost perfectly good bedspring to stacks of empty boxes and badly folded wrapping paper and bits of string. Perhaps because I have led a comparatively harmless life without injury to my fellow-men I am permitted to re-enter Eden.

Eden it is indeed, for the other day a serpent entered.

I found not only a spacious attic in this house but a veritable treasure trove left by the former owners. The shadowed spaces were so crowded with intriguing things that, after I had pawed them over for a time and got myself gloriously dirty, I was in a state of semi-intoxication. Broken parts were scattered about which, if pieced together, promised unpredictable wholes—parts of a clock, indications of two complete double beds, broken chairs, pictures in frames, pictures without frames, frames without pictures. Small boxes contained familiar assortments of picture hooks, rusty nails, curtain rings, broken hinges, and undefinable metal items, all tangled up with picture wire and string. Back under the eaves were musty-looking pasteboard containers, each as mysteriously inviting as a brass-studded treasure chest on a lonely island. There was an unbelievable number of porcelain utensils belonging in bedrooms before the days of modern plumbing; some were daintily decorated and many were cracked. The family was quite uncompromising about these, despite the fact that I am always futilely beg-

ging for old kitchen dishes in which I may mix paint or plaster.

We had purchased the house from an elderly person, the last of his line. He and his wife had decided to move to a town apartment, and she had written me that everyone even remotely interested in the place had taken away from it whatever they found of value. But our lawyer warned me that, since I had purchased only the house and land, I must make quite sure that nothing in that attic was wanted by the late owners, and I must persist in my inquiry until there was no question that full notice had been served.

I confess I wrote those letters reluctantly; without steady family pressure they might not have been written at all.

Eventually when our legal quibbler was satisfied, the Salvation Army, the City Mission, and the garbage collectors all were invited to an orgy. But at the eleventh hour, with a sudden revival of spirit, I demanded suzerainty of the dark northern ell in that rambling loft. With feverish haste and superhuman strength I dragged one thing after another into my storage space, already quite crowded with uncatalogued things. Then I let the vandals do their worst with the attic's other reaches.

I am coming to the serpent. He was most inoffensive in appearance and he rang the front-door bell hesitantly and introduced himself as the former owner of the house, now actuated by a desire to see what the new tenants might have done to it. We showed him about, and he was warm in his praises. Then he asked me diffidently if he might look in the attic a moment. There was something about him that caused premonitions. That sheepish defensive look that I have mentioned was a permanent expression with him. With dull steps I led him up the attic stair and into my own shadowed and remote ell, for I felt that we might as well face the business at once. I could hear him sigh as he looked through the narrow opening upon a junk heap that would have done credit to a secondhand shop in the Yiddish quarter. Then he glanced at

me and there was a new belligerency about him. "My wife doesn't know I am here," he said. "She doesn't want any of these things."

"Well, she's quite right," I said lightly. "We have kept meaning to turn them over to one of the welfare organizations or put them into the ash pails."

"That's what my wife said to do with them. Then she said if you cleaned out the attic you might find odds and ends you needed in repair work, so we left it for you, just as it was."

We had withdrawn into our separate camps, he on one side of the mess and I on the other. I pointed to an ornate mantelpiece with an attached mirror, hoping to distract his attention from a broken clock which I had seen him glance at eagerly when he came in.

"There's one of those old chairs," he exclaimed. "We had a set of them once. I always liked them."

I began to discover a certain charm in what was left of that old chair. Its seat was gone and most of the rungs, but I realized at once that if I could find other rungs and get a new seat for it I might be proud of that chair, with sixty per cent of it my own re-creation. I resented his attitude. It seemed as though he were asserting some claim upon my chair.

"Of course if you want to carry off fragments of that sort," I said, "I'd be glad to help you get them down to your car. But I am afraid they would scratch it up a good deal."

"Well I guess I might take it along," he said. "Once I get it home my wife couldn't say much."

"Help yourself," I said. "After all, these things are yours. I mean they are yours so far as I am concerned, though of course *legally*"—I tried to laugh in jovial fashion—"we ought to charge storage if ownership is still claimed."

He didn't seem to hear me. I noticed a sort of feverishness about him that made my heart sink. I recognized it. He was acting just like that squirrel on the front lawn that leaped upon each new acorn and stored it up immediately, whether he

wanted it or not. To distract his attention from an old-fashioned washstand with the towel rack broken, I picked up a curious long stick with a wire hook that slipped up and down its length. "Wonder what this is?" I said.

He took it from me. "That's part of a curtain-stretcher; old-fashioned device—my mother used to use it. There ought to be another piece like this around here somewhere, and some cross pieces." We both began hunting. I tried to take back the part he had taken from me, but he clung to it, and after all I had to maintain some dignity. We found the mate to this stick, but not the cross pieces. By that time we were both thoroughly coated with ancient dust and very warm.

"Well, I have got to be going," he said. "You have been mighty kind. I wish I could come back and sort of mess around in all this. There are a lot of pretty good things here that might be put together again." He glanced at me pathetically. "It would be sort of fun. Everything in our apartment is new and there is absolutely nothing in it we don't need."

All of my bitterness against him vanished. I spoke confidentially and impulsively. "Couldn't I pack up some of these things and send them to some place where you could go sometimes—like a room in a neighbor's garage, or something like that?"

His face brightened. "That's an idea," he said. "I'll look one up." He clasped my hand. "Well, it's good to think there are friendly people in the old house." We went downstairs together and I let him wash up as far as possible in the laundry. What he needed was a Turkish bath. I followed him to the car and noticed that he was still carrying one side of that curtain stretcher.

"Here," I laughed. "You forgot you were carrying that. It wouldn't be any use to anyone."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Might make something out of it. Odd the way that wire contraption slides up and down the stick. They don't make things just like that now."

Both of our faces, I am sure, had hardened perceptibly. "Well, good-by," I said shortly. "Glad you came."

"Good-by," he said. "I'll be back if you don't mind. There might be some little thing there."

"You won't find anything, I'm afraid. I'm thinking of getting the folks from the City Mission to come and clean the place out. Foolish to hang on to a lot of stuff you don't want."

"Yeah, that's right," he said as he started the car; "I was saying that to my wife just the other day."

That curtain stick was on the back seat and I reached for it, but I was too late. I hope his wife finds it first.

METROPOLITAN INCIDENT

BY CLEMENT R. HOOPES

I MET him on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 47th Street on a cold day in November. He asked me for a dime. Being a salesman, I can always pause for a conversation, so I gave him a dime and paused.

He was wearing no overcoat and looked a little blue round the lips, and said with a grin that he didn't think Mr. Roosevelt was doing all he might about guys like him since the election. He said he was cold and hungry and had just arrived in town after working his way north. It was the old story of having come up from the South, where they were throwing all unemployed wanderers in jail for vagrancy. When I suggested that a jail might have been a warm and comfortable place to spend the winter, I found I had said the wrong thing, for he drew himself up to his full five feet four inches and said that he after all had his pride, not to mention his citizen's franchise. It was at this point that I began to toy with the idea of getting him a job. This idea grew to the extent of giving him a dollar and promising to look into a job for him in our firm's warehouse on the North River. He, in turn, promised to meet me for lunch at the 33rd Street subway station the day after Thanksgiving.

I wondered if he would show up, but Friday noon there he was, plus an overcoat. This, he told me, as we wove our way through the crowd to a nearby restaurant, he had got through a Catholic Mission down on the Bowery. He said he wasn't a very good Catholic but he had got the coat without any strings, which was more than he could say for the Salvation Army. When I wanted to know why, he gave me the same Rooseveltian smile of our first meeting.

"Jesus," he said, "they're a lousy outfit. Never have anything to do with them. In Elizabethtown they offered me a beef stew to get up in a meeting and say I was a Saved Lamb. I walked out on them."

Between mouthfuls he told me the story of his life. His name was John G. Pravia. His father had come from Corsica, but he himself was American-born and had, in his own words, "no Napoleon complex." He had gone to a small New England college but hadn't finished. He had had a job selling dental equipment in Philadelphia, but had lost it, and now had been on the bum for over a year. His family lived in Lynn, Massachusetts, where he hoped to return for Christmas.

When he had finished I came to the point. I had discovered that morning that there was no possibility of the warehouse job, and while he had been talking an alternative had suddenly occurred to me.

The alternative was our garden on 73rd Street. No flowers had ever bloomed in it, for it had been a garden only since the first of October; but my wife was beginning to insist we should get the bulbs in before a heavy frost, and here was John G. Pravia asking for honest work. I explained carefully that I had taken eight inches of soil off what had been a storage yard and that we had had some good topsoil trucked in from the country. I think I even told him that the garden was twenty feet square and boasted seven small *ailanthus* trees. I concluded by offering him a job planting bulbs.

He said he didn't know much about gardens but he'd be glad to try anything.

"What do you think you are worth a day?" I said.

"Anything you are willing to give me. And, God knows, I'll be damned glad to get it," he said promptly.

"Be up at the house at eight to-morrow morning," I said, giving him a dollar as I left him at the door of the restaurant, "and I'll show you what I want done."

The next morning before I had finished shaving he was at the door, telling me he had read up on the subject thoroughly at the Public Library and guessed he knew enough about bulbs to plant them. I led him to our living room and, with all the air of a curator, pointed out the garden. Patiently, with the lather hardening on my face, I drew diagrams until he assured me he had my proposed pattern well in mind. Then after swallowing my breakfast I left for the office.

Since it was Saturday, I was back at twelve-thirty to find our gardener, clad in a pink sweater of my wife's, thrusting small stakes in the ground to mark out our design. All the bulbs were planted and the yard had been dug and leveled to perfection. John (I had begun this at lunch) had the smug mien of the younger son who had paid off the mortgage under the squire's nose. He finished arranging the stakes with loving care, then turned to me.

"That book said you ought to cover them with manure, so's to keep them nice and warm during the winter. Where in hell do you get manure in New York? And first I've got to have a wheelbarrow."

"I think both will be easy," I said. "Wait a minute."

I went to the carpenter shop next door. No one was there, so I took a wheelbarrow and rolled it by our front stoop and into the garage on the other side of us.

"O'Toole's Garage" I now know is an institution of major importance in our lives; even then I was beginning to suspect it. If you want to know how to mix an old-fashioned properly, where to buy a Christmas tree, how to upholster a sofa at minimum expense, why we had a depression, or what horse to bet on at

Aqueduct—they will tell you. Michael O'Toole, though he ostensibly runs a garage, owns three race horses that he winters over at the old Riding Club on 65th Street, and is somewhat involved in the contracting business, and more than somewhat involved politically. I found Mike himself in the center of the garage washing his dog.

"Where are ye goin' with that wheelbarrow?" he said. I told him our predicament.

"Sure, I can get you some. Send your boy down to that stable on the corner of First Avenue, and have him tell 'em it's for me. How deep did you plant them bulbs?"

On returning to the apartment I found John being served lunch by our stalwart Scotch maid. He was reading the new *Life* and seemed very much at home. I told him what was afoot and where to return the wheelbarrow, then went into the bedroom to find my wife.

We were going away for the week-end and I had delayed just long enough in the garage, for she was packing the suitcase. She seemed amused.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Oh, your friend John. I told Jessie to give him lunch and I just heard him telling her exactly how he wanted his eggs. I think he is going to adopt us!"

"Don't you like him?" I asked.

"Sure, he's kind of cute, but he sniffed at wearing a girl's sweater, said we had the wrong colors in the living room, and didn't like the landscape over the fireplace."

"Anyway, can't we give him another day's work?" I asked.

My wife thought we could and immediately suggested that Monday he might wax the floors and paint the bathroom furniture.

After finding this met with John's approval, we rushed off to the station. Before leaving, however, I gave him another dollar and, taking Jessie aside, told her to wait until he got back with the manure before locking up. She said she would and muttered something about still being

able to use a rolling pin when it was necessary.

Monday morning on the dot of eight there was John. Jessie let him in and I showed him what we wanted him to do. He had breakfast with me and was very cheery about the prospect of working indoors, for there was a cold rain falling.

"Gee, I'm glad I'm not going to be walking around the streets to-day, mister. You have to stay in subways to keep dry. If you get wet you're finished. Getting sick and bumming around don't mix, mister."

I left him reading the morning paper.

I didn't get home that evening until almost six. I had asked John to wait for me and he was still there. My wife had laid out three of my old shirts for him, and I added to this an undershirt and another dollar. This made his total haul, in cash, for two days' work \$4.10, plus the refusal of a pair of pants that didn't match his coat, and four exceptionally square meals.

He had thanked us and was just departing when my wife asked me to get a quart of milk down the street.

"Wait a minute," I said to John, "I'll walk to the corner with you."

He seemed reasonably silent as we strolled the half-block to the corner, although I attempted to be very cheery and generally wished him well. I was thinking how perfunctory he had been in thanking us when he burst out:

"If I had told a guy I'd help him get home for Christmas and then made him work two days for four lousy dollars, and on top of that had the crust to wish him a Merry Christmas, I wouldn't be very proud of myself."

I was on the point of telling him to go to hell when curiosity stopped me.

I said I didn't recall having agreed to get him home for Christmas, but I had tried to help and I was sorry he felt the way he did. I even went so far as to say I was disappointed.

He jumped at that. "Disappointed! My God, what do you think I am? You've exploited me, mister, that's what you have

done. Nobody should ever work for less than four dollars a day, and that's all you gave me for two. And what did I do, mister? I wheeled horse manure four blocks and scrubbed your floors! My name is John G. Pravia, and some day if I ever get a break I might amount to something. When that day comes you can remember I scrubbed your floors. I may even be Mayor of Boston—remember it then!"

I said if he became Mayor I'd be glad to scrub his floors. I even pointed out that we hadn't intended to exploit him since we paid our maid, for six days a week, only fifteen dollars.

"You're exploiting her too," he cried, disregarding my interruption that she was willing to work for it. "Hell, guys like you don't have any comprehension of what I am talking about. I can do better than two dollars a day just panhandling but I have to work myself up to it. I'm a salesman too, mister, but I couldn't beg now with money in my pocket. What I'm talking about is the whole goddam system!"

I interrupted his discourse on certain Marxian implications by pulling out my wallet and removing another dollar bill.

"Here," I said, "I'll raise the ante this much. Anybody with your brass deserves it. But we aren't going to solve the problems of democracy to-night."

He made no move to take the dollar but just looked me in the eye. I became more impatient.

"Do you want this dollar or don't you? I thought you wanted to get home for Christmas."

"Sure, I want it, but I'm not going to butter up to you to get it, mister. I say what I feel regardless. I'm not sore at you; don't get that idea. I'm just not grateful for money you've given me that I've worked for."

"Okay," I said, thrusting the dollar back in my pocket, "I'll wave the rebuttal. Good-by."

I didn't offer to shake hands nor did he. With a jaunty salute he disappeared round the corner.

We never saw him again, but when Christmas rolled round we received cards from Michael O'Toole, the grocer on the corner, and John G. Pravia. This last one had been *mailed in New York City*.

Our bulbs came up well the next spring. The crocuses eagerly put in appearance the middle of April and were quickly followed by the narcissi, but our real triumph was the white Holland tulips. They were tall and graceful and gave our little garden considerable éclat, but I never watched them waving in the breeze without wondering what had become of John G. Pravia and what and who he was doing now.

COMRADES, LAY OFF!

BY GRACE ADAMS

I WISH to goodness that the intense young Communists of this country would get on with their self-appointed task of harassing the capitalists and quit harassing me.

So far as I can tell, I in no way resemble their much-cartooned arch-enemy. I don't wear a top hat, a diamond ring, or spats. I haven't a big enough stomach to stretch a white vest across, and I don't ride in shiny limousines. I don't own any stock or employ any laborers. I don't admire Hitler or Mussolini or even Bishop Manning. I have never called a Jewish person a dirty kike or a colored person a dirty nigger. I think that public utility concerns—certainly the ones to whom I owe bills—charge far too much for their services, and that the sharecroppers in the deep South have a miserable time of it. I don't believe in child labor or compulsory military training or hanging colored boys for riding on freight trains. And I can solemnly swear that I have never trodden down a single individual—much less a whole mass of them.

And on top of all that I don't like to quarrel—especially with dozens of breathless young radicals who after a three minutes' acquaintance feel impelled to tell me exactly how I must live my life.

I don't want to suppress the Commu-

nists or even to oppose them. All I ask is that they leave me alone—in the economic condition which they have not improved and the peace which they have all but destroyed. And yet they torment me as relentlessly as though I were the spirit of Simon Legree reincarnated in the flesh of Tommy Girdler.

I may some day be able to view the matter dispassionately and even perhaps with humor. But right now I regard it with a bitterness that borders on hysteria. And so would you if your blessed Sunday slumber was broken at seven o'clock every seventh morning by a clanging of bells and by the appearance at your narrowly opened apartment door of a hatless, coatless, shaveless, and terribly bellicose young man, waving a crumpled copy of the *Sunday Worker* before your sleep-drawn eyes and demanding from you a dime.

Repeatedly, and with that high sense of injured virtue which broken sleep gives to the weakest will, I have told these young men—there's a new one each Sunday—that I don't want their old *Worker* and never shall. And, with a virtue even more deeply wounded than my own, each one of them has screamed back at me "If you believe in the working class you've got to support the *Woiker*"—until with a new-born but truly proletarian rudeness I have slammed the door in his face, and felt ashamed of doing so all day—or at least until the hour when I finally go down stairs and see protruding belligerently from my mailbox, under the baleful eye of my stalwart Tammany landlord, that same crumpled *Woiker* that I refused to buy.

Now it makes no difference how many of these indignant young men tell me so, I really haven't got to buy the *Worker*, or read John Strachey either, or tune in on Earl Browder, or ride in uncomfortable buses to suffocating conferences, or contribute honest dollars to idiotic causes, or make of myself an even bigger fool than the good Lord intended by parading a placard up Fifth Avenue, protesting the dismissal of some incompetent school teacher who was never fitted for the job

from which she was fired. I haven't *got* to do these things, and neither have you, no matter how seriously you may sympathize with the workers. But just try explaining that to those who think you have, and see what happens.

Until five years ago, when I began to contribute to what were then called "liberal" magazines, I believed that romantic myth about The Party being harder to crash than Saint Patrick's Cathedral on the Seventeenth of March. Now I know from all too recent experience that in certain sections of Manhattan, at least, joining it is harder to avoid than meeting a Salvation Army Santa Claus on the day before Christmas. If the dear young hopefuls who are laboring so hard to save my political soul had ever read a word I have written they would be only too glad to let me roast in my own individualistic, bourgeois hell. But I have somehow vaguely acquired the tag of "radical." And when this happened my days of individualistic peace were at an end.

Impersonally I have nothing against the Communists; deep in my heart I don't care how many capitalists they defame or flags they sneer at or windows they break or skulls they crack or police horses they bite. But personally I have a great and burning grudge against them. I simply do not want to be like them. Neither do I want to spend my declining years explaining apologetically and futilely just why I don't.

My reasons are simple enough and, if I do say so myself, not at all bourgeois. I just don't like to belong to things and I hate to be bossed. More particularly I don't like the things the "fellow-workers" tell me I must do, or their manner of telling me to do them.

I don't like the way they have substituted blotting pads and invisible ink for common bourgeois stationery, or the haste with which they address their envelopes, not having time to add a Miss or a Mrs. to a whole mailbagful of them. I don't especially relish being written to starkly and intimately as "Comrade" by persons whom I have never seen and

whose signatures I will never be able either to decipher or pronounce. I am no longer amused by the many and miraculous ways in which they are able to misspell my two short and very ordinary names. And the contents of their peremptory communications disturb me even more than their contours.

Somehow I don't feel sufficiently familiar with Mayor La Guardia, Governor Lehman, President Roosevelt, or the technic of statecraft to write those gentlemen sharp and threatening letters, telling them exactly how they should conduct their offices. And I don't know why I should be obliged to sign obtuse petitions to unknown politicians when, after re-reading them twenty times, I still have no idea what the petitions are about. I can't understand why when I taught only eight months—and that more than twelve years ago—I should be forced into the Teachers' Union or, since I have never seen a printing press or met a printer's devil, why I should be impounded by the Printers' Union.

I still can't see why disliking war, and upon one occasion chancing to say so publicly, made me automatically a dues-paying member of a co-operative community in New Jersey whose inmates never eat meat and seldom wear clothes. And I certainly have no idea of appearing at eight o'clock in the morning at all the outlandish places where I am commanded to congregate and shout imprecations at some legendarily "unfair" employer who, for all I know, may be a hard-working, kind-hearted, and debt-ridden man, suffering acutely from demophobia.

In fact, if I had actually marched all the miles, staged all the protests, and paid all the dues that I have recently been told I had to, I should for a long time now have gone without strength or sleep or currency.

Yet I might still have done all of that, and gladly, except for one more personal sacrifice that I should be obliged to make. I, who from earliest childhood have liked talking above all other forms of exercise, would soon be bereft of speech. Already

that faculty is beginning to atrophy within me. For a normally endowed creature conversation with the comrades becomes increasingly impractical.

You cannot forever, with conviction and without nausea, keep agreeing that the Soviet Republic is in every particular absolutely swell. Yet if you inadvertently utter such a gentle criticism of that perfect state as a reference to a few good features of America might imply, you discover that you have not only deeply wounded and unpardonably insulted all your fellow-workers but that you have revealed yourself to be a swank and subversive fraud. And so you search for some slight morsel of conversation which might leave your comrades' tender feelings intact. You seldom find any.

Suppose, for instance, that in order to prove the genuineness of your proletarianism you show them the piece of Woolworth jewelry that you wear as proudly as a shield upon your breast. Do they applaud you? Not much. They finger your bauble avidly until they find upon it the microscopic legend "Made in Italy." Then you learn to your chagrin, and the deafening of your ears, that the thin dime you spent only yesterday has already been converted into a lure to keep the Woolworth waitresses in Detroit from sitting down any longer; a fabulous robe for Barbara Hutton's baby to wear to the Coronation; and finally, into several hundred bullets with which Spanish rebels are at the moment riddling Soviet planes.

Or suppose you tell them quite spontaneously about the sad-eyed Italian woman with the sick husband and the cute grandchild and the son-in-law who got caught with the policy slips, who is being dispossessed from her railroad-flat

across the street. Do they rush out to attack her cruel capitalistic landlord? They turn back from the window and begin to attack you. They tell you scornfully that if your attitude were correctly collective you would rejoice in the old lady's plight. You would be glad that she is going to lose her pewter coffee pot and her new pink linoleum and the absurd little *grappa* glasses that she uses only on Easter Day, because such personal losses as these swell mightily the ranks of the miserable, and bring the Revolution at least an hour nearer.

Such things as these and many more you will learn if you listen to the comrades long enough. For myself, I stopped listening to them for good on that sunny day last spring when three of them saw me in Washington Square giving six-year-old Tony a quarter to sing "I don't want to make history, I just want to make love," while he pretended to polish my shoes. Publicly and amid the startled giggles of benchfuls of fat Italian mamas, they denounced me for the sly, slinking, treacherous supporter of child labor that I was proving myself to be.

And so I'm not going to join The Party. Neither am I—though I feel myself being strongly goaded in that direction—going to become a Fascist or a Republican or a Catholic or a D.A.R. I still believe that the world would be a nicer place if all young men stopped killing one another, if all old men could die without ever knowing the gnaws of hunger, and if all little children could get their fill of milk and sunshine and soda-pop. And yet—and yet—should the Revolution really come I now know with a certitude that will never again be shaken on which side of the barricades my mangled body will be found.



The Easy Chair



GOOD AND WICKED WORDS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Easy Chair has read Mr. Stuart Chase's three articles on verbalisms with much interest and approval. How important the Easy Chair believes their subject to be is shown by the fact that it has devoted eight of twenty-six monthly essays here to various aspects of that subject, has touched on it in others, and, before taking over this department, published four articles about it in the body of the magazine. Everyone who tries to think effectively must constantly allow for the habits of mind which Mr. Chase analyzes, the structures of abstract logic which he describes, the personifications and abstractions and verbal proofs which he exposes, the misunderstandings to which they lead, the meaninglessness of much activity carried on in the name of intelligence and received as meaningful by most people. Everyone who deals with thought or with human beings must understand the errors produced by the universal disposition to accept words as things and logic as a functional relationship among things. Furthermore, since science has done more than any other human activity to extend man's control over his environment, and since it has done so, as we believe, largely because it has freed itself from verbalism, the conclusion is indicated that the widest possible extension of its method would be beneficial to mankind.

But the Easy Chair desires to suggest that that conclusion also must be limited, because it too is meaningless as an absolute. Mr. Chase's articles serve here as

the basis of analysis, but the Easy Chair intends no rebuttal, having shouted with delight over the greatest part of them. But it is important to point out that everyone who undertakes Mr. Chase's search must sometimes succumb to the evils he is exposing, and to point out that the search itself has implications that Mr. Chase does not allow for.

Mr. Chase knows that nobody can be immune to verbalisms. He conscientiously warns the reader to expect unconscious abstractions, absolutes, and personifications in what he writes. Well, one of his most striking verbalisms is his use of the word "conservative" as an absolute. He shows that such terms as "labor" and "democracy" can have meaning only in reference to specific situations, but "conservative" seems to have for him an independent existence of its own. He says he is tired "of fighting things which do not exist." But he seems to be fighting conservatism, and no such thing exists. The word can have meaning only in specific contexts, only by limited definition or in relation to immediate referents. Even in such contexts it can hardly have a qualitative meaning; it must be used quantitatively, as a percentage possibly, as a ratio with something else. Again, in discussing the verbal fallacy of the wage-fund theory, he says, "working people in England and elsewhere had paid a bitter price for fifty years for a Law without scientific foundation." That is personification. Those working people may be said to have paid a "bitter" price for food or, if you like a

more inclusive term, for the power and immunity of their exploiting employers; but they didn't pay anything for any law, sound or unsound.

Again, refusing to go to war on behalf of Russia, he acknowledges that he desires to see the people of Russia given every chance to work out "perhaps the most significant economic experiment ever undertaken." Significant to whom, in what circumstances, in relation to whom and what? The people of Russia are undertaking an economic experiment; so are the people of Germany, the people of Italy, the people of Spain, the people of Japan. These experiments may have enormous significance to the people who are undertaking them, to other people affected by them, to Mr. Chase, to you and me. But "most significant" is empty of meaning. "During Franklin Roosevelt's first Administration, conservatives and business men after 1933 opposed increasingly the extension of authority at Washington." But many "business men" whooped up that extension, saw chances to make profits from it, made the profits, and doubtless voted Democratic in 1936. There is no such thing as a conservative and, though there are certainly men engaged in various businesses, there are no such things as business men. Two personified phantoms and a concealed assumption.

Again, "by 1940 we may have political parties which will provide a real issue." Operationally, there were plenty of issues in 1936: for example, shall we appropriate less money for relief, change the method of administering relief funds, and change the methods of raising revenues to produce them? If that is not a real issue, we must look for real issues in another concealed assumption—which suggests that Mr. Chase's use of "real" is a verbalism. Lastly, take a good look at Mr. Chase's climax. "The controlling issue for statesmen, governments, politicians is to find the human purpose to be accomplished in the given situation." Human purpose or blab? In a given situation politicians or governments may

act to advance the interests of A, B, and C, or of this class or that one, or a combination or compromise. If the action thus taken impairs the interests of D, E, and F, or of other classes, what is "human purpose"? The phrase is an abstraction and personification, pulsating with emotion. It suggests that another concealed assumption is interwoven here—or several of them.

The Easy Chair is not attacking Mr. Chase. It is pointing out that his quest is in part conditioned by other phenomena which, in these three articles at least, he ignores. And to ignore them is to impair the inquiry, for they are inseparable from its objective.

Let us do what experience has shown to be helpful, let us look for a state of mind. One has already been suggested by "real issue" and "human purpose." Well, Mr. Chase tells us that, in the campaign of 1936, the opponents of the New Deal attacked Mr. Tugwell and defended Mr. Landon with a lot of meaningless (but, let us point out, effective) abstractions, personifications, and animisms. That is verifiably true. Note, however, that, though he says such attacks darkened counsel, he fails to remark that the supporters of the New Deal attacked their opponents with another set equally meaningless and even more effective. He says that the personification of corporations has thrown the economic mechanisms out of gear. That also is verifiably true, but it is true that such animisms as "the workers," "the underprivileged," etc., also assisted in that stripping of the gears, and Mr. Chase does not bring that fact to bear on his question. He says that "more than one-third of the people in America are underfed, inadequately housed, and shoddily clothed." He has never counted them, no one has ever counted them, and his statement is not meaningful but emotionally useful. The only word in it that can be operationally examined is "underfed," and an inquiry by nutritionists (granting they could agree on tests) would possibly reveal a certain percentage of "blab." "Inade-

quately housed" is open at both ends—inadequately by what scale, in relation to what facts, in relation to what specifications and persons? "Shoddily clothed" is meaningless though it appears to refer to garments.

Mr. Chase says that after divesting ourselves of abstract principle we can advance toward "making Adam I and his family more comfortable and more secure." What if the path we elect to follow ends by impairing the comfort of Adam II and robbing Adam III of security? He says, "within the broad limits set by the technical arts and natural resources, we can have any kind of economic system which enough of us want." Who are "we"? Are the limits he mentions the only barriers? Suppose that the kind of economic system "we" want can be got only by fighting "them"? Suppose that the fight ends in a compromise short of what "we" want? Suppose that it goes on till social chaos makes "our" kind of economic system impossible? Suppose that different parts of the system "we" want are inconsistent with one another? Exercise for beginners in semantics: find the verbalism.

Does not all this look *as if* Mr. Chase's ideas, besides being employed in an analysis of meanings, were also in part controlled by an underlying predisposition? Does it not look *as if* wish, desire, and phantasy had sometimes penetrated the filter? Does it not look *as if* the conclusions (if not the search also) had some relation to an unexpressed system of theorems, assumptions, and purely emotional values, consciously or unconsciously held by Mr. Chase?

If there are such systems, if there are such relationships, if people's attempts to use words accurately are affected in such a way, then the application of semantics is more limited than Mr. Chase concedes. We have all known brilliant scientists who, when working in the laboratory with electrons or bacteria, rigorously controlled their behavior by making their language correspond to measurable things, but who, when they left the labora-

tory, behaved in the crude world like professional antisemites or Townsend Plan evangelists. Mr. P. W. Bridgman, the author of the very test which Mr. Chase uses, the operational test for meaning, wrote for this magazine an article holding up "intellectual integrity" as the hope of the world, but neglected to supply an operation which would reveal the meaning of the term. But also we have known mechanics, politicians, and athletic coaches whose judgment about what was wrong with an automobile, a ward organization, or a lame knee, and about the best way to treat the condition, proved completely sound, no matter what general ideas or meaningless words they used to rationalize it. Both of these classes of facts are important to psychology and to society.

That is to say, first, that many areas of human behavior cannot be comprehended in exact terminology—and there is no reason why they should be. In any act of judgment that involves skill or experience there are certain automatic or unconscious elements which precede the conscious ones in time, which can be expressed only in inexact terms, but which, nevertheless, contribute to the act's effectiveness. You prove that such effectiveness is independent of exact expression every time you employ your own skill or someone else's.

It is to say, second, that verbal proofs, general ideas, abstractions, personifications, and logical systems are bound up with human habits, emotional and irrational habits, which seem to be ineradicable. Only a very limited success can be expected in any effort to diminish their power. If you succeed in showing someone that he is using an animate abstraction irrationally, you don't cure him of irrationality, you only impel him to alter its form. Mr. Chase attacks conservatism and supports the good society with the aid of semantics; the antisemite finds a subtler argument to support his antisemitism; the Marxist revises the terms in which the theory of labor value is expressed; the "business man" discovers some new ground for opposing political control over

business. If you then attack these new verbalisms you may annihilate them in turn, but the sentiments they embody promptly set up other terms of expression.

It is to say, in the end, that the sentiments behind these irrationalities are tremendously important to society, and to suggest that society is inconceivable without such irrationalities. The effort to eradicate them may be not only futile but misconceived as well. If we say that something is socially good or socially bad we are using terms that have no meaning, but if we say that something is socially useful we are using a term that can be given meaning. We can give it meaning by performing an operation. Something is useful to "society" on the average, to a statistical majority of the people who compose the society, to the rate of production or the per capita wealth or the effective functioning of social institutions. It is useful to certain people, things, or functions, in certain specific ways and contexts at certain specific times.

Such usefulness may be quite independent of "meaning" and also of our feelings about it. The slaughter of some thousands of Catholic priests by the Spanish loyalists (if it occurred) may horrify you and me; but it may have been useful to the society that did the slaughtering. Our horror of the massacre of Jews in Germany or of Trotskyists in Russia has no bearing on the possible usefulness of the killings to the societies that conducted them. And the massacres may have made those societies more stable or more vigorous because of the irrationalities involved in them. Nothing could be more irrational than the meaningless term "patriotism," but a society that goes to war is more or less effective as its "patriotism" is more or less vigorous. "The classless society," "Aryan supremacy," "mare nostrum," "the New Deal," "the full dinner pail," "rugged individualism," "the one big union," "the solidarity of the working class," and similar phrases are meaningless by Mr. Chase's tests, and various of them may variously disgust you and me and other people, but they have been so-

cially effective. Though they have no operational meaning, they have produced measurable results.

"To balance the budget" is a phrase whose operational meaning, revealed by simple bookkeeping, is the same as its common sense meaning. For five years we have heard Mr. Roosevelt announce that he was going to balance the budget. For five years we have heard him exorcise his failure to do so by saying that he must first "balance the human budget." To semantics that phrase is meaningless, and in using it Mr. Roosevelt has behaved exactly like the advertising men whom Mr. Chase proscribes, or like Hitler talking about Communism. Yet most Americans, Mr. Chase probably among them, accept it and can be directed and controlled by it. In other words, a budget is balanced if you say that you are going to balance it or if you say that you have balanced it in a human way. And, operationally, by saying so you get x foot-pounds of work done.

There is no such thing as "truth." There is no such thing as "social justice." But in the areas here briefly touched upon there are phenomena which occur regularly, in patterns, and to some extent predictably. They occur in what *appear to be* interdependent, mutually functioning systems, and they occur *as if* they resulted from sentiments—instincts, emotions, complexes, patterns of response. Such sentiments find expression in such social myths as solidarity and Aryan supremacy, and that expression, though it has no semantic meaning, has effective meaning. It is desirable for social investigators to think about everything as objectively and accurately as possible, but it is also desirable to recognize that the non-rational is non-rational and that it is socially important. The trouble with Mr. Chase's otherwise brilliant analysis is that he *appears* (to the Easy Chair) to act *as if* he thought he could distinguish between good and bad irrationalities and *as if* he wanted to obliterate the bad ones because they are bad. But, in such contexts, "good" and "bad" have no meaning.

FEBRUARY 1938

Harpers *Magazine*

THE AMERICAN WAY

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

This is the article which won the \$1000 prize offered by HARPER'S MAGAZINE for the best contribution on "The American Way." Fifteen hundred and seventy manuscripts were submitted in the Contest. In addition to Mr. Coyle's article, three others were accepted for publication, representing contrasting points of view; these will appear in succeeding issues of the magazine.—*The Editors.*

THE hope of liberty drew our forefathers across the sea to America. In the pursuit of liberty they braved the dangers of the wilderness, pushing forward over the Appalachians and the Great Plains, and through the Rocky Mountain passes to the shores of the Pacific. Liberty still beckons to the descendants of the pioneers, but now along strange trails that the Fathers neither knew nor dreamed of. Are we still on the way to a more perfect freedom or are we following false fires into some bog where we shall be lost? What is liberty in a country of railroads and automobiles, chain stores and radios, trusts and labor unions? Can we hope to find liberty among the struggles of capital and labor, the rise and fall of financial empires, and the confusion of political controversy? And after all, is liberty worth the cost of hunting for it among these strange new powers that wrestle and trample across

our country? Or would it be better to give up the dreams of the pioneers and to look for security and plenty without the dangers and uncertainties of freedom?

Liberty has to be founded on security. Daniel Webster said: "God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it." The pioneers had to make themselves secure against starving to death or being tomahawked by the Indians before they could settle down to enjoy the blessings of liberty in America.

To-day the security of the people is threatened by unemployment. Their livelihood is undermined by the erosion of the land and the depletion of minerals and forests. Freedom of action is restricted by great national organizations, financial and governmental. Science and invention, designed to liberate mankind from drudgery, have ensnared the people in a tangle where freedom seems impos-

sible. The march of progress since the invention of the steam engine has been away from individual liberty as our pioneer ancestors knew it. Many Americans now find themselves believing that the day of freedom is past, that science and invention will require larger and larger organizations, until at last all the national life will be planned and directed from one central point.

In Russia, Italy, and Germany the people have abandoned liberty and democracy, hoping to find security and plenty in centralized leadership. Democratic peoples are challenged to show that liberty can be combined with security in the modern world.

Benjamin Franklin said: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." What, in modern terms, is essential liberty? And what sort of security must we have, as individuals and as a nation, in order to protect our liberties?

II

In three hundred years the meaning of liberty has changed with changing circumstances. The Pilgrim Fathers thought first of all of freedom to worship God in their own way. To-day, three centuries later, almost complete freedom of worship has existed for so long that it is taken for granted. Americans notice with uneasiness, however, that in nations where other forms of liberty are given up religious liberty goes with the rest.

Freedom of opportunity is still to be found in America, but millions of Americans do not have it in any form that they can use. With the closing of the frontier at the end of the nineteenth century, and with the growth of big business, the field for small-scale private enterprise has not expanded fast enough to make room for those who wanted a chance to be independent. Of those who try to set up for themselves, nine out of ten fail and are forced to hunt for jobs. The road to independence is not open for them. Even in the field of paid employment, so

long as millions are unemployed, it cannot be said that men are free to choose their jobs or even that the right to work is free to all.

Free speech is limited, in fact if not in law, by the limits of economic freedom. Men cannot venture to express their opinions freely if there is neither the opportunity to make an independent living nor the opportunity to leave a job with reasonable hope of finding another.

Americans, with a few local exceptions, are still free to criticize the Government without danger of being spirited away by the police. They are also free to vote as they like, with probably as much assurance of secrecy and of honest counting as at any time in our past history. Thus the Government is actually subjected to criticism and control by the citizens. On the other hand, the Government exercises many forms of control over individuals.

The extent to which the Government may properly control the actions of private citizens and corporations is hotly contested—and will be so long as democracy endures.

The authority of Government, carried to its extreme, is tyranny, or, as we now call it, dictatorship. The liberty of the citizen to do as he likes in his own affairs, carried to its extreme, is anarchy, or the breakdown of social order. Democratic liberty travels a narrow path between tyranny and anarchy. In the words of Daniel Webster, "Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint." Our history is largely made up of the struggle to maintain enough but not too much restraint. That government is best which governs strongly enough to protect liberty and not so strongly as to destroy it.

The American Revolution came because the English Government, in representing British business interests, placed more restraint upon the Americans than they were willing to bear. Too large a share of American freedom of enterprise had been taken over by English merchants. The war was fought to get it back.

After the Revolution the States found

themselves victorious in a war for freedom, and freedom was what they proposed to enjoy. They had come to associate central government with tyranny. Under the Articles of Confederation the Federal Government was made as weak as possible, and in consequence the freedom of the States ran quickly toward national disorganization. Each State had its own army, its own tariff walls, and its own paper money. Trade came almost to a standstill. The monarchs of Europe watched to see the radical experiment of republicanism fall to pieces and America lie open to conquest by some stronger and more practical nation.

The "Fathers"—that group of bold young men who gathered to suggest amendments to the Articles of Confederation and wound up by writing a new Constitution instead—were convinced that the nation must have a strong government. The constitution was designed "to form a more perfect Union . . . and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The men who framed the Constitution maintained, in the face of bitter opposition, that it was essential to restrain the liberty of the States in order that the people might be safe against enemies from without and disorder from within.

Since 1787 the Constitution has developed in two directions. States' rights have been further restricted, by civil war, by amendment, and by custom and interpretation. At the same time the people have tightened their direct control over the central Government, first by turning the Electoral College into a rubber stamp, then by adopting the direct election of Senators, and finally by using the mails and the telegraph to flood Washington with the voice of the people.

The feud that began with the battle over the adoption of the Constitution has come down to the present day by a curiously twisted inheritance. The policies of the present Administration descend from Jefferson, who was a partisan of the common people, and also from Hamilton, who favored a strong central government.

The opposition descends also from Jefferson, who spoke for States' rights and weak government, and from Hamilton, advocate of the Constitution and representative of big business and "sound" money. Both sides are therefore able to choose their ancestors to fit their arguments, and they do.

Not by ancestors, but by practical considerations, the modern problems of liberty are to be disentangled. What is liberty in modern terms?

First of all, liberty is not a right but a power—not what the law allows, but what you can do in real life without being stopped beforehand or punished afterward. In practical terms, liberty is the power to move away from any place or any job where conditions are oppressive, and to find a new place and a new source of income without an unreasonable burden of risk or loss.

Security, which is the necessary condition for liberty, is almost the same as liberty itself. Security should not be taken to mean a state of affairs in which a man of working age and good health can live comfortably without working. Security properly means a state of affairs in which as a child one will be assured of food, medical care, and educational opportunity; as a worker one will be free from fear and intimidation; and in sickness or old age one can be safe from degradation and despair. For those in the middle, responsible years of life, security means a reasonable chance of not being hopelessly sunk by the invention of some new manufacturing process or by a sudden shift of foreign trade. Security in this sense is not beyond the reach of the American people, and their eyes are turned toward its attainment. If the world of business and industry, using modern science and invention, can be so ordered as to provide security without the sacrifice of liberty in the process, then liberty will be possible in America.

Freedom of opportunity, in the days of the open frontier, seemed to be unlimited. However many acres of land might be taken by one man, there seemed to be

plenty of room for everyone. With the passing of the frontier the truth was brought home to us that there was not unlimited room, but that liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint. As Theodore Roosevelt said in 1909: "The right of every man to live his own life, provide for his family, endeavor, according to his abilities, to secure for himself and for them a fair share of the good things of existence, should be subject to one limitation and no other. The freedom of the individual should be limited only by the present and future rights, interests, and needs of the other individuals who make up the community. . . . No man and no set of men should be allowed to play the game of competition with loaded dice."

Theodore Roosevelt had no love for "malefactors of great wealth." But the fact should be recognized that the evil lies in loaded dice, regardless of whether the dice are loaded with evil intent or purely by accident. Ex-President Hoover, in a recent article, has raised the same moral question. "Shall coercion," he asks, "be limited to criminals and men of ill-will who would encroach upon the freedom of others? Or shall centralized personal government undertake to plan the lives of upright men and coerce and compel them to comply?" The answer, at first sight, seems plain; but the fact is that if controls depend only upon the character of the men concerned, the interests of the people cannot be protected. A system of traffic control, or of quarantine against disease, that would coerce only criminals and men of ill-will would not go far toward untangling traffic or saving life.

Most of the leaders of business and finance are personally honest men who wish no harm to their fellow-citizens or to their country. But they are bound by the rules of the game. Sometimes it seems necessary to do a small evil to prevent a great disaster; and often through the obscure and tangled chain of cause and effect the ordinary and blameless operation of their affairs may bring pa-

ralysis to industry and danger to the nation. If because of such activities small business men, farmers, and wage-earners find their liberties encroached upon, they may fairly expect their Government to ask the princes of business and finance to move over and not take up so much room. The question is not one of morals, good or bad, but of the technical arrangements needed to make the country run smoothly for the general satisfaction of the American people.

The protection of essential liberty depends, therefore, on establishing governmental controls that will effectively prevent the overgrowth of any private power, and of maintaining democratic controls over government that will effectively prevent the abuse of governmental power. "Freedom of initiative" cannot safely be extended to any man or group of men who already wield more power than is safe for the liberties of their fellow-citizens. Right or wrong, the final sovereignty must rest in the majority of the people. As Lincoln said in his First Inaugural: "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?" The people may make mistakes, but there is no better hope.

III

Of all the organized powers that control men's actions—church, state, family, finance—government alone is the common instrument of all the people, the common agent of the final sovereign. In all conflicts that fail to work themselves out, in all problems that lesser powers cannot solve, the people instinctively turn to the national Government and expect it to find a solution. Yet the American people, for many and contradictory reasons, are afraid to make full use of their Government.

The American Revolution of 1775 was a rebellion against the established Government. To Americans brought up in the tradition of the Revolution, that government seems best that governs least, and

rebellion and patriotism often appear to be the same.

Other influences came in to reinforce this traditional dislike of strong government. The theory of laissez-faire asserted that business was a self-regulating mechanism, operating under economic laws for the common good, and that the duty of government was only to prevent crime and disorder. This theory has had a profound influence, as for example in the early years of the recent depression, when financial and political leaders recommended letting nature take its course without interference from the Government.

In practice, throughout the past hundred and fifty years, this theory has been repeatedly set aside under pressure of practical necessity. Business men have called on government to help business in countless ways, from the protective tariff to dollar diplomacy and the R.F.C. The operation of laissez-faire has never been complete, and there was less of it in 1929 than in 1829. But down to the present day, Americans of all shades of opinion have been tempted to believe that economic laws will have their way, and that the less the Government tries to stop them, the better for all concerned.

The fact is that our practice has been better than our theory. Most of the so-called economic laws lack the divine authority of natural laws; they are merely descriptions of how the markets would presumably act if they were not subject to accidents, caprice, and interference by outside forces. But the Government is itself an economic law; its acts influence the economic behavior of every person in the country. By its power to tax and spend, it can change the flow of money in any way the people desire. Regardless of supply and demand, monopoly or vested rights, the Government under the Constitution has power to take money in taxes and put it where the representatives of the people believe it will do the most good. The Government is, therefore, a steering gear by which the people, if they exercise their legal powers, can make the

economic system move in any direction they may wish.

In the First Congress, Hamilton proposed to change the form of the economic system by means of a protective tariff. His suggestion was adopted. By a tax on imports the Government interfered with the law of supply and demand, raised the prices of foreign goods, and caused manufacturing plants to spring up in America. Never since that date has our Government given up the practice of interfering at will with the operation of economic laws.

If practical ways can be found by which security may be established and liberty protected, the Government may with as much reason direct economic action for that purpose as it may cut a ditch through Panama or dam the Colorado River.

IV

There is some ground for the fear that in letting science loose in the world the human race may have released a demon that will destroy mankind. Science is dangerous in two ways. Science leads to technology, which gives us the automobile, the radio, the talking picture, and all the other instruments by which our traditional habits and customs are turned upside down. President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends pointed out that changes in laws and vested rights lag behind the changes caused by science and invention. "There is in our social organizations an institutional inertia and in our social philosophies a tradition of rigidity. Unless there is a speeding up of social invention or a slowing down of mechanical invention, grave maladjustments are certain to result." This cultural lag between different elements of the national life creates severe strains which appear in the form of personal insecurity and wild fluctuations of business. The National Resources Committee in its recent Technology Report, written in part by the same men who served on the Hoover Committee, calls further attention to the fact that invention shows

no sign of slackening speed. Unless the necessary changes in laws and institutions can be hastened, the strain on the national fabric will grow worse instead of better. Unless the Government's program of adjustment can move faster, there will soon be more new inventions not properly digested. Unemployment in the long run will tend to increase, and the relief burden will be likely to grow heavier.

There is real danger that the increasing strain may cause a sort of political lock-jaw, a powerful instinctive resistance to new laws that seem to disturb the last remains of stability in a terrifying world. Thus the progress of reform may be checked by a frightened retreat to "normalcy," bringing temporary relief from innovations, but leading to another collapse like that of 1929. Another spasm like that one, and our country, like some others, might go wild with fear and suffering and smash the machinery of democratic government, setting out on the road to dictatorship and war—where science stands ready to supply the means of final destruction.

Even though by good luck and good sense we escape this easy descent into the inferno, there is another and longer road by which science might lead us to destruction. Technology is two-edged. On one side it teaches how to make the most efficient use of resources for the benefit of the people. On the other side it teaches new ways to use up soil and forest, metals and petroleum, at a faster and faster rate. In 1909, President Theodore Roosevelt's Conservation Committee reported that six million tons of phosphate ought to be applied to our lands every year and that none of this vital material should be exported. In 1935, however, we were producing only three million tons a year and exporting a third of it.

The same report estimated that the known reserves of petroleum would last until about 1950. That was in the days when kerosene was more important than gasoline. Since then almost every likely

geologic formation has been explored for oil, yet for the past six years the known reserves have been used up faster than the new ones were discovered. The multiplied instruments for consuming petroleum have more than kept pace with the technic for finding new supplies, and with improved efficiency in use. The known reserves are still only about enough to carry our present rate of consumption to 1950. We cannot live forever by finding ten-dollar bills in the family Bible.

Science and invention, as we are using them, are instruments for allowing us to live riotously on our capital. With each oil-field drained, each mine worked out, each forest devastated, the useful area of our country shrinks away. Already we are forced to spend millions of dollars to rescue stranded populations and bring them out of the devastated lands, crowding the rest of us and increasing the drain on our remaining resources. As we become more crowded, the chance for freedom of movement and action correspondingly diminishes. Freedom requires elbow room. Unless we can learn to spend the necessary money and labor to maintain our country, the drastic antlike discipline of the crowded peoples will in time be forced upon us. The American people have not yet developed the foresight, the organizing capacity, and the love of country to maintain America as a balanced economic enterprise to be handed down undamaged to posterity. When we can replant forests as fast as we cut them, when we can prevent the erosion of soil, and when we can avoid using our exhaustible minerals faster than science can find new and abundant substitutes, then we can look our children in the face.

These two disquieting aspects of technology—our failure to install new controls as fast as new machines, and our failure to maintain our resources—need not be a cause of despair. We still have time, and we show signs of reforming before it is too late. Somewhat more disquieting is the danger that in looking for

new controls we may miss the road that leads to democratic freedom.

The concentration of wealth and income into a few hands, and the concentration of business into larger units of control, have been troubling the American people for more than half a century. The anti-trust laws were passed in 1890; the income tax was tried a few years later and was finally validated by constitutional amendment in 1913. But the efforts to stop concentration have not yet been successful. In 1909 business concerns controlling more than one plant had 8 per cent of the establishments in the country, with one-third of the wage earners. In 1929 such concerns had 12.5 per cent of the establishments with nearly half of the wage earners. In 1860, corporations did 14 per cent of the nation's business; in 1929, 58 per cent.

Whatever effect these developments may have had on operating efficiency, they limited the opportunities of farmers and wage earners. Farmers are obliged to sell in a market controlled by the buyers and to buy in a market controlled by the sellers. Workers have found their freedom of choice limited by the growing size and power of industrial concerns and by the ability of employers to resist strikes and even to make a profit out of curtailed production and scarcity prices.

After two generations of unsuccessful attempts to control the power of big business by legislation, the farmers have called upon the Government to help them maintain farm prices by the restriction of production. Labor has also learned how to maintain monopoly wage rates in the building trades at the expense of production, and labor unions are growing in numbers and power.

If business is allowed to organize under centralized financial management, in order to limit production and to get for its controlling group a larger share of a smaller national total, then farmers and wage earners must in self-defense organize for the same purpose, and small independent enterprise will be squeezed out.

But a country made up of three such

powerful blocs, each one dedicated to preventing production so as to get a larger share of a smaller total, will not be able to get the benefits of either technology or capitalism. High technology will not work except on full production schedule; a stoppage throws it into staggering losses. Capitalism will not work except in a free market; monopoly practices throw it into convulsions such as the one through which we have lately been passing.

Big business has led in the abandonment of capitalism. Agriculture and labor must follow unless we can find a way to prevent private monopoly by legislation. The future of liberty in America will depend largely on which alternative is chosen.

The first alternative is to accept the concentration of business as unavoidable, and to use the Government to help farmers and workers to concentrate for their own protection. The result will be a plague of idleness and poverty on all three of their houses, which can be lifted only by a dictator, and not for long even by him.

The second alternative is to consider the nationwide organization of farmers and of labor as temporary defenses against big business, and to fight a determined battle for the breaking up of private monopoly and for the restoration of the free market. The second alternative would lead toward the restoration of free initiative. It will call for vision, on the part of labor and farm leaders, and for stubborn resistance to every kind of concentrated private power, on the part of Americans in general.

Organized bargaining power is so much better than economic helplessness that those who have been helpless may easily mistake it for freedom. But the two are not the same. Freedom for a farmer would be more than assurance of a controlled and favorable market. Freedom would consist of the knowledge that there were so many unfilled jobs in the city that he could quit farming if he cared to do so. Freedom for a wage-earner would be something beyond membership in a

strong union. Freedom would consist of the knowledge that he could quit one job and find another, or go into business for himself, or go back to the farm, with a fair chance of success. Freedom for farmer or wage earner cannot exist if production is so restricted that millions are unemployed.

The dangers to freedom are serious and may be fatal. Alarmed by the growing insecurity of business and industry, we may cling to outworn ways too long and be swept by panic into dictatorship. Lured by the pleasures of new mechanical gadgets, we may waste our patrimony in the illusion of wealth until we wake up to find ourselves one of the "have-not" nations forced to fight with the other wolves for foreign resources to exploit. Or fixing our eyes on the immediate advantages of organizing private groups to grab a larger share of the nation's production, we may maneuver ourselves into an impasse from which only a dictator can emerge. If we escape all these dangers and attain a workable relation between technology and freedom, it will be only by holding steadily to a reasonable vision of the goal toward which we struggle, a well-grounded faith that our goal can be attained, and a stubborn determination to hold on our way at all costs.

V

What kind of nation can we expect to have if we are able to rebuild our institutions to fit the requirements of modern life? One of the chief reasons for the present confusion in America is the lack of a clear picture of the possible future. Events in other countries paint strange, mad utopias on the fog. Compared with the insane, weird terrors of the dictatorships, our own riots, labor wars, and crime seem like simple, normal outbursts of human nature. We believe that Americans would do better to feel their way slowly and trust to luck rather than to march howling into any such madhouse. But if the next stage of progress is not to be fascism or communism, what sort of ism

is it to be? What would a democratic high-technology system be if we could attain it?

On the economic side, a democratic system would most probably be made up of the same elements that we have at present, but with some changes in emphasis. Our system is made up of several lesser systems working together.

First there is the classic capitalist system, governed by free competition and the law of supply and demand, with numerous interferences from outside. It is represented chiefly by small and medium-sized business and agriculture. At present it is cramped by big business, which interferes with free competition and with the law of supply and demand. In a workable democratic system for the use of high technology, the capitalist portion would be considerably expanded and protected by a wall of laws to keep off hostile influences.

The second part of our American system is finance-capitalism, or big business and high finance, operating under centralized controls, interlocked management, and monopoly or quasi-monopoly powers. This portion will probably shrink under the impact of restrictive laws and heavy taxation, a part of it breaking down into smaller units, and some of the natural monopolies going into public ownership.

The third part is public service, which now includes the post office, roads, aids to navigation, schools, water supply, sewers, and a number of smaller items. The public service will probably continue to absorb various functions of monopolistic big business, such as the management of money, electric power, transportation, communication, and certain strategic natural resources. This movement has been going on for more than a century, and modern conditions indicate that it will continue.

Fourth is private non-profit activity, including colleges, churches, clubs, hospitals, foundations, and other organizations providing services in return for dues or contributions. This portion will

probably expand and offer employment for a large number of the workers released by technological change. In fact, although the present crisis requires us to think chiefly of governmental means to adjust the economic system, in the long run the chief feature of a successful adjustment to technology will be the devotion of surplus money and labor to constructive cultural work, in which private organizations will play a principal part.

A fifth element is the co-operative movement, a variety of capitalism in which the profits are distributed to consumers or producers in proportion to their activity instead of according to capital investment. The future of co-operatives is not yet clear.

The combination of these various systems is not an ism in any usual sense. It has no neat "ideology." It sprawls like the roots of an oak tree, taking hold of different elements in the nation's life. It draws upon different, even contradictory, motives, skills, methods, and resources. By the same quality of diversity it leaves room for freedom.

VI

The growth and balance of such a many-sided economic system can be guided with democratic instruments that do not require dictatorship. By pruning here and grafting on a new part there, the tree of national life can be kept strong and healthy.

There are two kinds of national planning in a democratic system, each of which has its proper place. The great plans are not mere systems of bureaucratic management, perplexed about what colors of lipstick shall be supplied to the ladies of Atlanta, or how many cowboy pictures the country needs in a year. The great plans are the national policies, such as the policies of taxation and spending, the conservation of land and forest, and the control of financial manipulations. These policies do not regiment any large number of people but, right or wrong, they cause things to hap-

pen. They are like the hormones in the blood, which do not carve the body into shape, but which, when properly balanced, influence the growth of each part so that the body takes the shape that nature intended.

A large part of the duty of government consists of maintaining balance in the economic system. The manufacturing areas tend to suck money out of the agricultural areas; the Government, by income taxation and local subsidy, pumps some of the money back, so that the stream of trade can continue to flow. Business and finance, in the natural course of the business cycle, inflate and deflate the money of the country. The Government, by suitable budget policies, can inflate money in hard times and deflate it in boom times, helping to keep the system in balance. Policies for balancing are mainly concerned with directing the flow of money. They are of vital importance but they do not require any widespread restriction of personal liberty.

Regimentation is heartily detested by all good Americans when it is applied to them personally, but, like all civilized people, we sometimes have to sacrifice old liberties in order to get new ones. Since the automobile replaced the horse and buggy, the driver, as a conservative Englishman bitterly protested in 1896, "no longer enjoys the benefit of the intelligence of the horse." So the police have to make up, in part, for this missing intelligence by installing traffic lights and restricting the freedom of the road. By restricting the liberty of any one driver to jam the traffic, the authorities open the way to a larger freedom of movement than the horse and buggy could ever provide.

If planning is understood to consist chiefly of the adoption of sound national policies, regimentation will fall into its proper place as a subordinate operation, to be used only where people believe the results are worth the cost.

But well-designed national policies, even with the most honest and efficient

administration, are not enough, unless the measures adopted are on a scale proportionate to the work to be done. An ocean liner cannot be stabilized with a toy gyroscope and a couple of sandbags. A nation whose annual income can swing within three years from eighty to forty billion dollars cannot be stabilized even by the best of policies without the use of enough money to make them effective.

The great flood of ingenious plans for saving the country, and the talk of experimentation in the New Deal, may give the impression that the country awaits only the invention of some brilliant new idea that will get us out of all our troubles. The fact is, however, that most—possibly all—of the necessary remedies for our ills have already been invented and put into operation. The anti-trust laws, the Federal income tax, regulation of railroads and utilities, control of security issues and the Stock Exchange, taxation of certain undesirable corporate practices, conservation of soil and forest, Federal aid in the protection of children and in provision for old age, and many other constructive measures are in the law already. Yet the country is not in a sound position. The solution of our most serious troubles waits not for the invention of some new kind of money or a painless tax. The solution waits for the people to be willing to make sacrifices and to pay taxes on such a scale as to make our present laws effective.

The troubles of America come chiefly from the fact that technology advances faster than social and legal adjustment. It is a race. In a race, as the Red Queen pointed out to Alice, you have to run as fast as you can to keep your place, and twice as fast to get ahead. Merely to make progress in the right direction will not keep us from falling farther behind. In our political controversies it often happens that both parties agree, in what seems to be a commendable way, as to the principles of action that should be followed. But they often differ as to the extent of the action to be taken. It should be recognized that the difference

between enough and not enough is the difference between a successful policy and an ineffective gesture. "Purty near ain't quite half."

VII

As Edmund Burke said in 1784, "The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion." The belief that technology requires us to give up our liberties and become cogs in the machine is a delusion. On the contrary, freedom is as technically necessary to the machine age as is lubricating oil or electric power.

The growth of technology has been accompanied by concentration of business control. A large part of American business is already centralized. The great industries are engaged in nationwide economic planning from their metropolitan offices. It would seem that the use of technology automatically calls for centralization. But there is another side to the matter.

Under the influence of technology, a large part of American industry has come to depend on the market for luxuries such as automobiles, radios, electric gadgets, and moving pictures. The consumer who has more income than he requires for bare necessities can choose his gadget according to the caprice of the moment. The market accordingly grows more and more unpredictable. Fads and fancies sweep the dollars away from one industry and into another. When depression threatens, all sorts of luxuries suddenly lose their market, and millions of workers are thrown out of work.

It has been estimated that if a family income increases from \$1000 to \$3000, only one-sixth of the \$2000 increase will go for food and clothes, and one-fourth for home maintenance. More than half of the increase will go into luxuries of the most unstable kind. Before the World War 70 to 80 per cent of consumers' purchases were in the types of goods and services not subject to violent fluctuations. After the War the percentage was only 60 to 65. A rise in average family income to \$3000 would add so

many luxuries as to bring the percentage of stable purchases down below 50. The meaning of these figures is unmistakable. If technology succeeds in raising the average income, the markets for goods and services will become more and more unpredictable. The conclusion is that in the unstable industries—which will make up a larger and larger share of the total—small, flexible, fast-moving companies will have the advantage over lumbering, complicated, centrally planned combinations. Provided of course that small business is protected by the Government from big business and high finance.

By the same reasoning, it appears that centralized planning of the entire national production is not likely to succeed unless all the people have such low incomes that they will be glad to take whatever the authorities choose to offer. Private business men can make mistakes, take losses on surplus stock, perhaps go bankrupt. But government is too sensitive to public ridicule to stand the effects of many such adventures as, for example, supplying ten thousand miniature golf courses or ten million sets of mah jong a year too late.

Centralized planning is not likely to work well with luxuries, and luxuries will furnish most of the business of a high-technology system. Like the railroad which announced that "gentlemen wishing to smoke in this station must go outside," one may say that planners wishing to plan the production of a plenty system must leave out most of the plenty.

Centralized technological organization is subject not only to planning difficulties but also to growing complexity and danger of breakdown. In any city street excavation you can see a tangled network of pipes and conduits that indicates how delicate and precarious is the fabric of a crowded civilization. At the power plants or along the aqueducts are danger points, where an earthquake or a few well-placed bombs might cut the thread of city life. These physical danger spots are symbols of the insecurity of our over-complicated business system. An acci-

dent or a breakdown of law and order at a strategic point may have serious consequences over a large area.

European nations with more tightly centralized nervous systems have been overthrown by the capture of a few strategic points. Our country, with its 175,000 local governments, is more loosely organized, and is, therefore, less apt to be suddenly overthrown by revolution. It is in the great centralized markets that we are most vulnerable, and it was there that the shattering blow of 1929 struck home.

The safety and stability of the nation as a whole may easily be endangered by too much insistence on the detailed efficiency of particular economic arrangements. The security of our lives and our social order may require decentralization of industry, of ownership, and of control, even though some theoretical efficiency may have to be sacrificed.

Because of the recent distress among farmers and small business concerns, one might think that giant industry was the stabilizing element that saved the nation from disaster in time of storm. A closer analysis, however, would show that the troubles of local business were caused mainly by dependence on the great markets, in which the giant concerns were saving themselves at the expense of the weaker members. Where the people were least dependent on national markets, as in Vermont, they suffered least from the general collapse. In view of the election results in that rock-ribbed State, one might think that Republican strategists would especially favor local self-containment and the restriction of big business in all parts of the country.

There is a third sense in which technology requires freedom. In Russia the world has been witnessing a wave of punishments sweeping through industry and the military establishment. In that country, according to American engineers, the minor officials are notably reluctant to make decisions on their own responsibility. The same effect is found in American business organizations when-

ever the management attempts to govern more by punishment than by reward. It is often seen in a bureaucracy, when subordinates find that successful decisions bring no promotion and mistakes are strictly punished.

The curse of over-centralized planning is the relaxation of initiative that follows strict discipline. In a dictatorship the men at the top tend to govern by fear, and the men lower down react by making their superiors decide all questions that might lead to trouble.

But science and technology depend on initiative and ingenuity, and depend, therefore, on freedom. In America a man who fails in one place may find a chance somewhere else. But if the country were organized into one great corporation, no one could either resign or be fired, and discipline would have to be imposed with whip and gun. Only a fool would try anything that had not been approved in advance by the authorities. A system of that kind does not give scope enough for a people with a tradition of ingenuity and initiative.

With the inevitable complexity of technological processes, it is more necessary than ever before to allow a large margin for mistakes and accidents. Studies of unemployment have shown that when workers are discharged from industry because of depression or technological changes a large percentage of the discharged workers can never get back into the kind of work for which they were trained. They have to pick up what they can find, even if it is only selling apples in the street. When large-scale business goes on the rocks, small-scale business takes up the first shock. What small business cannot absorb has to be taken by private and public relief. If all business were centrally managed, any serious mistake in adjustment would come home at once to roost on the doorstep of the Government, which would have difficulty in keeping the respect of the people. High technology, with its numerous chances for mistakes and sudden shocks, needs a large free area of unplanned business into

which most of the victims can escape.

Modern business, with its complicated network of cause and effect, often overstrains the capacity of its managers, who are, therefore, in constant danger of being ruined and discredited by the unexpected effects of their own decisions. Even for the workers who carry less responsibility, the fear and insecurity of modern life are a danger to mental health and balance. Hospitals are crowded with mental patients. There is evidence that many of the physical diseases treated in the wards are the result of insecurity and worry. If human beings are to use high technology without breaking down it is evident that they must have plenty of freedom to get away from the machinery when they find they cannot stand the pace. Discipline can be carried to the point of suicide. Efficiency was made for man, not man for efficiency.

Science and invention are not hostile to freedom. The pleasant fruits of science and invention can be enjoyed only by a free people using a strong central government as their agent for controlling the machine.

VIII

The pathway of the pioneer Americans was lighted by the sense of vastness, of a great continent where men would have room to be free. In the early days freedom of opportunity was embodied in seemingly inexhaustible resources, in a land of plenty where any man of courage and vigor could stake out a place for himself and his descendants. But to-day the good land is all taken, great corporations own the mines and forests; the resources, no longer inexhaustible, are shrinking. The three million Americans who founded this republic have passed into history, and in their place are a hundred and thirty million, with more to come.

Only in the unexplored territory of science and technology do we see a new frontier, a new land of plenty where we may still find freedom of opportunity. But science can be used only with organization, and in organization freedom is

limited and confined. Can we find liberty in this new frontier? What is liberty in a world of machines and corporations?

Liberty, we begin to see, can live in an organized society on two conditions. The first condition is that people must have a powerful government, subject always to their constant criticism and control, but strong to protect them against all powers of man or nature that threaten their security. The second condition is that there shall be ample opportunity to work for a living. If this condition is established, each citizen can be confident that his present circumstances do not lock him in, that if he should feel himself oppressed he could still pull up stakes and find a new plane.

The old frontier of prairie and forest was not invented and built by the pioneers—they found it waiting for them. But the new frontier of science is made out of our own minds; without hard thinking and sensible planning of our policies it will disappear into the mist that has swallowed the ancient lore of Mesopotamia and Egypt. Science must be used in orderly and disciplined ways or it will not yield its fruits; but only in the hands of free men is it a tool that can be used for peace and prosperity. We have a many-sided order that can be further developed to meet this double requirement of organization and liberty. Small, competitive business, suitably protected; large-scale business, where technical methods require it, but carefully watched and controlled; public services, voluntary service organizations, and co-operatives, make up a flexible system that will provide room for science and liberty to live together. If the American people can develop policies that will keep this multiple system in good order, and that will maintain our physical and human resources in sound condition, the future of this country can be made secure.

By releasing ourselves from the haunting fear of economic disaster we can hope to achieve a sanity that is now far beyond our reach. When the machinery is run-

ning smoothly we can forget our unwholesome preoccupation with material things and our constant worry about how we shall eat and buy clothes and pay the rent. Economic problems will take their proper place in the background with the water pipes and telephone wires, cared for by a few specialists. The surplus energies of the people in a system of plenty, as in every great civilization of the past, will turn toward cultural advance. With rich resources and on a continental scale, we can have education and health, sport and adventure, philosophy, art, and religion, the peaceful fruits of security and liberty.

IX

When General Washington and his ragged men lay at Valley Forge, their chance of winning against the power of England was small. Their record was one of defeat after defeat. The Continental Congress was more interested in playing politics than in winning the war. Washington's generals were often stupid and sometimes traitorous. His men were inclined to lose their enthusiasm and go home after a few months of unsuccessful campaigning. Half the people of the Colonies were Tories or neutral. Only by stubborn faith in the possibility of victory against all odds was it possible to win against all odds.

To-day we are disturbed by the disruption of our old security, as science and invention plow through our lives and tear up familiar landmarks. But we have grown too numerous to go back to the old ways of a century ago; we should starve. We cannot live without science, and science cannot live and grow without liberty. Against all odds, therefore, the only road to victory is through stubborn faith that in a scientific world democratic liberty can be won and made secure.

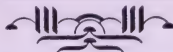
For three hundred years our forebears on this continent have worshipped the name of liberty, not knowing all that liberty might mean, but knowing at least that to the defense of freedom they must

devote their lives and their fortunes. Now we have come to a new frontier, where a new world opens out before us. Can we enter this strange new world taking the hope of freedom with us, as we entered the American wilderness three hundred years ago? At the gate of the new world of science, gigantic forces that we never knew before reach out to strip us of our old liberties as we go in. It seems as if we cannot enter the land of plenty except as cogs of a great machine. But it is only an illusion that the price of scientific plenty is the loss of liberty. Looking beyond, we can see that only a free people can long hold possession of that promised land.

Our forefathers, in time of danger, were ready to sacrifice property and personal safety for the establishment of a free country for their posterity. They bound themselves to build for their

grandchildren, and in sacrifice for the future they found freedom for themselves. When we too are willing to sacrifice our own money and risk our own momentary safety to conserve our resources and build up our country, to break down selfish private powers, to establish a strong government responsible to the sovereign people—in binding ourselves to the interests of the future we shall be free. Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. We have the resources and the power, if we dare to use them boldly, to build our country in strength and freedom, so that all Americans may walk secure and confident, the masters of a rich heritage and of a future bright with promise. Not by basely throwing away freedom can we flee into a safe hiding place under the wing of some dictator; but in the pursuit of liberty itself we shall find the only security that is secure.





GRANDMA AND THE SENTIMENTAL TRAVELER

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

"WHY, yes it is. That *is* my basket!" Grandma said gratefully. "You were mighty kind to go fetch it for me. I was so scared the train might get started and you get left!" Grandma, with small cotton-gloved hands, took the basket and smiled up at a gray-mustached man in a velvet-collared, checked overcoat and black derby. "You'd think, wouldn't you, many times as I've come down to this depot, I could get on a train without going off and leaving some of my luggage. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," the man said, "thank you. You know, I'm glad you did forget that basket. When you got on the train right away you reminded me of someone I used to know when I was a boy, someone in whose house I spent some of the happiest hours of my life—a doctor's wife she was."

"Well, I'm pleased to recall something, someone pleasant to your mind," Grandma said. "You did just get back on in time, didn't you? I don't know how I'd've managed without that basket. It has the fried chicken in it and the things I'm taking the children, son Howard's children. I always take the two telescopes, and last night after I got the other one packed and started to heft it up on to the little hall table, to have it ready there by the door for this morning, what happened but the handle pulled right out!"

"And haven't you a harness shop in town that could have fixed it?"

"Oh, yes, we've got a harness shop, but really that telescope needs mending with a new one. A neighbor came over and offered me this basket and 'twill serve very well. That reminds me of a thing that was told me once by a woman I met on a trip—my going off and leaving that basket does. She said one time she was going some place and she had all the children and when she'd got on the train she looked out the train window and there sat a little girl in the doorway of the depot, in a blue bonnet, the bow tied under her chin, so neat and her hands folded in her lap, just sitting there, sweet as could be, and she said to herself, the children climbing round her and making a racket and asking questions, 'My, I wish I could see one of my girls, all ready to go some place and sitting like that. She's a lovely quiet child,' and then she looked round on them and one was missing and sure enough, it *was* one of her girls! My, you dress a bunch of young'ns ready to go some place and you don't have time to stand round and look them over. I can see how it happened all right."

"You travel quite a lot?" the man asked.

"Yes, I suppose you might say I do," Grandma said, taking off her bonnet and smoothing her hair. "You see, Mr. Davidson left me my pass so I travel free and there's nothing to hold me to home.

Winter or summer, if I feel moved to go see one of the children or if they send for me (I've seven children, all married and in their own homes and now some of their children have homes too), I'm free to go. I have only a cat and I own him jointly with a neighbor; he's as at home one place as the other and doesn't miss me."

Grandma opened her alligator handbag to get out her pass for the conductor. "How do you do, Mrs. Davidson?" he asked kindly. "Where's it to this time?"

"Out to Howard's," Grandma told him. "Two years since I've been out there."

"Well, have a good time," the conductor said and handed back the precious pass.

"That's a nice bag," the stranger remarked.

"Yes, isn't it?" Grandma agreed. "The children gave it to me one year when three or four of them were still at home. When I was out at Howard's last, the pup—those children had a spaniel pup—got hold of it and chewed and half tore the flap off it. Howard took it down to a shop and they sent off for the leather, the alligator-hide piece, and put a new flap on it. Howard stood for it himself and it must have cost him a pretty penny. He never would tell me."

"It's a fine piece of work," the stranger said. "I notice because I'm in the leather business, in a way, myself. I've got a harness factory." He reached in his pocket for a tooled-leather cardcase and offered Grandma one of his cards, a large card with a spanking team, well harnessed, pictured in the center and his name above: James Haverfield, and below: Harness Factory, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Well, that's fine," Grandma said. "Three of my children are on farms, and two that live in town drive, and they must buy a good bit of harness among 'em. I'll look into it and see what kind they use, and if they've not got your harnesses already, I'll tell them about you and have them keep the trade name in mind."

"Thank you," the man replied. "You know, this is a kind of sentimental journey for me to-day, and it seems right I

should have met a woman like you, for you fit right in with the kind of memories I was having. You see I used to live out this way. I used to live in the little town of New Orchards. Do you know that town? We'll be coming through it."

"Well, no I don't," Grandma answered, "but I talked with a woman on my last trip out to Howard's, couple of years ago, who lives in the country near there, and I remember how it looks from the train; aren't there maple trees and isn't there a big white house set well up on a hill, with maples round it?"

"Right!" the man exclaimed excitedly. "Right. That's just the way it is and I've not seen it in almost thirty years, twenty-nine, to be exact. That house is the doctor's house, the finest house in town. There were some cost more, but none so well built and fine."

"And the doctor's gone?"

"Yes, yes, years ago, and his wife too. But Ellen's there. Ellen's still there in that old house."

The man looked away, over the rolling pastures, clapped his hands on his knees and turned his head slowly, remembering, from the window to Grandma and sighed. "Ellen," he said. "Fair Ellen," he laughed. "That is what I used to call her; 'To wed the fair Ellen of young Loch-invar'—do you remember?"

"Law, yes," said Grandma, "I've helped more than one of my children learn that poem. It's got a lot of spirit, don't you think? Ellen was this doctor's daughter?"

"No, no she wasn't. She was a child they adopted. They had none of their own. They treated her just like a daughter though. For a long time I thought she was their daughter. I used to watch her going by the shop to school, with her hair hanging loose down her back, like girls wore it then, and a sailor hat on her head. She had a plaid skirt and a little black velvet jacket and cloth-topped boots. Black hair."

"You were working in a shop when you ought to have been in school?"

"I was," he said. "I ran away from

home when I was eleven; couldn't get on with my stepmother, and got apprenticed in a harness shop. One day I cut my hand—bad—and the man I worked for, a big Dutchman, told me to run on up to the doctor's and have it dressed. I went running along, I guess I was about sixteen, and my hand inside the front of my shirt, because I had no handkerchief, and by the time I got up that drive to the house the whole front of my shirt was a sight, for blood.

"They had a knocker, a brass one, shaped like a woman's hand and on a hinge, and I stood there knocking and knocking. At last Ellen came running to the door and when she saw me she cried out and I was so scared, speaking to her, I couldn't get a word out, and she thought I was hurt so bad I couldn't talk. She brought me into the wing part of the house that was the doctor's office then, and dressed my hand, washed and tied it up. It was the thick of my hand I cut, here, above my thumb.

"The doctor was out and his wife was out. There was no one there but Ellen. She ran and brought one of the doctor's shirts, a stiff-bosomed shirt, and made me get into it and then came back in the room, turned the cuffs back for me and pinned them. She had on a blue dress and a blue ribbon tied round her hair. She said I was to come back and have the doctor see to my hand in a day or two. I did come back and the doctor said she'd done a good job of dressing my hand, Ellen had, and they asked me to supper.

"They had candles on the table, with pendants hanging down round them, and such china as I'd never seen, and a girl to wait on the table. When they found I wasn't in school the doctor said I was to come one night a week and read there in their library and could take books home. I never was much of a person for reading, but I used to go. The doctor's wife would play the piano and Ellen would sing."

"And did you sing?" Grandma asked.

"No, I'd no voice, but I liked to hear Ellen sing. Sometimes I played checkers with the doctor."

"And then you went away and told Ellen you'd be back for her when you'd got started and could afford to marry?"

"Well, I went away all right, but I'd never have dared say anything like that to Ellen then. I did come to tell her good-by though, and she sang for me. I was nineteen then and she, two years younger than me, seventeen. The doctor's wife said if they had known I was going away they would have had me up for supper that last evening. Ellen sang for me. She played the piano herself that night and sang 'Robin Adair.' You know that song?"

"I should say I do," said Grandma, and beating time with a forefinger, sang in a quavering treble: "'What's this dull town to me, Robin's not here!'"

"Yes, that's the way it goes!" Mr. Haverfield exclaimed, "and when they do get these new music machines to working really good—you've seen them, haven't you, with the music in a little cylinder and you slip it over a small bar and wind the machine and the music comes out of a horn?—well, when they get them really good I'm going to have one, and that's the first piece I'll buy. I'm a sentimental man I guess. Well, she sang that song. She had on a black velvet dress—it was in the fall, just about this time of the year—and a wide white collar. It was like lace and yet it wasn't; had braid twisted round and round in patterns, with threads running in between, something like a horse's fly net, that collar, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, of course," Grandma said, "Battenberg! They were all the style then and very pretty."

"Well, I wouldn't have known the name of it, but I remember the look of it. She was a pretty girl, Ellen."

"I know she must've been," Grandma said. "You should have got your courage up and asked her to wait for you."

"The nearest I came to it was to say, on account of that poem we'd learned together, 'Good-by, Fair Ellen,' and she said 'Good-by, Lochinvar.'" He looked again through the window, shook his head, and smiled. "She was almost as shy as I was.

I think she saw how I felt though, for she did something." Grandma waited. "We were alone in the hall. White stairs and red carpet and a lamp on the newel post. I said good-by and she—"

"She up and kissed you, I warrant," Grandma helped.

"Well, not exactly, but she started to. I *think* that's what she started to do; she put her hands up on my shoulders and then she turned and ran back into the living room where the doctor and his wife were. Last I ever saw of her."

"You got started in Cleveland and by and by you met somebody and got married."

"Right," he said, "and a good wife Dora was to me. A better mother never lived. She was my boss's daughter there. We weren't always of one mind, but we got on. She looked after the house and the children and I looked after the plant. I've got girls of my own, two, both married, with families. And Dora's been gone six years. This is a sentimental trip for me, though it's a business trip too. I'm going out to visit one of my tanneries, out past New Orchards a good hundred miles, and then I'm going on out West and start on my trip. I've worked hard. Except for the last World's Fair I've not had a vacation in my life, not one, and the girls, my daughters, talked me into this: I'm going round the world. I'm going first to Japan, country I've always wanted to see. Yes, I've wanted to go to Japan from the time I was a boy. The doctor had some Japanese pictures in his office, mountains and little houses and bridges and, I don't know how it happened that they impressed me so, but they did. I made up my mind then that if the time ever came I could afford to travel, Japan was one of the first places I wanted to visit."

"And you're stopping by at New Orchards to ask Ellen to go along with you!" Grandma surmised. "Well, things sometimes come out that way, and I'm mighty happy for you."

"Oh, no," he said. "No, I'm not planning anything like that. I'm not stopping at New Orchards."

"Oh," Grandma said, "well, I suppose a lovely girl like that *would* have married young and had a family. Do you know her married name? I think it would be nice, if you know about the children and their ages, if you'd send each of the girls something nice from over there, something Japanese. I went to a lecture, a missionary's lecture once, and she had things along, a whole chest full. There was no end of things to please a girl; fans and sashes and pictures and the like. I remember one thing she had was a little red cupboard, no bigger than *that*, with white blossoms painted on it. Open up the two doors and there was little painted drawers to pull out. It was for trinkets and the lowest drawer was big enough for handkerchiefs—a thing a girl would love. I don't think her husband would take it amiss if you sent one like that to Ellen herself with a note speaking of old times. She's likely told him about you."

Mr. Haverfield had raised his hand a number of times to halt Grandma in her description of things Japanese that would please a woman. "No," he said, "no, madam, that isn't the way it is. Ellen hasn't married; she lives there alone."

"She does?" Grandma cried. "Well, then is she poorly or . . . or what . . . ?"

"She's all right," he said. "She's turned the wing that was the doctor's office into a library and New Orchards children come there. I guess she put about all they left her into the place. That's like her, to want the children to have a place to come get books and read."

"My salesman that goes out this way twice a year, I had make inquiries about her. Told him not to *do* anything about it, but just make inquiries about her, a number of years ago. I supposed too she'd be married and in a home of her own. Found out she still lived there in the doctor's house and kept that library. He went right up there, talked with her. I'd asked him not to mention me and so he didn't and he said she was a mighty fine-looking woman—slim and quiet, with wavy hair, almost white, he said. Seems strange to think of Ellen with anything

but that long, shining black hair. It's good to think of her though still in that house and doing a good, kind thing like that, seeing to it the children of the town have a place to come evenings and read, isn't it?"

"Yes," Grandma replied, "but I expect she gets plenty tired of it sometimes. You know children are near as much care as they are comfort; and they're not *hers*. I expect they mark in the books and misuse them some and scuff the woodwork. I think she must get pretty lonesome in that old house, sitting there at a desk looking at Japanese pictures that are just pictures."

The man frowned. "No, I'm sure she's very happy," he said. "You see, Ellen's always lived there and doesn't know anything else; and she's naturally kind and good and helpful. No, I'm sure she likes what she's doing. I'm sure—"

"But aren't you going to stop off and see her?" Grandma queried. "Why don't you?"

The man fidgeted a little and took out his large gold watch and looked at it before he said, "Madam, the past is the past. There's nothing more precious in my life than the memory of Ellen, nothing. Every memory I have of her is—well, it's beautiful, madam. It's a treasure. I'm a sentimental man, but at the same time, I'm a business man; I guess you might say I'm a hard-headed business man. From working in a harness shop I climbed my way up until I was a partner and then until I was an owner, and I built my new factory myself and didn't have to borrow money to do it. I earned my way, I worked; I worked like everything, Mrs. Davidson."

"Yes, I'd know that," Grandma said, "even if you hadn't told me. I can see you're a hard-working man."

"Then you should see what I'm driving at," he replied. "You can't touch a memory like that. You've got to leave it like it is if you want to keep it. Nearly thirty years! I couldn't stand it to stop off in New Orchards, ma'am, and it wouldn't be right for me to. Take that

collar; even *things* don't keep. I can see Ellen in that collar standing there by the piano. I've had my life and Ellen's had hers and we've each got our memories. I like to think she remembers me."

"She likely does," Grandma said. "Women remember such things the same as men. Maybe she's remembered it too much, since she hasn't married. Maybe she expected, a long time, for you to come back for her."

"Oh, no," he said. "We didn't speak of anything like that. I'll tell you why she hasn't married; I thought that out. It's that New Orchards is just a little place and not many people in it and the doctor's house was kind of apart and they kind of apart because the doctor's wife was such a lady and there wasn't anybody there *for* Ellen to marry, anybody good enough."

"That's true, likely," Grandma agreed, "but I don't like her sitting in that library looking at pictures when she might be packing to go to Japan."

"Here's the place we stop for lunch, this place we're coming in to. They stop here about half an hour, if I remember right, and I think the next station on is New Orchards."

"Yes, that's right," the man said. "Are you getting off? Will you have lunch with me?"

"I've got my lunch along in this basket," Grandma said, touching the basket with her toe. "I was just going to ask you if I could share it with you?"

"Thank you," he said, "I think I'll walk about a little and eat at the hotel. I have to send some telegrams anyway. Pretty hard to turn over a business to a son-in-law and remember to tell him everything before you leave the plant."

"Yes, I expect it is," Grandma said. "I think I'll get off and walk about a little myself after I've had my lunch. I remember this town well from other trips. How nice a day it is! October is my favorite month, I think, if I've got a favorite. Two of my children have birthdays in it."

"Yes," Mr. Haverfield said, raising the

derby and bowing to Grandma before he left her, "and I like coming back to this part of the country in the fall, for it was in the fall I left it."

When Grandma came hurrying round the depot the train bell was already ringing and the harness man was standing by the steps looking anxiously one way and the other for her. "Here she is," he said to the conductor, who was standing by the steps too.

"Mrs. Davidson, we were worried about you. We're holding the train for you," the conductor said.

"You're mighty kind," Grandma gasped, "to hold it. I—I guess I walked too far. I'm all out of breath."

In their places again, Grandma asked the harness man if he would like a piece of blueberry pie, since she had not wanted such a large piece and had eaten "just a sliver of it." He accepted and ate it while Grandma got out her knitting and settled herself for the long ride still ahead of her.

"Did you have a good lunch?" she asked.

"Oh, so-so. I felt rather restless, being here in a town I remember, after so long a time. I didn't have much appetite, but this pie is delicious."

"You've got a drop of juice on your tie," Grandma observed, and leaned to wipe it away with a red-and-white checked napkin from the basket.

The pie eaten, the man took a timetable from his pocket and looked at it gravely. "I'm sailing the eleventh, from San Francisco," he said. "I've been east, but I've never been west, not as far as the coast."

"I'm sure you'll have a fine time," Grandma said.

"Yes, I've counted on this trip the better part of my life, and I haven't given it up even when it looked near hopeless at times. I think I'll do what you suggested. I think, in Japan, I'll find something, something that would please Ellen, and send it to her, just send it with my card."

"That's a nice idea," Grandma said. "Just suppose, when we got into New Or-

chards, Ellen would be there, be down at the train. People do come down when the train comes in, in places like New Orchards. Wouldn't that be nice?"

The man laughed and drummed his fingers idly on the window pane. "Not Ellen," he said. "She'd never come down to see a train come in. You see, Ellen," he leaned forward, "Ellen wasn't like just any small-town girl. She was the doctor's daughter as much as if she'd been born to them. She's up there in that big white house, where she belongs. Yes, there's the town. Same rolling hills, same curve to the road. Same maples. Pretty little town, isn't it?" He crossed and uncrossed his legs, sighed, took some papers from his pocket and put them back again. "You've been very kind," he said, "to listen to me on this trip. I think you see how much it means to me, has meant all these years."

"And will mean," Grandma nodded. "Slowing down now, aren't we? Yes, here's New Orchards."

The train was slowing, stopping.

"And there's the house, the doctor's house," the harness maker said, "almost hid by the trees. Fine old place, isn't it?" He took out a large, China silk, blue-edged handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "I'm a sentimental man," he said again, apologetically.

"And there's a Battenberg collar," Grandma said calmly and without surprise.

The man was on his feet. "It's Ellen!" he cried. "It is!"

"She's a pretty woman still," Grandma said, but he did not hear her. He was already moving down the aisle. Grandma called to the conductor who was going through the car. "Mr. Harris," she asked, not stopping her knitting, "would you do something for me?"

"Of course, Mrs. Davidson."

"Set Mr. Haverfield's bags off, will you, and take his coat. He's stopping here. He grew up in this town."

"You don't say?" the conductor said, "And has got friends here, looks like."

"Yes," Grandma said.

A little boy had come from across the aisle to stand near Grandma and look up at her.

"Did you get tired coloring?" she asked kindly. "I saw you were making some pictures with your colors a while ago."

"I used all Mama's paper," the child said.

"Well here, I have some paper," Grandma told him, as the train got under way. "I have paper here in my bag. You draw me a horse, will you?"

The child took the yellow piece Grandma gave him with no thanks but a half smile.

"Are you sure you don't want this?" the mother asked, "It has writing on it."

"No," Grandma said, "I gave it to him to color on. It's just a telegram I made up to send when we stopped back there

in that last town. I was a little anxious about the person I sent it to getting it, not having her last name or address, but I see she got it all right." Grandma smiled and knitted on.

A little later, when she thought Grandma would not be looking, the young mother turned the paper over and read: "To Ellen. The Library. The doctor's house on the hill. New Orchards. Would you meet the afternoon train and would you wear your Battenberg collar? Lochinvar." She gave the paper back to her little boy and looked wonderingly at Grandma Davidson. Grandma was humming a hymn. She broke off suddenly and leaned toward the young mother to say, "Think of a honeymoon in Japan! And one you'd not looked for at that!"

CREATOR OF THIS UNIVERSE

BY JESSE STUART

CREATOR of this Universe, keep me
Forever young and strong and give me space
Among my hills as free as wind is free
And snow and rain and sun to hit my face.
Give me a wind to breathe slashed by the pine,
Kissed by the hard-grained lips of oak and ash,
And drab hills smothered by the cliff and vine,
Great heaps of earth that feed our mortal flesh.
Give me the plow and hoe, the walled-in hollow
The creek of clean-blue mountain water fills;
Just guide my feet that I may safely follow
The lone path of my dark eternal hills.
It does not matter if the path be mud
And if it wind forever—never ending!
I'll love the climbing for it's good for blood,
But not the summit, Lord, and slow descending!



THE RIDDLE OF HITLER

BY STEPHEN H. ROBERTS

IT is almost impossible to give any idea of Hitler's personality because every interpretation of necessity reflects the point of view of the interpreter. There can be no finality. All that one can do is to set down the attributes that one has noticed in listening and speaking to Hitler oneself.

Hitler undoubtedly has a very complex personality. People like Stalin and Mussolini are much simpler—easier to analyze and understand; but there is something elusive about Hitler, and one feels that the simplist's solutions fall short of the whole truth. The two most popular views picture him either as a mere ranting stump-orator or as a victim of demoniacal possession, driven hither and thither by some occult force that makes him a power of evil. But these are as unsatisfactory as the view of his believers that he is a demigod, revealing the path Germany is to follow by some divine power of intuitively knowing what to do.

I think that he is primarily a dreamer, a visionary. His mind, nurtured by the other-worldness of the Alpine scenery round his mountain retreat of Berchtesgaden, runs to visions; and I have heard his intimates say that even in cabinet meetings when vital questions of policy are being discussed he is dreaming—thinking of the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream.

South Germany has always produced dreamers and romantics, like the Swanking Ludwig of Bavaria. The romantic side of medievalism is always with them.

They live in an impracticable world of unbelievable mountains; their fields and houses are like stage settings; they dream of treasure-trove; they accept the fairy-tale castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau as part of normal existence; they live, as it were, in a typical Wagnerian opera.

Hitler is one of them—a peasant's son with little more than a peasant's education, but now holding a position that out-rivals the most magical transformation in their wildest fairy tale. Indeed, he always has the air of being faintly surprised. An eminent neurologist who accompanied me to the Nuremberg *Partei-Tag* pointed out again and again that Hitler obviously "pulled himself up" at the great public functions and stopped dreaming. It is almost a case of dual personality. He cannot allow his normal, average peasant-being to come into ascendancy but has constantly to remind himself that he must act as the *Führer*, the demigod, of a great people. The neurologist told me that another symptom of this is the way in which he quickly removes the self-satisfied smirk that so often creeps over his face at public demonstrations.

Of course it is his dreaminess that hard-bitten advisers like Goebbels and Göring have capitalized. He is so transparently honest when he is weaving visions of his own creation that nobody can doubt him. He is ready, like a medieval saint, to go through fire and water for his beliefs. I am not certain that he would not actually like being tortured; he would love play-

ing the martyr, if only for his own mental delectation. He sees himself as a crusader; he thinks the whole time of saving mankind. That is why he reaches such a stage of mystical exaltation when he talks about saving the world from Bolshevism. It is the old Siegfried complex once again. Just as the young German knight of old went out into the dim, dark forests to kill dragons, so he goes out to exterminate Bolshevism. He is simply living again the romantic frescoes which mad King Ludwig painted round his castles to express the Wagnerian operas, and Hitler's spectacles are nothing more than an enlargement of this Wagnerian drop-scene, with the improvements offered by modern science.

That accounts for his popular appeal, and it also makes him dangerous. I heard him make the famous speech when he spoke of absorbing the Ukraine and Siberia. Under the cold analysis of foreign newspaper reporters, this speech read like a declaration of Germany's Eastern Imperialism. Actually it was nothing of the kind. Hitler merely forgot his audience and wandered off into a dream-world of his own. He spoke of the wonders he would do if he controlled the fields of the Ukraine and the hidden treasures of Siberia, just as one of us might meander on about the riches of Cathay.

The same remarks apply to his other speech in that same week, when he held out his arms, rolled his eyes to heaven, and said that he must thank God for giving him Germany and that they must thank God for giving them Hitler. In retrospective analysis this seems either silly or blasphemous, but it did not appear so to his listeners. It did not seem incongruous even to foreigners like ourselves—at least, not in that place and time. Imagine an English premier speaking in the same way! Nothing shows more clearly the enormous gulf between Hitlerian psychology and our own.

I am convinced, further, that all the brutal sides of his movement pass him by. The killings, the repressions, the imprisonments do not belong to the world

of his imagination. He is too remote for them. People have scoffed at the story of him weeping over music on the night of June 30, 1934, when so many of his oldest associates were being brutally murdered, and foreign cartoonists took delight in depicting his hypocritical tears. That is not fair. The plain truth is that the music reached home to him and was part of his feeling, whereas the killings would be very remote. Göring could look after those while his leader was dreaming. It is the combination of men like Göring with a dreamer like Hitler that has made Nazidom possible. They could not supply the mysticism and the dreams without being laughed at, and he could not do the necessary dirty work. Hitler without his Party organization behind him would be inconceivable, so too would the Party without his pixy-ridden other-worldness.

He is a romantic through and through, and he lacks the education or the reading to temper his romanticism by the balance of philosophy. Everything that he does is Wagnerian—this is the *leitmotif* of the whole Hitler piece. He has the trappings of mysticism everywhere. He blesses banners; he makes a workaday shovel a symbol for mysterious ritual; he believes in macabre rites about the resurrection of the Nazi dead; he fosters midnight ceremonies on the sacred Brocken mountain; he talks of Valhalla and knight-errantry; he wants to be Siegfried and Frederick the Great rolled into one. The mystical trappings of Hitlerism are always strongly in evidence; and the normal mind reacts against it knows not what. Experts have shown that, consciously or unconsciously, Hitler uses the very phrases that have been the formulae of occult observations ever since the Middle Ages.

Hence comes the uncertainty. A Mussolini has everyday ambitions and thinks in terms of men and guns and machines. His foreign policy is in terms of iron and steel and frontier posts; but with a Hitler one never knows. He may be carried away by some obsession of reconstituting

Vienna as the capital of a new Germanic Empire or he may see himself as a crusader in Eastern Europe, like the Teutonic Knights of the olden days.

Realism in foreign policy is bad enough, but romanticism leaves us at the mercy of a dreamer's will-o'-the-wisp ideas, especially when a new army is at its beck and call. That is why many foreign experts hope that either the Nazi Party machine or the army will retain power; for there at least are men who, brutal realists as they may be, are in touch with ordinary affairs. Then the aloof dreamer of Berchtesgaden can keep on looking through his telescope at the eternal snows and keep on dreaming his visions and making speeches to himself.

II

Nobody would claim that Hitler is of outstanding mental stature. If he really expresses the Romantic Ideal carried to the point of absurdity, and if romanticism is the liberation of the less conscious levels of the mind (as one recent writer has described it), extreme mental clarity would not be expected from him. His life, as I see it, can be expressed as an attempt at escaping from reality and a more or less constant intoxication of his imagination by a free indulgence in fantasy. He has none of that "great measuring virtue" without which Ruskin asserts true greatness is impossible. The psychoanalysts have a marvellous subject for discussion in Herr Hitler. Some of them say that he shows the salient features of schizophrenia (split personality) because of his overwhelming ambition and conceit, his favorite role of himself as the savior of mankind and his habit of speaking as if he received personal revelations from the Deity. Others hold that he is a manic-depressive; others again a paranoiac. The paranoid tendency is shown in his ambivalent persecutory fantasies. He seems to suffer from what the Germans call *Gewissensbisse*, which means roughly a confusion of ideas and fears associated with good and bad objects.

The typical paranoid is terrified of imaginary persecutors and defends himself against this fear by the annihilation in fantasy of his persecutors. Sometimes, as in the case of Hitler, the annihilation can to some extent be translated from fantasy into fact. Hitler's persecution of the Jews and Communists, for instance, can be explained from this point of view. This is all a matter for the experts of course, but some of the facts certainly appear as evidence for the psychoanalyst's stress on Hitler's persecution mania, his ways of escape from reality, his great anxieties, his over-keen but distorted observation of realities, his alternating moods of melancholy and elation, his recurring doubts of himself—and contrasting sense of omnipotence.

The feeling of persecution appears to be in the ascendant. Every outside object is to him a potential enemy of that with which he has identified his own personality, namely, Germany. To an increasing degree he seems to be indulging in this identification of himself and his country. From the real or fancied persecutors of Germany he is always seeking means of escape, which latterly he tries to find in the sublimation of part of himself into the role of universal savior.

How could such a mind be coldly analytical? Abstract intelligence and logic are not necessary in his scheme of things. He seems to have a single-track mind. Always a simplist, he cannot understand the complexities of most problems. He cannot, for instance, recognize the importance of diplomatic forms or the element of safety provided by the tortuous methods of conventional diplomacy. He simplifies every problem, even the most vital questions of domestic and foreign policy. He applies a general principle or an intuitive solution to a question complicated by centuries of history and arrives at some delusively simple outcome. *Mein Kampf* gives him away in this. After its publication he could never again claim subtlety of analysis or breadth of vision. His own autobiography reveals his mental processes to all mankind.

But he is transparently honest. He believes what he is saying, and throws every ounce of nervous energy into all that he says or does, even when he is answering the most casual question (this stands out as my keenest impression when I spoke to him in the *Deutscher Hof*). Nobody can doubt his utter sincerity. He cannot help himself; he cannot restrain himself. He is completely absorbed in the statement or policy of the moment. That explains why he carries the crowds with him—because he believes so utterly, so appallingly, in what he is saying.

Nevertheless, he can say different things in successive moments and believe in each with the same degree of fervor. It is not his honesty that is in question; it is his terrific power of self-delusion that introduces such an element of uncertainty into everything he does. His advisers never know what he is going to say next. It is said that he could start talking about any subject under the sun and, before he got very far, he would be expounding it with all the zeal of a prophet of a new religion. "Start Adolf on two sentences about religion, and he will make a heathen gathering like a revivalist meeting," one of his lieutenants said years ago, and this is quite true. His emotion drags him along behind his surging words, and he can neither stop nor restrain his impetuous belief in what he is saying. Thus, unless he reads every line of his speech, an element of uncertainty is always present. What made the demagogue might ruin the Chancellor—were it not for Goebbels's astute control of the Press. Even Hitler has found himself censored on many occasions when his tongue ran away with him and Goebbels's blue pencil came into play.

It is often maintained that he is a man of strong decisions. But may he not occasionally and jerkily take positive steps to convince himself that he is energetic—to cut the tangle of his own mental procrastinations? There are many opinions about this; but there is certainly a spasmodic appearance about his so-called

rapid decisions that would appear to belie the interpretation that he is a man of action, thinking clearly and acting energetically.

Indeed, he himself provides much evidence on the matter. According to his own statements, he loathes making decisions. He will not make up his mind unless forced along tumultuously by events. He could not come to any decision about Communism in 1919 until he had hesitated and heard both sides. He procrastinated in every way at the time of the first November putsch. When the Berlin Storm Troops were mutinying and their leader telegraphed to Hitler for a decision, he could not answer.

Explaining the killing of Röhm, he said: "During those months I delayed again and again making a final decision." He apparently doubted and hesitated on the occasion of June 30th, even after he had issued instructions to take drastic action. He cannot make up his mind what to say in his public speeches, and it is common knowledge in Germany that the man who sees him last before he mounts the rostrum has a good opportunity of determining the nature of his speech. His strength, then, is the unduly assertive characteristic of a man not certain of himself and shunning a real analysis of the problems confronting him. It is a mixture of brazenness and empiricism, and above all, a form of escape from his own introspectiveness. He is harassed, tormented, tortured by imaginings and confused thoughts; and the only way out of the tangle is to take some action that is seemingly decisive or, more often, to find refuge in the endless reiteration of stock arguments, such as those against Semitism or Bolshevism.

Associated with this is his fear about breaking the law. The spitting machine-guns used by the police against him in 1932 converted him forever to a fervent belief in legal methods. Indeed, he hesitated for long about attempting a putsch, and only embarked on it when reassured that, owing to the preparations of Frick and others, there would be no fighting.

Legality then became an obsession with him, and he made the Legal Division one of the strongest departments of his Party organization. Some of the more turbulent Brownshirt leaders coined a scoffing word combining *Legality* and *Adolf*, and even Goebbels said that he had a "legality complex." His most drastic revolutionary acts had to be brought into harmony with the law. If the existing law did not cover them then the law had to be changed. The interesting conjecture thus arises—would Hitler have achieved power if the Weimar constitution had not contained clauses that permitted a revolution by abusing the spirit of the law while adhering to its outward forms? If it had been a matter of barricades and a bloody putsch would Hitler have met the test? Or would he have stood by, as he always stood, limp and helpless, on the platform, in the fighting days of his movement, watching the *mêlée* below him?

The next obvious aspect of Hitler's make-up is that he is distinctly an associationist. He can do nothing without some awakening hint. The association may come from music; it may be suggested by war stories or by the tramp of marching feet; it may arise from something said by others or even by himself. He always needs a stimulus. That is why he can never keep his thread in a speech; everything suggests something else to him. His speeches are curiously monotonous. He never loses his self-consciousness in the early stages of a speech. He stiffly proceeds from phrase to phrase and only gathers momentum as he goes along. Finally the stage comes when his last words bring no association to his mind. That is why he so often ends in an anticlimax. He sometimes breaks off in the middle of an argument, and, nine times out of ten, his ending is abrupt and unexpected. He will stop suddenly and either raise his hand in the peculiar horizontal form of salute he has evolved or else cry in a broken voice: "*Heil Deutschland!*" or "*Sieg! Sieg!*" and gaze vacantly and fixedly before him.

He is pathetic when he loses the thread

of an argument. As long as he is rushing along like a torrent all is well with him, but ugly pauses occur in most of his public speeches. He looks round stonily. Usually his henchmen tide him over by frenzied shrieks of "*Heil! Heil!*" or that gasping "*Ah-h-h!*" which is the token of German erotic indulgence at the moment. In the old days he frequently stopped talking in the middle of a speech and sat down. He is very temperamental in his speaking. Anything in the atmosphere round him may upset him—maybe some revulsion to his surroundings, maybe the presence of some antagonism which he feels. This temperamentalism may have been an asset in the days when he was an agitator, for no other agitator arrogated to himself the moods of a prima donna, and it was part and parcel of his dramatic entries and exits and his studied eccentricities; but it is a distinct weakness in a Reichskanzler.

Hitler, either by design or because of his lack of creativeness, hit upon an elementary electioneering truth and has adhered to it ever since. He knows that an uneducated political public wants endless repetition of a few trite phrases; and he has kept on parroting certain fixed phrases for over fifteen years. A brainier man would have wearied of this role of human gramophone, but, even to-day, every speech of Hitler's is mainly composed of the same old generalizations, the same old denunciations, the same old form of patriotism. It is always a case of "the dose as before," with a dash of flavoring to meet the particular situation in question. The speeches I heard him give at Nuremberg could have been taken from any of his writings of the past decade, yet hundreds of thousands of people cheered themselves hoarse, as if they were the latest revelations of some political oracle. So far has he dulled the spirit of analysis and criticism in a great people.

His collected speeches do not make good reading; and it becomes clear from perusing them that their appeal comes entirely from the way in which they are

delivered and the circumstances under which they are given. His first broadcast speech to the nation after becoming Chancellor, for instance, was nothing more than a prolonged ranting against "Jewish Marxism"; so too with his last great speech surveying his four years of power.

It might have been supposed that the man's outlook would have expanded by the responsibilities of office, but it is difficult to see how the years of power have added to his mentality. I am firmly of opinion that the real clues to his character and to the whole of his later policy lie in the very early days of the movement. Therein are shown the tendencies that have been working themselves out ever since: the fanatical belief in himself; the conviction that he alone could save Germany (and later the world) from its ills; the attitude that it is sufficient for him to state a policy without justifying it in any way, as if he received it as a result of communing with the Almighty; and especially the self-delusion that leads him to justify any act, however starkly opportunist it may be, by cloaking it with a cover of high principles, a process which seems to be unconscious rather than deliberate with him.

Nevertheless, he certainly succeeds in winning his audiences. After all, he is appealing to their feelings, not their intellect, and he captures them in an ecstasy of emotion, whipping them hither and thither by the castigations of his rather harsh, and frequently breaking, voice. He always uses the same methods, the same tricks of oratory, the same half-dozen gestures (especially the outpointed finger and the curious corkscrew movement of his hand), the same appeal to the crudest emotions, the same exploitation of common hatreds, even the same words. Goebbels is a finer and more polished orator from our point of view, but it is always Hitler who grips the meetings.

No display of emotionalism is too crude for him. He frequently weeps. He wept at the Court which tried him in 1924. He wept to his Brownshirt leaders

in Berlin when they were mutinying in 1930. He wept before Gregor Strasser at the time of the Party split in 1932, and roamed up and down the corridors of his hotel threatening to commit suicide. He has often threatened his own life or offered his body to the executioner's axe. "Crucify me if I fail you!"—that is his ultimate (and often pathetic) adjuration, used to journalists and party gatherings alike. "We can always get Adolf to weep," Göring is supposed to have said when confronted with a difficult situation. Here again the contrast with, say, a Stalin is obvious.

III

The man himself leads a simple life, preferring his chalet at Berchtesgaden to the pleasures of Berlin palaces. As often as possible he shuts himself up as in a monastery. Probably Hess and Bruckner and the talkative, irrepressible Hanfstaengl know most about his private life; Goebbels and Frau Goebbels also are frequent visitors, and he feels in his element when Göring goes up to Berchtesgaden and dresses in the leather pants and figured braces of the countryside, and they reduce some complicated world problem to a simple discussion, ignoring all its complexities and dealing with it as if they were two peasants talking about the next meeting of the village band. It is the haphazardly *a priori* methods with which great problems are handled in the New Germany that leave one so appalled; there are, it is true, the departmental officials, but nobody would believe for a moment that they exercise the restraining influence they do in other countries. An empire is run from a simple mountain chalet in Bavaria, far from chancelleries and files and advisers. The idea is pure comic opera, but is none the less true (unless, as many Germans say, the empire is run from Party Headquarters in Munich, and Adolf can amuse himself as he likes so long as he says and does the appropriate things on the proper occasions!).

He is a restless being. He likes opera but is intolerant of the drama. When he is free he walks in the Bavarian hills (inside his own estate), or dashes round the countryside in his car at a great speed. It is typical of the man that he made such a personal friend of his chauffeur, Schrenk, who even attained high rank in the S. S., and whose death was made a day of mourning throughout Germany. Hitler constituted a special Schrenk formation in the S. S., and almost wept when its gilded banner passed him at Nuremberg this year for the first time.

He loves movement. A few years ago he invented the technic of airplane electioneering (everybody will remember his dash over the Polish Corridor), but carried it to extremes. Even in the earliest days, when the Party funds were counted in pfennigs rather than marks, Hitler would hire airplanes. The nebulous dash to Berlin at the beginning of 1923, with the unwilling Eckart as his companion, was by air; and in the next few years it became almost a joke at Headquarters to ask where Hitler was and to get the reply: "Oh, Adolf is up in the air again!" At times when he was sky-rang-ing and could not be found, it was an advantage, because the cruder pieces of work could then be disposed of without long discussion and without hurting his delicate feelings. He gets the same feeling out of speeding in the fastest of his destroyers. A pathologist would tell you that it is an extreme manifestation of his escape-tendencies.

For the rest, he has no physical diversions. He cannot ride, he will not hunt or shoot, he has no athletic prowess or inclinations. Not for him the rapier and the swimming and the shooting of a Mussolini. He has no interest in games as such. During the Olympic Games in Berlin it was almost tragic to watch his absolutely uncontrolled expression during the contests. In his eyes, the events were not just sporting fixtures; each was a war in which the Fatherland had to win. I could see from my seat, just below his stand, that he would grip the edges of his

box, rise from his seat, and hold himself stiff and taut during the events. If a German won he relaxed and smiled all over his face; if a German lost he scowled. He was not too tired, as the official story runs, to receive the negro victors (in the same way that he had received all the others); he was merely being petulant. The idea of sportsmanship is beyond him; a sporting contest is something in which a Nordic German must win.

Of Hitler's relations with women there is no need to write. As was inevitable, the most scurrilous stories have spread in this connection, and even the most serious biographies include accounts which have not the slightest evidence to support them. The mere raking up of libellous scandal in no way helps to solve the complicated riddle of Hitler's personality, and it is merely cheap to connect Hitler with the name of a charming young actress who films Nazi spectacles, or to say that one of his young henchmen (whose family life is obviously a happy one) married only to serve Hitler's convenience, or to spread the filthy libel that his niece committed suicide a few years ago as a result of Hitler's illicit attentions. There is not a tittle of evidence in any of these cases, nor is it reasonable that a man who is in every way a slave to his career should risk everything in scandals of this kind which even he could not weather.

Hitler is obviously uneasy in the presence of women (just as he is awkward at any social function), but that is no reason why whisperers should accuse him of a romance every time he acts uneasily before a woman. Why cannot the obvious fact be adopted—that Hitler eschews meat, wine, and women, and has always done so? He is immersed in his own dream; that dream has afforded the clue to his whole career, and in the past fifteen years he has been living that dream in reality. This is enough to fill his every thought and action, especially now that it is connected with a myth about his monastic way of life. The myth in this case happens to be true; the neurologists have in-

formed me that such attributes are quite in keeping with "cases" of Hitler's type. To picture him as a creature of sexual excesses—some romantic, some coarsely fleeting—is thus not only libellous: it is needless and obscuring to any real interpretation of the man. Even in his army days one of the reasons of Hitler's unpopularity with his comrades—or rather, their negative attitude towards him—was his refusal to "womanize." He is too immersed in himself to be anything but aloof to women—he will not be distracted from moving inexorably toward his destiny by women or any other disturbing force. His sexlessness is the measure of his own colossal egotism, and he positively enjoys strengthening the myth of his difference from other men by his disregard for women. Probably no other factor has attracted women so much to his cause, for it piques and intrigues them—a demigod in this way must be almost as a deity in other directions, so they argue; and Hitler's shrewd advisers know full well what value as propaganda this attitude has. Is it likely, then, that he would destroy all this for such petty passions, such low liaisons, as his enemies drag up? His own psychology is all against it.

Apparently he never reads very much beyond official papers. Even in his agitating days he would never open a book. His personal room at the Brown House had no books, and none of the pictures taken at his chalet show any. It is doubtful if he has ever made a serious study of historical or philosophical works. He makes much of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, but it is said that even that is second-hand. He met Chamberlain only once (four years before he died). Characteristically enough, he brought Chamberlain in touch with Siegfried Wagner, and still more characteristically, this meeting took place in the troubled weeks just before the Munich revolt, when any other man would have lacked time for such gestures. His present views are dissillations from Gobineau, taken from the tap-room gossip of old Dietrich Eckart

and from the venomous attacks of Alfred Rosenberg on everybody and everything; his knowledge of events was always gained—again verbally—from Goebbels. The written word has never had any appeal for him. Even in jail he would not read. He takes care, even to-day, to keep away from first-rate minds. He mistrusts intellect, even intelligence. Learning, as such, means nothing to him; he will do nothing to aid it unless it be in the form of propaganda that may be of use to him. The abstract pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, the company of brilliant talkers—he will have none of them. Instead, he narrows his world to his old friends—the propagandists and the fighters—and feels that he is cultured because he wallows in blatant Wagnerian music. Even there his interest is emotional and not intellectual.

His workroom in the Brown House is typical of the man. It is severely modern in its decoration, with buff walls relieved by green lamps and red carpets and tables. A small room, it is commanded by the *Führer's* writing-desk. There are four pictures of Frederick the Great, one of them on the desk itself. There is even a reproduction of Frederick's death mask. The only outside note is provided by a bust of Mussolini, presented to Hitler some years ago, and now obviously relegated to a corner. From where Hitler sits, he looks straight on to a vividly colored painting of Bavarian infantry crossing a stream under fire in Flanders. It is said that it represented a battle in which Hitler fought. An obvious piece of furniture is the bell-switch at Hitler's left hand, with no fewer than seventy-two buttons to press.

IV

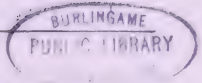
A strange man, this Adolf Hitler. He is infinitely polite and courteous in his interviews, pausing perceptibly after every statement in case there is something his questioner wishes to add. He is punctilious to the point of quixotism in acknowledging the salutes of his men and in

himself saluting the standards. The odd feature is that he never seems at ease in formal gatherings or when being spoken to. He seems a hunted being and is always ready to find refuge in making a miniature speech, even when one asks him a question that could be answered by a single word. In making a speech he is at least on firm ground. There he does not have to think, for he has said it all thousands of times and will keep on saying it until he dies.

One fundamental fact is that Hitler never has any real personal contacts. The charming pictures one sees, in which he is taking bouquets from tiny tots or grasping the horny hands of picturesque old peasants, are all arranged. They are triumphs of the photographic skill of his old friend Hoffmann: Hoffmann blots out the surrounding guards and we see the result. The *Führer* is never alone. The giant Bruckner is always with him, and his "suicide-brigade" of special guards surround him everywhere. He goes out in his enormous Mercedes car (specially constructed so that he can stand up in front and receive support so that he is not wearied), and it is always preceded and followed by motor-cyclists and a whole fleet of cars with S. S. men. He lives in an unnatural detachment that makes his disease of being a godhead batten on itself: the most balanced of human beings could not stand this kind of life without losing a sense of realities, and nobody would call Hitler emotionally balanced at the best of times. Most commentators make a great fuss about his diet or his celibacy; what seems to me far more important is his lack of ordinary human contacts. Abnormal himself, the constant adulation makes him pathological. He receives only the thrice-distilled views of the fanatics, intriguers, and genuine patriots round him. Nobody can tell him anything or speak frankly, still less criticize his policy or himself. He lives in a mental world of his own, more aloof than any Sun-King, and he has only the narrow mental equipment and experience of an agitator to guide him. Unless

one accepts the prevalent German view that he gets his inspiration direct from God (one of the most powerful Nazis once said he had a private line to heaven!), one must conclude that the future of Germany and the peace of the world rest on the tangled working of the mind of one man whom not even his friends would call normal. It is the most extraordinary comment on human evolution that, in this age of science and progress, the fate of mankind rests on the whimsy of an abnormal mind, infinitely more so than in the days of the old despots whom we criticize so much.

But the final enigma remains. Granting that Hitler is a dreamer, a creature of emotion, a man of ordinary mental caliber, a gripping orator, a simple-living *Führer* with an almost divine sense of his mission—how did such a man rise to power and consolidate the nation in his first four years of rule? Many reasons seem to offer partial explanations of this. He was the greatest popular orator during a time of political chaos and national depression; his general philosophy about *Deutschland erwache!* fitted in with the psychology of the nation, so that his movement became a national narcotic; he had marvellous subordinates and, with them, built up the best Party organization; his simplist mentality enabled him to carry through a complex revolution before which a mind more clearly analytical of the consequences would have quailed; and finally he became the *Mythus* of the German people. The man was merged in the myth, and it became his task to think and act in terms of that myth, so much so that any power in the land which might supplant his Party would probably have to keep him as nominal *Führer*. The Hitler myth is the dominating fact in German life today. Indeed, he sees himself no longer as a person but as the Crusader who has captured the Holy City—the embodiment of a nation—the living and inspired voice of Germania—*Der Führer* in the most mystical sense of that word—and must one ultimately add: *Der Führer-Gott?*



CAN DIVORCE BE SUCCESSFUL?

ANONYMOUS

MUCH has been written about the causes underlying our increasing divorce rate. Churches, family-and-marriage consultation bureaus, and parent-education leaders do all in their power to preserve the home; but what agency, what sociologist, what psychological laboratory is producing findings upon which to base a course of procedure to follow up divorce, in order that family values may be preserved in spite of it?

Can it be that they are silent in the hope that by professing to have no cure they may prevent divorce? Surely that is not the scientific way. That divorce is here to remain a part of our lives is one of those facts which Woodrow Wilson assured us "do not threaten; they operate." It is an inevitable consequence of the industrial revolution and the chance at economic independence this gave to women. To regret the situation is not to alter it.

But if we accept the fact that divorce does happen, we should try at least to ameliorate its consequences. We accept floods, dust storms, and tornadoes—nature on the loose, so to speak—as forces we cannot stop. But we do go to work to undo their ravages once they have spent their fury. Since divorce is human nature breaking through the marriage bonds, why do not the guides, philosophers, and friends of the home rush in to salvage what they can of the remnants of family life left over after divorce has parted the parents?

It is useless and dangerous to give people their freedom before having taught

them how to use it. When the ratification of the suffrage amendment was under consideration by the States, the leaders of the movement had made all the plans leading to the formation of the League of Women Voters, an organization to teach women how to exercise their rights and privileges of full citizenship as soon as they might be enfranchised. On the other hand, modern educators have been a long time catching up with the children running away with their classroom liberty between their teeth. Divorce, like Repeal, is a kind of new freedom and we are still a bit drunk with it. There are many movements afoot to teach our people how to take their liquor, but who is telling us how to take divorce?

Because I asked this question and finally found an answer made up of advice from psychiatrists, educators, philosophers, and clergymen, I am presuming to write this article. Their counsel, applied to our family when it was severed by divorce, has finally left my children, their father, and me free to lead our several lives happily for each of us, and this in spite of the fact that I had been through the most savage of divorce trials, fought through the courts of several States by a barrage of lawyers, with their henchmen, detectives, and accountants upon the trail of the defendant. My troubles have been interpreted, in language I did not recognize, for the readers of the tabloid press. I have had to face the world and myself as a failure as wife and mother, and my irate family for bringing the disgrace of divorce into it blotless history. I have

experienced every destructive emotion which I never knew was in me to feel; and at last, with the help of a few wise and honest friends, I have come to an understanding of the motives underlying our conduct in marriage and during the divorce process, which proves that this wasteful war of the egos might have been shortened, if not avoided, by understanding what were the basic needs of each one affected and what course would provide the greatest good for each of us.

I had been given complete custody of the three children—Jocko, who was eight years old; Peggy, ten; and Lydia, twelve. Into my hands as their mother was given the destiny of their lives. I could say if and when they might see their father, for how long, and in what circumstances. I could subject them to any scheme of education, medicine, or religion. Their father had not a word to say about any of these matters. If he had his heart set on his son's following his footsteps to college, that might be my signal to condition the boy in another direction. If he wanted to have his daughters meet his friends, that need not be arranged if I did not approve the social program. If he wanted to see his children in their own home, that might even be denied him—and all because he had sought love elsewhere when he failed to find it in his marriage. For this act of turning away from home he had been shorn of every right as a father. At last I had the power of the righteous and I gloated in my victory.

Immediately after the signing of the divorce papers I boarded a steamer for Paris to get away from it all, but before I landed in France I found that I had brought not only all the old conflicts but a list of new troubles as well. The children, whom I had ripped out of school, were still protesting against being taken to Europe instead of being allowed to go to camp or to spend the summer at my father's Cape Cod home. Although I had announced triumphantly as I clamped the lid down on the last trunk: "Now I am going to live!" I found it

impossible even to exist comfortably. Among the many strangers on board, all of whom no doubt must have known my story from the headlines, I could find no one who wanted to listen as I talked about "my case." I had lost my little private audience of family and friends, doctors and lawyers, who for many months had heard the story of my grievances and built up in me a complacency and righteousness to compensate for any feelings of failure and guilt I may have had.

That I had been having an emotional debauch and was now going through the sufferings of the morning-after I did not realize until three people had handed me eye-openers.

The first came from a man of fifty who greatly admired my children, with whom he played his daily rounds of ping-pong. When he innocently inquired about their father, he opened up my flood-gates.

"I can't tell you about him," said I virtuously. "He doesn't deserve to be the father of my children!"

"Pardon me," he replied, hastily withdrawing, "but do you deserve to be their mother?"

My first reaction was to want to report his insolence to the Captain. But the shock of his words released the tears I had been holding back and I gave way to them with gratitude. As I emerged from their healing bath, it was with a line from Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Cavender House" echoing through my mind: "Let your remorse achieve humility. . . ."

In Paris I met an old school friend who had been living abroad for many years and had missed the details of my divorce. When I got through telling her about Jack's outrageous behavior she looked me in the eye and said, "And what did you do to cheat your children of their home with a father in it?"

Too stunned to reply, I listened as she went on calmly, as if she were telling my fortune, "Either they'll sneak away to him and leave you high-and-dry one of these days, or they'll mope round home dreaming of their father and making haloes for Jack while they manufacture daggers for

you. I know . . . for we did it to Mother."

The third blow was the hardest as it came from a man whose congenial society I had grown to enjoy. That he had been divorced I knew, but under what circumstances I did not know; for he had not talked of his marriage. (Men, I find, know better how to keep their own emotional counsel.) I was playing the role of "The Little Woman whose life has been blighted by the cruel Male." He listened as long as he could stand it, marking the tablecloth with his fork. Then suddenly he looked up at me and said, "Have women no compassion?"

II

The swallowing of pride is a painful process. For months I had been so fired by a sense of personal injustice that I had lost my projective imagination. Now for the first time I turned my thoughts from myself and tried to imagine what this divorce meant to my children and to their father.

Society had punished Jack for breaking his vows of monogamy, the basis of our family-life to-day, by taking away from him the joys and rights of being a father and leaving him only financial responsibilities. Now my enlightened self argued: He didn't break any vows to the children, or they to him. Why should they suffer the loss of their father?

I began to think of the children's attitude to the divorce. Did they feel cheated? Did they think their father had gone back on them? How tragic if they did, because all Jack had asked—and even that had been denied him—was "to see them grow up." Since I myself didn't understand how hate had taken the place of love, how could young children, in their natural confusion, be expected to understand why their father could no longer live with us; why he, their good companion, was not to see them any more—his name not even to be mentioned in my presence? Some real explanation, not an evasion, was due them. Perhaps

Jack and I, working together, could make it clear to them.

So I answered his letter in which he told me of his remarriage. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness in moving with his new wife to another community. And then, with a calm born of a period of clear thinking and the added perspective of three thousand miles, I asked him to help me in saving for the children as much of a home and of family life as was possible. I said:

I have been thinking of my own childhood home and wondering what made it such a happy one, and I have sifted out these four reasons.

1. Respect for and preservation of the integrity of the individual.
2. The voluntary subordination of each member's wants and desires for the common good.
3. Loyalty based on trust and belief in the inherent rightness and goodness of members of the family. It may be clannishness, this attitude of "My family, right or wrong," but must a family divided by divorce be divided against itself? That brings me to
4. United action for a common end. "Us against the world."

I tried to explain to Jack the need of making the children understand that, though their parents could not manage to live happily together, this did not mean that they were not both "all right" in themselves. (If the oil and water did not mix, that did not prove that they were not good oil and good water.) I wanted to give our children the belief that they were made of good stuff, that both parents loved them dearly, even though not simultaneously in person, so to speak.

I gave a word-picture of the pathetic children I had seen in my travels, children pulled round in their mother's train, gazing longingly at the jolly native families in the *pensions*. I repeated our Jocko's plaintive cry: "Shall we ever be a family again?"

I closed by asking Jack to be at the dock to meet us on our return.

The children [I wrote] want you there and have asked me to let them see as much of you as they wish. I hope we can show them, in

the course of time, that we love them more than our legal rights, more than our pride or our righteousness, and that we can still act, if not as husband-and-wife, then as father-and-mother, in their interests. Let us lift them free from our conflicts that they may live their own lives!

III

Our homecoming was far easier for the children than for me. It is one thing to be noble in your mind; quite another to be gracious in your behavior. A dock, amid the baggage and noisy confusion, I can recommend as a place for a first "family conference" after a divorce. It helps cover the self-consciousness and breaks down the stiff formality between the estranged husband and wife.

It made me a little sick to hear the wild howls of joy with which the children, especially Jocko, greeted their father, and to watch them "play puppy" with him, fondling and "roughhousing" him in turn. They were never so demonstrative with me. It brought back to my mind the threat which another husband made to his ex-wife: "You may have all the rights; but what good do they do you if I have the affection and influence?"

The most difficult part for me was my effort to explain to my family Jack's presence at the dock. "You are a sentimental fool," said my sister. "What are you trying to do," stormed my father, "get him back—after all the money I had to put up to get you rid of him?"

I could find no defense for my behavior. I was vaguely apologetic, denying that I was sentimental or foolish; but inside me my resolution was being shaken. I wondered if I could carry out my new plan for the preservation of family values. I hadn't thought it would be so hard to be impersonal.

Fortunately Jack was the sort with whom one could work out a plan, for he was tolerant, intelligent, and restrained. Had he been one to grab a new privilege and turn the tables on me, or to misuse his visits with the children to shower them with gifts or relax discipline, I could not have gone on. The children had never

learned to "play parent against parent" and would not now, I felt certain.

Though my ex-husband and I had disagreed violently about progressive versus conservative methods in education, and he had by no means left such matters to my single decision, he was much more conciliatory to my wishes than he had been before, and I even found myself doubting my own cocksureness in these matters.

As we resolved our own conflicts we found ourselves much better able to act objectively, and without rivalry, for the welfare of the children. Not until we ceased wanting things from each other which we could not give, were we able to work together for the common good of the family.

As there was no calender in our agreement, we couldn't scrap it, but we acted as if that were the first thing to do. "You must leave the children free to make some decisions, you know," counseled one of my lawyers, himself the father of a large family. "They will soon enough take matters of visits, vacations, and preferences into their own hands. Like all of us, they will go where they are the most comfortable, where there is the least friction, and where they have the best time."

The difference in ages, interests, and temperaments of our three children enabled us to make separate plans for each one, according to his needs. If their father were going on a fishing-trip it might be Jocko, or Peggy, the little tomboy, who would go with him. When I went to Cape Cod all three wanted to go, but when I planned a Mediterranean cruise I could go alone!

Their first summer after our trip to Europe they all asked to go to camp, and on their return they all wanted to attend boarding school, even Jocko, who was only nine. "Then we'll feel we aren't staying away from either of you and making you lonely," he said.

I have found it wise to send the children away, for a time at least, after divorce, especially if they have been batted back and forth between two par-

ents across the net of their dissension. The ideal arrangement was worked out by my friend Mary Scott, who moved near enough to her daughter's boarding-school so that the child might come to her on Sundays and on the free mid-week afternoons, bringing her schoolmates with her. Thus the school assumed all the disciplinary problems; "home" became fun, and the friends acted as buffers to ease the strained relationship between the girl and her mother. This suggestion is for mother and daughter only! Woe betide the mother who moves up to a boy's school or college. It's an insult to his manhood that he will never forgive.

In the first years following our divorce the children spent their holidays in the places that seemed most suitable to their needs and tastes; but when they reached adolescence their father and I found it of little use to plan very much for them. We merely hoped, as undivorced parents do, that we might see a little of our children in their free time. They just "go where the parties are" and we stay at home to route them.

Young people round the house help to cover up the broken places in a family. The temptation to a divorcée, especially in the first years, to go in hiding and all but pull down the blinds, hugging her children and her sorrow to her bosom, is guaranteed to send the young to their father even though he lives in a Mills Hotel. Nephews and nieces older than your children are a great aid—both to you, in accustoming you to the younger generation's point of view, and to your children, in suggesting to them modes of modern behavior. They will take a lot from their immediate seniors which they will decline ungraciously from their elders, "the old dodos."

IV

If the parents remarry, that both simplifies and complicates the situation. If two homes are set up in which the children can feel wanted and be happy, well and good. If it means that their parents'

love for them, of which there didn't seem to be enough anyhow, is now being divided again, trouble will follow. On this phase of family relationship I can offer no generalities except to call attention to the most important factors. Obviously no one can be an effective guide to the young who is not "adult" emotionally, who is not well adjusted as an individual. The man or woman who has not recovered from the shock of divorce can hardly expect to make another successful marriage, let alone be a useful parent. Prejudices, hates, recriminations left over from the first marriage will carry over into the next, unless they are resolved or sublimated, even when the environment and personnel are completely changed.

The step-parent of the fairytale is not the surrogate parent of to-day. Though there are flagrant examples of jealousy, cruelty, and neglect, there are as many instances to offset these of substitute-parents who are an improvement on the natural ones. Doubtless in many cases the reason for this is that the personal factors which wrecked the marriage invalidate the quality of the parenthood.

The single parent is of course an anomaly in family life. But the widowed as well as the divorced have the problem of lopsidedness to face. The widow who idolized her husband, as Queen Victoria did, may try to mold her children in the image of their father, though there be none of the stuff out of which to do the molding; whereas the woman who came to hate her husband may repudiate the child who reminds her of him. If "just like your father" is the refrain with which she greets anything he does which is distasteful to her, she implants in him not only hate for that father but a fear of failing, like him, to meet the mother's expectations.

Again it is pride and ego, those arch enemies of happy human relations, which prevent the divorced woman from taking advantage of her opportunity—denied the widow—to enlist the counsel and help of the man whose qualities her children

may have inherited. If these were factors in mismating, they may also stand in the way of a satisfactory parent-child relationship. If the father has any insight he may be able to interpret the child to her.

Fathers need an Ellen Key to proclaim their rights to the world and the rights of children to a father. No woman can give a boy a man's point of view. And yet this is essential if he is to take his place in society. I have yet to see the boy brought up by a mother alone who is as manly as he might be.

Frequently children find in the male parents more maternal qualities than in the women who bore them. Unless their father is a downright scoundrel, or one of those remote, impersonal creatures who are touched by no human affections, he has something to contribute to them of which they should not be deprived. If he is not a "good provider" he may, nevertheless, have warmth of heart, gallantry of spirit, an ability to enjoy life at a child's level. He may be a scallawag and still be a better companion for children than a mother so full of virtue that she cannot unbend. If he is a thorough-going rascal, let him so reveal himself. To malign a parent who is not present to defend himself is to engender pity rather than contempt.

There is the reverse of parental pride—and that is the pride of children in their parents. We all know how we defend our mothers and fathers, even against our own accusations of them. To admit a fault in them is to give ourselves an unbearable hurt. This loyalty can be as easily violated by behavior unworthy of it as by calumny of the other parent.

The temptation to use our children for our own emotional necessities is with us daily. The mother who seeks to re-live her adolescence through her daughter's romances; the one who brags that she is her son's "sweetheart," or the father who plays the cavalier to his daughter or asks his son to be his champion are blocking natural growth and development. Few of us realize how much we use children

"to take things out on," and the divorced usually have more malaises to work out of their systems than the happily married. It takes so little to work so great a damage! A shrug of the shoulder, a lift of the eyebrow, or a sigh of injury to accompany the mention of the recalcitrant male may not seem important. But even such quiet gestures have loud-speakers.

Children have a sense of justice which can stand just so much abuse. They are not fooled by the virtuous conduct with which we may think we are covering up our destructive thoughts and wishes. They find it far less difficult to discern the motives underlying conduct and they often know us better than we know ourselves.

"Some day that boy of yours is going to tell his father what he thinks of him for treating you as he did," one of my lawyers once prophesied. I don't know whether Jocko ever did—but I do know that he once warned me against "ganging up on the old man with the girls," and that each of my daughters has told me separately what she thought of me for divorcing their father.

Lydia did it while we were abroad that first summer, and Peggy last year when she was grown up and could understand what had happened ten years ago. She began by paying me the compliment of saying she considered her father's second wife inferior to me; then she added that for that very reason I should have been able to hold him.

"You know a man doesn't turn to another woman if he has the right kind of wife," she declaimed with all the worldly wisdom of her enlightened generation. "Infidelity—what's that as a cause for breaking up a home? You know as well as I do—but you are too self-righteous to admit it—that there's more in monogamy for us women than there is for the men, and it's up to us to make it attractive to them. What if you did have to build up Dad's ego? Don't all men feel themselves to be inferior to women, and particularly to the mothers of their children who do all the visible producing of the young?"

Later she added as a kind of coda: "Well, if my parents had to get divorced I'm glad it was on grounds of adultery and not embezzlement, insanity, or drunkenness. That means, at least, that Dad is a warm, affectionate person and not one of your hard, cold ascetics."

I was fortunate that my children took out their anger at me in words, for I have learned from my friends that deeply as words cut, they do not hurt as much as the smoldering grudge or entrenched obstinacy. Unless your children are very young at the time of the divorce you will have to face this resentment. The younger they are the less seriously are they bruised by their parents' conflicts and the less violent will be their reaction when in later years, and in the light of mature knowledge, they review the split family situation. Experience taught me that the only way to take this outburst is to admit your shortcomings and ask the children how to make amends.

Had I struck back at my daughter—with the involuntary movement of hurt feelings—I should have increased the sense of guilt which inevitably follows the attack on a beloved person. When you realize that it is not the child himself who is crying out at you, but *you* and all that you have done to him coming back at you like a boomerang, then you have paid the biggest part of the price of divorce and are on your way to building a program in the conservation of family life in spite of it.

V

The modern woman resents her role as adjuster and arbitrator of the family. While it takes two to make an adjustment, just as it takes two to make a quarrel, she it is who must be the domestic diplomat—as every woman should know. She is, Dr. Jung has repeatedly asserted, "the guardian of human relations." Even the faulty choice of a mate does not excuse her entirely for allowing her marriage to fail its purpose.

"You are the stuff out of which the family is to be saved. Let them use you

or they perish!" a wise woman counseled a younger one who resented being, as she said, "the only one doing any adjusting round this house."

As the admitted preservers of family values, women are called upon to do strange things. Some I know have graciously accepted a mistress ("but don't tell me who she is or where she is!"); others have arranged long absences to provide a spell for the cooling off of hot tempers; still others have consented to a divorce to save the family.

For paradoxical as it may sound, divorce has often done just that. The "united front" of many another household has but concealed a crumbling structure undermined by hatred, jealousies, and other emotional termites. Holding the home together "for the sake of the children" all too often has meant that the children were sacrificed to the determination of the parents that the world should not know their marriage had been a failure. We all know such homes; we sense the tension as soon as both parents are in the same room, and we wonder that any child can grow in such an atmosphere. I have sometimes speculated whether New England dyspepsia might not have been caused as much by the family tension at table as by the quality of the pies when I remember the long boards at which I have sat, one of the communicants between two parents who had ceased to communicate with each other save through a third person.

Divorce is not the cause of a broken home; it is the outward and visible symbol of the wreckage. It is the legal recognition of the actual dissolution of the marriage.

When there are circumstances in which divorce is indicated what can one expect it to do for the unhealthy marital state it is called on to cure?

For one thing, it puts time and space between people. The curative value of these healing elements needs no proof, since they let in fresh air where poisonous gases were being engendered.

Divorce lifts children out of their par-

ents' conflicts and leaves them free—if their parents are strong enough not to use them as tools to hurt each other—to live their own lives.

It gives perspective to relieve the distorted view of too close association; and by so doing it may restore respect if not affection. It establishes new relationships for those which have been destroyed. Husband and wife, parent and child may find themselves capable of giving more to each other as friends than in any more intimate relationship.

When I at last conceded that divorce was not only desirable but necessary to enable each member of our family to find himself, I learned to know that finding oneself meant, first of all, being set free. There must be no commands, no subservience, but each member of the family must treat the other, always, as if to set him free. This was the beginning of individual growth for each of us.

Divorce cannot function for good unless the people involved are aware of the constructive uses to which it may be put and will do their part to subordinate their own pride, spite, and desire for revenge to the needs of others.

And when I say "the people involved," I refer not only to the party of the first part and the second, but to all friends and relatives who stand ready to give advice, to the minister, the family doctor, the psychiatrist, and the lawyers. Too often their function has been to fan the flames of hatred or to connive to get as much as possible in the division of the spoils. I have known members of the legal profession to prolong a case endlessly while they made feeble passes at reconciliations and "settlements out of court" so that the bill for expenses might not seem so large when the client considered the amount of time involved.

The lawyer of a woman I know would not help her get evidence with which she could have obtained her divorce without delay because he had an agreement with the defendant's lawyer that, in consideration of certain pay-

ments, they would not press the charges of adultery. That his client wanted to be freed from a man who was a bad influence on her children, and that she had all the money she wanted did not seem to affect the legal procedure. "You might as well take what you can get—for the children," said the lawyer, to which he doubtless added the unspoken words, "and let me have my share of it."

Although obviously the prime consideration of a divorce arrangement should be the good of the children, whose own experiences will determine, in large measure, the happiness of their future homes, often their interests are given last consideration.

The woman's friends and relatives weave about her a web of illusion so that she may appear, especially to herself, a patient martyr or a slave without rights. Wishing to restore her pride, they build up in her a complacency to compensate for her losses. Small wonder then that she takes up her duty as single parent emotionally blind to her duty as savior of family values. In my own case nothing was done and a great deal was undone to prepare me for my role as the divorced mother of three young children. No one told me, in advance, how to take divorce and make the best of it.

I learned through a hit-or-miss method, painful and prolonged, that divorce can mean a full and rich life for each separate member of the family; that by replacing "together" with "apart," it can exchange emotional chaos for a useful well-integrated existence; that even though it is based, in the eyes of the law, on the loss of love, it can substitute for that loss a healthy friendship and respect.

In short, divorce is like an ugly surgical operation. It is never to be taken lightly. It is painful. It can cripple for life—indeed, it can cripple not only those who are cut apart by it but their children too. Yet as a successful surgical operation can save life and restore health, so can divorce save a family.

That is its only justification.



MEN WITHOUT WHEELS

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

IT is impossible to arrive at a precise count of the people now living upon our earth in societies called "primitive," but the number is amazingly large. Four hundred million is probably close to the truth. Since because of the nature of their lives and lands few primitive men are called upon by census-takers, that estimate would be hard either to defend or challenge. But four hundred million is a fair approximation, an arresting indication of how close the story of man's development may yet be to its beginnings.

We are prone to wonder, in a troubled era, in moments of melancholy—as others have similarly wondered in all the troubled times that have shadowed the millennia behind us—whether the human tale may not rather be nearing a conclusion. We know it is not. But we wonder. . . . Life presses upon us. The world has grown cumbersome. It crowds so close as sometimes to seem overwhelming.

Mechanical ingenuity has sharpened our sight so that the complicated image of the earth and its people is held always before us. Our hearing has been so heightened by contrivances that the clamors of far continents deafen us. We seem to know everything and know it at once. It is rarely happy knowledge.

Perhaps the most profoundly disappointing discovery we have made in a half-century of swift discovery is the apparent likeness of men. Less than a generation ago for instance, Japan was the Flowery Kingdom. The Japanese were an altogether charming people. They

did their hair beautifully, they wore kimonos, they bathed incessantly, they had charming manners. Slim and decorative volumes that were written about them sold in large quantities. One smiled tenderly, with a freshened sentiment, at any mention of Fair Nippon. China was august, unconquerable. . . . With growing annoyance and an underlying disappointment we have since learned that Japanese textile merchants are as hungry for markets as we ourselves; that philosophic, porcelain-painting, and poem-writing China wallows in perhaps deserved disorder; that both those once happily distant people find rifles handy in a quarrel.

We are not thoroughly informed of course; but we cringe at further information. We know quite enough. We had forgotten. The melting point reached, the boiling point follows.

Primitive societies, however, still remain unnoticed. Tens of millions of men, happy, in so far as the adage is true, in having no history, attract no attention, and so are never news. The description "primitive" is elusive. It is puzzling to the point of being unanswerable—the reason why primitives have remained primitive.

A mind untroubled by data might conclude that the savage tribes that one vaguely hears about still living in the remote regions of our planet inherited through bad luck the worthless land, exhausting climates, and disease-stricken places that none of the rest of us wanted and so, through the limitations of their

environment, were crammed into an unvarying mold of life.

A great body of fact sustains that interpretation. The Eskimos of the islands in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia who must spend half their lives corked down in black and stinking caves, to emerge during an inadequate summer hastily, desperately, to get their livings for the year, could scarcely be expected to evolve a complicated culture. Any race, no matter what its natural attainments, prisoned in such a place would excusably deteriorate.

The Aborigines of north and central Australia live on nearly waterless, almost completely sterile land. It is remarkable not that they are primitive, but that they exist at all. Totally unlike the New Siberians in race, structure, and color (primitive men vary to an extraordinary degree), the "Abbos" do not enjoy even such permanent dwellings as caves. Many of the tribes are entirely homeless. It is not that they are too brutish to possess a concept of home or to experience the human wish for permanence; their territory simply does not permit of it. Food in the region where destiny has set them is so scarce that they must be incessantly upon the march. If they built more than the most casual, miserable overnight shelters for themselves they would in a few days discover that the land accessible to their town was no longer able to support them. They of course are "primitive."

Though it is not generally realized, life in the great tropical forests is almost equally dispiriting. Rain jungle, as if by some diabolic scheme, is almost totally devoid of any sort of human food. Tribes who live in forest clearings must wage a dreary and exhausting war for life. An acre of tropical tangle that is cleared for planting suffices for one year only. The exposure of the cleared ground to the full force of the sun and rain exhausts its fertility in a single season. The tribespeople must laboriously clear another patch if they would reap successfully again. Such a cycle, with no

term of leisure, prohibits the development of any "advanced" society.

II

Yet the exceptions to the explanation that crude ways of life are the result of crude environments are numerous and striking. The submerged fifth of the present population of the world is not submerged and all but forgotten because it lives upon unenvied land. The reasons seem more subtle. That subtlety veils a suggestion and queer promise.

The Fiji Islands lie near the edge of the tropics. Two islands of the archipelago are large and nearly all of it is highly fertile. A steady trade wind cools the Fijis during most of the year, their mountainous structure gives their inhabitants, at different altitudes, a choice of climates—nearly all of them agreeable. There are few mosquitoes in Fiji and no malaria. Until Europeans came with new infections, epidemics were practically unknown and sickness of any kind was a rarity. Yet the Fijians themselves, handsome, tall, and stalwart, had made little progress. They were cannibalistic, they made no use of metals, they had little pottery, few tools, and had evolved only a most meager art. Given a nearly ideal environment, they had made small use of it. Their tribal life was neither debased nor unworkable, but it was primitive in that it did not change. It was fixed, resistant. Creative men could not arise in it. Criticism was ineffective.

One of the loveliest places I have ever known is a certain plateau meadowland in Africa. It begins a hundred miles inland from the Bight of Benin. The elevation of the plateau is somewhat above the three-thousand-foot level. The meshed and dripping jungles of the lowlands have thinned out and given way to occasional patches of trees as in a formal parkland. Everywhere there is luxuriant fresh grass. The soil is good, there is comfortable rainfall, and there are many streams. The temperature the year round stays close to seventy. It is a place

of balmy winds and everlasting spring. The white race would find the Adamawa plateau wholly to its taste.

Yet in the midst of it, in the very best of it, lives a tribe of blacks as barbaric as any on the continent. They are startling. Many of them are fat, so fat that when one surprises them and they run away in temporary alarm, their flesh wobbles and leaps and rolls. All but a scant minority go quite naked; the puritans among them wear a string and a green leaf. Both men and women shave their heads. They live in inadequate tiny beehive huts built of grass. They have no arts, few crafts or particular skills. The females of the species, human at least in remaining vain against terrific odds, improve their complexions by smearing themselves from top to toe in bright red clay. . . . In all tolerance, they are hideous. Yet their land is superlatively good.

South American Indians, Andaman Islanders, Melanesian blacks with frizzled hair, giant clear-eyed Fijians, Ituri pigmies, the lean aquiline Fulanis of the Western Soudan, Moros, Malays—they form a strange and various throng. The differences seem infinite. Yet in their motley tens of millions all march under the same banner "primitive."

It is our word of course. Yet it is not senseless nor wholly arbitrary. All tribes, all peoples who go by the term primitive have one characteristic—and it seems to me only one—in common: They make no use of wheels.

The omission is curious. It is almost uncanny. For among them, the isolated and uncivilized have somewhere hit upon and used almost every other basic contrivance. The principle of lever and fulcrum may well have been handed down from our arboreal forebears. I have seen apes grope toward use of them, and all men use them. The sail, to a landlubber intelligence, would appear to be a far more complicated invention than a wheel. Yet the coastal people of New Guinea, for example, in most details of their lives primitive in the extreme, have

since immemorial time used boats with strange crab-claw-shaped sails that are capable of amazing speed.

The use of a round log to facilitate the handling of heavy objects, as in the launching of a rain-filled dugout canoe, would seem so close to the wheel principle that one would think its discovery would soon follow. Yet native peoples the world over have used the one for thousands of years yet have never taken the next, strangely decisive step.

A possible explanation comes into one's mind, but it is not enough. Forest, swamp, and snow dwellers have no wheels because they would have no use for them. I myself have traveled for many months in the far tropics quite wheellessly and happily. . . . There is a gigantic marsh on the south coast of the island of New Guinea, some ten thousand square miles of uniform muck, rivulets, and sodden, tangled, earthless land. Fifty thousand or more spry and amiable cannibals live there; but if in some future age they evolve into tribes of university graduates they will still use neither carts nor cars, for there's not a solid acre where they could use them.

But, though transport is perhaps the primary function of the wheel, every process that we know is hugely aided by it. Those same New Guinea swamp men erect gigantic houses, weird structures made of poles and palm thatch with high, gaping entrances and an overall length of up to a quarter mile. So simple a device as a wheel pulley would spare them endless sweat and backache—yet would launch them perilously along that swift, imperilled road we call civilization.

They still wait. They still repeat, patiently, monotonously, traditional ways of life that they have always known. The melting, combining process has not yet begun with them. They, and four hundred million like them—like them only in simplicity and wheellessness—still stand aside. It is almost as if they watched. . . .

Inevitably, led into such unfamiliar waters, one drifts to an obvious conclu-

sion, that the backward, aboriginal races of mankind are simply inferior. That, in short, they are stupid. They would be of no consequence if they were. But many of them are not. Knowing them, one discovers often that amazingly, emphatically they are not.

It is not an observation that a white traveler comes to quickly. His investigations, in the nature of things, are carried on under circumstances that are unfamiliar, often uncomfortable. Sweating, footsore, conscious of one's own ineptness in the primitive environment—where one neither walks nor paddles nor does anything at all as well as the humblest bushman who lives there—the voyager constantly makes ill-advised attempts to shape things more to his own liking. He makes demands upon his undressed hosts for personal services. When, through unfamiliarity or, often, through the total lack of a word of a common language between them, the barbarian makes a botch of it, he is cursed for a fool.

I once encountered a minor government official in West Africa who was in a shocking temper. He had arrived at a jungle village the night before and had drafted the first naked and bucolic bystander and told him to set up the folding cot! The African, not surprisingly, had performed that abstruse and thumb-pinching operation so ill that when the official had gone to bed he had been roughly tossed and had sprained his back. He was announcing all next day that Africans were bloody idiots.

Nor is it easy to interfere with primitive ways of doing things. It is a frequent temptation to all who tender advice, only to have it refused, to conclude that the one advised is dull. . . . In the interior of Liberia my cooking was done, as was that of the inhabitants, over open fires built in the middle of the hut floors. The circular, candle-snuffer thatched dwellings of the region are small, windowless, and have no chimneys. The Liberian climate is warm. With a brisk fire going, the interiors of the huts be-

come hells of heat and tear-compelling smoke.

To make everything much worse, those who do the cooking must be in constant attendance. They arrange thick faggots like spokes and balance the cooking pot at the hub. As the sticks burn, the pot constantly unbalances and has to be set right. After looking on for a time with grave annoyance, I strode to the edge of the clearing and staggered back proudly with two large rectangular stones. These, with the air of an Archimedes or an Edison, I set in the middle of the fire where the cookpot could rest. The trials of ten thousand years, I thought, were over. The aborigines were impressed. Their brown eyes grew large, they gasped and clapped their hands over their open mouths. They waggled their heads over it—and the next day I found my stones against the wall and the pot being balanced as it always had.

Yet even such a test as that is scarcely fair. To judge the capacity of primitive minds one must examine the ingenuity and appropriateness with which they have met the problems of their own lives, the quality of their invention and thinking; view it, as it were, from within.

III

Highly efficient primitive social and religious rules are common. The African fetishist, for instance, has built into his religion and his life an almost perfect system of crime prevention. The fetishist believes that all objects, as well as all living things, have duality—an apparent substance and a living soul. There is an understanding between all souls. A man enjoys a kind of protection from his guardian spirit; so does a coconut. If the man steals the coconut the man's own guardian-soul will view the procedure with displeasure, and the coconut's soul, for its part, will take measures of vengeance. The thief, shorn of protection, will almost certainly, he believes, blunder into some disaster. He will stumble down an embankment or be wounded

when he hunts. No one need even know of his crime. The owner of the coconut may remain oblivious of his loss, but the coconut itself knows that it has been stolen. That suffices. . . . The result is that in uncivilized Africa thievery is practically unknown.

But men may arrive at wisdom instinctively. A happy blunder does not necessarily prove intelligence. Statecraft, however, demands minds of the highest order—better ones, we often think, than we seem to have. Different peoples in different times have experimented endlessly, rarely with any great success.

Oddly, a West African coastal tribe of ugly, muscular blacks has invented as practical and workable a system of government as any I can think of. It is a monarchy—but a most ingenious monarchy. There are three eminent and aristocratic families among the Krus. One is the royal family. No one can be king who is not of that family. The Krus recognize the value of training and of blood in their rulers. However, there is no direct inheritance. A great man's son may be a weakling and a remote cousin show brilliant promise. The second great family makes the choice of the king's successor. That is their function in tribal life. No one of their clan can possibly be king; they are only nominators. Theirs is an honor and an immense responsibility. Their people count upon them to choose wisely.

The king-choosers, however, might err. Worse, they might benefit from selecting someone whom they could make their tool. The Krus have thought of that too. For there is a third family—the clan of king-deposers. The deposition of rulers is their unique privilege. None of them can rule, none of them nominate. But if the king does wrong they solemnly consult, and if they say the word, he is deposed. Then the machinery is automatically set in action again. It works and works well.

There is surely no more knotty problem in human affairs than currency. We

manage to issue and use money, though with great awkwardness, in each separate state of the civilized world; but an international money system still remains beyond our powers. Some stone-age men on one of the most remote islands in the world have managed better.

Malaita is the most easterly of the large islands of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. It lies in the equatorial Pacific some two thousand miles northeast of Australia and near nowhere else. It is more than a hundred miles long and from forty to sixty wide; it is extremely mountainous, and has been crossed only twice. In the dense forests that cover its hills and on the shores of Malaita's innumerable lagoons and crater bays live some forty different tribes, speaking as many languages. They are of the Melanesian race, black-skinned, stocky, clear-eyed. Until within very recent years, when they came in contact with white men, they occupied the neolithic stage of culture and they were not above cannibalism. But they had solved the currency problem.

There is one tribe that lives on the coast near the center of the island. It is small in numbers and its land is poor. It would be almost defenseless against concerted attack. But by common consent those particular tribesmen are the minters of Malaita. They collect a kind of clam-shell on the reefs and with great skill break out a small rosy heart of it. The men do the collecting, women carry out the other processes that convert the shell heart into a formal money. Tiny holes are drilled through the shell fragments, they are then strung and worked, with infinite labor, through grooved rocks until they are perfectly round. The resulting strings of minute thin discs of shell are tied into established lengths and are then distributed throughout the island as an accepted currency.

Inflation is difficult, for the shells are rare and great labor goes into making them, a full energy-equivalent for the vegetables and other produce which the money manufacturers receive from the

tribes near them in exchange for the strings. Distance from its place of origin gradually increases the shell money's purchasing power. Though it is without intrinsic value, it seems to serve perfectly the limited trading—and, incidentally, the dowry—needs of the whole island. The tribes that can agree on nothing else, that indeed have considerable dread and hatred of one another, have met on this one point of practicality.

The obscurity, the mystery, rifts and one glimpses wisdom, high intelligence, sometimes genius. The sleeping giant stirs fitfully, as if some day he might awake. . . .

At nearly every frontier of the primitive world the traditional societies are to-day of course making contact with the modern world. Men and women with dark skins, without books or dates or records, with no measure of time or distance, with nothing but habit to hold them to their past, are being suddenly exposed to the full gale force of civilization. They are for the most part profoundly interested—and a little terrified. And most of them give evidence that they will weather it and emerge, if not unscathed, at least not wholly altered. They ask acute questions.

I sat one afternoon on the deck of a tiny schooner off the coast of that same island of Malaita and talked for hours with a middle-aged native man from the mountains. We both spoke the pidgin English which is the *lingua franca* of the western islands and we could understand each other.

A district nearby had recently been invaded by a small band of evangelical missionaries and the mountaineer was puzzled. They were preaching a God of love mixed with vengeance and with this they were striving to impose the peculiar dietary laws of their sect. They had forbidden their converts to eat pig. This was discouraging, for pork is the only meat on Malaita and the chief joy of its inhabitants. They had also forbidden the consumption of fish without scales and one or two common vegetables,

thereby more than halving an already very limited menu.

The mountaineer shook his head. "God 'e supposed to be good fellow. Missi'nary 'e say God 'e make everything. 'Ow—" he looked at me hopelessly, "'Ow can good fellow God 'e make bad thing?"

It was not perhaps either a profound or an original observation, but that barbaric hillman had come to it unaided. He was critical, and it is the essence of a primitive society that there is no room in it for criticism. Things have always been done thus; one must neither criticize nor change them. Yet the faculty, after thousands of years of lying dormant, was not dead. One felt the acuteness of his mind. He would walk forward with head up and level eyes, not stumble blind into disaster.

With increasing acquaintance one comes more and more to the conclusion that the character of a primitive way of life gives no clue to the potential intelligence of the individuals who make it up. It is curious, but it seems entirely true. Young men from head-hunting, stone-age tribes become the chauffeurs, cooks, and even clerks of white men. A native of Fiji, whose grandfather quite possibly tasted of his neighbors, went to Oxford, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion during the War as a private, and emerged a major. He is now a high-ranking government official in his native archipelago. Examples of ready native educability could be multiplied by tens of thousands.

Once attractive forest villages near the African coast now roof their huts with hideous corrugated iron. In many localities zinc pots have replaced clay ones. Iron cutlasses, cheap perfume, and packages of Epsom Salts have penetrated into the very depths of Central Africa. A magnificent Sultan whom I know, who rules a principality in the northern Cameroons, has no prouder possession than a Micky Mouse alarm clock.

Yet slowly, if at all, do primitives upon the verge of change make use of wheels. It is fanciful of course, but it is almost as

if they felt some secret dread, as if the time perhaps had not quite come.

For it was upon wheels that the shining, towering car of the civilization that we know was launched, to move with ever-gathering and headlong speed, a car of Juggernaut upon an unknown way.

They—the simple, the primitive, the still forgotten and the faraway—do not yet cling to it. In their uncounted millions they still stand aside.

If one could recapture that lost dream

that men once had that life was somehow purposeful and wisely schemed one might fancy a sound reason.

All intelligent experiments must be controlled. In every laboratory where good work is done new things are not tried on all the mice at once. A portion of them are set apart and left unmolested in their cages. For then, if things go wrong, the experimenter may see where he has erred. They—the controls—will be left. A new beginning can be made.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

BY C. F. MACINTYRE

*As the hearts came from the night club into the cold,
They were aware of truth no calcium light
Could print upon the brain.*

*Suddenly, arm in arm with something old
And durable, they were at home with night,
And by a needle-prick blood-brothers to pain.*

*The stars were nails clinched in the earth's black lid,
Wind shaved off fresh ice, the bells were loud
To spur the dragon of a rocket-flare*

*Which the new year bestrid:
An infant conqueror that charged the crowd
Of black invincible tenants of the air.*

*Abruptly, as the hearts came through the door,
They were aware of ciphers that reached, grew small
Toward the convergence of the thin perspective,*

*And there was little for them any more
Except the ultimate of nothing at all
Or the alkaline advertised as a corrective.*



THE FOLLY OF INDUSTRIAL PLANNING

WHY THE GOVERNMENT COULD NOT REGULATE PRODUCTION

BY L. M. GRAVES

THE acute business setback in the fall of 1937 has thrown into new confusion the relations between government and industry in this country. Leaders in business and in Congress, even certain members of the Federal Administration, have been urging measures designed to encourage business initiative and the investment of private capital in productive ways. President Roosevelt has taken certain steps apparently looking toward a rapprochement with private enterprise. There is believed, at least in some quarters, to be possibility of a greater "swing to the right" than has yet been made by this Administration. It may be that we are on the verge of a return to something more nearly approximating the pre-Roosevelt order.

On the other hand, however, there are elements within the Administration which look upon the economic relapse of recent months as the occasion, and the opportunity, for the institution of more governmental controls and more government planning. It is not necessary to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of bad faith in his conciliatory moves, to see the potential significance of this attitude. The "industrial planners" in the Roosevelt official family are a formidable group; they have had much and repeated encouragement from the President; and they have always maintained that complete and lasting recovery could never be attained under the old order. Capitalism, laissez-faire, atomistic economy—or what you will—has

shot its bolt, they believe. Only by the central planning of industrial activity, budgeting each year's national production and assigning it by quotas to individual producers, can an adequate, properly balanced output of goods be achieved and maintained, avoiding disastrous slumps such as that following 1929 or that which some people have predicted for 1937-38.

In the Department of Agriculture are two powerful "liberal" groups whose influence upon the President has been strong and whose ideas may possibly point the direction of further New Deal experiments in economic planning, if such should be undertaken. One of these is the administrative group in the AAA, whose far-flung activities are devoted to extending governmental control over the agricultural industry; their point of view is practical, their organization well-knit and effective. The second is the leftist intellectual wing of Agriculture, the philosophical idealists, heirs of the old Brain Trust. They are the planners par excellence, exponents of centralized, nation-wide planning of industrial output to keep production at a predetermined level—and incidentally to co-ordinate industry with agriculture in one integrated program, as suggested by Secretary Wallace in his annual report for 1937.

This group would apply to general industry the method used for agriculture by the AAA, namely, over-all planning of production in accordance with statisti-

cally determined needs or capacities. Output in both industry and agriculture would be kept at "normal," but with this difference: in industry the emphasis would be placed on large output and low prices, in agriculture on restricted output and higher prices, thus maintaining the purchasing power of both farmers and industrial labor. In periods of business recession, industrial production and employment—which ordinarily slump violently—would be maintained by cutting prices of manufactured goods; concurrently farm acreage would be cut to support agricultural prices—whose disastrous crashes are the usual reflection of industrial depression on the farm.

This is no doubt one of the most cogently formulated programs of economic organization ever propounded in the United States. It embodies extremely far-reaching possibilities in governmental control of industry. Its theoretical background has been semi-officially developed by an Administration economist; its practical outlines were laid before Congress last year by members of that body. It is quite possible that something of this general nature may sooner or later be proposed by the Administration. An informed public will, therefore, do well to be forewarned, in order to be able to know in advance the difficulties which may arise and to distinguish between practicable and impracticable schemes.

Three or four years ago a pamphlet was written by Dr. Gardiner C. Means, then economic adviser on finance to the Secretary of Agriculture, more recently associated with the National Resources Committee. This thesis was published in January, 1935, as Senate Document 13 (74th Congress, 1st Session). It expounds the basic philosophy of production planning. In June, 1937, a bill was introduced into Congress (H.R. 7318) by Representative Amlie of Wisconsin. It proposes the establishment of machinery for production planning on lines advanced by the Department of Agriculture brain trust. Along with three other identical bills, simultaneously introduced, it was re-

ferred to the Ways and Means Committee, where as I write it still rests.

According to Dr. Means' brochure, which serves as a sort of planners' bible, the unsatisfactory performance of our economic system is fundamentally due to the profit motive in industry. Therefore, logically, the profit motive should be put under close restraint.

In our pecuniary economic order there is a sharp disjunction between motive and function. The function of any economic system—its very reason for being—is to serve human needs. Its function and its ultimate sanction are social. But its motivation is private. The business man operates for a profit. This seemingly illogical arrangement has for some centuries persisted simply because it worked. The social interest, not the individual, has been recognized as paramount; but the individual has been allowed to reap a profit out of the operation because, in the end, the general welfare has seemed to benefit from the play of individual enterprise. Once that rule fails to hold, the private pecuniary economy is of course doomed.

That time has arrived, according to Dr. Means' contention. The old laissez-faire order has broken down, he says, because of large-scale organization of industry and the "rigidity of administered prices." Under the older "atomistic" economy, goods were sold by small producers in the open market. Supply and demand were promptly equated through relatively small price-changes, keeping industry on a comparatively even keel. To-day no such flexibility exists. The machine has no automatic regulator. An element of monopoly has been injected (though Dr. Means does not call it that) interfering with the free play of prices. A few great producers furnish the nation's supply of industrial raw materials like steel, copper, cement, aluminum, and heavy chemicals; a few others are engaged in producing identified, trademarked goods such as automobiles, radios, farm implements, etc. And these manufacturers, even in the absence of definite price-fixing agreements,

are able to set the prices at which their products will sell over relatively long periods of time.

Now when market demand slackens, the producers, instead of allowing prices to decline as would happen in an atomistic market, reduce production. The result: consumers' incomes are reduced, the cost of living remains high, and a depression comes on. And just why do the producers prefer to cut production rather than prices? The answer is that it is better for profits. If they cut prices much they will soon run afoul of a stubborn and somewhat inflexible cost structure. Profits will turn into losses or unavoidable losses be magnified. Thus the necessity for earning a profit makes it impossible for the business man to serve the community. Ergo, says this theory, forget about profits. Do not permit "business policy" to dominate "industrial policy"—by which is meant supplying the nation with goods.

II

If this analysis is essentially correct, it would seem to be time for some rather drastic overhauling—even though it is not readily apparent how the community is to absorb the losses of sustained output any better than the business proprietors can. But, as a matter of fact, is the profit incentive the chief disturbing element? The answer seems to be that it is not.

In the first place, the "atomistic" economy was not marked by any such stability as the theory requires. There were several "great depressions" before 1900. Certainly other factors are at work besides the "rigidity of administered prices"—and that factor is not necessarily due to the profit motive. Abolish profits and there will still be price rigidity (or terrific losses due to price-cutting); there will still be fluctuations in demand, variations in output, leading to unemployment and depression.

The fact is that price "rigidity" is due not so much to perverse economic royalists as to rigid production costs: relatively fixed wage scales, transportation rates, in-

terest charges, and taxes. Furthermore, consumer demand is unstable, and increasingly so, because of other things which have nothing directly to do with market prices. This instability is a central factor in the periodic upsets of business. It is grounded in several things. Prominent among these is the use of credit (an essentially unstable vehicle) and particularly consumer, or installment, credit. Another factor is the mass distribution of high-priced durable goods. Where a generation or two ago people bought mostly goods for current consumption (articles of food, clothing, and the like), to-day a large part of their money goes for durable goods (ranging all the way from stationary gas engines to new homes), the purchase of which is "postponable." The sales of these goods naturally fluctuate very widely because their unit costs are high and purchases can be made only when consumers have a surplus over and above the cost of current necessities. For example, expenditures for motor vehicles since 1921 have varied all the way from 2.29 per cent of the national income (in 1932) to 6.04 per cent (in 1926).

The gist of all this is that the private management of industry is not primarily responsible for economic disorders: the desire for profits is not the main cause of price rigidities; price rigidity is not the main reason for economic disturbances. The analysis needs to be carried much farther before a scientific reconstruction of economic society can be outlined.

The basic theory is, therefore, dubious at best. But this proves little concerning the practical aspects of the plan. The Industrial Expansion Act (H. R. 7318, above referred to) is a convenient place to turn to for an authoritative outline of the planned economy. It may or may not have had the collaboration of some of the Administration experts; it may or may not be made the basis of a legislative program. But it is clear and specific. It represents the logical outcome of the production planning thesis and the fixed purpose of an influential Administration

group—if not the trend of Mr. Roosevelt's own thought.

This bill is styled an act "to regulate the flow of interstate commerce." It sets up machinery and lays down rules of procedure. It provides that the IEA (Industrial Expansion Administration), in collaboration with the Industry Authority (similar to the Code Authority under NRA) in each "collaborating industry," shall draw up a master plan providing for the expansion of output and its maintenance at a level adequate to provide "a moderately comfortable standard of living" for all.

It is the duty of the Industry Authorities, on approval of the Administrator and the President, to allot these master programs among the various producers in their respective industries. The chief requirements of such individual programs are (1) that the industry affected be one operating in interstate commerce, and that its operations as now conducted tend to "obstruct or reduce the flow of interstate commerce"; (2) that the proposed quotas for individual producers shall not "result in inequitable discrimination"; (3) that the plan shall be "reasonably calculated" to increase the income of workers and the production of commodities, without raising the price level to consumers; and, (4) that the program be subscribed to by employers of at least 60 per cent of the workers in the industry.

Profits are to be limited but, at the same time, there are to be guarantees against any loss to "co-operating" producers from the operation of the programs. Finally, compliance with the programs (all quite voluntary of course) is to be "induced" by imposing processing taxes on "non-collaborators" heavy enough to put most of them out of business.

By such means the whole industrial order is to be controlled and stabilized. No more great depressions, no wild gyrations of production and prices are to be permitted. This is of course of the essence. Great booms or slumps would wreck any concerted plan. Their elimination is—at least by implication—promised in these

words: "The cyclical swings in production formerly due to natural events are now definitely subject to human control. By regulating the rate of production of goods flowing in interstate commerce according to plan, the disastrous downward swings will be eliminated." It seems almost too good to be true. Poverty, unemployment, and business losses banished, all together, just like that! But the thing has been worked out with scientific precision and submitted for action by responsible legislators.

It is an intriguing idea, indeed, to set up a general production budget, to hold to it year after year. Obviously if a plan can be established and production held down to the predetermined limit during a prosperity period, when otherwise a boom might occur, then we may expect to avert the collapse which would otherwise be expected to follow. The disrupting effects of depression will be avoided, and something like proper economic functioning will actually be assured, regardless of the philosophic theories of the program's advocates. And any incidental restraint of the profit motive will be of secondary importance; it may even result in actually increasing profits over a period of years, as the planners assert. It all boils down, in the end, to a question of practical feasibility.

III

The first step in setting up the "planned economy" would be to decide at what levels to stabilize output and what particular industries to include in the plan. Vague references to "consumer needs" as limited "only by the nation's natural resources," and to the need for controlling all activities concerned with the "provisioning of goods and services for profits," are well enough in a charter of liberties of the "economic democracy," but scarcely adequate as a basis of operation. Administration economists are sufficiently cognizant of the fact that mere need is of no economic significance; that it must be backed by purchasing power. They have learned to recognize also that it is of little

use to plan the output of industries producing raw materials for other industries; output of the former will have to be geared to that of the latter, plan or no plan.

In the beginning, at least, production budgets will probably have to be based on a statistical determination of the "normals," or long-time trends, of output; and the operation of the plan will probably be restricted to the great mass-production and mass-distribution industries, such as automobiles, textiles and apparel, housing, and agricultural implements.

The first practical question is whether statistical technic will be able to establish reliable norms of output—and to determine also the proper level of prices to insure the sale of the desired volume. For price is of the essence. In practice, the producers may be allowed to name their selling prices, but these prices will obviously have to be the "right" ones. Otherwise it will either be impossible to sell the budgeted output or else there will be an insistent demand for more goods than the plan calls for.

There are well-recognized statistical methods for determining the secular trend or "normal line" of production in any given industry, or for industry as a whole. I have made such computations myself. Sometimes I have obtained results in which I had considerable confidence—and sometimes I have later found out that they were absurd. At other times I have been unable to make any reasonable estimate of trends and have refused to try it. The experienced statistician recognizes that projecting past trends into the future is a very risky business. Trends change frequently and without notice. A chart of industrial output since the Civil War shows several changes in direction, none of which could be discovered until after the fact. Since the World War it has been very difficult to determine the real trend of industry, and most of the norms used during the New Era now appear to have been erroneous. Present estimates of normal output by different statisticians vary greatly.

To set a price which will move a given volume of goods in a given future period of time (such as the coming year) is still more difficult. There are, admittedly, very refined statistical methods by which relationships of prices and sales volumes are explored. By these means it is possible to "determine" the effect of a given price change on sales volume. By "correlating" production, price levels, national income, and other factors, it is possible to forecast, for example, that if automobile prices were reduced \$50 in 1938 the result would be the addition of precisely so many units to sales. The only trouble with these correlation studies is that they don't always work.

In the first place they do not and cannot take account of all the significant factors; and in the second place, they are necessarily based on averages. They measure the average effects of the various factors over a given period of time in the past. They assume the existence of average conditions. And average conditions never exist. The methods are consequently inaccurate at all times, and they break down completely at the time when they are needed worst; that is, when there are violent changes in the underlying conditions.

A third difficulty is that the results are dependent on accurate forecasts of general business conditions, of the national income, and of the level of prices. The impossibility of correctly forecasting these things is well known to everyone who has ever made the attempt. The most successful forecasters are satisfied if they catch merely the direction of movement, say, 80 per cent of the time.

In short, the statistical technic, refined as it undeniably is, is painfully inadequate as an engine of scientific control in industry. With close watching and prompt adjustments to changing markets, a plan might very possibly be set up which would operate satisfactorily under something approaching "normal" conditions. But when things began to get notably out of adjustment, the technic would soon go awry.

IV

New difficulties arise when one attempts to set the quotas for individual producers. Somebody will have to prorate the master programs in such a way as to avoid "inequitable discrimination" against any individual company. Here is the real heart of the proposition in its practical aspects. First, as under NRA, all the producers in each organized industry must be located and identified—perhaps by resurrection of the Blue Eagle or its equivalent. But the planning authorities will have to go much farther than the code authorities ever did. They must, like the county committees of the AAA, examine each man's business operations and determine how much he is entitled to produce; that is, determine an equitable quota base and make individual allotments. They must then divide up the master budget by types and descriptions of product and assign to each individual his prorated share of each.

In predominantly large-scale industries like motor vehicles or farm implements, it will be relatively simple to mobilize the membership. The automobile manufacturers, for example, are all big, well-known companies. Even in the textile industry, it will be no insuperable task to get in touch with the bulk of the producers. But the matter will not stop here. Automobile dealers as well as automobile manufacturers will probably have to be brought into the organization, and the matter of manufacturer-dealer relationships will have to be subjected to control. Dealers can scarcely be allowed *carte blanche* to set the prices for trade-ins on used cars, as these prices affect the sales of new cars and may upset the program; manufacturers cannot be permitted at will to unload holdover stocks on dealers for them to sell at cut-rate prices, as that would have similar unsettling effects. In the textile field likewise it is not simply a matter of the spinners and weavers; for their production is dependent on the sale of finished garments. All the various cutting-up and clothing trades will have

to be included: cloak and suit makers, dressmakers, milliners, knitting mills, hosiery manufacturers, and all the hundred and one others. Each of these will have to be hunted up, his records scrutinized, and his equitable quota determined. In the housing industry the situation is still worse; for thousands upon thousands of unknown individuals—speculators, subdividers, contractors, building on their own or for other people—are engaged in the industry, playing in and out with the tide. The disorganized state of the construction industry is recognized in the Industrial Expansion Act, which seeks to get round the difficulty by providing for a special Building Corporation to carry out such portions of the approved housing program as private operators fail to meet.

Manifestly, the establishment of quotas for all these thousands of scattered individual producers, of whose operations there is likely to be a very imperfect record, cannot be accomplished except by some arbitrary method under which discrimination and political favoritism will have wide opportunity. Even in setting the crop-control programs, where each farm is a fairly permanent, clearly defined unit and each farmer's operations are spread out for the neighborhood to see, there has been no little complaint of favoritism. Imagine the results of a similar scheme applied to the garment-makers on Seventh Avenue!

But after all this is done, it is then not a simple matter of prorating a stipulated volume of wheat or pork—or of cotton cloth, automobiles, or housing units. Each man will have to be told not merely how much or how many items he can produce but of what particular description. It is not sufficient to direct a motor corporation to produce so many automobiles. The corporation must be told what size and style of cars to turn out. Textile producers must be given instructions to produce so many yards of specific descriptions: gingham, chevots, rayon sheers. Obviously, if these matters were left to the choice of the individual manufacturers,

the program would be thrown out of joint or there would actually be no program at all. For example, if Nash and Studebaker should decide to forsake the middle-price field and to utilize their quotas in producing cars of the lowest price, the program would be very essentially modified. Or if Phoenix Mills should decide to bring out a new type of stocking, or to produce a notably improved product to sell at the old price (as approved by the Authority), it might sell its quota within six months, throwing losses on other producers for the government to make good, and forcing the Plan Authority to double its quota in order to permit the production budget to be realized.

To sum it all up, the problems facing the administrators of the plan would be practically insurmountable. To list and investigate the business records of all the individual producers concerned, to catalogue the various articles produced and assign quotas for each would be a greater undertaking than the compilation of the Doomsday Book. And the record would probably be entirely out of date before it was completed. Once finished, it would have to stand without change for a long period, necessitating a high degree of standardization in output and fixity in relative quota ratings.

Administratively, therefore, any rapid changes in styles would be impossible. Producers would have to turn out the official styles. If the styles did not click, there would then be a contest to see whether the Government could ram them down the consumers' throats or would have to see its plan go glimmering and make good on its guarantees to producers. The financial risks to the Government in such a situation would be terrific.

Style and design are very important factors in our economic life—increasingly important, probably too important. But they are bound up with the impulses to growth and progress. Whoever attempts to check them wholesale is assuming a tremendous responsibility and an enormous risk. Innovation still plays its part in industry, and style is a powerful influ-

ence in sales. If the style-appeal is suddenly eliminated in any line of product the planners may find that demand suddenly shrinks. Then they will be forced either to refigure their normal levels of output or else try to find some means of regimenting consumption and forcing people to buy what they choose to turn out.

No one can foresee what will be the demands or the needs of consumers a few years hence. No one, not even the experts in the industry, can presume to describe the appearance or mechanical features of the automobile of 1945. Nobody knows with any assurance what new industries or modes of life will prevail in five or twenty years from now, or can state a plan to bring them about. Whether we shall live in ribbon cities or trailer camps or decentralized industrial villages, or spend our leisure hours at television entertainments, or occupy prefabricated mechanically cooled houses, or ride on synthetic rubber tires, or dine on capsules of concentrated food, or do any of a hundred other unheard of things, only the future can tell.

The upshot of the whole matter is that over-all planning of industrial production will not work. It will not meet the test by which private initiative has stood. We do not have sufficient knowledge, several of our leading industries are not in fact—regardless of theory—organized in sufficiently large units, the forces of change are too strong, the vagaries of consumer demand are too little predictable and controllable to bring the thing within the realm of the practicable.

V

In addition to all of these difficulties, a dozen far-reaching problems and objections come to mind. The program could not stop with merely setting up production standards. Currency, credit, and taxation are essentials in business operations; they exercise, in fact, a controlling influence. It would be vitally necessary to co-ordinate the industrial and financial

policies of the Government. If production is to be actually stabilized on a predetermined level, the first requisite, as already noted, is that inflationary booms be averted. This is recognized by the planners, but regarding the political questions involved they are eloquently silent. If financial stability is to be really achieved at least one thing is clear: credits and governmental expenditures must be subject to voluntary restriction as well as to expansion. But no Administration has ever yet shown any real stomach for deflationary measures; and it is an easy guess, with elections every two years, that none ever will.

Another point. If profits are to be restricted, the result might easily be to endanger adequate accumulation of new capital and business reserves. Little attention has been given to the problem of our actual capital needs. But, certainly, considerable accretions of new capital are needed for additional housing, the construction of new plants for the utilities, new equipment for railways and industries, and some expansion of industrial plants. Corporate surpluses may have (undoubtedly did) become unwieldy; but it would be a serious matter if we should face another depression with depleted reserves. This new capital and these new reserves have to be supplied chiefly out of business profits, saved by individuals and corporations. A system which would make it possible for any bureaucratic authority to place arbitrary limits on permitted earnings might easily have serious consequences.

Obviously the effect on security values—on the investments of countless individuals and institutions—could be very disturbing. For the earning power of the issuing corporations would depend, not on their respective managements, but upon the foresight and tolerance of government officials. This consideration alone is enough to condemn any sudden wholesale adoption of overhead planning. The result would certainly be a disastrous financial and economic crisis.

Again, consider the risk to the Govern-

ment of guaranteeing industry against losses under such a comprehensive planning program. Unless the government were much more successful than are the present proprietors in managing their businesses, there would be losses which it would very deeply embarrass—or, in fact, bankrupt—the Government to meet. The Treasury's ability to make good rests entirely upon its power to tax and to borrow. And of course these resources would both shrink rapidly at the very time when the liabilities fell due. Instead of preventing depressions, the actual effect might be to aggravate them very materially.

A further question, already intimated, is this: How is effective planning to be done in a democracy with its constant political pressure and need of compromise? Groups and sections will be continually exerting pressure on representatives; the general public will be clamoring for ever-increasing production, higher incomes, higher selling prices and lower buying prices. No popularly elected government could exist under such manifold pressures. Only a self-perpetuating regime could maintain itself. It is no accident that five-year plans and corporative states are associated with impoverished or decadent countries languishing under dictatorships.

VI

To sum up the argument, it seems improbable that government management of industry can better attain the social objectives of economic activity than can private management. The economic planners formulate the social objective chiefly in terms of current consumption, with little reference to the needs of growth, new capital formation, and industrial change or progress.

It is possible, indeed probable, that increased regulation of industry is needed to enable it to function more effectively in the general interest. The profit motive needs restraints. Profits may need limitation—though not of an irresponsible administrative type. Possibly business

earnings are larger than is warranted by the new capital requirements of a maturing economy. The Brookings Institution, for example, finds ten billion dollars of "excess savings" in 1929 wasted or devoted to doubtful speculation. Yet it finds no evidence of a cumulative excess of saving or capital formation since 1900. The main trouble may have been not "over-saving" but poorly distributed saving. About all we know is that we need far more facts about the average earning and saving capacity of industry over a period of years, good and bad, the amount and sources of savings, and the requirements for new capital and reserves in various fields. And, finally, the ultimate problem may possibly prove to be one, not of curbing the profit motive or commanding "excess profits," but of finding means to sustain a falling profit rate, depressed by the weight of a flattening pop-

ulation curve and the demands of a hungry government.

The fact that such devices as production planning are being given serious consideration in responsible quarters is important chiefly as showing that there is still plenty of naïvely emotional thinking in Washington about economic affairs. In the struggle toward a rational economic policy we shall make little real progress until we drop these visionary panaceas and get down to brass tacks; until we learn to adapt specific measures to specific ends. There is, indeed, no assurance that the broad objective, vital as it is, can ever be attained. But unquestionably, more can be accomplished by an objective approach and by enlisting the co-operation of experienced industrialists, than by an attempt to impose such doctrinaire schemes as the general overhead planning of industry.





THE STORY OF "MISTRESS NELL"

BY HENRIETTA CROSMAN

As told to Durward Grinstead

WHEN I was playing in Washington in "The House of Cards," forty years ago, I received a note from a young man I had met in Chicago when I was there with the Lyceum Company. I remembered him well. His name was George Hazleton. He was the son of a prominent Washington attorney, but his tastes being all for the theater, he had gone on the stage as a member of Edwin Booth's company and had later played for a season with Mme. Modjeska. He wrote me that he was the author of a play which he would like to read to me if I didn't mind. I usually do mind an author's reading me his play because it's sometimes very difficult to react to the opus in a considerate way, but I recalled that I had liked Mr. Hazleton, so I fixed a date for him to come to my hotel. When he arrived I must confess that my heart somewhat failed me, for he was very modest and shy and lacked the slightest assurance about his brainchild. As a consequence, I expected nothing at all of the play. Imagine my surprise and delight as he read on and on to find that I had never heard a more delightful comedy. I was absolutely carried away by it. It was a costume play laid in England in the time of Charles the Second, the stellar role being that of Nell Gwyn, and was entitled "Mistress Nell." Never had I been so fascinated with a part; I could see myself in every line of it.

When the reading was over I tried to express my boundless enthusiasm.

"You aren't spoofing me, are you?" asked Mr. Hazleton, blushing.

"It's a comedy after my own heart; the comedy I've dreamed of! If only I could play it!" I cried. "And I *could* play it, I'm sure!"

"Of course you could," he stammered. "In fact, you're the *only* one who could play it."

"But how could I ever *get* to do it?" I wailed. "I'm not a star. And 'Nell' would cost a lot of money to produce. And I haven't any money!"

I was still in a daze when Mr. Hazleton left. If only I could play Nell Gwyn! It was the ideal part for me.

During the next two or three years I was busy acting in other plays, but the memory of "Mistress Nell" buzzed in my brain. I had harped about it so often to Maurice Campbell, my husband, that I had infected him with my enthusiasm and when he finally read the script he was as excited over it as I had been. When we went to Pittsburgh to be with Harry Davis's company I really began to see a faint glimmer of hope. Our combined salary—I was leading woman, he was press agent and business manager—amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and we resolved to save every cent that we possibly could. And if we couldn't save quite enough to produce "Mistress Nell" entirely on our own, perhaps we could find someone who'd be willing to back us. Perhaps we'd better go right after a backer now.

So, while we hoarded our pennies, Maurice in his leisure moments sought high and low for an "angel." His duties

took him to New York a good deal and he combed the city thoroughly. My old manager, Jacob Litt, was one of the men he saw. Litt returned the play to him, saying that it was absolutely no good and would never make a dollar. Afterward, when the success of "Mistress Nell" was the talk of the town, Maurice met him on the street one day and asked him if he would like to buy an interest in the play. Litt gasped: "Good heavens! Can I?" "Of course you can't," Maurice returned imperturbably. "I asked you if you'd like to. I just wanted to remind you that you once refused to back it." Litt protested that he had never even read the play, and he persisted in this perfectly sincere belief till his office boy assured him that he *had* read it and declared it no good.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Maurice saw everybody in New York and nobody would help us. He held on, however, with a perfect bulldog grip to the idea that we were going to produce "Mistress Nell" very soon, and his tenacity of purpose was most inspiring to me, who sometimes wondered, in face of all the refusals we were getting, if I was as intelligent as I thought I was and really knew a good play when I saw one. I was working so hard in Pittsburgh—a matinee every day and a rehearsal each morning—and it seemed so futile to try to save any very large sum when we had ourselves, our baby, and nurse to provide for in Pittsburgh, and my elder son and my parents to support in Montclair. Surely nobody had ever sought a backer more assiduously than Maurice had, and yet nothing had come of his efforts. And even if we did get enough to produce the play with, was there really an even chance that it would succeed? Could any independent production be a success if the leading role wasn't played by a star? And, alas, I wasn't a star.

II

A star! Maurice had had from the first the settled determination that he

would make me a star. He would set me to shining in that galaxy which included Nat Goodwin, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Southern, Mrs. Fiske, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Leslie Carter, James K. Hackett, Olga Nethersole, John Drew, Maude Adams, and William Crane, or know the reason why. With this old determination ever in his mind and spurred on by "Mistress Nell," he began to "boom" me in all the towns and cities around Pittsburgh and deluged the dramatic editors of the papers in those places with press material about me.

Meanwhile our bank account grew each week, and as soon as we had accumulated five hundred dollars, Maurice wrote to Mr. Hazleton, telling him that we wanted to produce his play. To our surprise, we received from him a most indifferent reply that seemed to indicate that he had grown more assured and lost much of his old modesty and shyness. He wrote that "Mistress Nell" was in the hands of his London agents, that he had nothing further to do with it. What a changed Mr. Hazleton from the one I'd known! But I discovered later that the change wasn't a real one. It was the temporary effect of too much discouragement. And in that connection I must tell you a tale which I think even most playwrights will agree is extraordinary.

Before sending his play to London Mr. Hazleton had submitted it to every prosperous manager in New York and every one of them had turned it down. But the treatment he received from Mr. A. M. Palmer was the straw which broke the back of his persistence. Mr. Palmer had taken the lease of Lester Wallack's old theater on Broadway, changed its name—much to everybody's disgust—from Wallack's to Palmer's, and was producing very successfully there. He had put on "Trilby," with beautiful Virginia Harned in the title role, and "Trilby" as a play had been as great a hit as the book, which was the rage of the times. Mr. Hazleton tried in every possible way to get an interview with the great Mr. Palmer. He arranged with the latter's secretary for ap-

pointments, but Mr. Palmer never kept them. One morning going up to the box office of the theater, he caught a glimpse of the manager in the back of the office and said to the box office man: "May I speak to Mr. Palmer, please?" There happened to be a small mirror at the side of the window and in it he could plainly see Mr. Palmer motioning with his hand and his eyes to the box office man to tell the inquirer that he wasn't there. "Sorry," said the man obediently, "he isn't here." "Oh, yes, he is," Mr. Hazleton retorted, "I can see him standing there just behind you." Hearing this, the manager said very graciously: "Tell the young man that if he'll call at my house at Stamford, Connecticut, late this afternoon I will see him." "Thanks," said Mr. Hazleton and left the window. Straight to the Grand Central Station he went and spent the rest of the afternoon there, not daring to leave his post to seek food lest he miss the manager's arrival. Finally, about five o'clock, Mr. Palmer passed through the station, saw him, gave him a curt nod, and boarded the Stamford train. Mr. Hazleton followed and got into the same coach, being careful to take a seat far behind that in which Mr. Palmer was sitting. When they reached Stamford the manager stepped lightly from the train and into his carriage, and the liveried coachman drove off. Mr. Hazleton hopped into one of the station cabs. The carriage of course made much better time than the cab, and when Mr. Hazleton arrived at the house there was no sign of the man he had come to see. He rang the door bell and asked the maid if he could see Mr. Palmer and was left standing at the door while she went to inquire. She returned with the message: "Mr. Palmer says, will you sit down?"—which Mr. Hazleton, as he wasn't asked into the house, interpreted as an invitation to sit on the porch. After he had sat for some time, the maid came back. "Mr. Palmer will see you after dinner," she said. And poor, hungry Mr. Hazleton, his play in his hands, sat on that porch for two solid hours until Mr.

Palmer finished his dinner, lighted a cigar, and strolled on to the porch, announcing: "Now, Mr. Hazleton, I'll listen to your play." The author needed no second bidding but immediately began to read. His audience was indifferent at first but little by little became so interested that, in the effulgence of hope, the reader actually forgot his hunger. When the reading was finished, Mr. Palmer said: "You've a very good comedy, an interesting comedy, my boy, but there isn't a woman in this country who could play the part." "I think Henrietta Crosman could do it," Mr. Hazleton ventured timidly. Mr. Palmer burst into merry laughter. "Henrietta Crosman?" he scoffed. "*She* couldn't play it in a thousand years! My good man, there's only one woman in America who could have done it and she isn't young enough to do it any more. That woman is Ada Rehan."

But to return to my narrative. Mr. Hazleton's indifferent letter was a shock to us. The play on which for so long we'd centered our hopes was out of the country and might be forever unprocurable now! We thought of Alice Kauser, the most efficient playbroker I've ever known, and asked her to see what she could do for us. After much negotiation, she succeeded in obtaining the play and we paid Mr. Hazleton as advance royalties the five hundred dollars we had saved with such hardihood.

"Mistress Nell" was ours at last, but we decided that it wouldn't be wise to try to produce it immediately. We realized that I had no drawing power as a star, and consequently I must play for a while in places where it was almost certain I could make money. So we determined that I should make a short spring tour in some play that was a proven success. For this purpose, we managed to secure Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls," which had made a great hit in New York. Harry Davis was loath to see me leave his stock company and tried to persuade me to finish out the season, saying that we were foolish indeed to try the experiment

we had in our minds. But our minds were made up and we went on with our plans, Maurice booking me in "One of Our Girls" for four weeks in Harrisburg, Altoona, Johnstown, Wheeling, and various towns in the vicinity of Pittsburgh.

We began our tour in Harrisburg early in April. As the cast was small and the company we had engaged commanded very low salaries, and as we carried no scenery or properties whatever, our expenses were light. From the very start we began to make money and cleared from a thousand to fifteen-hundred dollars a week. While everything was going thus smoothly, I received a letter from Peter McCourt, manager of the two first-class theaters in Denver, asking me to play there for four weeks with my own company. I decided to accept and Maurice went to New York and signed a contract with Klaw and Erlanger for me to play a month at the Tabor Opera House in Denver. Mr. Erlanger had a bright idea. A few weeks would intervene between the end of our little tour of the towns around Pittsburgh and the opening date in Denver, and he suggested that we play one-night stands on our way to Colorado. Unfortunately we fell in with his suggestion, and the result was that by the time we reached Denver we had lost several thousand dollars of the money we had made.

I opened at the Tabor in "One of Our Girls"; the second week I played "Mme. Sans Gene"; the third week (of all things!) "Carmen"; and the last week we put on "Mistress Nell."

Denver didn't think much of "Mistress Nell." With the exception of William Courtleigh, who was my leading man, the company was pretty bad, the scenery was terrible, and the costumes worse. In fact, my whole little season there was entirely disastrous and the last of the dollars we had made around Pittsburgh we lost in Denver, where I was supposed to be such a favorite. I had the comforting thought though that the prime reason for our lack of success was the fact that we were play-

ing in summer in the heart of the city and were "bucking" the popular open-air "Ellitch's Garden." And I remembered rather grimly how, when I had been playing at Ellitch's, Maurice had used to scrutinize the sky every evening and dread a possible rain; at the Tabor he actually prayed for rain!

However, we had enough money left to take ourselves and the company back to New York. Regardless of the fact that "Mistress Nell" hadn't set Denver on fire, our faith in it was unshaken. Somehow, some way, we were going to produce that play properly and under proper conditions. And we had the courage of our faith. Many times we were tempted by offers for me to appear either in stock or in companies the coming fall, but we turned them all down in spite of the fact that we had so very little money. Oh, how poor we were, and we were getting poorer every day! We lived with the nurse and my younger boy in two rooms which we rented in an apartment across the hall from my father and mother, with whom my elder son was staying and with whom we took our meals.

There came a day when we actually faced destitution. Everything we had was in the pawnshop. And Maurice, instead of wondering where our next week's meals were to come from, was talking about "Mistress Nell"! He had had an inspiration. He believed he might be able to get enough money in Pittsburgh to produce the play if he could manage to get to Pittsburgh. But how could he manage to get there? We thought and thought, and at last he decided that his best hope of a loan lay in his old friend, Arthur Peacock, who was in charge of the *Herald's* downtown office at night. So that evening we hid ourselves down to Ann Street and Maurice went to see Peacock, while I waited in the corner drugstore. The clerk eyed me a while, then brought me a chair. "I must be looking exceedingly old," I thought beneath my anxiety, and when Maurice came back the first thing I asked him was how old did I look? "Nonsense!" said

he. "You look so forlorn in your helpless youth that any man with a heart in his bosom would have asked you to sit. Listen," said he. And to my joy, he told me that Peacock had lent him a twenty-dollar bill. And the fare to Pittsburgh was only eleven dollars. He got the bill changed, gave me nine dollars, and we set out for the station. It was only as the train pulled out that it dawned on me that if he didn't get the money he'd gone to Pittsburgh to borrow he wouldn't have the return fare to New York! But of course he knew that; he had a head for figures—a thing I could never say for myself. And I knew he wouldn't want me to worry. So I went home, resolved not to.

In Pittsburgh he went to see Harry Davis, who had been wanting me to come back to his company that fall, and asked him to lend us eight hundred dollars. Harry didn't want to do it, but when Maurice suggested putting me in pawn by promising that if the eight hundred wasn't repaid by a certain date I would return to Pittsburgh and play in his company, he finally agreed to let him have the money. "Mistress Nell" would take more than eight hundred dollars though. So Maurice went to another Pittsburgh friend, a Mr. Jacobs, a business man, and told him he wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. "Why, that's easy," said Mr. Jacobs and promptly took him to a bank where they made out a note for two hundred dollars which Mr. Jacobs discounted. So Maurice got his ticket back to New York and returned to me with nine hundred and ninety-one dollars in his pockets.

We immediately began preparations for producing "Mistress Nell," and realizing that our salvation lay in those towns around Pittsburgh which had been so kind to me, Maurice booked four weeks for me in "Mistress Nell" in the same theaters in which we had played "One of Our Girls." The company we got together was the lowest salaried we could find. We had no sets, and the costumes we rented were a sight—with the excep-

tion of my own, which I made. I still have photographs of myself in those costumes—Maurice took me down to the New York Camera Club, of which he was a member, and photographed me himself. We carried only two pieces of scenery. For the balcony scene, we had a sort of balcony with a window in it, but I had to stand on a barrel behind the scene to talk to the king below me. And then there was the grand trick window which Maurice had invented for the big scene of the play and which had to be put together again after every performance. At the end of the third act, the disguised Nell, hard pressed by the drawn swords of the courtiers, ran up the steps at the back of the scene, smashed the glass in the window, and jumped to freedom. The glass in an ordinary window mightn't have all fallen out no matter how hard I had hit it with my sword; but simultaneously with my breaking *this* glass, two men backstage pulled on strings attached to the frame of the window and all the glass instantly fell backward and down into a sheet that was spread over a mattress to receive it. Then as I turned to the audience and delivered my big line—of which more anon—the sheet was folded right over the fragments and dragged away, so that when I jumped I was never obliged to land in a mass of broken glass.

III

Well, from the moment we began that tour it was obvious that Fortune had once more turned her radiant face upon us. The play was an unquestionable success and we began to make money again just as we had with "One of Our Girls." Oh, those blessed towns around Pittsburgh! But there was one fly in the amber of our joy: we were suddenly confronted with a colossal problem: *where* were we going to play and make money after the four weeks in those towns were over? The stumbling block in our way was the organization we suddenly found ourselves "bucking" through no fault of our own.

This organization was the Theatrical Syndicate, which was composed of Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, Nixon and Zimmerman, and Klaw and Erlanger. It was all-powerful, holding as it did a monopoly on the bookings of practically all the theaters in the United States. In fact Maurice had made his contract for the theaters in the towns we had been playing in through the booking agents, Klaw and Erlanger. At the height of the prosperity of our little tour, Maurice went to Klaw and Erlanger's office in New York to arrange for further bookings. Mr. Charles Osgood, in charge of such matters, suggested that we book a week in Toronto to follow the conclusion of our one-night stands. Maurice thought this odd and wasn't much taken with the idea, but Toronto was at least *some* place to go—a place to play in, a place in which to make more friends for me as a star. A few days later, Maurice went again to New York. "Where do we go from Toronto?" he asked Mr. Osgood. A strange look came over the latter's face; he hesitated perceptibly before he replied: "I really don't know." "Do you mean to say that you have no more time for us?" Maurice demanded. And Mr. Osgood answered: "No, I don't see anything else open: I guess you will have to close."

Maurice stared at the man, though his words had not been altogether unexpected. Before entering the booking office that morning, Maurice had heard the latest Broadway gossip: Klaw and Erlanger had just purchased a play on the life of Nell Gwyn—Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which Maurice, in his enthusiasm for "Mistress Nell," had once refused even to read. Fred Terry had bought Mr. Kester's play and produced it with great success in London during the season just past, and now Klaw and Erlanger had secured the rights to it and were going to star Ada Rehan in it as soon as possible. With this knowledge in his possession, Maurice realized the moment he was told that there was no more time for me in "Mistress Nell" that

Klaw and Erlanger had determined to get rid of any opposition to their Nell Gwyn play. Exceedingly angry, he shouted: "All right, Mr. Osgood, I'm in your office now, but if I go out of that door, I shall never come back." As if the Syndicate would care! It thought it had crushed us already.

The situation certainly looked black. What chance had we? How could we cope with the colossal Theatrical Syndicate that was behind a great actress like Miss Rehan? How could we play if we had no theaters to play in? And we had to play—or starve.

Well, the Syndicate had failed to take into account our bulldog tenacity. And by closing the road to us, it forced us to do the last thing it wanted us to do: in sheer desperation, we were driven into New York.

But what labors of Hercules had to be performed before we could get there—by Maurice in New York and by me on the road. Money, much more money than we had, would be needed to produce "Mistress Nell" in New York. We couldn't think of doing the play there as we had done it on the road—with a mediocre cast, no scenery, no costumes. We simply had to secure some backing! Maurice went to Alice Kauser who had procured the play for us. Had her enthusiasm real faith behind it? It had. To his joy, she agreed to back us for one half the profits, if any.

So the financial question was settled. But what about a theater? However, our luck still held. When Maurice left the *Herald* he was employed by H. B. Sire as advance agent for May Irwin. Mr. Sire owned the Bijou Theater at Thirtieth and Broadway. Maurice called on him now and asked him to let us have his theater. He finally agreed to let us have it for three weeks, because a play he had just produced there had proved a dire failure. But getting him to agree and getting him to sign a contract were two very different matters. Fountain pens had not been invented then, and with a pen and a bottle of ink in his

pocket, Maurice followed Mr. Sire day and night for a week. But at last he secured his signature to the contract and wired me the jubilant news that we were to have the Bijou to open the week of October the eighth. So I worked away on the script of "Mistress Nell." Anywhere, everywhere, sitting on station platforms waiting for trains, I changed and rewrote scenes.

One great change had already been made. Upon our return to New York after trying the play out in Denver, we had told Mr. Hazleton in the course of a luncheon that something was the matter with the ending of the third act. There *should* be, we felt, a tremendous climax there when Nell smashed the glass and jumped out of the window, but the scene fell flat. What was needed to finish the act was a line—the exactly perfect line. She should turn and deliver that line to the courtiers, *then* jump. The right line would bring down the house. "I think you're right," Mr. Hazleton agreed and made a suggestion. "No, no, nothing like that," said Maurice. "We've got to have something so strong that it hits the actors *and* the audience right in the eye." Mr. Hazleton pondered a while and came forth with another suggestion. But Maurice said impatiently: "I don't think you get my idea at all. What we need is something as strong as if I should say to you: 'Hazleton—to hell with you!'" "Oh, I see what you mean!" murmured the author and lost himself in thought. He created line after line, but we shook our heads at each. Suddenly he turned to me and said: "Why don't you speak the line that Maurice has suggested. Simply: 'Gentlemen—to hell with you!'" I gasped. "Why," I said, "I could never say 'to hell with you' on the stage; that would be dreadful; I wouldn't dare do such a thing!" "It's worth trying," he urged. "Why, I'd be the first woman ever to speak a swear word in the theater! Thanks for the offer of such a distinction, but I must decline it." He was all for the idea now, however, and he and Maurice finally beat down my resistance.

And so we'd begun our tour with "Gentlemen—to hell with you!" as the third-act climax. I shall never forget how frightened I was the first time I uttered that line. It brought the house down. But during the five weeks of our tour, I continued terribly afraid of it, in spite of the fact that the friends I had put out front to report if anybody was shocked or left the theater informed me that, on the contrary, everybody was delighted with it. On the station platforms I used to walk up and down cogitating whether I'd dare use the line in New York. It had *made* the act *and* the play on the road. But would New York stand for a woman speaking a swear word, even though she was masquerading as a young Irish blade and affecting a heavy brogue?

So, in the space of my week's engagement in Toronto, I had to change my company from a company made up of incompetent players to a cast which would pass muster in New York. Maurice engaged people and sent them on to me in Toronto, where I immediately rehearsed them. Only three very good comedians of the original company were retained. The new cast included such excellent actors as Aubrey Boucicault, Jeffrey Stein, Hallett Thompson, and Adelaide Fitzallan. Maurice, in New York, was having all the scenery built and the costumes made. What a task we carried through to completion between us in that one week! And how economically we did it! Up to the opening performance, all that Miss Kauser was required to advance was a few hundred dollars.

On the Monday evening of the week in which we were to open—the week of October the eighth, 1900—there were four other first nights of such importance that we couldn't hope to compete with them in getting the critics, so Maurice scheduled "Mistress Nell's" premiere for Tuesday, October ninth, an evening on which there was no other opening. My engagement in Toronto was to end on Saturday, the sixth; I would take the train next morning for New York. So I should have exactly two days in which to try on costumes

which had been made to my measurements but which had never been fitted, to accustom myself to scenery I hadn't yet laid eyes on, and to whip a whole production into shape before the supreme moment of my life should burst upon me—the moment in which I was to make my bow as a star in New York.

IV

With so much to hear and discuss, I didn't of course get to bed until late Sunday night, and then I slept very little. On Monday morning I was in a flutter of excitement. Indeed, I was worked up almost to the point of hysteria. I took a hansom cab to the costumer's, and was so eager to get out when it arrived that I rose just as the cabby opened the door. The door hit me right in the face. My nose began to bleed, and—horrible to relate—I could feel my right eye beginning to swell. I threw the cabby a bill and dashed into the costumer's. Could anything more harrowing be imagined than making one's stellar debut with a black eye? I was in a state of collapse, but the costumer succeeded in stopping my nose-bleed and then put something soothing on my eye. I could only pray that the swelling would subside by next evening. If it didn't perhaps I could conceal the damage with makeup. I had come for fittings, and those must be attended to, for every moment that lay ahead of me was precious.

One after another, the costumes were displayed to me. They were beautiful. The first one was familiar, for Maurice had so liked the dress I had made for Nell's "Almahide" costume in the green-room scene that he had had the design copied exactly. It was a white Greek robe with a cape of pink brocade, and with it went a wreath of roses from which a long string of roses fell over the right shoulder. From this costume Nell changed in her dressing room backstage to a dress of the day. This was a creation of orchid silk with an enormous skirt and great puffed sleeves, and there was a cape

with a huge hood lined with pink to go with it. For the balcony scene and the scene at the Blue Boar Inn, I was shown a marvelous gown of white satin trimmed with gold. For Act III, where Nell went to Whitehall in the guise of a boy, there were gray velvet breeches, a gray cloak, and a white silk shirt; and for the end of the play there was an enormous lace cape lined with pink.

When I had admired them one after the other, I tried them on. Of course alterations were needed, but the costumer was as anxious as I that everything be perfect and she agreed to bring some of her staff to my dressing room and do the rest of the work there. I could hardly wait to get to the theater and begin rehearsing. My company was going to be letter-perfect, whatever else it might be. The scenery which Maurice had had made wouldn't be ready until six o'clock, so the really hard work couldn't be done till the dress rehearsal that evening. I felt that we should have to change a good deal of our business while adapting ourselves to the grand new sets.

That dress rehearsal! My eyes filled with tears as I watched the beautiful scenery being brought in piece by piece through the front door of the theater, for the Bijou had no stage entrance for that purpose. And the costumes which the cast had spent the early morning trying on were a delight to the eye. At last everything was ready, the scenery set up and the actors assembled, though one of the latter—and a principal at that—to my consternation seemed to be slightly intoxicated. But I wasn't going to worry; the poor fellow had simply had too much to do and of course would be all right for the opening. The rehearsal began. What was my joy to find that fewer changes of business were necessary than I had anticipated. We worked all night long.

I was nearly prostrated when I finally got home. I made myself stay in bed and rest Tuesday morning. Tuesday afternoon I called another rehearsal for lines, and lo and behold, the actor who had

been slightly intoxicated at the dress rehearsal failed to appear. We sent a dozen people out to hunt for him. The Players, The Lambs, and the saloons up and down Broadway were combed, but there was no sign of him anywhere. Would he show up that night? Heaven only knew! If he didn't we were lost!

Realizing the value of a surprise if we made a success, Maurice had used very little advertising to announce our opening; hence little interest was manifested in it. No one expected anything; in theatrical circles it was just another opening. The seat sale was exceedingly small (the receipts were found to total exactly sixty-seven dollars when the house was counted up); so, in order to be sure of an audience, Maurice had distributed passes to anyone who would take them. During the day it started to rain; it rained hard all afternoon, and by evening it was coming down in such torrents that the great majority of the people who had received passes decided not to make use of them for so dubious an attraction as a new star in a new play. The result was that the house was only partly filled.

To add to my nervousness, an old friend of mine whose father was a bishop in the Episcopal church, came to my dressing room before the performance and announced that her whole family was out front. "What?" I quavered. "The Bishop too? Oh," I cried, "tell him to go home right away, for I say something terrible in the third act that he won't like at all!" In the stress and excitement I had completely forgotten my wicked line which I was sure would offend and shock New York.

To my relief, the principal who had absented himself from rehearsal, made his appearance that night and made it sober. I was thankful for that. And I knew as soon as the play started that it had started all right. My song in the first scene went very well, and as I played the second scene—which was the moonlit balcony of Nell's house—I could feel, even before the curtain went down and I heard the welcome round of applause, that the audience

liked our play. That was all I was conscious of; I couldn't have told anybody my own name at the moment. My husband came back to my dressing room. He seemed even more nervous than I. He said: "My dear, I think that you've got them!" and went on to tell me something that was supposed to be funny—how Mr. Sire, who owned the theater, had come to him in the middle of the balcony scene and said: "It's too dark, too dark; is the stage going to stay that way all through the scene?" And when Maurice answered: "Why, yes; it's moonlight," Mr. Sire rubbed his head and exclaimed: "But comedy *can't* be played in the dark—" I interrupted. "Go away, Maurice! Please go away!" I cried.

He laid his cigar butt down on my dressing table and left. He came back again after the second act, exclaiming: "My dear, my dear, I'm almost sure that you've got them!" and I replied as before: "Go away! Go away!" and he left me another half-burned cigar.

After the third act, however, there was no need to reassure me. I had spoken the wicked line and the curtain had fallen and gone up again. Everybody in the audience was absolutely cheering; they had actually risen to their feet and were waving their handkerchiefs and hats at me. I don't know how long that ovation lasted. It was the most tremendous thing I ever heard. I don't know how many calls I took at the end of the play, but I do know that when I took the last one I was quite certain that the whole thing had been much too much for me. I was utterly all in.

Maurice and what seemed to me like a thousand other people were in my dressing room. I found a chair, sank down in it, leaned my head against the back. I heard the Bishop's daughter say that her father had laughed his head off at my swearing and thought it the funniest thing he'd ever heard. But I couldn't react. I couldn't lift my head; it seemed glued to the back of that chair. Hurriedly, Maurice sent someone for a bottle of champagne, and when it came he

poured a tin cup full and told me to drink it. I did, though I had never before tasted champagne. The effect was miraculous. My head released itself from the back of the chair and I sat up straight.

From that moment I began to feel better, and the delightful supper we had before we went home completed my cure. I had no more thought of sleep than Maurice had. I sat down on the bed while he walked up and down and smoked one cigar after another. What were we waiting for? Why, the reviews in the morning papers of course!

And what wonderful reviews they were! One of them said that the town was mine. It was that particular one, I think, that set me off. I began to cry and I couldn't stop. I cried and I cried. Foolishly, Maurice sent for a doctor. I greeted the latter with sob after sob. He felt my pulse and looked grave. Maurice explained: "She's just had a great success; I think she's unnerved." And the doctor repeated aghast: "Unnerved? By success? Why, I should think she'd be glad!" Wailing, I threw up my arms. "Glad? Glad?" I sobbed. "I shan't be gladder in heaven, dear man!"

A matinee had been announced for that afternoon, so with my usual attention to duty, though the tears still streamed down my face, I got into a cab and went to the theater. If I couldn't stop crying, how could I give a performance? I mustn't disappoint my public. Maurice argued that I couldn't go on; I argued that I could. But the matter was settled for me. May Irwin's brother was in charge of the box office, and suddenly I heard him say to the first of the queue in front of the window: "To-day's matinee has been cancelled; Miss Crosman's unable to play." The moment I heard that I went out of the box office, out of the theater, and home. And there, thank Heaven, toward three o'clock, my tears ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and presently I even began to feel that I could reread without danger of another attack those beautiful notices which had stamped my play such a certain success.

V

In those days it didn't take long for the news of a success to get round town, and on the second night the Bijou was fairly well sold out. The seat sale increased on Thursday, and at the end of the week we were "standing them up."

Our contract for the Bijou was for three weeks only. So thrilled had we been with our success that we had forgotten to give even a thought to what we should do when our time at the Bijou was up. We had been playing only a few days, however, when Alfred E. Aarons came to see Maurice and suggested that when our contract for the Bijou was at an end we move into the Savoy Music Hall, round the corner on Thirty-fourth Street just west of Broadway, which he managed and which was closed at the time. No drama had ever been produced at this theater; in fact, it had never had a winning attraction of any kind, and Mr. Aarons was ambitious to have a success there. A relative of Abraham Erlanger, the head of the Syndicate, he came to us without Mr. Erlanger's knowledge; for he knew very well that if he approached the latter with the proposition that the Savoy be leased to us he would receive a flat refusal. So he kept out of Mr. Erlanger's way till we had signed the contract.

And so, when our three weeks at the Bijou were over, we moved to Aarons' theater, which we re-christened the Savoy, and continued our run of "Mistress Nell." The play was the talk of the town by now, our business was very, very good, and, naturally, we were all very happy. Mr. Boucicault left the cast and was succeeded by Robert Edeson. Things went along swimmingly and the production was entirely paid for—and paid for from out of the receipts, Miss Kauser not being called upon for any more money. Our happy course continued thus for several months till suddenly Klaw and Erlanger announced the opening of Miss Rehan in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" at the Knickerbocker, and from that moment our troubles began.

To realize the position we were in, a certain understanding of the theatrical situation in New York at that time is necessary. There were then only about fifteen or sixteen first-class theaters in the city and nearly all of these were on Broadway. The Syndicate controlled all but a very few of these houses; indeed, the Bijou and Wallack's across the street (which had been given its old name again after Mr. Palmer's death) were about the only theaters available for independent productions.

We soon found that Aarons, who had had a terrific row with Mr. Erlanger when the news of our contract for the Savoy had leaked out, had made up with his relative, and it soon became obvious that the latter had persuaded him to put every obstacle that he could in our way. The prime desire of the Syndicate was that we should be out of New York before Miss Rehan opened. With this in mind, and thinking it would hurt our business to such an extent that we should be compelled to get out of the city, Aarons began to refuse to share in the advertising. Naturally this refusal was the cause of continual friction between the theater and us and led to all sorts of unpleasantness. However, he was perfectly firm in his refusal, and we were forced, in order to defeat the Syndicate's purpose, to assume the whole burden of the advertising. We refused to curtail it but kept it at its full amount and continued to good business.

And then came Miss Rehan's opening. As was to be expected, the reviews next day dealt with comparisons between the two Nell Gwyn plays. Unfortunately, Maurice decided to run these notices in our advertising. This was done immediately and of course greatly aroused the Syndicate, which put forth renewed effort to make everything as disagreeable as possible for us.

The showdown finally came on a Saturday night and over a very trivial matter. The Savoy was built in such a way that the only means of communication between the stage and the front of the house was through the auditorium; con-

sequently, whenever I wanted to send a message to Maurice the messenger had to go through the house. On that Saturday night I sent my maid with a message, and the theater's stage manager refused to let her pass through the auditorium. The house was sold out and the audience were in their seats. Somehow Maurice heard that my maid had been stopped. He went at once to Aarons' representative, a Mr. Corelli, and told him that she must be allowed to come through the auditorium or he would close the theater. Corelli immediately got Aarons on the telephone and informed him of the trouble. Aarons was delighted of course, in spite of the fact that he was faced with a problem. He didn't own the theater himself, but had a number of backers, and each of these apparently, like ourselves, demanded his share of the receipts each day. As a result, on this Saturday night not only had we got our share of the receipts from the matinee, but the balance had already been divided and paid to these backers, and so, when Maurice said that he would close the theater, there wasn't enough money in the box office to refund the admission which had been paid by the audience. Consequently, Aarons had to do a good deal of stirring around, but finally he telephoned Corelli that he had raised enough money to refund the admission should Maurice really carry out his threat. Corelli hung up the telephone and turned with triumph in his eye. "All right, Mr. Campbell," he said, "if you want to close the house, go ahead and close it!"

Maurice came to my dressing room and told me what had happened. "You must go before the curtain," he said, "and tell the audience this: 'Owing to the persecution of the Theatrical Syndicate, I am no longer able to continue my engagement at this theater.'" I didn't question him but went at once. The stage manager pulled aside the curtain and I said to the audience just what I had been told to say. When I had finished and left the stage, Corelli stepped before the curtain and tried to make a statement that would

offset what I'd said, but the audience refused to listen and hooted him down. My stage manager then told them that their money would be refunded. As I have said, the house was filled, and you can imagine what a tremendous commotion ensued. The line at the box-office window stretched back into the auditorium and all round the interior. Naturally, refunding money to such a crowd took considerable time, and what happened became known on Broadway before the last of the audience left the window. Maurice was besieged by reporters and gleefully told his story.

Indeed, I've never seen him more full of glee than he was throughout that evening. Even Miss Kauser's conversation with him over the telephone didn't dampen his spirits. As she was financially interested in the play, he had felt it his duty to call her and tell her everything, and she told him that he had done very wrong. And with what delight he managed the situation which we now found ourselves confronting! While the money was still being refunded to the audience, our stage crew had begun taking down the scenery and getting ready to leave the theater. Thinking to prevent our taking our sets out, Aarons secured the services of some twenty-five roustabouts and stationed them in the lobby. We could see that he meant business: there'd certainly be a fight. I suddenly bethought myself of my stage carpenter, a tough little fellow named Peter Nolan, who loved a fight better than anything else in the world. During the time we had been at the Savoy I had seen him victorious in several fistic encounters with Aarons' stage carpenter. I now spoke to Maurice about him. "Fine!" said Maurice and told Peter to go out on Broadway and find him a hundred men. By this time most of the theaters were just letting out, and Peter rounded up as many stage crews as he could get hold of and brought them back

with him. It was but the work of a moment for so large a number of men to take down our scenery, and when everything was ready to be removed from the theater, Maurice told them to hit anybody who tried to stop them over the head with a stage brace and to open the door. They opened the door. Aarons' rowdies must have been cowed by our great array of force, for not one of them was to be seen and no interference of any kind was offered when our scenery and properties were carried out into Thirty-third Street where they were picked up by trucks and taken out of the State to prevent their being attached.

Next day we found ourselves the talk of the town. Of course some managers criticized Maurice for having closed the house *before* the performance; they said he should have waited until the play was over and not returned all that money. But Maurice, having been a newspaper man, had understood perfectly what he was doing. He had made the sensation he had expected to make, and the front pages of all the newspapers in New York and throughout the country were devoted to what he had done. You must understand that we had need of the sensation. Being in opposition to the Syndicate, we should have to play on tour in barns and tents and small one-night stand theaters—the only sort of houses the Syndicate didn't control—and the audiences we should play to would now know *why* we were playing in such places. Apart from this, the sensation was worth thousands of dollars to us in advertising.

We played in Pittsburgh and several other cities in theaters independent of the Klaw and Erlanger management. But we were not very long on the road. Charles Burnham, the manager of the semi-independent Wallack's Theater, made us an offer to return to New York. We accepted, and opening at Wallack's in the spring, we played to excellent business until well on into the summer.



I DIDN'T HAVE A TEACHER'S LICENSE

ANONYMOUS

DURING the past two or three years I have made a practice of clipping magazine and newspaper items about the public-school system of the State in which I make my home. One such item reported that the requirements set up for teachers of high-school chemistry would automatically debar most of the Nobel Prize winners in that field. In another John Erskine said that Toscanini would not be allowed to teach music. In a third a prominent educator remarked that "teacher training" was "fast becoming a racket."

If our State Board of Education patronizes a clipping bureau, such items as these might be expected to cause its members some moments of uneasy heart searching. Having, however, made the acquaintance of certain subordinate officials of that rock-ribbed bureaucracy, I have my doubts.

I first came into contact with our public-school system when my husband, who is a well-known violinist, decided after fifteen years of concertizing, conducting, and teaching that he needed a rest. We sold our house in the city and retired to a tiny mountain farmhouse, seven miles from the nearest railroad station. Our children were enrolled in the village high school. My one regret was the necessity of leaving the women's string orchestra which I had rehearsed and conducted for one season and had hoped to expand into a full symphonic ensemble the following year.

That first winter passed, spring came, and Commencement drew near. "Old

Jones," the head of the local school board, asked if I would "help out" by playing "a few selections on the piano." I replied that I would be delighted to help, but that I felt a group of songs by the children would be more appropriate.

"The children can't sing," he said. "You know that." There was no music in the school curriculum.

"Let me teach them," I begged. "I've wanted to all year."

"Well, go ahead and try," he said grudgingly, "but I doubt if you'll get anywhere. You might get a few of the girls but you'll never get the boys. We had a teacher who tried it once but she had to give it up."

I held my first rehearsal with five young singers: four girls, of whom one was my own daughter, and one boy—my son. But each afternoon found a larger group awaiting me beside the dilapidated old piano. Within two weeks the classroom was very nearly filled, and on Commencement evening the applause that greeted our performance fairly rocked the walls of the old building.

The new Central School was built two years later. I had, in the interim, continued to train the high-school chorus and had, in addition, given several hours' instruction each week in the lower grades. The chorus had become known throughout the countryside and was much in demand for Grange programs and church affairs. The community was proud of it. The new school, said Old Jones, could have a "regular" music department if I would consent to direct it. I agreed on

condition that my position be a part-time one and that I be given an assistant. It was at this point that the State Board of Education stepped in. No public school, it appeared, could legally engage a teacher who had not a teacher's license.

The District School Supervisor was, I must admit, a trifle apologetic as he explained this to me. "Of course if it was up to me," he said, "I'd certify you in a minute. I know what you've done here and I know the school is lucky to have you on the faculty, but my hands are tied. My job is to verify the license of every teacher engaged in this district and to see that no one without a license is allowed to teach. I'll talk to the head of the certification bureau though and see what I can do."

We left it at that but within a week he was back again. "I don't know what to do," he said. "They won't give you a license and Old Jones is sore at me. I guess you're pretty popular around here. He said, 'Tell 'em if we don't have her we don't have a music department'."

A few days later Old Jones requested that I drive down to the State capital and interview the certification bureau myself. "They keep writin' us letters," he complained. "Go and tell 'em who you are and they'll give you a license right off."

II

My first fifteen minutes with Dr. X, State Supervisor of School Music, were encouraging. It happened that my husband and I had dined with the Governor the previous week and during the evening had played for an invited audience. The newspapers had printed a full account of the concert and I did not find it necessary to explain "who I was." Dr. X received me with open arms. He was delighted to meet me, he wished to express his admiration of my husband's playing, he had heard of my volunteer work in the school, I was a generous, a noble woman, etc., etc. It was not until I asked him for a teacher's license that his manner changed.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," he said stiffly.

"But why?" I asked. "You know that I'm a competent musician; if you care to come and hear my children sing I can demonstrate to you that I'm a competent teacher."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," he said, "but the Board of Regents has set up certain definite requirements and—well, you couldn't meet them. Rachmaninoff couldn't meet them. I couldn't give Rachmaninoff a license to teach in the public schools. I couldn't give one to Paderewski."

"But if I *could* meet the requirements—if I offered to take the examinations—"

"It isn't a question of ability," he said; "it's a question of hours. You have to have credits for a certain number of hours. It doesn't matter how well you teach. If you haven't had three semester hours in methods I can't pass you. Those are the State requirements."

I laughed. "It sounds too silly," I said.

"It's not so silly. Teaching must be kept up to a certain standard."

"Certainly," I agreed, "but if I can convince you that my teaching is up to that standard . . ."

"There's absolutely nothing I can do about it," he said. "Licenses are the business of the certification bureau. I'll introduce you to Miss Q and recommend that you be allowed to teach but I don't believe it will do much good. I don't see why you want to get mixed up in the public-school system anyway. There's no money in it. Why don't you stay on the concert stage?"

I explained that we loved living in the country, that my husband had at last found the leisure and quiet necessary for composition, that I had never liked going on tour.

"You won't like teaching school either," he said.

"Oh, yes, I shall," I assured him. "Just introduce me to Miss Q."

He gave me a quizzical look. When I saw Miss Q I understood why. She was

acidly cordial as long as Dr. X remained with us; but the moment he left she became downright forbidding. I could see that she enjoyed wielding the power inherent in her position and I pictured to myself the hundreds, nay thousands, of young candidates for teachers' licenses who must, in the course of the years, have stood quaking before her.

I was about to begin an explanation of my situation but she brushed my explanation aside. "I know all about it," she said brusquely. "Your District Supervisor has already told me that your school board refuses to put in a music department unless you are permitted to teach. It is of course the policy of the State to encourage an interest in the arts. We'll see what can be done. Let me have your record." And she held out her hand. I looked blank.

"Didn't you bring your record? No matter. I'll take it now." She picked up a pencil. "What universities have you attended? What degrees have you?"

"I studied abroad for four years instead of going to college," I said, determined not to be intimidated.

"How many hours should you say you had given to the study of the piano?"

"Hours?—I've never counted them. I've played all my life."

"I can give you a certain number of credits for a certain number of hours of practice during those four years. I can also allow you credit for any other studies you may have pursued consistently and under proper direction."

We managed sixty-eight credits. I was still twenty-eight short.

"You will require three in English, three in English literature, three in modern history, three in the history of education, three in psychology, and of course three in methods. The remaining ten points may be taken in any subjects you choose. If you will go to summer school we can permit you to supervise your music department next season on condition that you undertake to acquire the remaining points through correspondence courses with an accredited university."

"But English!" I expostulated. "I know English. You've given me credit for French and German—"

"You studied French and German. Have you had any courses in English since you left high school?"

"I've written quite a bit—nothing important of course—still one must be literate to be printed."

"What have you written?"

"Oh, musical criticism, interviews, book reviews."

I mentioned a few periodicals, lingering expectantly upon one name, that of a liberal weekly which I assumed to be well known to every member of the intelligent reading public. She had obviously never heard of it.

"It will be necessary for you to have English," she said. "Our teachers must have a cultural background."

It was the same with English literature. Useless to point out, after looking over a description of the required course, that I was on intimate terms with most of the writers mentioned and at least reasonably familiar with all but one or two of the others. I might have credit for French and German literature because I had "studied" for four years with a tutor. I could not expect credit for English because I had read merely on my own initiative and for love of good reading.

We came back to summer school. The three points in methods, it appeared, must be acquired before September. Nothing in the world could have been farther from my thoughts than the idea of deserting my family for six weeks and going back to school, but that, it seemed, was the only possible way in which I could direct the music department. Besides, I was really beginning to be curious now about methods. I agreed to attend summer school, and Miss Q unbent suddenly and beamed upon me.

"You'll get a great deal out of it, I'm sure" she said. "I've given you the maximum number of credits in music, but that's only provisional of course. You must be sure to get your work evaluated at the university."

III

I did get a great deal out of summer school. I was introduced to the world of music education, of whose very existence I had previously been entirely ignorant, and found that being a music educator was something quite different from being a musician, and that a great many students of music education knew very little music. Some of them knew a good deal of what one can learn by reading books *about* music, but that is not quite the same thing as knowing music itself.

A youngster of my acquaintance, who is taking a theory of music course in a well-known progressive public high school, recently handed his teacher, as an original melody, one of the themes from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. He expected her to laugh, perhaps even to compliment him on his ability to write down the theme from memory; but to his dismay she returned the theme to him *corrected*. I regret to say that he could have played that trick on most of my fellow-students in music education without the slightest risk of detection.

The six weeks of summer school were filled with a variety of enlightening experiences and provided endless food for thought. But they provided nothing, absolutely nothing, that helped me to be a better teacher of music than I had been before. And I didn't take the course in methods after all. The head of the department, who apparently recognized my name when I presented myself for a "conference," listened to my tale, chuckled with amusement, asked me a few questions, said simply, "We have a number of graduate courses which should interest you," and recommended one in particular for which I enrolled. The credits for this course came under the head of methods, it is true, but it was assumed that anyone eligible for it already knew how to teach.

The six weeks did, however—and for that I can never be sufficiently grateful—cure me of a secret feeling of inferiority caused by the fact that I had never been

to college. I learned nothing new about music but I did learn, once and for all, that the possession of a degree, even of an advanced degree, does not necessarily imply the intellectual superiority I had always imagined. "It's a question of hours," the State Supervisor had said. I found it true in other fields besides music.

Naturally I kept this surprising discovery very much to myself, but I found toward the end of the session that I was not alone in my opinion. I was having lunch with a member of the faculty. It was hot and he was tired. We had spent most of the morning listening to a Doctor's thesis on a surprisingly unimportant subject. "The trouble with these people," said the professor, with a vague gesture which included the occupants of the restaurant and of all the university buildings behind it, "is that they are nearly all being educated far, far beyond their intelligence."

Early in September I went back to see Miss Q, who glanced approvingly over my summer-school record and proceeded to outline the correspondence courses that were to occupy most of my spare time during the next two years. Four were in required subjects. Six additional points might be earned as fancy dictated.

"You gave me only twelve credits in music," I said. "The university's evaluation gave me thirty. Wouldn't that cover those six points?"

"You don't need that much music," said Miss Q severely. "It's quite unnecessary. I told you before that our maximum allowance for music is twelve credits."

"But I'm teaching music."

"Twelve credits give you all the music you need. You may earn the six points in any subject *except* music."

"Well, suppose I take a course in—say the life-cycle of the white termite, and another in—let's see—the aboriginal marriage customs of the Fiji Islanders, will you give me a license to teach music?"

"You will receive your license when you have acquired the requisite number of credits," said Miss Q unsmiling.

I finished three of the required courses

that year. They were not particularly difficult but they took up a great deal of time, especially the maps. I was never very good at maps, and though I think I improved before I finished that history course, I never learned to do them quickly. I did maps of Napoleon's chief campaigns and of the partition of Africa, maps of the Chinese provinces and the French and British colonial possessions, maps of the Baghdad railway and the Hindenburg Line and a number of others that I no longer remember, all in order to get a license to teach music. I often wondered whether my instructor had studied harmony before he was allowed to pass on my maps.

I also drew graphs and charts for the psychology course. I had asked Miss Q whether the State Board of Education leaned toward the Freudians or the Behaviorists, but my little pleasantry evoked no response and I was left to choose my course for myself.

Meanwhile the new music department was in full swing. Of the two hundred children in the high school and junior high, fifty-six had joined the chorus and twenty-three the theory and harmony classes. The State Supervisor, who came to look us over, was quite startled when I told him.

"Twenty-three!" he said. "Why I never heard of anything to equal it. That many children interested in music! It's out of all proportion."

He was also startled when I told him of what seemed to me an entirely reasonable innovation, namely, music instruction in the one-room rural schools. There were seventeen of these one-room grade schools in the district, legally kept open by the vote of those parents who, for one reason or another, refused to send their children to the new Central School. I did not see much hope of musical progress for our junior high school if half the enrollment each September was to consist of musical illiterates from the one-room schools, and the Principal and Old Jones had agreed with me. But the State Supervisor shook his head.

"The one-room schools are of course entirely inadequate," he said. "The thing to do is to persuade the voters to close them."

"Think we haven't tried?" snorted Old Jones. "Why, some o' them back-hill farmers won't even come to look at the new school. This is one way of gettin' 'em. Make 'em curious about what we teach here. Give 'em a little music but make 'em understand they're missin' a lot of other things."

Dr. X shook his head again. It was apparently all very irregular. And piano classes too! There were piano classes in the large city schools of course, but in a rural district!

As a matter of fact the piano classes were a problem. It was quite impossible to teach all the students who wished to enroll. But my real problem was my assistant.

He was a protégé of the State Supervisor, he had "had methods" and I had not, he had a license and I had not, he had been approved by the State Board and I had not; but he was entirely ignorant of music. He could sing the songs in the grade song-books with the sol-fa syllables and he had a facile trick, learned presumably in methods, of writing notes with great rapidity on the black-board, but he was unable to play a single measure of a harmony exercise on the piano in order to illustrate a correction for a pupil. He knew that Beethoven had written symphonies and Wagner had written operas because he had read these facts in a book, but he did not seem to know Beethoven from Wagner or Bach from Chopin, or to be sufficiently interested in music to want to know. Apparently none of the teachers in the normal school from which he had been graduated had ever told him that he ought to want to know. Twelve credits do not carry one that far.

When my assistant turned on the radio it was to hear the latest crooner. He told me with perfect frankness that he never listened to a symphony broadcast. "You need that for college teaching but not for

public school," he explained, evidently feeling that I was not acquainted with the rules of the game. You do, however, need to play some instrument for public school. My assistant played the clarinet when necessary, but he played the saxophone from choice. "This is an attractive little modern number," he said when he first performed for me a selection from his repertoire of popular song hits. I took occasion later to attempt to explain to him that the term "modern" used in connection with music usually had other implications. He had passed an examination in the history of music so that he must have heard somewhat the same explanation before—indeed, he recalled readily enough the names of the modern composers I mentioned. But apparently he had never heard any of their music. And of what earthly use are mere facts in an understanding of any of the arts? No matter what he might have memorized for that examination, "modern" meant to him anything printed last month, "romantic" implied a love interest, and all music was divided into two categories—"jazz" and "classical."

I ran my music department for one year. Just before Commencement we gave a concert. One feature of the program was a group of songs by the one-room-school children whose "back hill" families had turned out in force to hear them. (N.B. They voted to close five of the one-room schools at the next annual meeting.) Another feature was a group of original compositions by the students of the harmony class. The State Supervisor regretted that he was unable to attend, but Old Jones was positively belligerent with enthusiasm. He'd show them up there at the capital if they made any fuss about my license next year.

IV

But there was to be no next year for me at the Central School. Our own children were now ready for college. The depression was upon us and my husband felt he had better return to his profession. We

turned the key upon our mountain farmhouse and went back to the world we had forsaken, hoping that it had not quite forgotten us. We were very active that winter, but I found time somehow to finish the remaining correspondence courses. It was probably childish, but I wanted that license. I knew I should, in all likelihood, have no use for it, for my husband had accepted an appointment as conductor of a symphony orchestra in a far-off city; however, childish or not, I wanted it, and every spare moment went toward the acquisition of those last credits.

Summer found us once more in the mountains and I hurried to make inquiries about the school music. I heard a sad tale. The very meager salary had failed to attract any applicants with teaching experience, and my successor, although duly licensed, had been unable to keep alive the children's interest in music. The routine sight-singing in the grades was still going on but the school chorus had dwindled from fifty-six members to sixteen. The theory classes had been discontinued for want of pupils, the piano classes were no more, the budding orchestra had never matured. There was only a jazz band now which played at the basket ball games. And wouldn't I *please* come back?

Alas, I can never go back. I sent a record of my additional credits to Miss Q and she replied curtly to the effect that the requirements—scholastic, not musical—had been raised since my application and that if I still wished to qualify for a teacher's license I should need several additional years of preparation in "an approved institution." It was about this time that the aforementioned prominent educator remarked that teacher-training was fast becoming a racket. It was also about this time that the American Chemical Society protested against "a system of qualifications" that would debar "even Nobel Prize winners in science from teaching in many high schools."

I loved my music department. I loved the children's eagerness, their enthusiasm,

their comments when I played for them. I loved the shy pride with which they showed me the songs they had "made up" themselves and the sound of their clear young voices in the songs I taught them. I loved it when the little ones said, "I sang that song for Mother as you told me to. She liked it"; and when the older ones said, "I listened to a symphony orchestra on the radio yesterday. Gee, it was swell"; and when the captain of the basket ball team said, "I used to think it was sissy to like music but I don't any

more." I loved to feel that I was making music important in their lives.

I can't honestly say that I want to go back. I am teaching in a well-known college now, an "approved institution" by the way—I wondered whether Miss Q read of my appointment when it was announced in the newspapers—and I find my work both delightful and absorbing; but I do most wholeheartedly resent the decree by virtue of which I am declared unqualified to go back. I still want that license.

CUSTODIAN

BY TED OLSON

BECAUSE she once was lovely, and is dead,
We who once loved her are conservators
Of wealth too precious to be lightly sped
To earth: the beauty fabulously hers,
Too frail for canvas, by no conjuring twists
Of phrase arrested, glimpsed, and then withdrawn.
While we remember, something of her persists.
When we are gone, she will be doubly gone.
I never prized this flesh before. I never
Cared that it was a flimsy cloak to wear
Against the withering wind we call Forever.
But now I care; I desperately care—
Not for myself, but her, already sleeping,
Whose immortality is in my keeping.



HE GAVE HIM A STONE

A STORY

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

THE old man was dying like a tree. The form and substance of him remained and he still somehow seemed to tower even as he lay against the pillow, but the foliage was gone, and Stan saw him more clearly—as if he were limned against a winter sky—than he had seen him in life. It's a pity, he reflected, that we never know a person until we see him die. Pose deserts the dying and aggressiveness the living in such an hour and spirits seem like bodies—substantial and real. He grasped the foot of the bed to steady himself and, from the coldness of hospital steel, he knew that his hands were sticky and hot.

Behind him the door opened, letting in the muffled sounds of the corridor, then the nurse in her protective stiffness swept past him with that air which the functionaries of death have, showing that they are not in the least awed by the last great reality. She rumbled the covers and then straightened them and said, "He's sleeping." Stan nodded. His resentment of her intrusion brought him back to the world of the flesh again and he was aware of other intrusions: an ambulance siren screaming like a loon in the distance, that peculiar stench of antiseptics, that odor of artificial purity which permeates a hospital, and the rattle of dishes being cleared outside the door. It seemed intolerable to him that the normal processes of life, of eating and mating, should be going on in this instant as always. There should be some respectful adjournment of

destiny for the event of the death of one as great as his father.

The nurse sat down by the side of the bed and folded her hands. It was not as though she were keeping vigil but as though she were waiting for a train. "He's been a good patient," she said in a sort of irritating undertone. "One of the best. Oh, he's had his moments. Throwing things now and then. Not at me exactly. Just in general. But I'm used to it. I remember Senator Kingsolving. He was one of our patients. Do you remember him?"

But, like Pilate, she would not stay for an answer. "I remember the night he died. Of course we'd been expecting it for some time, but he just wouldn't let go, it seemed. Seemed to be waiting around for something or other. Well, one day I think he kind of made up his mind he'd pass on. They all do that, you know. That is, the ones that are any account. There just comes a time when they seem to say, 'Well, I must be going.' And that night it was like that. I came on at seven and I could see the Senator was about to make up his mind. You can always tell.

"Well, what do you suppose he wanted? A thirty-piece orchestra in his room! He said he had his doubts about the glory road and the only reason he hated dying was that he was afraid he wouldn't hear any more good music. Of course we couldn't jam an orchestra into a room like this and we tried to humor him with a

radio. Did that make him ravel? So, along about two he got so mad he died. That's the time most of them go, you know."

She glanced at her watch and Stan, brought to action by this last effrontery, managed to speak. "I'd like to be alone with my father for a while."

"Oh, don't mind me," she said airily.

"But I do. Would you go?"

"You can't talk to him."

"That's my worry. Would you greatly mind going?"

"Not in the least if that's the way you feel." She gathered up a book from the table and started toward the door. "I'll come back now and then just to see how things are going."

"No. Don't do that. I'll ring if I need you. Please go."

She went out and closed the door. Stan felt for a lock. There was none and he pulled a chair against it. He sat down in the chair the nurse had left, putting it where he could study his father's face. He thought he detected the trace of a smile about his mouth and then the old man opened his eyes slowly and winked at him.

Stan got up and took his father's hand in both of his. He had forgotten, as he realized now in the feebleness of the old man's grasp and in the childlike affection with which he let the hand linger in his son's, how rough and cracked it was.

"I thought you were asleep," Stan said.

"I probably was until she came in. Then I always pretend I am. If she comes back in I'll die."

"We'll both throw her out."

"It wouldn't do any good." The old man shook his head wearily. "I've complained to the management but they merely think I'm crotchety. That's what comes of a bad reputation." He seemed to dismiss the matter with a shrug of his face and then he studied his son. "When did you dock?"

"At noon. I caught a plane from Newark."

"I don't think there was that much of a rush."

"No, I didn't either, Dad. But, you see, I've wasted a lot of years—you and I both—and I wanted to have what was left."

His father appeared to consider this. "That's why you came?"

"Yes."

"Not out of respect?"

"I never thought of respect. I've always respected you and it's been natural. But I would never have thought of coming out of respect. There was another impulse this time. I thought we might renew our acquaintance."

"Sit down," his father said simply. He turned his head away slightly but he did not release his son's hand. There came an immense silence between them, something more than the absence of sound. Neither spoke, yet it was as if the two were talking under their breath, so to say, and both were aware of it. And as they talked, not audibly, the present seemed to recede and time reversed itself, so that each exchange of ideas took them farther from the moment and progressively toward the son's earliest memory.

Stan could not keep from his mind the memory of his last meeting with his father—a meeting so reminiscent of others that it served to span years of their association. The old man had looked harried and he had seemed to be talking with a business colleague, an employee at best.

"I've every confidence you can handle that English sale, son," he had said. "Cable if you need me—no, don't cable. Don't run to me. It's up to you. There's one thing I've taught you. You can face what you're up against without flying to me with your troubles. You'll be glad of that one day."

Now his father had not asked about English sales. Stan wanted to tell him but he dared not break the silence in which they met. Besides, his father told him in that silence that such matters, English or otherwise, no longer concerned him.

There was another time before that and they were talking about it now. It was after Stan had left college and had gone to

work in the plant and his father had told him that there would be no favorites in his plant and, with his eternal gospel of self-reliance, he had seemed a stranger. And Stan had looked on this man who was his father and had felt the affection of his youth ebbing from him and in its place flowing a new zest and a new determination to retain the confidence which his father had placed in him.

But these recent memories were blurred, as if by too much light at the time of exposure. The past suddenly became a corridor and they were walking along it together, pausing now and again to gaze at pictures on the wall, but led on toward a light at the end. This light shone upon a picture which both of them knew, for it had the freshness of the present—not of the moment but of the eternal present.

A boy lay on a bed in a room that was only dimly lighted. Now and then his head moved uneasily from side to side and his hand, which lay in the hand of a man who sat by the bed, was dry and hot. "Tell me a story, Dad," the boy said, and he clasped the hand of the man more firmly as if to steady himself in his faintness. Then the man, whose hand was rough and cracked and yet somehow tender, told him a story.

It was the story of a boy who went out into a field and picked up a small stone—hardly bigger than a pebble. He brought it to his father—so the story ran—and the father told him what the stone contained. The first time the story had been told, the stone became transformed into a magic palace where there were treasures and things to eat and games and exciting toys. Each time the story was repeated the stone had something different in it or something more. This night, when the boy lay sick, the stone contained potions and herbs and elixirs which would bring him back to health. So his father had told him.

Stan remembered the story well. Of all the dozens of variations, this one had appealed to him most; for that night his perceptions, sharpened by the fever, fastened avidly upon its essential details. He thought of the story now as, in the

silence which bound them, the father seemed to be telling it to him again.

Words had been whirling through the spaces of his mind without fixed orbit of late . . . "the child is father to the man." . . . Now he felt that they had a peculiar, a special meaning for him. The father who had once heartened him as a child now lay helpless and pathetic on the bed before him. His father's hand, which was as clear in his memory as it was now in his possession, had relaxed somewhat its grasp.

His father spoke again. "Tell me—" he began.

Stan leaned closer to him. There was a haze between them now, as if his father had begun to recede as a figure in a dream. His eyes had a strange intensity, dreadful because the voice of his father had suddenly grown weak until it seemed to be that of another—a child's.

"Tell me—a story."

Stan felt a shiver run through his body. His father must be delirious. The rally he had made in order to face his son had worn heavily upon his strength. Stan could almost feel his father sinking away from him. He took the rough hand more firmly and, like the man in a Poe story he had read, tried by his grasp and by hypnotism to hold him a while longer.

A story . . . He could think of only one story. He was scarcely aware of the sound of his own voice as he began and it seemed to come from a great distance, so that he was not sure that it was audible.

"Once," he began, "a man went out into a field. The man was dreaming of a life he had spent, and he reached down half-consciously and picked up a stone. It was a small stone, but as he dreamed it became large in his hands, and soon it was no longer in his hands but stood by his side as a solid and lovely palace.

"Startled at first, the man went into the palace, which was lovely in its appointments and rich in furnishing. He approached a long stair which led to a gallery above and as he did so a great troop of boys and girls came to meet him, shouting happily. They were the children of those

whom his generosity had helped in life and their shouts of joy and friendliness made the palace ring.

"But this was not all, for there were other friends—some of them prosperous, some bedraggled, and they greeted him with strong handclasps and repeated the pledge of their devotion to him. And all about there were evidences of men and women and children who were well-fed and eager and it was like a great home-coming to the man—a festive occasion on which all he had befriended were back again.

"At last, out of the crowd, there came to meet him one he loved above all the rest—a boy who changed into a man before his eyes. At first the man was startled, for the boy he saw was weak and the man that this boy became was strong. And the man seemed content, for it was this vision

of a son, once weak but now self-reliant and ready to carry on his work, that he had wanted most to find."

Stan felt his father's grip tighten when they were silent again. Then the grip released him and the hand lay open on the bed.

"If you don't mind," his father said feebly, "I'll just take that stone with me."

Stan placed a worn imaginary stone in his father's hand and the fingers closed upon it. His father seemed to hold his breath, reluctant to let the spirit go from his body. When he did release his breath it was with an immense sigh that seemed to collapse his whole frame.

For a while Stan looked with tearless eyes upon his father's face. Then he pressed the button which would summon the nurse, removed the chair from in front of the door, and went out.

SWIM AFTER WORK

BY LOUIS STODDARD

I DO NOT care to question this love of water
 Flowing my body's length.
 This fluid cloth of coolness. . . . I cannot think of
 A better garment for strength.
 Here is a touch like cool, slim fingers for soothing
 The blood hot from getting in hay.
 The swimmer is disembodied and put to rest in
 A bed yielding every way;
 And though there are other and harder
 Beds that swimmers find late
 This one will do for the present.
 We are relieved of weight
 And the shore is a petty lie
 As far away as the bottom or the sky.



THE UNDISTRIBUTED PROFITS TAX

AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

BY MAURICE WERTHEIM

AT THE outset, one must realize that some of the originators of the Undistributed Profits Tax seem to have conceived it as part of a program to establish broad governmental control of our economic processes. Anyone who has not read Chapter VIII of Professor Tugwell's book, *The Industrial Discipline*, can have no complete idea of the trend of thought which gave birth to the Act.

In this chapter is found the seed of the original House Bill of 1936 eliminating all corporate taxes except the Undistributed Profits Tax. It contains Professor Tugwell's philosophy as to how a balance between production and consumption may be achieved through the gradual, and finally, the complete control of business by government. It is well known that to Professor Tugwell laissez-faire economy has exhausted its usefulness and must eventually be replaced by government control, if not operation, of industry. It is less well known that he holds that "the first step in control would be to limit self-allocation" of profits by corporations. To prevent self-allocation, he suggests an Undistributed Profits Tax that would force corporate funds "kept for expansion purposes . . . into distribution as dividends."

The purpose of such a measure, Professor Tugwell makes clear, would be not merely to subject the expansion plans of corporations to the check of the investment market, but to arrange that eventually the allocation of capital should be

supervised and controlled by government through a planning agency.

"Capital allocation," he says, "would depend on knowledge from some planning agency, of how much for a measured future period, ought to be put to one use rather than to another." In other words, our economic life, he believes, will never be well ordered until the flow of capital, not only among industries but among individual companies as well, is directed by the government to the point of greatest need. About the ability of a set of men known as "The Government" to do this effectively he apparently has no reservations. Following Federal allocation of capital, in his theory, come price-control by the Government, integration of all industry into cartels as in NRA, supervised and controlled by the government, and an industrial reserve fund for dividends and wages, built up by an excise tax on industry.

Professor Tugwell is a distinguished economist and his program should be listened to without rising blood pressure. Possibly he may be right in his general views. Only time and perhaps the Soviet experiment can tell. The question here, however, is simply whether Congress wishes to take now what Professor Tugwell has called the "first step" toward a socialized economy.

To what extent the original authors of the Undistributed Profits Tax were influenced by this theory is not clear. Its importance in the background can probably

be best measured by weighing the validity of the ostensible reasons for the Act. Nowhere in the Congressional debates or in the hearings on the 1936 Revenue Bill was any reference made to the advisability of Government direction of the flow of capital. But a great deal was said about the danger of "oversaving" by corporations, about the necessity for equalizing the taxation of partnerships and corporations, about giving stockholders greater voice in what becomes of their share of corporate earnings, and about the piling up of corporate surpluses to avoid imposition of individual surtax.

These were the alleged reasons for the Act. It is well to examine them and see which, if any, are proper objectives requiring an Undistributed Profits Tax; which are red herrings purposely drawn across the trail to obscure the issue; and which are half-digested economic theories, more glittering than profound, to attract the well-meaning.

II

In the last class, surely, is the familiar "oversaving" theory—worn threadbare by economists for generations—which alleges that oversaving by corporations is the chief cause of depressions. On this point Professor A. G. Buehler in his book, *The Undistributed Profits Tax*, says:

When the public observes that unused productive capacity accompanies a depression, along with unemployment and a dearth of consuming purchasing power, the malady of the depression is described to be that obvious phenomenon, idle productive equipment. Oversaving theories are hoary with years; they have been popularly accepted and widely denounced by economists. The theory of oversaving in one form or another was developed a century or more ago by Lord Lauderdale, Malthus, Sismondi, and Robertson. Later Marx and his followers condemned the excessive saving of the capitalistic class, who, they said, robbed the workers of their product and diverted funds from necessary consumption.

In our day Keynes, Hobson, Tugwell, and many other writers have emphasized oversaving. Almost every economist has something to say about it, and unfortu-

nately something different in almost every case.

It is very easy to conclude that surplus funds in the hands of corporations would stimulate purchasing power if they reached the public in the form of dividends. This idea is akin to the Administration's former idea that we can spend ourselves into prosperity. That idea need not, however, be discussed here, for the analogy is not good: there is an important difference between corporate dividends and government spending. Funds released through the WPA and PWA uniformly reach the low-income groups where the money is spent; dividends, to a preponderant degree, reach the high-income groups where they are saved or reinvested. It cannot be assumed that investors would do better than corporations in achieving wise productive channels for their funds, since the answer of the investment market will always be the course which holds out the greatest opportunity of profit, and the same lure that captivates the successful industrialist will captivate the market. It is obvious that unless we should go so far as to invoke government supervision in directing the flow of capital and allocating it by industries and businesses, there is no logic in using an Undistributed Profits Tax as a corrective for corporate oversaving, even if oversaving were a danger.

But is it a danger, or just a bogey? The Twentieth Century Fund, after exhaustive study, concludes that "The economic effects of this procedure are not well enough known to draw any positive conclusions." Messrs. Thorp and George in the best study that has yet appeared on the Undistributed Profits Tax say that "Until more and better facts are available this section of the discussion should be classed as falling into the realm of entertaining argument." It is interesting to recall that, while we heard a great deal about corporate oversaving as a cause of the depression of 1931-3, no one has as yet had the temerity to ascribe to it the "recession" of 1937-8. Unproved economic

theories are like feminine fashions. They have a vogue, they disappear, and perennially they return in different forms. In 1933 corporate oversaving was an ogre—the source of all our economic ills. To-day the use of corporate funds is to be cultivated at all costs to prevent the collapse of the heavy industries. How much better off the world would be if governments would remember that economics is not an exact science! The Undistributed Profits Tax, in particular, is a splendid example, as Sir Josiah Stamp says, of how taxation policies may be “influenced by unsettled or disputed economic theory resting on temporary considerations.”

It is hardly necessary to devote much space to the next avowed purpose of the Act, which was to equalize the taxation of partnerships and corporations. This argument—clearly a red herring—has been so thoroughly discredited that not even a whisper is heard of it in Washington to-day. The reason is not merely that the Act does not even remotely accomplish the purpose of equalization. The chief reason is that the general impression which has been conveyed, that partnerships in general pay higher taxes than corporations, is entirely wrong and misleading. The theory was based on the fact that partners pay income taxes on all their earnings while stockholders pay only on dividends. This, however, overlooks normal corporation taxes, capital stock taxes, excess profits taxes, and a number of other taxes. While it is impossible to make any accurate comparison on account of the many varying circumstances of each case, such as numbers of partners, tax rates of each, etc., nevertheless, it is a fact that under the laws of 1934-5, and certainly to-day, without even figuring income taxes on stockholders' dividends, an individual's unincorporated business enterprise is less heavily taxed than a corporation up to an annual net income of \$25,000, and a partnership even with no more than two partners is less heavily taxed than a corporation up to an annual net income of \$50,000.

The differential against corporations would be further increased by income taxes paid by stockholders on dividends. (All of this is according to the Treasury's own tables!) Does Congress realize that it has been asked to overturn the basic principle of business thrift—of which more later—in order to favor partnerships of two or more partners with an annual income in excess of \$50,000?

The second red herring is the argument that through an Undistributed Profits Tax stockholders are given more direct control over dividend policies. Upon examination it will be found to be equally fabricated. Given wide geographical separation, as exists in most of our corporations, the best thing stockholders unacquainted with the details of a business could do would be to combine and have a committee investigate and decide. But that is exactly what our corporate system of directors is supposed to do. It may be open to some abuses, but it is certainly more sensible than a conception that every stockholder could pass intelligently upon the proper working capital it is necessary for a business to maintain, the indebtedness it is advisable to retire, the arguments pro and con for entering into expansion plans, the necessity for reserves for contingencies, repairs, and replacements, the availability of public capital for further financing, the labor situation, and a thousand and one other matters with which only those close to the business can possibly be familiar. Even if there had been any widespread abuse of this system which stockholders were unable to check by exercising their legal remedies, certainly the cure would not lie in a pressure tax on dividends, but rather in reform of corporate procedure—possibly even in federal incorporation if the abuse were sufficiently general. The case of the Tax must be pretty weak if such an argument is advanced in its support.

III

Much more valid than any of these, however, is the final argument with which

the tax proposal was put forward. It called attention to a situation in our tax laws whereby the Government may miss a good deal of revenue. The situation in question is the disparity which exists between the normal corporation tax (top 15 per cent) and individual income tax and surtaxes (top 79 per cent). Here it was claimed that our tax laws have created an easy opportunity for tax avoidance for wealthy people, by allowing profits to accumulate in corporations and avoiding the imposition of surtaxes by not paying out the profits to themselves as dividends. It was argued by the Treasury Department's Director of Research and Statistics "that if there were no change in the law, corporations could be expected to withhold from their shareholders more than \$3.6 billions of their 1936 calendar year incomes; thereby sheltering a large proportion of their stockholders from the application of the individual income surtaxes to their share of such earnings." The names of Ford and Mellon were freely used and the stampede was on to have a pressure tax that would force all earnings through the income-tax mill.

The trouble, however, is that in this discussion of the \$3.6 billions of so-called sheltered income, no distinction was made between income unreasonably and purposely retained to avoid surtaxes and income reasonably retained for the needs of business: to pay debts, to build factories, to employ more people, to accumulate reserves, or to finance further growth. The unwarranted inference was allowed to grow that dividend policies were generally determined by tax considerations for the benefit of individual stockholders; whereas the truth is that in the vast majority of cases they are determined by an honest regard for the needs of the business. Furthermore, Congress was not reminded that such part of this income as was properly retained by corporations was correctly sheltered, since it is "the goose that lays the golden egg": it is that body of capital which produces further earnings to pay taxes and which insures

the permanence of future ability to pay them. Nor was Congress reminded that these earnings were very little sheltered anyhow, since they would be bound eventually to be subject to government toll in capital-gains taxes and estate taxes in so far as they reflected increased security values. The Act merely anticipated collection of future taxes; and it was hardly a good business deal at that, since for a mess of pottage now, much larger taxes were sacrificed later.

Furthermore, when Congress was asked to pass this Act in 1936, how many legislators realized that the law as it stood already included two forms of undistributed profits tax covering all the abuses of improperly retained earnings and heavily penalizing them? The practice of forming personal holding companies to avoid imposition of surtax had been fully brought to an end by Section 351 of the 1934 Act, which automatically levied a surtax up to 40 per cent upon the undistributed income of all such companies. In the 1935 Act the rate was raised to a maximum of 60 per cent, and now it stands at 75 per cent. This covers the greatest evil. Besides this, there was and is a special section of the law (Sec. 102) the significant title of which is "Surtax on Corporations Improperly Accumulating Surplus." This levied a tax up to 35 per cent on the undistributed profits of all other companies if "formed or availed of for the purpose of preventing the imposition of surtax," and contained the provision that it shall be *prima facie* evidence of a purpose to avoid surtax if "profits are permitted to accumulate beyond the reasonable needs of the business."

In effect, therefore, the new Undistributed Profits Tax which Congress was asked to pass was a third attack upon the same evil—with the difference that this time *all* retained profits were taxed whether improperly or properly accumulated.

It is well known that Section 102 has never been actively and generally enforced. Some attribute this to adminis-

trative, some to legal difficulties, some to the way the section is drawn. The fact of the matter is that no determined effort has been made to make the section work or to redraw it so that it would work. But its weakness was used as an argument to tax all retained earnings whether reasonably retained or not. Senator Harrison, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, himself said in his recent radio address on November 29, 1937:

When in 1936 the Congress enacted the so-called Undistributed Profits Tax I was one of those who believed that the effect would be to put a stop to the unfair practice of certain corporations who accumulated their earnings in order to prevent the payment of surtaxes by their stockholders.

From these facts, one of two conclusions is inescapable. Either (1) the act was slipped through on the pretense of correcting this abuse or (2) Congress was being told that the only way to reach improperly accumulated earnings was to tax those properly accumulated. Does anyone for a moment believe that if there had been full recognition of this situation in Washington, if there had been in the air no undigested theories of oversaving or of government direction of the flow of capital, no red herrings about equalization of partnership and corporate taxation or about stockholders' control of dividends, that the Act would have been passed? Would it not have been returned to its framers with a message couched in words like those which Senator Harrison used in his recent radio address?

I recognize, as everyone who has studied the question must recognize, that it is sound business to retain from current profits sufficient reserves either to meet current or future obligations or for improvements or necessary business expansion.

And would this message not have concluded with words like these?

I refuse to believe that American ingenuity, or its legal talent, is at so low an ebb that Section 102 cannot be so redrawn as to make it work properly and cover completely the abuse of improperly accumulated earnings. It is not necessary or sound public policy to tax

thrift in business in order to reach malefactors.

Was not the improvement of Section 102 the thing to drive at, instead of passing a third unnecessary undistributed profits tax?

IV

The result of this mistake is that we now have on our statute books an act which violates the wisest principles of American business. To pay one's debts first, to lay something by for a rainy day, to expand out of earnings, and to be conservative in the payment of dividends are elementary rules of sound business handed down from father to son for too many generations in American industry to have men suddenly comprehend that they are wrong. There is an impression in Washington that business is capitalizing the "recession" to get modification of the Undistributed Profits Tax. Washington never made a greater error. The objection to the Undistributed Profits Tax is fundamental, and nothing can change the American business man's conviction that its basic principle is wrong.

The specific objections to the Act are of two classes: first, those that arise from its inherent vice in not distinguishing between reasonable and unreasonable retention of earnings; and second, those that arise from its technical imperfections.

In the first class are the following:

1. The limitation of normal growth and of capital improvements, with consequent adverse effect on employment and the heavy industries.

2. The tendency to transfer corporate control from the officers and directors of corporations to the legislative branch of the Government.

3. The pressure to pay out heavy dividends, thus preventing the accumulation of reserves and making corporations less able to withstand depressions.

4. The injustice to small growing corporations which require retained earnings to develop as against large corporations which can secure capital in other ways.

5. The injustice to companies with fluctuating earnings, since no carry-over of loss is permitted under the Act.

6. The preference given to liquidating companies, like mining companies, which have little need of reserves.

7. The injury to debt-ridden corporations and those with impaired capital, especially where the payment of dividends would be in conflict with State laws.

8. The injustice to corporations which have contractual obligations not to pay dividends of a form not recognized by the Act.

9. The encouragement to incur debt by lack of recognition that earnings are rarely represented by cash but usually by inventories, accounts receivable, and necessary plant additions.

10. The impairment of the investment structure in which the savings of the people are largely placed—*i.e.* the weakening of senior obligations of companies, such as bonds and preferred stocks, which depend for their security on reasonable retention of earnings and their reinvestment.

11. The impairment—for the same reason—of the security of bank loans, and therefore of bank deposits.

In the second class of objections—those that arise from technical imperfections—are:

1. The non-deductibility of capital losses, frequently resulting in the taxation of non-existent income.

2. The requirement that dividends must be paid within the taxable year before definite ascertainment of results can be had.

3. The penalty through possible re-determination of income such as arises from depreciation, depletion, etc.

4. The inadequate provision for rebate on a later distribution of previously retained earnings.

5. The possible penalization of all earnings by corporations with a deficit, whether paid out or not, since the constitutionality of taxing such dividends as income has not been settled.

There is little to be gained in analyzing these objections in detail. They have been so frequently rehearsed that almost every business man and legislator is familiar with them. The chief value of this restatement of them lies in the fact that it separates those which rise because of the inherent defect of the act in penalizing reasonable as well as unreasonable retention of earnings from those which are merely technical. It can be seen at a glance that all the major objections fall into the first class, and are so integral to the Act that it would have to be scrapped if they are to be overcome.

The arguments in favor of the thesis that our industries cannot progress without the reinvestment of earnings, and that our entire industrial fabric depends on this process, are too well known to labor the point. Yet it may be interesting to repeat here a statement made to the writer by a high Federal official in the spring of 1936 when official Washington was first debating this question.

Yes [he said], there must be something wrong about the Act because in my home town our largest industry is a machine-tool plant which has been built up by two Scandinavians. They came there about twenty-five years ago and for fifteen of those years they did not draw out over \$50 a week each. Even in the past ten years they have drawn only a modest living, and now their plants are the largest industry we have there. If we had had this Act twenty-five years ago, I guess my town would not be what it is to-day.

Again, it may be well to quote the concluding passage of Mr. George O. May's lecture at the University of Buffalo on April 7, 1936. Referring to his visit to the Eastman Kodak plant thirty-nine years previously, he said:

"I recalled that on my first visit, in rather less than half the time we spent yesterday going over a fraction of the plant, Mr. Eastman and I went through every building and every department. The Eastman Kodak Company was then a developing business; it is now fully established and highly successful. I do not suppose this tax law would impose any additional burden upon it or its

stockholders. On the other hand, anyone attempting to rival the business of the Company with a new company would be greatly hampered by this law. Further, if we can imagine this law having been passed back in the nineties, when that business was being built up, we may question whether in those circumstances that industry, and all the enterprises that have grown out of it, would have progressed at anything like the rate at which they did progress; and we must realize that the continued growth of new enterprises, and the continued development of new inventions, are essential to continued successful life as an industrial community."

As a matter of fact, the necessity for proper retention of earnings has really been admitted by the framers of the Act, both as it originally was introduced in the House and as it is to-day. It will be remembered that in the original House Bill the rates were so adjusted that corporations could retain up to 30 per cent of their earnings and still pay no more taxes than were imposed by the 1935 law. In the present Act it is almost amusing to note that banks and insurance companies which have special need for reserves are completely exempt from its provisions, and that totally impractical dividend devices are suggested as possible means of retaining earnings for other companies.

Even stronger testimony comes from government bodies themselves. It is well known that no company which has been successful in securing a loan from the RFC may pay out dividends without its consent—yet this is a contractual obligation unrecognized by the present law. The Interstate Commerce Commission in its recent annual report states:

It is our view that railroads with weak financial structures, and those just emerging from receivership or reorganization proceedings under Section 77B of the Bankruptcy Act, should be encouraged to use their earnings to build up and improve their property, retire their funded debt, and create corporate surpluses in amounts sufficient to meet their emergency needs, support their borrowing power, and af-

ford insurance against obsolescence. We suggest that the situation of the steam railroads under the Revenue Act of 1936 should have the further consideration of Congress.

Finally, Congress should also consider the deeper implication of lowering further the reservoir of investment capital needed for the legitimate growth of existing industries and the development of new ones. We know that there are only three sources of capital—individual savings, corporate savings, and the Government. The first, reduced through increasingly high income taxes and estate taxes, and discouraged by the capital gains tax, is now being rapidly eliminated as a source of industrial capital and driven into tax-exempt securities. Now the second is being attacked. Soon there will be no source left but the Government. We have already seen in the depression how an RFC had to be called into existence to make up for the gradual impairment of other sources. In the next long depression, if these forms of taxation continue, the Government will probably have to play an even greater lending rôle. It should be apparent that such a development is not consistent with a balanced budget or with the continued private ownership of industry. President Roosevelt admitted as much in a recent budget message. RFC's and PWA's are bound to remain with us, and hence unbalanced budgets as well, if all private sources of saving are dissipated.

V

Barrett Wendell used to say that "What's the matter?" was never as important as "What's to be done?" But in order judiciously to decide "What's to be done" it is necessary to examine both precedents and alternatives.

The foreign precedents are enlightening. In Europe an undistributed profits tax as a pressure tax is in force to-day only in Norway. There the experience with it has not been far different from ours. Since its inception it has been the bugbear of all business, to such an extent that

the tax has had to be lowered to its present figure of 8.8 per cent and many of its more drastic provisions have had to be modified. Sweden tried such a tax and has repealed it. It might pay our Government to send someone to Sweden to study the situation and find out why one of the most advanced nations in social-reform legislation dropped this tax like a hot poker. Perhaps opinions drifted over from neighboring Holland; for there is found a contradiction almost humorous. Not only have the shrewd Dutch no undistributed profits tax at all, but they have just the reverse. They have an income tax of 9.05 per cent on corporate earnings, excepting such as are *not* paid out in dividends. Retained earnings are exempt. Washington might also do well to study the results of this Amsterdam plan, for that old center of finance does not often overlook a good bet. In France, Belgium, and Denmark also, there are premiums on corporate saving as against dividend disbursement.

Since England has a problem just like our own, namely, a large disparity between normal corporate tax and individual surtax (25 per cent as against a top of 66¼ per cent), the English experience may be the most interesting. Back as far as 1919—eighteen years ago—the subject was threshed out before a Royal Commission, and it was decided then that the interests of the national welfare were best served by encouraging corporations to build up reserves, even at the possible risk of losing some revenue in surtaxes. Contrary to the general impression, the British have no undistributed profits tax. They have not even the equivalent of our Section 102.

The only regulatory measure they have thought it wise to adopt in this matter is a restriction regarding the accumulations by personal holding companies. Even with these, the question of what constitutes "reasonable" accumulation is decided by a Board of Referees. In determining that matter, their law has the outstanding provision that "The Commissioners shall have regard not only to

the current requirements of the company's business but also to such other requirements as may be necessary or advisable for the maintenance and development of that business." Not only that, but a company may if it so desires submit its accounts in advance of a dividend and secure a clearance on "reasonableness" of distribution.

It is almost impossible for us in the United States these days to conceive that any government could be as considerate as that of a business man's problems!

VI

As to our own solution of this thorny problem there are but four alternatives: First, to amend the Act by making exceptions to it; second, to make some fundamental change coupled with a face-saving device; third, to repeal the Act outright; and fourth, to repeal it but supply a substitute.

As for possible amendments, Congress will save itself a lot of time if it will accept at face value the oft-made contention of the Treasury that if one starts making exceptions to the Act there is no logical place at which one can stop. That should be perfectly obvious. We already have two sections of the law that cover unreasonable retention, and this act penalizes reasonable retention. One cannot change the basic principle of a law and have it too. To American business this is a question of principle on which no compromise can be made or will be tolerated for long. Both of our foremost independent organizations in economic research, the Brookings Institution and the Twentieth Century Fund, have come to this same conclusion as to the impossibility of satisfactory amendment. The report of the former states:

"Numerous proposals of an ameliorative character have been advanced. . . . It is our conclusion that none of these amendments would reach to the heart of the problem and that some of them present complicating elements." The report of the Twentieth Century Fund says:

"The Committee believes that the present tax cannot be materially improved by amendments. . . . Such amendments would only increase the confusion."

As to the second alternative—a face-saving device—we have already seen an attempt at this in the plan lately approved by the House Committee on Tax Revision. Summarized, it would raise the normal tax on all corporations with earnings over \$25,000 to 20 per cent, but would allow a deduction of 4/10 per cent for every 10 per cent of income distributed as dividends. This is a fundamental change with a weak attempt to retain the principle of the present Act. In essence it is repeal with a sop. It suggests, in effect, that if a corporation needs to retain earnings, then the more it retains the more it is to be penalized by taxation!

No, the issue is clear and it must be met. Face-saving devices are worse than useless.

This has been realized by the Brookings Institution, after making an exhaustive study of the effects of the Act on 1,560 corporations, and also by the Twentieth Century Fund. The Brookings report says, "The conclusion reached is unequivocally that the tax should be repealed. The general arguments in its favor . . . do not in the light of analysis weigh heavily as against the adverse effects of the tax in other ways."

The Twentieth Century Fund says: "The Committee recommends the repeal of the Undistributed Profits Tax as it now stands."

Straight repeal without substitute, of course, is almost universally advocated by business. No law affecting business in a generation or more has been so unanimously condemned by it. In the heat of its resentment, however, business has not reflected on the one sound argument for such a measure, the one real excuse for it. That is the taxation and penalization of earnings improperly retained with the purpose of avoiding surtax. Perhaps business thinks that this is fully covered in Section 102. But it may not be; and

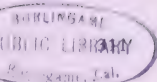
if so, it should and can be. Repeal of the Undistributed Profits Tax and the strengthening of Section 102 is the solution.

How this can best be done is a matter for lawyers; but the writer has it on high Government authority and from many leading attorneys that it can be done. The Government's contention is that the Section as it now stands saddles it with the burden of proof not only that earnings were improperly accumulated but that they were accumulated also with a purpose to avoid surtax. It is always difficult to prove purpose. Well then, eliminate the question of purpose and let the decision rest only on reasonableness of retention. Without doubt a suitable program can be worked out to effect this.

An excellent suggestion is contained in the majority report of the Senate Finance Committee on the 1936 Revenue Bill, which held that the strengthening of Section 102 was one of the most important remedies of the situation. This report recommends "that every corporation . . . whose retained income is more than 40 per cent . . . or more than \$15,000, whichever is the greater, must include a statement in its return fully explaining reasons for accumulating the earnings or profits. The Treasury, if it has in its possession such a statement, is in a better position to check from year to year the nature of the accumulation and the intention of the stockholders and the corporation." The report also suggests that the three-year statute of limitations on assessment and suit in the matter be increased to four; this change, it urges, is of the greatest importance "when taken in connection with a requirement for a statement of reason for accumulation."

This suggestion obviously is practical. And it largely does away with administrative difficulties by eliminating corporations with an income of less than \$15,000, or approximately 90 per cent of our corporations.

But is one not to be pardoned if one becomes a bit impatient at all these de-



tails? It is quite obvious that the thing can be done; and some well-informed lawyers and tax experts say that if a determined effort were made to enforce Section 102 as it is, even this could be done. Whatever the necessities of the case, let them be covered. No one can successfully defend the proposition that the only way to penalize unreasonably retained earnings is to penalize those reasonably retained. That is the crux of the quarrel between business and Government. All the rest is detail.

The revenue implications of the plan are not discouraging either. In the first place, without actual enforcement of Section 102, earnings to the extent of 100 per cent can to-day be improperly retained by paying an average Undistributed Profits Tax of $20\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If forced out as dividends through a strong Section 102, they would yield income taxes and surtaxes up to 79 per cent. If the Government should lose some revenue on reasonably retained earnings, it might well regard this as a good investment. If not, business would certainly prefer a moderate increase of the normal corporate tax to cover the hypothetical deficiency.

The word "hypothetical" is purposely used because that must be the proper term to apply to any estimate that leaves out

of consideration the most important item of all—the restoration of business confidence. A proper handling of the Undistributed Profits Tax problem will do more to restore this than anything else that could be done at this session; and if the Government is successful in that effort, it need not be concerned about small deficiencies in this or that tax. All tax yields will be certain to jump and all relief expenditures to be reduced. If, on the other hand, the Government fails to restore business confidence, no taxes, however punitive, will balance its budget.

In this quarrel between business and Government, the Undistributed Profits Tax may have assumed larger proportions than even its own great importance warrants. It seems to have become a miniature Court Bill which may some day command another Battalion of Death. The reason is not far to seek. Business confidence depends to-day, not on trade statistics, not even on balanced budgets. The sacred price of gold could almost be called secondary. The reason that business is waiting so breathlessly for the answer that will be made to the problem of the Undistributed Profits Tax is that it fears that the Government is willing to sacrifice even the soundest of business principles in favor of extending its control over our economic life.





CHILDREN KEEP YOU YOUNG

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

FOR nine months of the year I still am active and pretty well preserved. From September till the following June I am in practically complete possession of my faculties and filled with the vigor of what I like to think is, after all, only early middle-age.

Life begins at forty and I'm just forty-seven. Some men have been most important, some have done their best work when they were even older. I cherish the memory of such durable heroes. Their example heartens me from September to June. I cling to it, like a drowning man to a rope's end, from June to September. My son comes home from boarding school in June.

He arrived this year, six feet four inches of him, a little less gawky, a trifle broader of chest and deeper of voice than when he went away. Among the items he brought with him were the tranquillity that briefly possesses a reunited family, three unmated pajama halves, a courteous manner interlarded with "sir," which endured until he remembered I was not a master but just a parent, five shoes and eleven assorted socks, a trunk and laundry bag into which rumbled and threadbare raiment, keepsakes, and other litter apparently had been packed with a rammer, and last, most imperceptible yet most dire, a vast conviction of senility as a present to his father.

My son has been home six weeks. I am feeling my age which now is seventy-seven. Before mid-September when he goes away again, I shall, if I survive, have passed the century mark.

Such is the spell that youth casts over one household; such is the scheme of the Persephonelike existence I lead—nine months of pleasant work and play in a world where a lot of persons are forty-odd and don't seem to mind it very much, and then three darkly chaotic months with youth and a consequent collapse into senility.

My son is home from school again. He is having a fine time. Early and late our sedate and usually mature household re-sounds with radio and dance-record music, shakes to the beat of young feet, echoes with the brawl and laughter of youthful voices, male and female. Adolescence is all about me and I have unlearned one more thing.

I had thought that all the specious sentimentalities, the glossy mendacities with which I was equipped to face the world a quarter century ago, had been liquidated before this. I have found still another that had lain unnoticed, in a dim corner of the attic. It is the arch bit of hokum that proclaims: "Children keep you young."

I have examined it thoroughly: "It is well to have children for one's own future peace of mind. Children are the nearest things to earthly immortality. One grows old without them. In their woes and joys, their hopes and fears, one renews one's own youth. Children keep you young."

That is the doctrine. I have hauled it forth and have carried it with the tottering steps of youth-beleaguered forty-seven, to the dismal rubbish pile where

most men of my age have placed their illusions.

I should have had more sense from the beginning than to grant attic room to this particular sophistry. Long ago I learned that father and son do not talk the same language—if they do something is wrong with one, or both, of them. For many years I have known that real intimacy between persons twenty-eight years apart in age is rare to the point of nonexistence.

Once my son's only chosen companions were grubby and raucous small boys like himself. They reminded me that I was adult; but no one girds against maturity. Once my son regarded girls as things to be classed under the same heading with algebra, stiff collars, washing one's ears, and castor oil. He is eighteen now. His associates are young men and women—or that is what they look like. I know how I look to them and new wrinkles appear in my seamed and leathery face.

June arrives and, hand in hand with that youthful season, my son comes home. The telephone, which for nine months has led a sedentary existence, at once becomes feverishly active. Strange gay voices hail me when I answer it and obviously are exasperated—my son is my namesake—when I prove to be myself. I feel my hair growing thinner.

Cars whirl up our driveway. They disembark chattering and brightly habited visitors who greet my son and whatever classmate happens to be visiting him at the moment with shrill cries, and look at me, hovering in the background with mild hospitable gestures, as though I were one of those ancient blights on the landscape, about which a trellis should be raised. My blood pressure goes up another ten points. What's the matter with me anyway? Children keep one young.

The gospel says so, the same gospel that proclaims birth a beautiful experience and invests death with dignity. I have had some vicarious and enlightening experience with both and, now, thanks to my offspring, I am thrust neck deep for three months of each year into adolescence and bang goes the last illusion.

Do I feel more youthful in consequence? I feel like the Ancient Mariner.

I even envy the Mariner a little. His was the better lot. He met someone who could not choose but hear whatever remarks he wished to make. I find myself, in the presence of my son's friends, not only inaudible but practically transparent.

The radio blares in our living room, where young men and women dance. I enter. Girls whose mothers would have been at least aware of my presence look clear through me. Boys evidently mistake me for Winterbottom, the humble old Van de Water retainer.

I quell the impulse to make them talk to me, darn 'em. One of the more distressing features of age is its garrulity. So I don't pin the pretty girl in blue in a corner and make her listen to what happened to me in the Bahamas in 1922. I refrain from gripping the lad in the beer suit, who oozes football prowess, and from telling him about the game in 1909 when we had the ball on the fifteen-yard line and the quarterback called my number. Instead I say "Hello" and no one else says anything and I thread my way through the merrymakers and go out and sit on the lawn and debate the profitable aspects of haunting as a profession. By the end of the summer I shall have had plenty of practical experience as a ghost.

The music swings. Clear voices cry speech that I don't understand at all and laughter soars. Bright forms fly past the windows. The room is charged with the old, dear, uplifting electricity of youth. My son is in his world and I, on the lawn, am in mine. Actually, though only a few rods separate us, he is as far from me as the evening star.

At forty-seven I am being kept young by my child and his friends—as young as the returning Rip Van Winkle. There is a difference. Rip wanted to go back to the world in which he had dwelt. I don't. I am dragged thither. The gods still are kind to men in the forties. My body remains hale enough to do my mind's bidding. Men of my own age are

my friends from choice; women of my generation seem to me fairer, richer, warmer than girls now in their 'teens. I have not reached that tawdry pathetic period when age tries to push itself back into the world of the young. I have no longing for youth. I don't even like youth. It makes me feel my years and a couple of dozen extra beside, yet each summer I am forced into debilitating companionship with members of the younger generation.

This is against my will and theirs. All that current youth asks of its elders is to be left alone. Right gladly would I agree, but I am a father and my son is eighteen years old, and I still feel toward him that proprietary anxiety a mechanic has toward a car he is assembling. I can't let him out of the shop until he is road-worthy. So I grow younger every day in his inscrutable and bewildering presence. The gospel says I do.

My son is bidden to a dance. He stands, after a tortuous period of self-adornment, during which he loses a collar button and discovers, with even more despair, a pimple, arrayed and ready, not for mere amusement but Adventure and Miracle. Aladdin with his lamp never was more certain of imminent wonder. His color and his voice are high. He is taut and fretting as a thoroughbred at the barrier. There is an odd glow about him that perhaps only a father can see and, seeing, I feel great pity and greater envy.

My son departs, trailing clouds of exaltation and his father says to himself:

"I know just how he feels, but I might win the Nobel Prize and even then I couldn't look like that. I'm getting old."

II

Such knowledge adds no resilience to your arteries yet this has been the common lot of all parents, I suppose, since paternity was invented. I look upon my son and his friends in their more comprehensible moods and recall my father's dismay in trying to deal with me at eight-

een and I brood upon the stable core that runs, sardonically, through all life. I am getting back now what I dealt my own parents. I am getting back too, as a grisly extra recompense, a lot that I never dealt. It is not what you understand about youth that slides you most swiftly toward your dotage. It is what you cannot comprehend, and there is plenty of that.

My own boyhood was much more like my father's than my son's is like mine. I might get more comfort out of my offspring's discovery of the other sex if I could say while I watched him: "Yes, I was once just as big an ape and she whom I thought creation's triumphant masterpiece was just as green and gawky."

But I can't say that about my son and his friends. They know much more than I did at their age. I suspect that they know some things that I never shall find out.

Adolescence, as I recall it, was a time of idyll and agony. One saw glories, one heard strange music that older eyes and ears are too dull to reach. One was subject to the most devastating despairs. Life was a wildly contrived beverage composed of equal parts of Tennyson at his best and the Russian realists at their worst. Youth lived at the top, or the bottom, of the scale and exhaled lyrics and romance with every breath.

Adolescence, as current youngsters lead it, is something else. It is stabler, harder, more streamlined than my own. I suspect it has the virtue of greater sanity—if that be a virtue in the current world.

Sex was immensely sublimated or profoundly filthy when I was eighteen. From either point of view it was a subject never to be mentioned in a natural voice or in mixed company. Current youngsters debate raucously the science of dog breeding in all its intricacies, with never a gag or a stutter during the argument. Yet improprieties at which their elders laugh offend them. This summer, as we left the local cowbarn theater where players "experiment" with the drama, I heard other bewildered parents hail their own son who had waited like a Potsdam sentry

beside their car during the entire last act: "What was the matter? Didn't you like the show?"

"Slime like that," he answered coldly, "may make dirty-minded little girls giggle, but I don't care for any."

At eighteen each of my own beloveds was the Perfect Woman, for duration, and I her excessively sensitive and truculent knight, eager to battle against all who did not recognize her sublimity, especially against my own parents. Early this summer someone spoke of the first of my son's 1937 series of attachments in his presence.

"Mother and Dad," he replied calmly, "don't think she's so hot. Maybe they're right, but I think she's swell."

It may be that youth, by throwing away the ancient and glamorous trappings that adorned her, cleaves more starkly to true romance; it may be that they have discarded romance and her raiment in a lump. I don't know. Ignorance like that is aging.

My son's best friend is devoted to a plump damsel who has shocked him by the prodigious appetite she displays at her home table. Yet when his parents invited her to dine she ate so little that they spoke of it afterward.

"Sure," he said, "I told her to hold in."

"You what?"

"I said: 'If you really mean you hope my people will like you you'll have to eat less like a pig.' So she did."

Oh well, I too once dwelt in Arcady, but since my sojourn particularly violent earthquakes have disarranged the scenery.

I don't understand youth. I don't understand my child, whose presence in my household is supposed to keep me young, and neither, I am sure, would Launcelot or Romeo or Aucassin, or even Casanova.

If I could believe that youth didn't understand me either, I should feel a little better, but this comfort is denied me. I have a growing and ghastly conviction that adolescents understand my contemporaries and me far too well; that they weigh and analyze us on their grim laboratory apparatus, with justice but little mercy.

Since the earliest caveman acknowledged his offspring, it has been the fate of elders to be shocked by their children. The first magazine ever published contained, I am sure, at least one bleat from a fat and no longer alluring parent who was profoundly aghast at the manners and morals of youth. Envy, I think, is the motive behind such stencil material. It is only a minor ingredient in my own distress. I don't envy my son and his mates very much. They do scare me a good deal.

I am not scared for them; for myself. Often I fancy that I can catch a glitter of puritanical disapproval, of reformer's zeal in my offspring's eye, and I am filled with foreboding. More rarely now do I have to exhort him to gentility and courtesy. It may be only a brief time before he and his associates begin to instruct me and mine in propriety. Already his morals grow rigid. In time they will become adamant.

Were my son and his friends more liberal than their parents I should think that nature were taking her normal course from generation to generation. I shall have small opportunity to hold lodges of sorrow with my contemporaries over youth's sins. My friends and I, whether we know it or not, stand on the verge of being dubbed "Those Wild Old People."

One of my son's girls was dragooned into filling a vacant chair at her mother's dinner party. She sat, an alluring yet baleful skeleton, throughout the feast and told her parent when the guests had departed:

"Old people are very silly. You've no idea how much more interestingly you all talked before you served the cocktails!"

Thus far, my own son has been moderate in his efforts to reform me. As long as a fair left and a pretty good right cross still serve me, he will continue to refrain, but he is six feet four and beginning to broaden.

And even he sat, one evening not so long ago, in our living room where six of his elders made mild wassail. It was only reminiscence and the mild gaiety that

sometimes comes even to the very aged that set us to singing old ditties. It did not seem unmelodious to us, and even persons with one foot in the grave do feel like song sometimes. Someone muttered: "Look at your son."

I looked. He was sitting straight in his chair, and John Knox never scowled more direly at Mary Stuart. When our guests had gone I asked him what had been the trouble.

"Well, in the first place," he said, "I think it's not so good for grown people to act like children and in the second place, you all sang lousy."

III

Flaming youth is out, whether my associates in the writing craft know it or not. Youngsters of 1937 no longer go to dances with gin on their breaths and sin in their hearts. They leave such vanities for the fuddy-duddies of my generation. It may be that my contemporaries' free use of liquor has inoculated their offspring against it.

Our juniors not only disapprove of my mild drinking; they scorn such frailty in their own ranks. At one of the juvenile parties which it seems to me have been in permanent full blast here ever since mid-June, one young wastrel, one adolescent brand in the burning, did loot from my icebox a can of beer. He drank it too without perceptible ill effects, but he might have been a typhoid-carrying leper from the way the rest of the party thereafter shunned him.

If my son and his mates limited their disapproval of strong drink to members of their own set I should not be so worried. I'm afraid though that theirs is the distressing crusaders' zeal that, apparently, must crop up every few generations and was so wholly absent from my own.

It may be only a few years now before whoever my son marries will be telling him:

"The Joneses are really nice people and

if they're coming to dinner I think we better have Father's sent up to him on a tray. He'll ask for cocktails if he comes downstairs and if you let him have them, he may start to tell limericks."

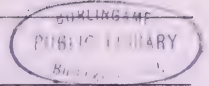
This does not seem a grotesque impossibility. It can happen here. The event's shadow already darkens the path along which I hobble this summer with joints increasingly calcined.

I am not disturbed over the future of my son and his playmates. Others may deplore the younger generation's sterner attitude toward life and love and liquor. That younger generation in many ways is more fortunate than my own. It has fewer ideals to cart down out of well-stocked attics of the spirit and deposit on the junk pile. It will not have to divest itself with blood and tears of many pretty illusions. It shows no sign of even hearing warnings uttered by fat and envious middle age. I am neither worried nor alarmed about my son. I am alarmed and worried increasingly about me.

For my child's vacation is only half over and, despite the assurance that children keep you young, I find that the grinders cease because they are few and the grasshopper becomes increasingly burdensome and that all the senile ills set forth in Ecclesiastes XII infest me. Thanks to the presence of the young, I'm just an old man who feels his age.

Yet all hope is not dead. Beyond September lies an adult world in which one may lift flagging spirits with a cocktail or cavort in spavined fashion with one's mates or even sing a little without the immediate penalty of youthful scorn. If I do not come all apart before then, there will be nine months in which I may work back to my actual age.

I cling to this thought. It is a life preserver to one who shrivels in the fountain of youth. Through exclusive association with folk of my own years or older I may be able by next June to face my son's next long vacation, a hale and hearty forty-eight.



BUSINESS FINDS ITS VOICE

PART II. MOTION PICTURES AND COMBINED EFFORTS

BY S. H. WALKER AND PAUL SKLAR

DURING the depression the American people turned against the men who manage American business. Consumers and laborers, abetted by the Roosevelt Administration, organized "hostile" movements; the people's spokesmen directed searching criticisms at long-established economic "laws" and "principles"; the people themselves implemented such criticism with their votes, and eagerly supported large-scale social experiment. As business men saw it, certain of the prerogatives that management had always possessed were threatened with usurpation.

Last month in the first of these articles we told how management responded: how one by one the various business organizations began working to *establish friendly relations with the public*.

As we showed, management conceived this task, at least in its preliminary phase, as the task of "selling business to the public"—which means, in effect, "selling" a certain general philosophy. This philosophy is based on an interpretation of Adam Smith's classical economics, and it is sufficiently extensive to guide our every public action, social, political, and economic. Furthermore, it supports the conclusion that "American business cannot be separated from America," which means that business management cannot be supposed to have interests differing basically from labor's, the consumer's, or the general public's; which, in turn, implies that the principles which guide the

present management of business cannot be overturned, replaced, or materially altered (except, in special cases, by management itself) without causing the country to cease to function as a going concern.

In order to "sell" this general philosophy, we pointed out last month, *each business man, corporation, or trade association undertook to act for business as a whole*. In other words, business began in 1933 to function for the first time as a *political* unit, attempting to direct and to control public opinion just as political partisans always have done.

Last month we quoted several statements of the philosophy in question, together with the supporting evidence adduced by various "salesmen for business"—ranging from the General Motors Corporation and United States Steel to business men's associations, lesser corporations, and advertising agencies. In order to propagate their message, such interests as these have of course been perfecting and adapting the technics of public communication and persuasion, and last month we described the new and special use which business has been making of magazine and newspaper advertising, editorial publicity, and radio.

Commercial films constitute a fourth such medium, and the use that has been made of them, in the movement to improve and control public relations, merits special consideration. For one thing, motion pictures are uniquely successful in reaching children—at school or elsewhere

—and in affecting their thinking. For another, as one of the more important commercial film producers puts it, "It is possible to express shades of meaning in motion pictures that are far beyond the capacities of the printed word or the spoken message of radio."

Ordinarily you do not think of motion pictures as a selling medium for products or ideas. More than that: only in the past four or five years have business men themselves come to consider films an important part of their armamentarium. In effect, commercial films to-day constitute a "new medium," and the commercial film trade—that is, those firms engaged in producing, distributing, and developing commercial films—is still disorganized and immature: which is not to say that its productions are ineffective as a means of persuasion.

We hope our readers will be patient if we now embark upon a somewhat detailed explanation. Such an explanation is necessary if the nature and use of this new medium, and the possible social results of its wide use, are to be made clear.

II

It is true that commercial films were being used commercially twenty and twenty-five years ago. A small and erratic supply of slides and silent "trailers" found its way into the theaters, and a group of about thirty of the larger industrial corporations and utilities made one or two-reel silent "institutional" films, to be shown at conventions and expositions, and to be distributed to the "non-theatrical audience" in schools, clubs, and the like. Many of the best of these films still circulate, but their effect is probably nil.

The development of sound motion pictures in 1928 and '29 renewed everyone's interest in films; but soon the oncoming depression took its effect on the poorly financed commercial producers, and most of them failed. In 1930 and '31 the Hollywood producers, led by Paramount and Warner Bros., offered not only to make advertising pictures—which they

had done before—but also to release them in their theater chains. The prospect of a guaranteed circulation interested several of the largest industrial corporations intensely; but the independent theater-owners, aided by the newspapers, succeeded in squelching the project almost at once.

Like the rest of business, the film trade continued to dwindle until 1932; but in 1932 and '33 several fortunate events combined to reestablish it. At that time the first cheap, portable, fool-proof 16 mm. sound projector was developed; and the producers learned how to make the so-called "talking slide film." A talking slide film is a strip of non-inflammable film, six to ten feet long, containing about one hundred frames. Each frame is held still in the screen, like an old-fashioned slide, while an electrical transcription supplies appropriately synchronized sound, either an explanatory monologue or dramatic dialogue together with sound effects. Such films for obvious reasons are more effective than slide lectures and they are cheap to produce, costing from \$2000 to \$4000 per film, as against \$5000 to \$15,000 or more per reel for a sound motion picture. Also they are cheap and easy to distribute and project. Ford, for instance, has been able to equip 6500 dealers with sound-slide-film projectors, together with libraries of the films.

These mechanical improvements, together with increasing skill in the use of sound, made the medium more flexible, more reliable, and more effective. Also there is no doubt that business' decision to sell itself, inspiring, as it did, a search for more personalized, informal technics of communication, sharply stimulated the development of commercial films.

In any case, every available fact and every reputable opinion indicate that 1936 was an all-time record year for the commercial producers, and that at least the first half of 1937 was even better. The trade is so chaotic and secretive that authentic comprehensive figures cannot be had; the best-informed estimate of the total volume for 1937 is \$7,500,000—

which would be about \$1,500,000 better than the total for 1936, and \$3,500,000 better than the total for 1935. Perhaps the surest indication of the rapidly increasing acceptance of films by business men is the fact that in 1937 five national advertising agencies set up film departments, and perhaps a dozen more made the investigations necessarily preliminary to such a step. The agencies, which in large measure control the national advertising expenditure, and whose support and recognition is invaluable to a growing advertising medium, had previously ignored commercial films almost altogether.

According to the Department of Commerce there were 129 commercial film producers in the United States in 1936. Only a few of these concern us here: the majority are one-man outfits, fly-by-nights, or otherwise insubstantial firms. Perhaps 18 or 20 are of consequence, and of these several handle product advertising only, or at the most, product advertising and product promotion aimed at dealers and salesmen. Two or three of the largest companies busy themselves almost exclusively with sales and dealer films for the automobile, oil, and rubber industries—all of which manufacture high-priced products and are thus able to afford a large outlay for films to educate jobbers, dealers, salesmen, and "the trade" at large. Recently a few producers, in and out of Hollywood, have been concentrating on "minute movies"—more skillful versions of the old trailers, which several national distributing organizations stand ready to place in as many as 8000 second-grade theaters all over the country.

Consistently since 1933, a small group of producers has been making films intended directly or indirectly to improve business' relations with the public. These firms not only make the films to order; they actively promote an interest in the principles which inspire the films; and, moreover, they occasionally seem to understand the implications of the public-relations movement more clearly than

some of its nominal leaders. For instance, Audio Productions, Inc., one of the more skillful producers, sharply draws in its prospectus the subtle but significant distinction between "institutional" advertising and the new "public-relations" advertising, as follows:

"INSTITUTIONAL—In the class of institutional pictures may be included the type of subject that builds and develops general commercial and customer goodwill."

"PUBLIC RELATIONS—While it is true that the institutional type of picture may be included on a general basis as a public-relations subject, the motion picture is capable of still greater subtleties than are even necessary or desirous in the normal institutional subject.

"In the realm of public relations many things may be implied and suggested that cannot even remotely be considered in other channels of approach to the public."

III

The medium has its flaw: the films are difficult to distribute effectively; well-organized, standardized channels of circulation do not exist (excepting the theaters that have agreed to show minute movies).

In general, films may be distributed through the sponsor's own organization, say, in dealers' showrooms, or at fairs and expositions; or public auditoriums all over the country may be rented for showings, which have to be advertised to the public in each locality—an expensive method. Also it is possible to arrange ordinary theatrical bookings for sound-motion-picture shorts if they have been kept free of direct advertising: in each case the film must first be advertised to the theatrical exhibitors; they must be "sold" on it, although they probably will be paid for showing it (if not, they get it free).

Most valuable to business is the so-called non-theatrical audience, and it is also the hardest to reach. It consists, roughly, of all the separate "publics," large and small—fraternal organizations,

civic clubs, religious groups, pressure groups, and of course school children of all grades, and college students. Business is trying to sell an idea, and these organizations are the best prospects, being already relatively well-organized. And if business is to do a permanent job of selling, the children *must* be reached.

In order to place the case for business, on film, before the non-theatrical audience, a great deal of ingenuity has been expended and a number of improbable channels have been adroitly opened up. We shall describe the most important before proceeding to specific public-relations films.

The United States Bureau of Mines will distribute motion pictures made "in co-operation" with industrial concerns under the Bureau's supervision. This means in practice that the Bureau will distribute any film centered in industrial processes if company names and trademarks and other advertising of that nature have been removed. Such regulations make it impossible to use the Bureau for straight advertising or even old-style institutional advertising; but it is an advantage not to mention trade names when you are trying to sell a social philosophy. It is true that the great majority of the 4000 reels on file in the Bureau's library were not made as public-relations subjects; but certain of them were.

The films which it accepts the Bureau sends out to regional "depositories" to be held pending request by schools, clubs, or responsible private individuals. The requests are many. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, the Bureau's films were given 100,000 showings before 9,000,000 people.

The depositories themselves—museums, university extension departments, and the like—accept commercial films direct from the makers, under regulations somewhat less strict than those postulated by the Bureau of Mines. Therefore they constitute a second effective approach to the non-theatrical audience. The American Museum of Nat-

ural History in New York is perhaps the largest of these depositories; every year it lends its store of industrial films to churches, schools, CCC Camps, 4H Clubs, resorts, hospitals, prisons, etc., obtaining (1936) showings before 11,554,364 people, including the membership of 1,519 schools. Every year 800 to 1000 teachers send the Museum request-schedules for 50 or 60 films, of which it is usually possible to lend only ten—so far does the demand for this sort of material exceed the supply.

Another distributive service of which business may avail itself is the "Guaranteed Distribution of Advertising Motion Pictures, Operated by the Motion Picture Bureau of the YMCA for the Benefit of American Industry."

The Young Men's Christian Association, recognizing a demand for educational and entertainment shorts, established its Motion Picture Bureau in 1911 and began to send what films there were to YMCA's, churches, clubs, and the other non-theatrical outlets. The total attendance in 1911 was only 6000, but ever since, the Motion Picture Bureau has been enlarging the list of non-theatrical exhibitors that regularly take its films; and in order to provide itself with an ample supply of the most recent industrial pictures, its management has made an increasing effort to co-operate with the corporations that produce them.

To-day no less than 25,000 non-theatrical exhibitors borrow prints from the YMCA. Of these, 45 per cent are classed as "educational"—elementary schools, high schools, universities, and adult education classes; 22 per cent are "religious"—women's and men's religious societies, church extension workers, and mid-week prayer groups; 13 per cent are "community"—social workers, hospitals, and other public institutions, Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, civic organizations, etc.; 11 per cent are "industrial and business"—service and foremen's clubs, Chambers of Commerce, conventions and stores; 9 per cent are YMCA's and allied groups.

In 1936 such exhibitors as these showed

the YMCA's films before 12,000,000 people. In general, while some of the exhibitors merely borrow a film or two each year, a great many of them rely on the YMCA to compile a complete film program for them and supply it. The demand so exceeds the supply that, although the films are lent free, on a request basis, the YMCA is able in practice to control its circulation. Unlike the Bureau of Mines, the YMCA makes a positive effort to secure the desired audience for industrial films, and to assure such films their maximum effect; accordingly, the large measure of control over circulation that exists is passed on to the film sponsors; in fact, the one-hundred-odd advertisers who use the YMCA consistently have established a co-operative organization called the Industrial Film Council, which aids the Motion Picture Bureau in arranging the best possible schedules for industrial films. The Bureau mails out brochures describing its most important films; it guarantees a circulation of 1,000,000 a year if supplied with 80 prints of a reasonably good film; and it will arrange special circulations, showing a given film only in steel-manufacturing towns, or only in elementary schools, or only to religious groups, or only to girls, or to adult males; finally, it will distribute printed matter at all showings, and in all cases agrees to supply advertisers with detailed attendance reports at the end of the year. The Bureau and the Industrial Film Council work together on a non-profit basis, and the charge for the whole service is \$75 per print per year, for a one-reel sound motion picture.

It is the "educational" audience that business men regard as most valuable. As Lewis H. Brown, president of the Johns-Manville Corporation said at the 1937 convention of the Association of National Advertisers:

We must, with moving pictures and other educational material, carry into the schools of the generation of to-morrow an interesting story of the part that science and industry have played in creating a more abundant life for those who are fortunate to live in this great country of ours. . . . After all, it is our own

fault if three-fourths of the teachers in our schools and colleges have never been inside a factory. It is our fault if all they know about business and industry is what they read in books and Karl Marx or Henry George.

There is very little to prevent anyone from sending films into the schools. In general, "visual education" in our public schools and colleges is under the control of the city, or State, or both. The control is administered by municipal departments of education, libraries, museums, or, more commonly, by State agricultural or teachers' colleges or State departments of education. The controlling body, whatever it may be, certifies films for educational use, and in most cases stocks acceptable films, and thus itself serves as a part of the distributive mechanism.

The various visual-education directors differ among themselves as to what constitutes an acceptable film. Some accept anything; others, lacking time and money to make a thorough study of the available films, reject all commercial productions; still others—perhaps the most numerous group—accept most commercial films, rejecting only "blatantly commercial" examples. The Ohio State Department of Education vigorously opposes advertising and "propaganda" films; and the Director of the Bureau of Visual Instruction of the University of Wisconsin skeptically contends that "It costs many hundreds and often thousands of dollars to produce a single one-reel film and such expenditure usually is made with the expectation of an adequate return from increased sale or from shaping of people's ideals and attitudes to accomplish definite purposes."

The fact is that amid all this confusion there exists a total absence of effective control of visual education on the national scale; and, therefore, it is almost always possible to obtain a reasonably large school circulation for a given film. Not only do films from the Bureau of Mines and the YMCA go to a large number of schools and colleges each year; also, many of the commercial film producers maintain contacts with visual-education bodies on their own account, and are thus

able to place their clients' film before the youth of the land.

The chief obstacle which confronts business when it attempts to circulate films through our educational system is the general paucity of projectors, and particularly of sound projectors. In 1936, according to a survey conducted by the American Council on Education, the elementary and secondary schools and school districts of the nation owned only about 10,000 projectors, of which only about 800 were sound (these figures of course do not take account of rented or borrowed projectors in the schools or of projectors owned by colleges and universities). However, there has probably been a rapid increase in the number of sound projectors since these figures were compiled; and it is not improbable that the educational authorities will be encouraged and helped, more and more in the future, to place sound-motion-picture equipment in the schools.

IV

We have indicated the chief methods of distributing commercial films, and it is time to consider some of the specific productions intended directly or indirectly to "sell" business.

A great many of these films have been made by Audio Productions, Inc., whose corporate connections fit it to serve business well in this matter. The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. controls the Western Electric Co.; the Western Electric Co. owns Electrical Research Products, Inc. (ERPI), licensor of motion picture equipment; ERPI owns Audio Productions, and, "through licensees," manages the Modern Talking Picture Service.

Modern serves as distributor for Audio. Its service is built round the 27 ERPI licensees all over the country who stock ERPI's full line—16 and 35 mm. projectors, screens, and microphones; and in addition, round the 38 ERPI licensees stocking 16 mm. equipment only. These licensees constitute the "basing points" of

Modern's service. Well known in their own localities, where it is their business not only to rent or sell ERPI equipment, but also to manage local film showings at conventions and the like, they maintain contacts with a variety of public organizations. Thus, through Modern, Audio can offer its clients non-theatrical showings, or showings in public auditoriums. Or, through Modern again, the firm will obtain theatrical bookings, or instruct and equip a sponsor's own organization to show films.

Among the significant films of the past few years was "The New Frontiers," which the Westinghouse Electrical & Manufacturing Co. had made by Audio. The producer described the objective of this film as "the proving to the public that Westinghouse plays an important part in national economic life and also effects the lives of every individual in the country." Modern showed the film before numerous non-theatrical audiences and placed it in schools and colleges as a part of cooking classes.

DuPont made a film called "The Wonder World of Chemistry" through Audio, and this has been shown to the regular non-theatrical audience and to employee organizations.

Co-operatively, the Advertising Federation of America, the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the Association of National Advertisers, and a group of "commercial organizations" had Audio produce a film called "Golden Years of Progress," primarily to be shown at the World's Fair in Chicago; it was designed to "bring home to the public what a force general advertising had been in giving them the standard of living existing to-day."

Such pictures as these typify the less intensive efforts to state the case for business. Needless to say, certain business interests have executed film programs of much greater scope.

The General Motors Corporation has been making films steadily, for a variety of purposes. "Progress On Parade," an Audio production, narrated by Lowell

Thomas, Edwin C. Hill, John B. Kennedy, and John S. Young, and released early in 1936, expresses on film the basic theme of the magazine campaign which we described last month, "Who Serves Progress Serves America." The printed advertisements were couched in very general terms, expounding "the advantage of multiplying wealth instead of dividing it." "Progress On Parade" took another way to the same end. As the YMCA explained it, in a brochure intended to sell the film to non-theatrical exhibitors: "America's number one automobile designer . . . is John Q. Public . . . it isn't industry that changes, it is YOU! And the picture shows how YOU have changed through the years until, to-day, the modern motor car symbolizes and crystallizes American Progress."

Immediately on release, this picture toured the country as part of the "Parade of Progress," a motor caravan sent out by General Motors; 2,250,000 people saw it in this way. Later, prints were turned over to the YMCA to distribute in the usual way, and a two-reel version was prepared for those who wanted longer showings.

Since January, 1936, General Motors has been making also films for intra-organizational distribution, on the theory that the best way to sell an idea to the whole public is to sell it first to the "General Motors people"—laborers, employees, dealers, and the rest. One such film is "Who Serves Progress," a four-reel Audio production, which illustrates the inter-relations of the various divisions within General Motors, and the important part which men, as opposed to machines, play in the corporation's life. A second film of this sort, called "More Jobs for More People in More Places," dramatically portrays the expansion of the corporation since 1933.

Such films as these are shown at meetings of the 42 regional "General Motors Clubs"—loose organizations made up of zone managers, dealers, plant employees, and friends of the corporation. These Clubs have been equipped with 16 mm.

sound projectors, and they are encouraged to show General Motors films to civic groups in their localities.

Chevrolet, the largest General Motors division, conducts a major film campaign of its own, having made 65 pictures in the past two and one-half years, for a total attendance of 75-80,000,000 within and without the company. Typical of many of these films is one of the most recent, "A Car Is Born," which shows the construction of an automobile with special attention to the men involved in the operation. This picture, like all of Chevrolet's, and many other General Motors productions, has been shown by a crew of 125-odd employees of the Jam Handy Picture Service, Inc. (largest of the commercial film producers); these men, each fully equipped to stage showings, work steadily over the nation, co-operating with General Motors and Chevrolet and showing General Motors films in factories and in all the regular non-theatrical organizations.

For the past two years the steel industry has also been making films intended to improve the public's attitude toward business. In 1936, the American Iron and Steel Institute—which represents every important manufacturer of steel in the country—had Audio make a one-reel sound-motion-picture short called "Steel." Neither dialogue nor the explanatory voice of a commentator accompanied the film; instead, the sound-track contained "an emotion-stirring musical score." (Audio's management is very proud of its musical accompaniments, saying—and without exaggeration—that "the skillful use of music adds as much as 40 per cent to 50 per cent to a picture's effectiveness.")

"Steel" was produced for theatrical distribution; the exhibitors accepted it, and by last summer it had been shown before 2,000,000 people. One of the "exploitations" which Audio prepared, for theater-owners to use in connection with the film, was especially astute: it was a plan enabling each exhibitor to arrange essay contests in the schools in his locality, of-

fering free tickets as prizes for the best papers on steel. Also a two-reel version of the picture was prepared, and it has been distributed to schools and other non-theatrical outlets everywhere.

Last summer, on its own account, the United States Steel Corporation, through its advertising agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, retained Technicolor, Inc. (a Hollywood firm), to film a story of steel which will be cut to make three separate pictures for release in February, 1938. The whole undertaking is by far the most elaborate of its kind; the production costs alone were \$250,000.

The first of the three films (titles had not been chosen as this was written) is a one-reel sound-motion-picture short in technicolor; the narrator is Edwin C. Hill. The film is destined for theatrical distribution, and is expected to reach a minimum audience of 10,000,000 people. It relates the complete story of iron and steel, from the mines to the salable product, with an emphasis clearly apparent in one of the tentative titles, "The Human Side of Steel," and in these shots: subforeman Pete Cook of Waukegan (Ill.) greeting his wife and children (two of the latter borrowed for the film), who have driven to fetch him after work; Herman Hagen, wire-mill truck driver, plowing his garden while his three children (all borrowed) watch; Homestead roller Jesse Salters, whose father worked at a blast furnace, whose sons work at the Homestead plant, and who has himself worked in steel since 1896.

The longer films tell the story in greater detail for non-theatrical audiences. The shorter of the two (probably four reels), is a sound film in technicolor, destined to be turned over to the Bureau of Mines and the YMCA; and it will also have showings arranged by the subsidiaries of U. S. Steel in their localities. The six-reel version, silent, in black and white, is more technical, and it will be handled chiefly by the Bureau of Mines.

There is no doubt that such films as these three state that same case which we described last month as being argued over

the air and in print. The vocabulary is less abstract; but as Lewis H. Brown of the Johns-Manville Corp. has told business at large: "The only way . . . to do this job . . . is for each individual company to tell its own particular story. The more companies that do this, the closer we come to a composite picture of American industry and the benefits it brings to everybody."

This is advice especially pertinent to the creation of motion pictures, wherein the specific implies the general with rare immediacy and force. It is being applied in that field with more skill every day, as a mass of data indicates; however we have space to describe only one more of the relevant histories, that of the National Association of Manufacturers.

The NAM began to make films in 1936. Through Audio the Association produced two sound-motion-picture shorts, "America, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," narrated by John S. Young, and "Men and Machines," narrated by Lowell Thomas. The two pictures played in 4000 theaters, before an audience of 6,000,000.

In 1936 the NAM, also, elaborated the ideas contained in the motion-picture shorts in a series of five talking slide films, made by the Vocafilm Corp., a specialist in this sort of production. The series was part of an astute plan designed to give corporations somewhat smaller than General Motors and U. S. Steel a chance to contribute to the general effort to improve public relations—chiefly by "educating" their employees.

To business men the NAM offered the series of slide films, together with the following: a sound-slide-film projector; bulletin-board posters describing the films; 100 miniature newspapers per film, to give the audiences "something to take home"; and a manual called "How to Conduct Successful and Interesting Meetings with Your Employees." (Sample: "In order to be assured of a 100 per cent attendance, it is desirable to show these pictures on company time.") This "package," known as the "Business Facts

Program," was offered to employers for \$125, with the admonition, "... each month finds more well-known corporations added to the list of those offering information courses to their employees. But the vast majority of companies have been woefully negligent. Thus it is not surprising that the opponents of our present industrial system have won thousands of converts. It is not surprising that soap-box orators . . . and preachers of every species of ism find ready listeners."

The five films were these, as described by the NAM:

1. "'The Light of a Nation' gives the story of American institutions . . . and discusses the various 'isms' which threaten the nation."

2. "'Men and Machines' is a picturized answer to the argument that machines destroy jobs."

3. "'Flood Tide' analyzes the present-day tax situation, warns against rising costs of government."

4. "'The Constitution' points out what this remarkable document means to us and how it preserves our individual freedom and our freedom of enterprise."

5. "'American Standards of Living' forcibly portrays what the American working man enjoys as the fruit of his labor under the American system."

Here is a quotation from the miniature newspaper intended to be handed out with this last of the five films:

"If you walked down a street in any one of England's factory cities, or wandered in a German manufacturing town, or rode in a rickshaw in China, the people who saw you would stop and watch. If you were close enough you would be apt to hear, spoken with a touch of envy, the words in their language for 'There goes an American.'"

The NAM sold the Business Facts Program to business with considerable success. In August and September of 1936, the Association's seven field representatives organized business men's luncheons, by industries each in turn, in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Akron, and 45

other key cities, showing the films and following up prospective users afterward. Meanwhile the public-relations department of the NAM in New York carried on an extensive direct mail campaign to acquaint business with the films' advantages, and with the proper method of handling them: for instance, it was advised that foremen, rather than executives, recommend the slide-film showings in each case—the implication being that this procedure would avoid governmental criticism.

As a result of all this, the Association sold about 350 "packages," and about 150 sets of films alone. Du Pont bought a package, projector and all, for each of 10 or 15 plants. A few of the other corporations that showed the films to their employees were these: the American Cyanamid Co.; the Baldwin Locomotive Co.; Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, Inc.; the Johns-Manville Corp.; the Lukens Steel Co.; the Remington Arms Co.; Yale & Towne, Inc.; and a long list of utilities, besides several divisions of General Motors.

Civic clubs, fraternal organizations, and the like might also see the films; they had only to call the nearest Western Union office, and an operator would come over with any one of the films and a projector to put on a showing, for a fee of five dollars.

Moreover, hundreds of manufacturers' associations and other organizations affiliated with the NAM helped to arrange local showings in schools and colleges (some 200 of which showed the films, sooner or later) and before the usual clubs and special groups. Executives of many of the corporations that took the films, and their wives, did likewise.

For 1937-38 the NAM has extended the original project, which was considered highly successful, by producing two more motion-picture shorts, "Frontiers of the Future" and "America Marching On," and four new slide films (by the Vocafilm Corp.): "Profits and Progress," "Everybody's Business" ("Affording dramatic proof that what's 'Good for business' is also 'Good for the individual'"), "What's

Ahead," and "Your Money's Worth" ("Explaining in simple terms what is Money . . . Wealth . . . Capital"); plus a revision of the 1936 slide film about taxes, "Flood Tide"; and two new slide films, one on safe driving, the other on safety measures in industry. The package containing these films sells for only \$40 to the corporations which bought projectors in 1936; and it will be promoted and distributed in essentially the same fashion as last year's, enabling business men everywhere to meet "with sound facts the falsehoods and half-truths that imperil the American system."

V

The advertising that we have been describing is only one portion of a comprehensive—although not very well-articulated—project, intended to shape more satisfactory relations between business and the public. We pointed out this fact last month, but we did not elaborate it because we wanted first to show specifically how the main channels of communication were being used.

In the case of General Motors particularly, the management has come to feel the futility of telling the general public that business is conscious of its social responsibilities without also providing each of the smaller "publics" with some concrete proof that this is so. Accordingly, the "Who Serves Progress" advertisements, the radio broadcasts, and such films as "Progress On Parade" have represented merely the most clearly visible fraction of an extensive operation designed to sell General Motors and to sell business from the bottom up.

In 1931, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. (now chairman-elect of U. S. Steel), was in charge of General Motors' public relations and industrial relations, the latter being then the more important. He hired Paul W. Garrett to succeed him as public-relations director; and between that time and this the corporation has evolved a complete equipment, administered directly by Mr. Garrett, for improv-

ing relations with every specific group it touches.

In 1931 and '32 the corporation began mailing letters to incoming and outgoing stockholders, to show them that their interests were being kept in mind; and since then, new courtesies or services to stockholders have been instituted every year or so. Also in 1931, the first of a series of conferences was held at White Sulphur Springs to explain the corporation's public policies to all its executives and to engage their full co-operation.

By 1933 the reasons for selling business to the public were becoming very clear, and General Motors redoubled its activities, establishing, for one thing, the division of Customer Research, which periodically issues questionnaires to a large list of drivers, and interviews others, and compiles their suggestions to use in designing and styling next year's cars.

The corporation explains the undertaking to the public in these terms:

"Customer Research cannot be looked upon as an isolated departmental activity. To be truly effective, it must be in the nature of a *spirit or attitude of mind* permeating every phase of a business. Or putting it still a different way, we might say that Customer Research is *simply a tool for developing a greater degree of human understanding.*"

Another important phase of the corporation's public-relations work is its effort to gain the friendship of young people. The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, of which Daniel Carter Beard is the honorary president, began awarding college scholarships to the builders of prize coach models in 1930. An auto model contest has been added since, and the Guild has served as a nucleus round which to build the rest of the program for youth.

In 1934 the corporation began to make the acquaintance of boys between the ages of nine and fifteen by sponsoring, through Chevrolet, the annual "Soap Box Derby"—a series of downhill races for soap-box automobiles, with national finals for the regional champions. Of this

undertaking C. P. Fiskien of the Chevrolet Co. has been quoted in advertisements as saying: "It's the Soap Box Derby against the soap-box orators. How can you have soap-box orators when thousands and thousands of boys are looking for soap boxes?"

The corporation has grown increasingly conscious of the significance of the younger generation. In 1936 Paul Garrett told the executives in conference at White Sulphur Springs: "Since 1929 nearly 17,000,000 young people have come of age. What do they think of the ability of industry to provide for their future? . . . What is going to be their verdict in the current conflict between individualism and the corporate state? If you are interested in the part youth is playing in the modern world, study the records of the dictators of Europe. Each move is built around a proposal to give youth a place in the sun."

In 1934 the corporation had begun a series of radio talks on safe driving, and these were used, in 1936, as the basis of one of the public-relations departments' major campaigns. Material was made available to teachers to help them start "Junior Auto Clubs" in the schools. Five million copies of a booklet called *We Drivers* (modeled on the radio series) were distributed; these were offered over the radio, and in several States officials were persuaded to hand them out with license plates. Also *We Drivers* was syndicated in 1600 newspapers, and a film with the same title was made. The Automobile Manufacturers' Association also took up the cause in 1936, and now, as we pointed out above, the NAM has begun to circulate two films on safety.

Again, in 1936, General Motors sent a motor caravan called the "Parade of Progress" around the country, following it in 1937 with another called "Previews of Progress." Both these exhibits probably did more to sell business than to sell cars—as was intended.

In 1936 the Voice of General Motors began speaking on a national network, and the "Progress" ads began appearing

in national magazines. The whole program was carried on, with improvements, in 1937, as it will be again in 1938. Meanwhile, during the past two or three years, the corporation has been constructing a complementary intra-organizational program which we shall describe next month.

The National Association of Manufacturers has been making one of the most spectacular efforts to sell business; and by capitalizing on the business men's desire to see such an effort made, it has greatly increased its own prestige since 1933.

Ever since the early twenties the Association had been conducting a long, dreary campaign to preserve the open shop, without winning any very enthusiastic support from industry in general. However, in 1932 vice president Robert L. Lund of the Lambert Pharmacal Co. was elected president of the NAM, and before his term expired he had renovated the institution. In 1933 he appointed a director of public relations and began to set up a public-relations department. He organized the first annual "Congress of American Industry" at the time of the 1933 convention; and early in 1934 he appointed Walter B. Weisenburger, a former president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, to reorganize the Association and to increase its influence.

Late in 1934 Lund organized the Public Relations Committee of the NAM, becoming its chairman, and a little later the Association's public relations program really got its start. Early in 1935 the NAM's National Industrial Information Committee formed under Ernest T. Weir of the National Steel Corporation. This body, to which a number of the more prominent business men belong, acts as a kind of liaison between business and the people, and as a policy-making organ; the Public Relations Committee's function is administrative, and the public-relations department of the NAM carries on the day-to-day work.

To complete its schedule of co-operative ads, radio broadcasts, and films, the

Association has been issuing a weekly "Industrial Press Service" to more than 5000 small-town newspaper editors, all of whom have requested it, and who reprint its numberless restatements of industry's views. The NAM also syndicates a cartoon called "Uncle Abner," with political and social overtones, to about 300 daily papers; it issues a business man's service, for executives lacking a public-relations department, which consists of posters and leaflets to be distributed to employees, and news items and editorials to be reprinted in house organs; and it issues bulletins on agriculture, legislation, and corporation law, and a bulletin for foremen and superintendents.

Finally the NAM syndicates an editorial feature called "You and Your Nation's Affairs," to some 300 daily papers with a combined circulation of about 4,000,000. Seven economists write a column each per week, on the social and economic questions of the day; the NAM finances the venture, but the economists' opinions are said to be their own.

In December, 1935, Colby Chester, chairman of the board of the General Foods Corporation, was elected president of the NAM, and along with Lund, Ernest T. Weir, S. Bayard Colgate of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, George H. Houston of the Baldwin Locomotive Co., Lamont du Pont, and Charles R. Hook, president of the American Rolling Mill Co., he is considered to have done much to build up the considerable reputation as a spokesman for business that the NAM holds to-day.

However, Chester had a great deal to do with the public-relations movement in his primary capacity as chairman of General Foods. Late in 1935 he had a survey of public opinion made, which revealed the general distrust of big business, and he presented it to the Bond Club of New York, receiving the most enthusiastic response on record from the assembled financiers. In September, 1936, he had President Clarence Francis of General Foods take another survey, covering the public's opinion of banks, to the con-

vention of the American Bankers' Association. Undoubtedly these and others of Chester's works have measurably helped persuade the financial community to join the public-relations movement.

VI

In any case, the movement that has been fostered since 1933 by General Motors and the NAM, besides the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and a few such individuals as Bruce Barton, has by this winter found support in every quarter. The U. S. Steel Corporation began public-relations advertising to the consumer in 1935; in the summer of 1936 it appointed J. Carlisle MacDonald as assistant to the chairman, to take charge of public relations; and by the spring of 1937 it had established regional public-relations offices in Birmingham, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco. The American Bankers' Association, which had begun a "Constructive Customer Relations" program in 1933, to teach its members to use "our vast army of bank employees in molding public opinion," last summer had begun sending out a series of careful studies of public relations methods for bankers, including such advice as this: ". . . the loaning function, instead of being wholly without public-relations value, can be employed to help create among the people of a community a better feeling toward bankers." Also, late in 1937, the advertising department of the ABA had prepared an electrically transcribed radio program called "Money Matters," written round a mythical banker named John Sterling; by December, sets of the transcriptions were being offered for sale to bankers all over the nation, to be put on the air under their signatures, in their localities. As the Association told its members: "These programs . . . give you the opportunity to go into countless homes, by means of radio, and say the things you would like to tell these people in person."

The Stock Exchange elected Charles R. Gay president in 1935, and he has been

doing his share ever since, inaugurating a new and friendlier attitude toward the public and the press; and since November, 1936, he has caused monthly letters to be sent to 600,000 Exchange members' customers all over the country, explaining the functions and policies of the Exchange to them.

Meanwhile the smaller firms in heavy industry have been going through the preliminary motions, with intent to join the general movement. Late in 1936, vice president Bennett Chapple of the American Rolling Mill Co. spoke to the representatives of these firms, gathered at the convention of the National Industrial Advertisers' Association (NIAA). He told them how the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the NAM, General Motors, and Ford had been selling business. He pointed out that "The growing development of the employee representation (*i.e.*: "company union") movement in our large industries opens a splendid opportunity for the presentation of economic facts among the rank and file of industry." He reminded his listeners that "The NIAA is especially fortunate because it is a triangular liaison between industry, publishers, and advertising agents, and for this reason is in a position to effect the direct mobilizations of these forces." He suggested that the industrial advertisers agree to devote a certain fraction of their total annual advertising space to a statement of the general case for business. And finally he called for a "mobilization" of the interested parties.

As a result of Mr. Chapple's speech, a

committee on public relations was appointed, and at the convention in 1937 its chairman recommended specifically that the NIAA invite the heads of the other groups "which have thus far carried the burden of the work" to a conference, whose object would be to form a "representative national committee including in its membership leaders of major industries." Prospectively, this national committee would: first, educate business men themselves as to their responsibilities; second, foster local activities designed to improve public relations at the base; third, address the public at large, through the various media. The chairman of the committee on public relations called for an annual budget of \$5,000,000 for this work.

In this case the important fact is that another organized group of business men has been brought actively to endorse the general effort to improve public relations. That effort has not lacked for financial support, but its effectiveness, over a long period, will clearly depend largely on moral support—on a unanimous, or nearly unanimous endorsement by the business men of America. For the social principles which the leaders of business are trying to sell to the people postulate a community of interest not only between business and the public but among business men themselves.

Powerful efforts are indeed being made to broaden the base on which the present movement rests; we shall discuss them next month, in the final article of this series.



The Lion's Mouth



SOME PRIVATE THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY MARIAN CASTLE

THE urge to get up on one's feet and make a few well-chosen remarks has attacked all classes from bank presidents to leaf-rakers. No one seems able to build up an immunity to it. As a result, our very traits as a nation are changing. Gone is the laconicism of the Yankee, the taciturnity of the Southern mountaineer, the twangy brevity of the Westerner. In their place has come this new and terrible loquacity—this epidemic of platformitis. No nation can long remain sane with everybody bent on making a speech. Somebody has to do the listening. I plead for the rights of listeners.

Probably one of the most American things in America is this addiction to amateur oratory. It springs from both our best and our worst national traits. Our best, in that it means we encourage every man to have his say; our worst, in that we do not require him to say anything. We have quantity without quality; talk without thought.

In Europe oratory is a luxury confined to the few—either to political careerists in democratic countries or to party heads in totalitarian states. The vast remainder of the people must always be mute. In America the average man is not only permitted to make speeches, but he is encouraged to by means of public-speaking courses at every turn.

Not long ago I called up some friends for a game of bridge. "Oh, we can't. To-night is Harry's class," explained Harry's wife.

"Class?" I repeated. Harry is an auditor. Could he be brushing up on his cost accounting?

"At the Y.M.C.A. The Toastmasters' Club. They meet every two weeks for dinner and then practice making toasts. There are thirty or so in the class—lawyers, dentists, real estate men—oh, everybody. It's simply marvelous."

"Yes—I'm sure it must be," I murmured blankly.

To my knowledge Harry averages two banquets a year, one given by his college fraternity, the other by the local accountants' association. Under the most favorable circumstances Harry could scarcely expect to act as toastmaster oftener than once in twelve years. Yet here he was spending two evenings a month learning to make toasts. What could be the lure in it?

I called up the Y.M.C.A. to find out. An enthusiastic voice assured me that the Toastmasters' Club was only one of several public-speaking groups which it sponsored. There were over a hundred enrolled. Would my husband be interested? The fees were moderate. Or perhaps he already belonged to one of the other public-speaking groups in the city? "Other?" I queried.

There were many others, I was told. At the telephone company, the light and gas company—indeed, there was scarcely a large firm in the city that didn't have employees studying public speaking.

A few days later I met Nels on the street. Nels has been off and on relief for several years. He finished the third grade; or rather, the third grade finished Nels. And ever since he has done the neighborhood's odd jobs, when the effort didn't prove too great and the work wasn't too hard and his back didn't hurt.

I needed a trellis for the back yard. Could he come over and take the measurements for it this evening?

Nels was regretful. No, this evening was his public-speaking class.

"Your what?"

"My public-speaking class. Put on by the W.P.A., you know—down at the Center."

"But what are you taking it for?" I asked.

"To Gain Poise—To Influence Others—To Break Down Sales Resistance."

"But, Nels, you aren't planning to sell anything, are you?"

"No, ma'am. But it don't do you no harm these days to know how to Put Yourself Across," he explained patiently. Maybe day after to-morrow he could measure for my trellis.

A little dazed, I called up the Works Progress Administration to find out more about these ubiquitous classes.

"We have eleven classes in public speaking," answered a polite voice proudly. "Over five hundred were enrolled last year. The interest is simply tremendous."

I should think so. Five hundred people in our modest city taking free courses in public speaking. Five hundred people who have not succeeded in life yet who feel that some magic road to success lies in the ability to speak fluently upon little or no provocation—and with little or less subject matter.

To me this growing belief in the efficacy of public eloquence is an unhappy manifestation of one of our least desirable national traits—superficiality. This searching for a get-cultured-quick scheme. This stress on the delivery of words, rather than on their content; on the *how* rather than on the *what*.

The jewelry trade has a name for it. When small or mediocre stones are ornately set the result is known as flash goods.

America has always had a leaning toward flash goods. Commercially we sometimes put out beautiful and ingenious packages containing second-rate merchandise. Our book making has reached a peak in format, paper, and type—only to enclose, all too frequently, drivel. We

are famous for the beauty and chic of our young women, who, in turn, often make selfish and ill-equipped wives. Flash goods, they might be called.

And in the field of oratory we have more people making more speeches containing less thought than any other nation—people whose chief concern is how to keep their hands out of their pockets, and when to gesture, and how to Make Their Bodies Speak.

Talk without thought. Dale Carnegie in an article admonishes the beginner thus: "I wouldn't even wait for an invitation to make a speech. For the good of my soul" (not, you notice, for the good of his hearers' minds) "I'd seize the first opportunity to make one voluntarily."

Then, as though to quiet any qualms of those students who might doubt whether they have the right to take up their hearers' time unless they have something to say, he heartens them with: "You won't make a brilliant speech. But don't let that worry you. Few people do."

In his further enthusiasm for a larger and larger word-output, he continues: "Practice. Practice. Where? Anywhere. . . . Call in the neighbors and practice on them. Talk to any available group that will listen."

As I read I shuddered. I tried to analyze this passion for public utterance that has sent thousands—millions—into public-speaking classes. Perhaps, I reasoned, it is only a touching effort on the part of under-educated adults to make up for their early deficiencies. Could they have had a college education at the proper time in their lives they would not now be avidly clutching at these public-speaking courses as a short-cut to learning, I told myself.

But I was wrong. After an interview with the registrar of a typical college in my State I reached the conclusion that the colleges are the chief promoters of our public loquacity. I came away from that interview with a catalogue and an account of the increasing ardor of college students for the "Speech Arts"—an ardor for the knack of expression and mimicry

rather than for the plain hard work involved in Greek and mathematics. They want not only easy money but easy culture.

On this campus with its seventeen hundred students over one-fifth are enrolled in the public-speaking department. A student may, so the registrar said, spend well over half his entire college career taking public-speaking and dramatic arts courses. The once-honored bachelor's degree may be obtained to-day by a college course largely made up of such subjects as Speech Personality Development, Observation in Speech Correction, Speech Pathology, Experimental Ideas in Speech, and—yes—The History of Conversation. For his sterner courses he may burn the midnight current over Radio Broadcasting Methods and Phonetics.

No, I would not delete public speaking from the American scene. For who can measure the color that has been added to life by our one-time Chautauqua lecturers, by William Jennings Bryan, by Walter Winchell, or by the President in his fireside talks?

Nor would I banish all courses in public speaking. For who wants to hear a good speech mangled by bad delivery? But, on the other hand, who wants to hear a bad speech, no matter how well it is given? Ingenious and beautiful packages are all right provided they enclose first-rate merchandise.

For time is our most precious possession, and mediocre speeches are the thieves of our time. So I beg for more conscience and more altruism on the part of public speakers. A professional code of ethics, in other words, for orators. I investigated a number of public-speaking courses (and by public-speaking courses I do not mean those strictly private business groups that meet to practice the technique of salesmanship), and I found that in all of them, from Dale Carnegie's to the college subject known as Classical Oratory and Rhetoric, there was plenty of mention of what public speaking would do for the speaker, but an almost total

disregard for what it would do for the hearers.

For the speaker himself, it will help him to think on his feet; it will win him friends and influence people; it will put across his ideas; it will give him poise and self-confidence. For the listener, what? A headache perhaps and the regret that he is sitting so far from the door.

I suggest a return to the aristocratic ideal in regard to speeches—that speech making be the privilege of the few, as it was under the great Greek tradition. In fact, in the *Phædrus*, Plato has Socrates contend that until a man knows the truth he cannot be considered a good orator.

I suggest a return to the old evangelical idea that every man must honestly feel that he has a "message." Or if not a message, that his speech pays its way in entertainment value. I should change the old heckling shout of the vaudeville patron from "Louder and funnier," to "Shorter and brighter."

I am tired of the Gimme school of oratory. I beg that every speaker who is about to take from his hearers their only irreplaceable possession—time—be required first to spend five minutes in silent meditation examining his motives to see whether his speech is being given for the good of his hearers, or only for the good of his own soul.

There will always be a place for good speeches. But when once the stress is upon subject matter and not upon delivery, every man with a yearning to talk will first set out to become an authority upon a subject, so that he will have something to talk about. This will effect an immediate abatement of amateur oratory; for the more a man learns about a subject the less inclined is he to waste his time making speeches about it.

No, I would not delete speech making from the American scene. But I would ask for better speeches (which obviously means fewer ones). I would like the *what* to be more important than the *how*. As a listener, I beg for more private thinking before so much public speaking.



The Easy Chair



FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT COUNTRY DAY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

WHEN not practicing in these pages the Easy Chair conducts a general literary business elsewhere. It is so general that foul detractors have spoken of it as the Sears-Roebuck of contemporary letters, but at present it is over-extended in one department, literary criticism. The Easy Chair has a morbid dislike of referring to itself as a critic, since criticism is the vaguest and most pointless of literary pursuits. It is one of those activities which, as Mr. Stuart Chase recently pointed out in *HARPER's*, never deal in meanings at all, as meaning is understood in other occupations. When a scientist, a historian, a garage mechanic, an elevator boy, or a cook deals with a problem of his profession his thinking is constantly engaged with things. The things and the acts he performs in relation to them are what constitute meaning. But a literary critic, like a metaphysician, proceeds not from thing to idea to thing, but from idea to idea to idea. There is no way of checking, verifying, or disproving him. He has nothing to do with meaning. He just thinks.

Q. Is this liquid an acid or a base? *A.* Get out the proper reagents and make the appropriate tests, and everybody who does the same will come to the same conclusion.

Q. Is this book a good one or a bad one? *A.* Just sit there and think and you'll find out but nobody else will have to agree.

That is why the Easy Chair prefers to be called a historian and why, when referred to as a critic, it insists that the epithet be accompanied by a smile. . . . Well, as

one or the other, the Easy Chair recently had an interesting experience. In a nostalgic moment it published some extracts from poems and speeches that our grandfathers thought were pretty fine. It did so with a certain apprehension lest readers enjoy them not with a proper antiquarian approval but with the spurious sophistication of the literary. As it turned out, however, the Easy Chair was the more snobbish. The selections it published brought in a big mail from people who have to be thought of as enlightened, from whatever basis you assess enlightenment, and without exception they liked the stuff. They liked it not as antiquarians but as twentieth-century, post-war, post-depression, precatastrophe radical thinkers. They hadn't seen anything like those poems and speeches for a long time. They were glad to see them. They wanted more.

Such a phenomenon transfers you from literary criticism to what Teachers College (which is populated by literary critics) calls social significance. If Americans like the popular literature of grandfather's time that is news. In criticism it looks like pretty bad literature, but in history all we can say is that it gets a vote large enough to be interpreted as a mandate. The Easy Chair does not pretend to say what the fact means or what its implications are or whither it may lead. But it recognizes a public obligation when it sees one.

All right. You are back in the 1870's. You are attending a Country Day School.

That is, you have got past the reactionary stage of progressive education, which curiously believed that students ought to be collected in a bus and carried away from the barbarous Little Red Schoolhouse (the den of all educational vices) to a big, modern, consolidated school equipped with the best automatic, labor-saving gadgets. You have gone on to the more advanced stage of progressive education which believes that students ought to be collected from apartment houses and transported out to a Little Red Schoolhouse where they can look at plants and animals, help teacher scrub the blackboards in group co-operation, and carry firewood for the stove according to the basic principles of purposeful activity. . . . And it is Friday afternoon.

It is a socially conscious generation, shocked by inequalities in wealth that the corrupt system has been permitted to produce. Quite naturally, therefore, Friday afternoon hears many recitations from the treasury of proletarian literature.

O! men with sisters dear!
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!

The mutinous voice exults with that climax, on its way to others still more orotund, and the eighth-grade sansculottes applaud. So from pre-factory sweatshops the program moves on to famine, absentee ownership, and the vices of economic royalty:

There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs tonight,
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

That is from "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother," a favorite poem for Friday afternoon. This was a generous people even before Granville Hicks, on his way to Damascus, discovered the poor. Its poetry was generous too, like that of today's sansculottes, and had the same preference for tears.

Under the lamplight, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
There she lies
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty.
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet;
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty of time and leisure—
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below
To teach the erring and raise the lowly.
Plenty in Charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Above this corpse the poem raises a vision of a home afar, out where the daisies and buttercups are—a home from which the dead maiden has wandered, where an aged couple are thinking of her now. Dead maiden, distant home among the buttercups, aged parents—the literature uses them frequently. There will be other maidens on Friday afternoon too, and rather more children and babies. Some of these will grow up pleasantly enough, barefoot boys with cheeks of tan, or little brown hands that drive home the cows from the pasture. But some of them will grow up only to fill a felon's grave, because of rum or evil counsel, and some will sleep beneath the starry banner somewhere along the James or the Rapidan. More still will die young. We are some years short of Little Boy Blue, whose neglected toys bring this particular theme to apotheosis, but there is a widespread mortality. Children die from poverty and disease, but oftener from heartbreak, and most often because their fathers drink or have to do their duty first of all.

For Drecker, being great of soul, and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But, as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge, in safety, passed the train.

The Noble Worker, then, was not invented in 1933 as a receptacle for all of the Noble Savage tradition that Mr. Hemingway might not want, but flourished on Friday afternoon for generations. Drecker let his son drown, to save the lives of the passengers, and Jim Bludso's ghost went up alone in the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*. There was another fire on another

steamer, the *Ocean Queen*, which plied Lake Erie's waters, and John Maynard also perished to save first-cabin lives.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?

The captain saw him reel—

His nerveless hands released their task,

He sunk beside the wheel.

The wave received his lifeless corpse

Blackened with smoke and fire.

God rest him! Hero never had

A nobler funeral pyre!

All this poetry is charged with social message, but Friday has its pure æstheticism also, a poetry that does not mean primarily, but is.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!

O dark Beth-peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,

And teach them to be still.

The rafters give back an exquisite rotundity of sound, and the young æsthetes are not interested in Moses but in the very things that will seem so fine and secret when T. S. Eliot reveals them to the grandchildren later on. There are many echo poems, J. T. Trowbridge's boy calling the cows, somebody else's vendor crying "Charco', charco'"—street cries, church hymns, field shouts, pure ecstasy of sound. "Toll, toll, toll," Mrs. Sigourney admonishes the ship's bell, "O'er breeze and billow free," and it isn't the shipwreck that the schoolroom loves, but just the vowels. Country Day may find tragedy in "My Son's Wife Elizabeth," but forgets it in admiration of pure poetry:

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,

For the dew's will soon be falling;

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,

Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;

Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow . . .

That was high tide on the coast of Lincolnshire, and high tide in the emotions of Friday afternoon.

History ought to mention the dying drunkards, the tyrants of the pagan past, the philosophers who climbed above the plain and saw earth's grandeurs melt away, the folk heroes of the forest and mountains, the classic heroes from Greece

and Rome, the heroes who made way for liberty and died, the child who held his finger in the leaking dike, and scores of others. But the Easy Chair has space for only one more item of Friday afternoon—a late item on the program, with shadows on the snow turning from blue to purple, and the voices of Country Day turning from poetry and pleasure to prose and exhortation.

"Proud City! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea." The captured general Regulus has a striking fascination, and the eighth grade loves to hear him say farewell to family and Senate and defy the Carthaginians as he nobly dies for the state. He sounds pretty fascistic, and that would be an unlovely omen in Country Day except for an even greater hero, the slave who had only his chains to lose, lost them, and led the risen proletarii against their oppressors. The girls liked "Cusha! Cusha!" on Friday, but the ideal and idol of the boys was a figure of red revolution.

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

So runs one peroration, the slave inciting his fellow-slaves, who have nothing to lose but their chains. A moment later, another orator begins to work up to a still finer climax, when the chains are gone forever and imperial Rome sends envoys to treat with the triumphant rebel:

Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus

comes on! So swell *his* forces—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn. Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! . . . Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

Twilight fills the room at Country Day. Opulence trembles in all his palaces, the past rises before us as in a dream, like a plumed knight James G. Blaine marches down the halls of the American Congress and throws his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. . . . The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall: there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor—and that arm, yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars. . . . And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. . . . But what do we see? We see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

If the passage stirs no memory in you, you have had too meager an inheritance—and maybe you had better not be too sure in your opinions about the Americans. On the other hand, if the passage gives you a vague feeling that you read it all just a day or two ago, don't suppress the feeling. You did, over and over. You'll read it all again too before long.

Well, what? Well, this isn't an acid or a base. It is literature. You think it sounds silly? Brethren, we had better not be fastidious about silliness if we are going to deal with literature. The tears flow easily? No more easily than now. In 1870 it was the death-wish that got the most applause, whereas to-day it is the castration complex; but both are good for a heavy dew. Besides, are we forbidden to weep over the dying or the poor unless we first consult a dogma of criticism or an ideology? Then, in a word, the literature is sentimental? You seem to be dreadfully uninformed about the literature of our day.

Friday afternoon at Country Day was just a difference in phase, not in substance. From history's watchtower the phases look astonishingly alike, except that the boys and girls in 1870 may have had a little better education in literature. At any rate, they took in literature by way of the ear as well as the eye. Reading was something more than skill at flash-cards, and poetry had to exist in a dimension it has since forfeited. Liberal thought may suppose that our culture has enormously improved with the disappearance of oratory like the vision of the future quoted above. But that pure judgment would have to be passed in an area not served by the radio. And if we have to decide whether this is an acid or a base—well, you and I are doubtless superior persons. We have a very low toleration of popular literature, now and forever. We would rather perish than enjoy "By Nebo's lonely mountain" or "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." Righteousness is our garment and we never sneak a look at O. O. McIntyre or the confession magazines.



Harper's *Magazine*

WE LOSE THE NEXT WAR

BY ELMER DAVIS

WE HAVE lately been getting a good deal of education in international politics, but we need still more. The proposal for a popular referendum on the declaration of war implies a growing conviction that the people themselves should make the ultimate decision of international politics; but to make it intelligently we need to know more about the cost of war—and about the cost of trying to remain at peace in a world at war. Alone of the great powers, we have some freedom of decision, thanks to geography. The referendum plan discriminates between two kinds of war—attacks on our territory or that of our neighbors, which would have to be met without delay; and wars which we can go into or stay out of as we may choose. The latter is the only kind of war this generation is likely to have to worry about.

It is not seriously disputed that until the size and range of aircraft have greatly increased, no foreign power can do us much damage if we stay within what General Rivers calls "our normal sea frontier"—Alaska, Hawaii, Panama, and

so on around to Newfoundland. No dictator, however ambitious, would attempt an attack doomed to certain failure. If we go to war in the next few years it will be either in an effort to salvage our interests and prestige in the Far East (mostly prestige, for trade with Japan is by far our largest interest); or in an attempt to help the European democracies (and Russia) check the continuing aggression of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Nobody wants to fight if we can help it; but as Mr. Roosevelt said in his reply to Mr. Landon, "whether we like it or not we are a part of a large world of other nations and peoples. As such we owe some measure of co-operation and even leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the ultimate goal of general peace." And effective co-operation to restore general peace involves the risk of being drawn into a general war.

But isolation has its risks too. The present attempt to explore the risks and balance the drawbacks of both policies, unlike most researches into this subject, was not begun as an argument for either;

nor is it inspired by the lofty idealism that animates so much of the America-must-choose literature, on both sides. Both co-operation and isolation have been advocated as means to the salvation of the world, or to the realization of some transcendental ideal of what humanity ought to be; the present study is merely an attempt to figure out, from the standpoint of national interest, which is the more expensive and dangerous. On both sides idealists have underestimated the practical difficulties. Too many co-operationists talk as if we can buy world peace at a bargain sale; too many isolationists seem to think that if we only say we are going to stay out of war everybody will live happily ever after.

Unfortunately it will not be so easy as that.

II

The mere mechanics of isolation in a world at war are more complex than most people realize. One of many reasons why we went to war in 1917 was that our prosperity built on war trade had given us a common economic interest with England and France. Many isolationists, believing that was the only or at least the principal reason, have accordingly a simple formula for keeping out of the next war: abolish all trade with warring nations.

This would require amendment of the present Neutrality Act, which, besides forbidding the export of arms and munitions to belligerents, gives the President discretion to forbid the export of almost anything else, in American ships or under American ownership. Belligerents may still buy anything except munitions, but they must take it away in their own ships; and they cannot borrow money here to pay for it; they must bring their own. It is this last provision, rather than the cash-and-carry clause, that would virtually confine our foreign trade in a world war to England and her allies. The British navy would control the Atlantic, the Japanese navy would control the Pacific—subject in each case to interference from

enemy airplanes and submarines; but Japan, Germany, and Italy have not enough money, here or at home, to buy much. Transpacific trade would be limited to barter for as much silk as Japan could produce for export in wartime.

Repeal of the cash-and-carry clause, an embargo on all trade with belligerents, would accordingly please not only the bitter-end isolationists but the people who want to see England beaten. Conversely, it would be unpopular with those who, though believing we should remain neutral, would rather see the democracies win than the Fascist powers. Here is an emotional conflict that would bring constant pressure on Congress, keep the war and the embargo an issue in domestic politics. There would be other pressures which have been underestimated by many isolationists.

"Neutrality is not easy," admits Alfred M. Bingham in *Beware of Europe's Wars*, but he does not specify the difficulties. Quincy Howe, in *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty*, concludes that complete isolation would entail governmental control of business which might amount to state socialism; but he skips lightly over the details, and the costs. In bracketing these two I do Bingham an injustice; his pamphlet is a very able analysis of the present crisis, whereas Howe's book is described on its jacket, with perhaps unintended candor, as "assuming no special knowledge on the part of the reader." With very little knowledge, one can see that Howe's Anglophobia throws his whole world picture out of focus. Others—Kirby Page and Mauritz A. Hallgren, for instance—have been more candid. An embargo, says Hallgren, would mean "an economic depression far more devastating than that which began in 1929," particularly ruinous to agriculture. To keep the national economy going at all would require some sort of dictatorship—perhaps quasi-socialist, more likely a native brand of Fascism. Emotional opposition to the embargo would be reinforced by the population of the areas ruined by the embargo; repeal

would be demanded not by bankers and munition makers—not out in front anyway—but by farmers of the corn and cotton States to whom Congress seldom says No.

These considerations were apparent to the committee of economists who made for the Economic and Social Planning Association (ESPA for short) the most careful study yet attempted of the mechanics and the domestic consequences of isolation. They dismiss the idea of an embargo except on munitions very curtly. Nearly two million people are dependent on export to Europe alone; some of our crops, many of our industries, count on the foreign market for their margin of profit; an embargo would be so costly that "numerous and powerful groups would prefer war."

A trade policy designed to keep us at peace, says the committee, must have three objectives—to prevent such a shrinkage of trade as would cause a domestic crisis; to escape dependence on war trade for prosperity, as in 1916; and to forestall an expansion that would intensify the inevitable post-war slump. So it recommends continuance of trade with everybody; but on the cash-and-carry basis, and with exports to any belligerent limited to its normal peacetime quota. Except for farm products; they could be exported in much greater quantity—otherwise a Congress respectful of the farm vote might not long continue any export restrictions at all. This could go on as long as belligerents could pay for it. Several billion dollars' worth of American securities owned abroad (mostly by the British and their probable allies) could be liquidated, but gradually, so as to prevent a break in market values and too rapid a growth of war trade. Thus while a war boom could not be wholly eliminated, it could be spread out thin, taken a little at a time instead of in one indigestible lump.

But it would mean control over exports and stock markets such as we have never known in peacetime, with endless possibilities of evasion and graft. Other neu-

trals, mostly in the Americas, would turn to us for goods they used to buy from belligerents; the surplus sent to them might be re-exported to belligerents. Each warring coalition would be suspicious of our increased Latin-American trade; submarines in both seas might interfere with it. (Also, as Senator Borah has suggested, submarines lying outside our ports to sink belligerent merchantmen might sometimes make a mistake and sink ours.) Thus at great expense and inconvenience we could escape some of the risks of involvement, but not all.

Trade means import as well as export; even we are not quite self-sufficient, but luckily our biggest imports, coffee and sugar, come from the Americas. The breakfast table could carry on as usual; Japanese silk would gradually become scarcer and more expensive, but the girls would not have to take to cotton stockings at once unless they chose. Rubber and some of the minor metals would be the worst problem; the committee recommends that we start laying in a reserve of these before war begins. In a few years Brazilian rubber will again amount to something; if the war breaks out before then Japanese cruisers could shut off imports from Malaysia and the Dutch East Indies; pleasure cars might gradually disappear from our roads.

There would be immense internal strains and dislocations; Latin-American trade could not take care of all our merchant marine; many seamen would be unemployed—and plenty of other people too. New industries would rise, old ones would dry up; prices and raw materials would soon have to be controlled. The whole scheme implies a government control of business which, the committee concedes, might mean "a permanent change in our economic system." But it would be far less rigorous than the centralization needed to enforce an embargo; still less than the regimentation that would almost certainly be imposed on us if we went into the war.

It seems to me that some such plan is our best chance of staying out of a world

war and at the same time keeping the United States a going concern. But it would not be enough for the root-and-branch isolationists or for the people who hate England; it would be too much for many others. Those who would lose money or the hope of making money through such measures would contrast them (says the committee) not with the only alternative—the much more stringent regulations that war would bring—but with happy memories of peace and normalcy. Unless public opinion were overwhelmingly behind the policy, its restrictions might be evaded as widely and as profitably as was the Volstead Act.

If it were effectively enforced there would be a festering resentment among all the people whom it inconvenienced; which would ally itself with more disinterested resentments. It was not merely economic reasons that got us into the last war; most Americans hoped that England, France, and their allies would win. Most Americans would hope so next time; we could not be neutral in thought any more than we could after the invasion of Belgium in 1914. Bingham, with the logic of his convictions, suggests that “perhaps the floods of foreign propaganda should be curbed.” But a new Alien Act to silence foreign propagandists would have to be supplemented by a new Sedition Act to shut up their American sympathizers; the “co-operative commonwealth established in democracy” of which Bingham dreams would be built on the grave of the Bill of Rights.

The ESPA committee drily remarks that such suppression would be neither constitutional, desirable, nor feasible; the best we can do is to counter war propaganda with peace propaganda. This whole plan certainly looks as if it would have a better chance of success than any other. But life in the United States under such regulations would be uncomfortable and uncertain, both materially and psychologically; we might look back to the winter of 1937-8 as a vanished Golden Age of prosperity and happiness.

III

The effect of American isolation on the rest of the world may seem irrelevant to this inquiry; but it backfires on our national interests, as the more intelligent isolationists realize. So they try to show that by remaining neutral we serve others as well as ourselves. “The only effective discouragement we can offer to powerful belligerents,” says Bingham, “is the assurance that under no circumstances will we trade with any belligerent.” But this would not discourage Germany, Italy, and Japan; they take only one-sixth of our exports, and could get very little of that in wartime even if we had no restrictions on trade. It would unquestionably discourage England and France, but they do not want to fight anyway if they can help it. Here is the weakest point of the isolationist case. By refusing to co-operate now with the peaceful powers we make a world war more probable; if that war comes, American isolation will make a Fascist victory more probable. Almost all our isolationists prefer democracy to Fascism; but the isolationist arguments of the liberal Howe, the radical Bingham, are echoed (rather more forcefully) by the Fascist Lawrence Dennis.

So even Quincy Howe's conscience is a little uneasy. At one moment he rejoices in the prospective removal of “England's dead hand” from the earth, at the chance for other nations to find their places in the sun. But when he sees what they do with sunshine when they get it, he argues that Italy and Germany could not win a major war, must collapse in revolution if they even try it, etc. Bingham is not so sure; but he reasons from the French failure to keep Germany down that Hitler could not permanently enslave England and France, and he does not care much who owns the colonies. Communists believe the next war will lead to Communist revolutions everywhere, no matter who wins. But (aside from the fact that Russia might again be the first to cave in) history offers few instances of successful revolutions against victorious governments;

and even in the beaten countries there is no evident reason why Communism must come to the top. More probably, if the Fascists won, the eventual governments of the defeated democracies would be cliques of Fascist stooges, as in the occupied provinces of China to-day. Men who would serve the conqueror would be harder to find in France and England than in China, but they could be found; the French found such men in the Rhine-land in 1919.

All this is guesswork, but some guesses are more plausible than others. Economically, everybody would be worse off after a world war no matter who won it, neutrals as well as belligerents; but politically, a victory for the democracies would suit us well enough. No doubt they would hate us for not helping them win more cheaply. "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But we came to the help of the Lord against the mighty in 1917, and got cursed out just the same after it was over. In any case, British and French bitterness would go no farther than talk.

But suppose the Fascists won—reduced England and France to impotence, divided up the British, French, and Dutch colonial empires, dominated Scandinavia and the Balkans. They might have as much as they could manage for the moment but not as much as they want; it is in the logic of Fascist doctrine (convincingly analyzed by E. B. Ashton in *The Fascist: His State and His Mind*) that the more the State has the more it must demand, so "its growth knows no saturation point." After Europe, the next field for Fascist expansion is Latin America; so if we do not help to stop it in Europe and Asia we may presently have to face it singlehanded nearer home.

I believe this fear is exaggerated. No single Fascist power is strong enough now to attack the Americas; none of them will be any stronger for years after the next war, even if it wins it. Nor could they easily combine against us; the essence of

the Fascist creed is national egoism. The present Fascist quasi-alliance works well enough toward immediate and limited objectives; but once European influence was excluded from eastern Asia, Japan would play a lone hand. And the overthrow of England and France would only clear the way for a German-Italian war as soon as Germany and Italy had recovered enough to fight again. Their clashing interests on the Danube and in the Alps are far more vital than either's interest in Latin America.

The greater danger would be indirect. Fascist victory would immensely enhance the prestige of Fascism as a creed—already popular with some Latin-American dictators as a new name for an old practice. But the biggest and most nearly Fascist of the lot, President Vargas of Brazil, dislikes the name and prefers his country's traditional friendship to us to any leaning toward Fascists overseas. And we are well insulated; the Panama Canal is flanked by democratic countries, and the collectivism of Mexico is a collectivism of the Left, not of the Right.

Here at home victorious Fascism would win the admiration of more and more American business men; but they might begin to realize by that time that in Germany and Italy the rich, no less than the poor, are slaves of the state—house servants rather than field hands, but slaves none the less. Another danger—there is already a sort of clerical Fascism in Quebec; and American Catholics have supported Spanish Fascism so zealously that a good many liberals are afraid they might support Fascism here. The Knights of Columbus' crusade against "Communism" certainly interprets Communism very liberally; but authoritative American Catholic voices—Cardinal Mundelein's, for instance—have denounced Fascism, and in Europe the Church has been selective in its support. In Spain and Austria, where it has always upheld authority, it does so still; but it is chiefly concerned with its own authority. Somebody else has the authority in Germany, somebody else would have it here.

For any American Fascism would probably depend for its popular appeal on something like the Ku Klux movement; if it had a religious color, that color would be Protestant—as farseeing Catholics must realize.

All in all, it does not look as if a Fascist victory would necessarily mean a Fascist America; if this country ever goes Fascist it will be on account of what happens here, not overseas. We may be only postponing the danger till our grandchildren's time; no one can say what they may have to face if Japan dominates and organizes Asia, if Germany and Italy can keep from eating each other up. But the danger is neither so great nor so immediate as is usually represented.

Other consequences of a world war would be costly to us as well as disastrous to the belligerents; but here too there has been exaggeration.

It is commonly said that the next world war will destroy civilization; but mankind does not seem to have quite enough power, yet, to wipe out all its achievements. Air fleets are far larger and more powerful than twenty years ago; but their failure to destroy—however badly they have damaged—the flimsily built cities of China suggests that the pictures of London, Paris, and Berlin wiped off the map are premature. They could be badly battered, but not yet obliterated. Urban life in Europe is more dependent on technology than in China; the worst results of air attack would not be the material destruction but panic, hunger, epidemic. But every European government is training its people in "passive defense," working out emergency plans for evacuation and food supply; preparing for a return to cave life till the bombers have stopped coming. Irreplaceable treasures will be destroyed in the next war, Europe will be left frightfully weakened and impoverished; but the total material collapse of civilization is not to be expected this time.

Spiritually and morally, civilization collapsed on August 1, 1914—the civilization in which people now middle-aged grew up, a culture which with all its shortcomings

did give more satisfaction to more people than any other yet evolved. Young people cannot realize how the world has been coarsened and barbarized since 1914; they may feel the loss of the security into which their parents were born but they cannot appreciate how much else has been lost; even we who once had it cannot recall it now without an effort. But the collapse of a great culture is a long process; it took the Roman world four or five centuries to hit bottom. Since 1914 we have slipped back as far perhaps as the Romans slipped between the Antonine age and the days of Alexander Severus. It is a long way; but the Rome of Alexander would have looked like paradise to the Romans who lived under Constantine—and still they kept on slipping. So may we. The next war might shock the human race back into sanity; it is more likely to leave all nations coarsened and barbarized still further, with more wars to come. The Greeks once fought a war to end war and liberate oppressed nationalities; it only led to a new war, the defeated powers combining with those of the victorious coalition who had been short-changed at the peace conference; and that led to another war, and another, until the qualities that had made the Greeks great completely disappeared.

What has all that to do with us? Well, some of our isolationists talk as if by mere staying out of war we can make this country an Island of the Blest. Quincy Howe sings a pæan to self-sufficient America, which will "promote western civilization in the one country where it has not actually gone into a decline." Europe will be no loss; "the civilization of Europe in general and of Britain in particular proclaims itself doomed" (by the mouths of Bertrand Russell, André Gide, Aldous Huxley) and anyway "if England sank into the sea America would still have the Bible and Shakespeare, the world would still be indebted to Newton and Darwin."

So the eastern Roman Empire round Constantinople still had the Bible and Homer when the Western world had relapsed into barbarism; but those who talk

of America as "the new Byzantium," keeping the torch of civilization alight through the next Dark Age, forget that the Byzantine culture was intellectually very arid. It imitated the classics, badly; it preserved and annotated them, in ever-narrowing selection; it was the best there was at the time, and we owe it an enormous debt; but it is nothing for us to emulate if we can help it. An impoverished and barbarized Europe means an America impoverished, though in less degree, by the loss of the European market; an America barbarized, though in less degree, by the loss of contact and interaction with a still vital European culture.

We have already a dangerous tendency to self-admiration. So has every great nation, but at present they are a check on one another's complacency; without a rival, we should admire ourselves more and more, perhaps with less and less reason. There is something in the English character, something else in the French character, without which humanity would be the poorer. There was once something like that in the German character; it has been destroyed in Germany by forces whose conquest of Europe would be made easier by American isolation. Civilization to-day is probably at its best in Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland; there is not much doubt what will become of those countries if Hitler goes on unchecked. Quincy Howe might be pleased if Oxford and Cambridge were brought low, but even he would hardly like to see "Nazi science" taught at Leyden and Upsala.

Some of these evils would follow any world war, but not all. People who say our isolation would do Europe any good are only poulticing their consciences. It may make sense for us, but there is no altruism about it.

IV

Co-operation to restore general peace would prevent all that. But a good many co-operationists seem to think we can scare off the enemy with a shout, as Achilles once did, or at most by economic

pressure. "Economic and financial sanctions cannot fail," says the *Nation*, "if they are honestly applied." Cannot is a large word; so is if, in that context. Against Italy, sanctions failed; they were not honestly applied, but the reasons why they were not would operate next time too.

That failure discredited the word "sanctions," but not the idea. What Mr. Roosevelt meant by "quarantine" has not, at this writing, been authoritatively declared; but *New York Times* editorials on November 30th and December 24th last advocated a policy which could be described by that term, though it carefully was not. The *Times* insisted that this was a formal policy of sanctions, but that concurrent independent action on parallel lines by the United States, the British Empire, and perhaps France and the Netherlands, would achieve the same result as co-operation. "Great sums of money are required for armies invading foreign soil. . . . Certain raw materials are essential to the conduct of wars, and they are to be found chiefly in democratic territories. The governments whose citizens possess these credits and these materials, acting independently but in parallel, can properly withhold them." Thus would fall "the sure shadow of economic starvation on spendthrift governments which cannot wage war unless we supply them."

If by this plan we could restore general peace nobody would care much what we called it. But resort to such measures after the failure of diplomacy to check the aggressors would be a continuation of politics by other means; which is the classic definition of war. This is war—a limited inexpensive method of war, in which our side has the advantage. If it proves effective, aggressor governments have a choice between abandoning the objectives which they have persuaded their people are vitally necessary, and resorting to other methods of war in which they would have a better chance of success. In 1935 Mussolini said he would fight if sanctions inconvenienced him, and sanc-

tions were not permitted to inconvenience him. This has not been forgotten in Berlin and Tokyo.

Economic starvation is not a substitute for war; it is the first campaign in a war which would have other and bloodier campaigns. If it were applied to Japan, the reply might be a Japanese attack on Hong Kong or the Philippines, or French Indo-China, or the Dutch East Indies. Stern realists face this prospect undismayed. "The Western powers," says Raymond Leslie Buell, "could refrain from taking any military action to defend their possessions in the Orient, realizing that if they applied the embargo long enough Japan would have to withdraw." How long is long enough? Longer, I suspect, than Occidental patience would endure. The real estate listed above does not belong to Mr. Buell. Its actual owners, notably the French, have shown no enthusiasm for this policy of "temporary" abandonment when it has been brought into unofficial conversation.

If we have learned anything in these past few months it ought to be that co-operation entails the risk of war, even if you call it concurrent parallelism. Some attempt should be made, then, to estimate the cost of war, compare it with the cost of isolation.

Everything costs more than it did twenty years ago and war would be no exception. Our strength again might tip the balance; but this time Germany has stronger allies, so that the war might be longer if the peoples of the world could endure it; the cost might be heavier—in lives, in money, in social and spiritual dislocations. And the profit of victory? A lasting peace, a sane international organization, a world made safe for democracy? Just what we hoped to get when we went to war in 1917; it is doubtful if we have a much better chance of getting it next time.

Possibly of course the whole world will have learned a lesson—if the war is short and victory cheap. The longer it lasts the worse will be every human being who survives it—with judgment warped, emo-

tions inflamed. Wilson said, at the end of the last war, that we must be just even to those to whom we did not want to be just; but his motion was lost for want of a second. The war had been too long and costly, the danger of defeat too recently imminent. The same conditions repeated would probably produce the same state of mind. Wilson laid down his Fourteen Points when we were already deep in the War; he might have laid down conditions before we went in. But in 1915 the Italians laid down conditions before they went in, and got them written into a solemn contract; yet they did not get what had been promised when the plunder was divided. Europe would be even worse off to-day if they had got it, but the precedent is not encouraging.

If we fight for British and French democracy we also defend the British and French empires; co-operation with the peoples means co-operation with their governments. The present British government is an excellent argument for American isolation. Its foreign policy for the past seven years has been an almost unbroken series of blunders. It proved its unscrupulousness by the way it got rid of King Edward (he had to be got rid of, but the methods employed were pretty dirty); proved its stupidity in the Manchurian affair; and proved both when rebellion broke out in Spain. A government that hazards its own imperial interests to protect class interests, and fails to protect either, would be no safe partner in war or in the making of peace.

Somebody else might be in power at the end of the war? Nobody much better. British Labor would make a better peace than the present ruling-group, but popular parties displace conservative governments in wartime only after some such disaster as Sedan. Wilson in 1914 thought England was sated with territory and would want no more if she won; he learned otherwise in 1919. We hear much from London about the "weary Titan" sagging under the burden of empire, but no doubt the wheezy old gentleman could add Libya and Ethiopia to his

load if the chance were offered. So with the French. A government headed by such a man as Léon Blum would probably make a decent peace; but men like Léon Blum are not in power at the end of a war. To win, you need somebody like Clemenceau.

V

So it does not seem much more likely that victory would bring us what we were fighting for than it did last time—a little perhaps, but not much. And to the familiar costs of war one more would be added; we should have to sign away our liberties while the war lasted, and we might never get them back. To win a great war requires a concentration of national effort, and that means a concentration of power which may approximate a dictatorship. We had a taste of such concentration in 1918; but in that year, when this country came nearer to hitting on all cylinders than at any other time in its history, the co-operation was mostly voluntary. Most Americans believed in the objectives of the war and were willing to work their hardest to attain them. After the disillusionment that followed, there might be less enthusiasm next time; but there will be far more concentration if the Industrial Mobilization Plan worked out by the War and Navy Departments is put into force. The bills embodying it have not been passed but they might be jammed through Congress in the excitement of the beginning of war. This plan is the strongest of all arguments for isolation.

It gives the President control of business, industry, finance, labor—control far more drastic than we have ever known. He may fix wages and prices, regulate production, take over private property; censor the press (indirectly but effectively), suspend enumerated laws if he chooses. He can further draft as many men as he sees fit—leaving them at work in factories if they are more useful there, but sending them to the trenches if they strike or even complain, however justifiably. The national Administrator of

Labor is to be “an outstanding industrial leader”; labor leaders are only permitted to give advice which need not be taken. And conscription continues till six months after the President has decided that the emergency is over. Times will be unsettled after the next war; a President who thought he could get away with it could find one excuse after another for postponing his proclamation indefinitely.

With this plan in effect it would be ridiculous to pretend that we were fighting for democracy; for this is Fascism in spirit, if not in form and structure—with the difference that the rich in America would be far better off than they are in Germany and Italy to-day. One of the purposes of the studies that produced this plan was to take the profit out of war, but the Army soon discovered that without profit, and satisfactory profit, there would be no deliveries. Some army contracts fix the profit at six per cent; but ambiguities in cost accounting would make it actually much higher. As counsel for the Pittsburgh Ordnance District candidly put it, “profit at the rate of six per cent would not tempt successful industrial companies” to help their country win the war; but at ten per cent, he thought, their patriotism might begin to function. There has been talk of drafting capital as you draft men; but if you commandeered factories whose owners held out for too high a price you must also commandeer men who could run them efficiently. In most cases these would be the very men who had gone on strike against serving their country for a beggarly six per cent. An Administration which had the courage to shoot a few corporation presidents might get some action; but we are hardly likely to see that.

The Army officers who drew up the plan reasoned from the experience of 1917–18 that you can draft men to fight, you can probably draft them to work at fixed wages; but you cannot draft the management of industry to work for less than it considers a satisfactory profit. As individuals, the members of this class average as high in patriotism as anybody

else. If they are of military age they go to war, usually as volunteers; if over age they send their sons, and experience the same emotions as other men if those sons are killed; they serve the government as dollar-a-year men, and by no means all of them use their official positions to advance their private interests. But when they start thinking and feeling institutionally, as members of a class, they hold out for all they can get.

The Industrial Mobilization Plan makes them preferred stockholders in the nation at war; what else they might become depends on who might be President at the time. Under some Presidents we have had, and under some presidential possibilities, this war dictatorship would be turned into a plutocratic class dictatorship which could hardly be thrown off by peaceful means. This is such a probable effect of the plan that one cannot help wondering if it were the intention, if war-time efficiency is only a pretext; but so far as I can find out in Washington, this is not so at all. The capitalists of the Army Ordnance Association may have given the scheme their approval, but it seems to have sprung from the brains of Army officers dazzled by Clausewitz's concept of "absolute war." Begun as a means to an end, such a war becomes an end in itself, to which the life of the nation is only a means.

If we were defending our shores against a Fascist world this might be necessary; we could afford to sacrifice even democracy if we were fighting for national existence. But it seems out of all proportion to any war in which we are likely to be engaged. The General Staff plans for an army of four million men next time; some enthusiasts talk of even more. But what could we do with four million men in a war with Japan? A few divisions could hold the disputed islands, and the decision would have to be won by the fleet and the air force. Whether mass armies will be of much use hereafter even in Europe has been seriously questioned; and if they will, it is far from certain that we could again ship two million men

overseas, with airplanes and submarines so much more effective than in 1918.

Perhaps then we could win without such drastic measures. That is a technical question but it involves the technics of politics and mass psychology as well as of military organization. It badly needs to be explored while there is yet time—dispassionately explored by men who are not trying to prove anything but only to find out what is what; for a war fought under the present plan would cost more than it was worth, even if our generals and admirals won victories as brilliant as Napoleon's and Nelson's.

War will mean regimentation whether we go in or stay out; it might not amount to dictatorship but it will look like dictatorship by contrast with peacetime, especially to those whom it restrains. Control to preserve neutrality would restrain rugged individualists who wanted to make money out of war trade regardless of the consequences; no conservative Administration could bring itself to such interference with business. Norman Thomas's program (and Bingham's, and Kirby Page's) is "neutrality plus Socialism." It probably would not go that far, and certainly would not be called Socialism; but it seems pretty clear that only a moderately radical Administration could preserve neutrality against the combined attack of conservatives and Communists. As between embargo and the program of the ESPA committee, the latter (besides being much more likely to work) would need less stringent controls, would be less dictatorial. The regimentation planned for wartime, however innocently intended, would drift toward a dictatorship by big business. The trend could be resisted only by a radical President strong enough and popular enough to make the wartime dictatorship something like a personal autocracy.

None of these prospects is pleasant, yet one of them is likely to become a reality in the next world war. Everybody will lose the next war—victors as well as vanquished, neutrals as well as belligerents; we are going to lose it whether

we go in or stay out. I believe we shall lose it less disastrously if we stay out. By going in (and winning) we could make the outcome somewhat less calamitous for the world; but for our own interests, isolation is likely to be less costly than victory. Call this crass selfishness if you like; but would any other nation, situated as we are, even dream of sticking out its chin in an attempt to save the world? The European democracies co-operate after a fashion, because they must; they want us to co-operate because we might save them; but everywhere the people will tell you, "You Americans are lucky. If we too were three thousand miles away—"

This conclusion may derive some value from the fact that I did not reach it before I started and then set out to prove it; my emotional inclinations are all the other way. My grandfather had to leave Germany after 1848, and he would not like Hitler any better than he liked the King of Prussia. I have many friends in Europe; I have lived long enough in England to have an affection for the English people, despite their present government; I am particularly fond of the Dutch and the Czechs, who will be right out in front when trouble comes. But as a choice between evils—which is all we have—it seems to me that the lesser evil for us is to keep out if we can. Twenty years ago we went on a crusade which would have made sense if we had got what we wanted; but we failed to find the Holy Grail, and the experience ought to have cured us of our inclination to go grailing.

VI

But is the war inevitable? Can't we do something to prevent it? God knows; to less inclusive intelligences the answer is not apparent. Norman Thomas finds the only hope of lasting peace in "a new social and international order," Mrs. Roosevelt in "a fundamental change in human nature." Different words for the same thing; it would save us no doubt if it happened, but don't expect it to happen this week.

Secretary Hull's policy of trying to improve international trade, and international good will with it, seems the most hopeful (or least hopeless) of practical programs. Gradually, with the hearty support of the Dutch and Scandinavians, and now at last with the co-operation of the British, he is trying to build up a group of likeminded nations respecting one another, getting along together, reciprocally improving their standard of living, setting a good example of peace and prosperity that might attract others. For this group of nations is no exclusive lodge, but a union that anybody can join who is willing to behave himself and pay the dues. There is no reason why Germany or Italy or Japan cannot join it—except that they show no inclination to behave themselves and pay the dues; their leaders have taught them to believe they need more than peaceful co-operation would give them.

If their complaints are genuine, if lack of colonies, of raw materials, of markets in a tariff-ridden world is the impulse behind their aggressions, cannot we satisfy them peaceably? Many who are isolationists so far as war is concerned would be willing to co-operate in an endeavor to remove the causes of war. There are Englishmen who would like to buy off Hitler at the expense of small nations and there are Americans who would like to buy him off at the expense of England. But there are plenty of others—you can find them even on Capitol Hill—who would be willing for America to make a contribution too.

We have no colonies to give back to Germany; but if there were a world conference for economic appeasement we could make a contribution by lowering our tariffs, opening our markets to foreign goods, enabling Germany, Italy, and Japan to make an honest living instead of racketeering. This would injure some of our own industries; but their owners could be compensated by the government, their workers could be given government work (something better than most WPA projects) till other industry

reabsorbed them. It would cost a good deal, but far less than war; far less even than isolation in a world at war.

This makes sense on the hypothesis that the problem of the so-called "have-not nations" is basically economic. Perhaps it was once; fifteen years ago this plan might have worked. But Fascism, Nazism, even if they became popular as pain-killers in hard times, have now become religions, ends in themselves. With ordinary governments, more or less responsive to the needs of their constituents, you can come to terms. But no Fascist state can limit its action by international agreement, except temporarily as a matter of tactics; its paramount needs to which it has forced the individual to submit cannot be subordinated in turn to foreign interests. So says Ashton anyway; and with plentiful corroboration. "In Germany," says the Reich Press Chief, "the individual does not exist; he is only an aspect of the State." And a Japanese statesman tells the Germans that they and the Japanese alike are "animated by the ideal of the Moral State." No concessions that might make individuals more comfortable could satisfy governments that think like that.

The drive behind German, Italian, Japanese expansion is more than an empty stomach; it is a religion, and religions are not open to debate. The famous "Tanaka memorial" purporting to set forth the Japanese program for the mastery of Asia and eventual hegemony of the world has been denounced as a Chinese forgery. Literally, it probably is; but recent Japanese policy has followed the general line of that document; if the interpretation is Chinese, the evidence on which it is based is Japanese. Hitler makes tactical retreats and concessions, but there is no evidence that he has abandoned the ambitions set forth in *Mein Kampf*, ambitions motivated less by economic needs than by faith in the manifest destiny of the German people. And besides these reasons for doubting the efficacy of "economic appeasement," much of Europe's present industrial activity de-

pends on armament programs. When the last division is equipped, the last arsenal full, will they shut down the factories and turn the workers out into the street?

This is a discussion of probabilities, for no one can speak of certainties; an attempt at reasoned analysis which necessarily omits the irrational and the incalculable. In such matters emotion, not reason, usually decides. For instance, it has been remarked that the unpaid war debts, though far from the best argument for isolation, are the argument that is politically the most effective. If war breaks out some emotional issue, as yet unforeseen, may throw logic out of the window. The Panay incident showed that we are not so easily stampeded as forty years ago; but war does queer things to the emotions, especially mass emotions, and everything may look different when the bombs start dropping.

We may go in, we may stay out; or, an expert in such matters has suggested, we may do neither. The world to-day is full of war that is not called war, of so-called peace that is only partial peace. So it may be with us when everybody is fighting. Trying to defend, no longer "neutral rights" but our territorial waters, our Latin-American trade, we may find ourselves fighting an undeclared, unofficial, localized war against either coalition or both. We fought such a war against France in 1798, and our warships had fought English warships long before we declared war in 1812. All that is in the field of the incalculable.

What does seem fairly plain is that we ought to prepare while there is time for all eventualities. We ought to draw up a Neutrality Mobilization Plan (something like that outlined by the ESPA committee) to be ready if we want to use it; and in case we should decide to go in, we ought to find out beforehand if the Army's plan for war centralization is really needed for any war we are likely to have to fight. It would do us little good to win victories overseas if we lost everything we were fighting for here at home.



FANTASIA FOR TRUMPETS

A STORY

BY A. H. Z. CARR

AS A result of the cook's excitement and the chauffeur's, that morning Mr. Miller almost missed his train, and he was slightly out of breath as he entered the club car. It occurred to him that he had not seen so many carefully read newspapers in evidence since the stock market crash of 1929; and he sensed something of the same tension that had pervaded the car in those unforgettable days.

Nodding right and left to acquaintances, he walked down the aisle to his accustomed seat at the end, reserved for him by the obsequious porter. For in the social hierarchy of the suburban express Mr. Miller was one of the elect; he was the Miller of Miller Publications, and his income was a hundred thousand dollars a year. But his appearance and manner would have done credit to a million, for he looked distinguished and had no obvious pose.

He greeted the stout man who sat next to him and the tall man who sat across the aisle with the warm friendliness which he accorded to equals in position, and immediately plunged into conversation.

"Well," he said with a mirthless smile, indicating the great black headlines of their newspapers, "the lid's off with a vengeance."

The tall man across the aisle, a stockbroker named Nelson, said, "I was just telling Armbruster what I heard General McCabe say at the club last night. He said the best military opinion was that it would last at least three years."

"If it does," remarked the stout Armbruster gloomily—he was a corporation lawyer—"there won't be much left."

"So damned sudden," said Miller, looking at the headlines again. "After they got by all those crises last year I never thought a little thing like this would set them off. Virtually overnight."

There was a short pause, then Armbruster said, "Too bad, the news about Paris."

"This time next month," Mr. Miller responded grimly, "every capital in Europe will be in the same condition. My wife wanted to go over this year too."

Nelson made an irritable gesture. "We had enough troubles on our hands without this. The question I'm asking myself is 'What now?'"

"I look at it this way," said Armbruster with professional sonority. "We did our best to prevent this war. Whatever we may think of the President in other respects, he certainly tried to keep these fellows at peace. Now there's only one course for us to follow—strict neutrality."

"I agree with you in principle," said Miller. "But it depends what you mean by neutrality."

"I mean," answered Armbruster, "do nothing that can draw us into it. Let's not make the same mistakes we made last time. Refuse to lend money or grant credits to any belligerent."

Mr. Miller shook his head. "If we don't grant credits—and that means not

selling goods—we'll have another depression on our hands."

"Right," agreed Nelson warmly. "We owe it to ourselves not to let this war ruin business. We didn't make it. Why should we suffer?"

"We can't stand by and let England be smashed," Mr. Miller took up the argument, "merely because technically she owes us the old war debt. Especially when our own welfare is at stake. Take it from me, if we refuse to sell to belligerents, dividends and stock prices will be cut in half within a year. Neutrality is our policy, but let it be a common-sense neutrality."

"That's a good phrase," said Nelson approvingly. "A common-sense neutrality."

"That's the kind of neutrality we tried in the last war," Armbruster retorted with a skeptical laugh.

Mr. Miller replied energetically, "If it comes to that—" and stopped short. He was going to say that it would be better for the country to go to war than through another depression, but he considered that so much realism might have a harsh sound; so instead he concluded innocuously, "Neutrality is a flimsy thing at best."

As Mr. Miller seated himself at the large antique desk in his dignified, oak-panelled office his secretary, Miss Macklin, a tall, poised, fair girl, entered the room and said, "Mr. Launay asked to see you as soon as you got in."

"I'll see him," said Mr. Miller. He observed that Miss Macklin's attractive face was white and drawn, but he said nothing. She went away, and after some minutes Charles Launay came in.

Mr. Miller liked Launay, who was the editor of *News of Tomorrow*, one of his less profitable, but yet profitable magazines. Launay was a young, intense man, able, hard-working, esteemed by clients; a valuable asset and a pleasant person. He took a chair and came to the point at once.

"I'm afraid you'll have to get yourself

a new editor," he said with a faint smile.

"You're joking," said Mr. Miller, turning sharply to look at him. "What's wrong? Got another offer?"

"No," Launay replied. His dark face became serious. "The fact is, I'm leaving for France. In ten days."

"But man alive!" cried Mr. Miller, genuinely startled. "Why? You going to fight?"

Launay nodded. "I'm sorry to leave on such short notice but I'm afraid it can't be helped. Andrews or Peddie can carry on my work," he went on, evidently anxious to avoid remonstrances, "until you get somebody else. Personally, I'd give the preference to Andrews. In fact, I think he could handle the job permanently. He's—"

Mr. Miller brushed this aspect of the matter aside. "I can't understand you," he said frowning. "If you were a communist or if you were a boy looking for adventure—but you know what it means. Why should you give your life in a war that doesn't concern you? I know you're of French descent, but after all, you're an American."

"Yes," said Launay. "Don't imagine that I'm carried away by any sentimental notions about *la patrie*. And I don't fancy myself as a hero. But I feel that I can't watch the things I believe in get smashed up while I sit back and maintain my standard of living. I came to the conclusion a while back that if war broke out I'd go over."

"Charles," said Mr. Miller with a touch of disgust, "I thought you had more sense. You sound like every sucker who went over in the last war to make the world safe for democracy."

"And were they so very wrong?" asked Launay with mounting animation. "I know it's the fashion to be cynical about motives in war. I'll grant you that colonies, raw materials, trade, and so on, aren't worth a man's life. But behind all that, in this war at any rate, there is actually a struggle of political ideals. Well, I intend to fight for the ideal I believe in."

"And what's that?" Mr. Miller's tone was satirical.

"For a little freedom of thought at least, against no freedom of thought whatever," Launay replied vigorously. "For what's left of the democratic tradition."

Mr. Miller prided himself on his understanding of his fellow-men. Now, with some surprise, he realized that he had not hitherto really understood Launay. A slight unconventionality of manner and expression in the young man he had set down to the artistic temperament; Launay painted for his own amusement. Mr. Miller had not even minded a hint of political radicalism in Launay's views, for he knew that while a man practiced the precepts of the right, it was unimportant that he gave lip service to the precepts of the left. The past few minutes, however, had made Mr. Miller aware that he had been harboring an "unsafe" man in his business family—that is, a man capable of sacrificing immediate material interests to an abstract philosophic conviction. He was disturbed and disappointed, on Launay's account and on his own.

With a slight shrug he adjusted himself to the facts. Launay's mind was made up; it was useless to try to dissuade him. With the reflection "too bad," his personal interest in Launay dwindled away and his mind turned to the practical problem of replacing him. Launay preferred Andrews. Not a bad idea if Andrews could really handle the job; as a matter of fact, there would be a saving in salary.

Being a tactful and courteous man, however, Mr. Miller talked with Launay for a while longer about the war, with every evidence of attention.

When Launay left Mr. Miller he went directly to Miss Macklin's office. She was sitting at her typewriter, working mechanically. When the door closed behind him, she rose.

"You've told him?" she said quietly.

He nodded. She walked to the window, where she stood looking out, her

back to him. She said, "I think I'd be happier, Charles, if you told me the truth. Don't be afraid of hurting me."

He reflected, and then said, "You want me to say I'm tired of you. Is that it?"

She turned and looked at him, her face calmer than her spirit. "I've thought it out. You couldn't go away like this if you still loved me."

"My dear," he said quietly, "how can I make you see it? I couldn't love you any more than I do. Perhaps it isn't enough; I don't know. But it's all the love I'm capable of, enough to make me want to live all my life with you if I could."

She put her hand to her breast, as if she were holding his words close to her, and she was silent for a while. Finally she said, "Then I don't understand. How can you sacrifice yourself, and me, like this? What you said last night seems so flimsy now, Charles. I can't accept it."

He nodded and took her hands in his. "I know how you must feel. Suppose I had put it in other terms—my relatives in France, my brother, who was killed in '17, Paris in ruins. Would you consider those valid reasons?"

She did not answer. He went on, "Well, they're not. I wouldn't sacrifice what we've got to any other personal tie or attachment in the world. This is a bigger thing with me than a matter of sentiment. You've got to see it, Anne. This war is going to change people's lives, everybody's life, in America and everywhere else, even more than the last one. Whether we fight or not we're in for it now. I couldn't lie back in your arms and tell myself I was neutral. I'm not neutral. I've an obligation to get in this thing, to fight for the kind of world I want. You've got to see it."

After a moment, "I'll try to see it," she said. He caught her to him, and she pressed her face against the rough cloth of his coat. Suddenly she whispered so passionately that he almost felt she had screamed, "Oh, God, I hate war!"

Presenting a normal manner to the world, Miss Macklin carried on her work until lunchtime. She was about to go

out for a solitary sandwich when she was stopped at her office door by Mr. Peddie.

Mr. Peddie was a tall, thin man with graying hair and a lean, furrowed, sardonic face; he limped slightly. He said, "Hello, Anne, if you haven't a date for lunch, how about having it with me?"

She agreed out of politeness, rather than inclination, and they went together to a little restaurant nearby, where he began to talk about the war.

"I heard this morning that Charlie's leaving for France," he said, taking for granted her proprietary interest in Launay. "I was sorry to hear it. I think he's making a big mistake."

She put down an impulse to ask him not to call Charles, "Charlie." Feeling constrained to reply, she said, "He's made up his mind, I believe." She felt no pain in talking about Launay now; she felt nothing.

Peddie snorted. "I know from experience the mistake he's making. You go over thinking you'll be a hero, but when you get there you find heroes aren't wanted—only dumb clucks who do as they're told. So you live in muck, shooting and getting shot at, and you come out like me—if you come out at all." He tapped his leg and began to talk in an angry voice, like one who loses himself in a familiar grievance. "What good does it do anybody to play the hero while guys back home cop off the best women and the best jobs? What business is it of ours if the fools over there want to smash things up. Why should anybody want to help the French? It's all applesauce. During the last war all they did was gyp us right and left. Before I left France I hated them worse than I ever hated any German. Of course," he added hurriedly, "not all the French. Not a great guy like Charlie; but then, he's an American."

Peddie was an educated man, but his swaggering colloquialism had become so habitual that his personality had now grown round it, as flesh will grow on a deformed bone.

The conclusion, never quite formu-

lated before, that she disliked Mr. Peddie, forced itself on Miss Macklin. "Still," she said aloud, making an effort, "even if you don't like the French, people with English blood in their veins can't help but have a certain feeling about this war."

"Not me," Peddie said. "The hell with them all, I say. We're neutral, and if we're smart, we'll stay neutral. Then when it's all over and they've bled themselves to death, we can step in and tell them all where to get off. If the United States plays its cards right we'll be the virtual dictators of the world in another few years."

Miss Macklin heard the words without taking in their sense. She was thinking of a recent visit to the dentist, when he had given her novocaine. The muscles of one side of her face had sagged for an hour afterward. That was how she felt now: anæsthetized all over.

With the coffee Mr. Peddie came to his purpose. He wondered if she had heard anything as to who was going to take Charlie's place. It seemed to him unreasonable to bring anybody in from the outside. Frankly, he was hoping . . . Miss Macklin listened. What he said, like everything else in the world, seemed altogether inconsequential.

Mr. Peddie offered his shod feet, one at a time, to stumpy, swarthy Salvatore, the bootblack who had the concession for the office building, while he looked over a batch of short, staff-written articles that had just come to his desk.

"What are you going to do about the war, Salvatore?" he said, bantering, between pages. "Going back to the old country to fight?"

The usually cheerful Salvatore shook his head, and frowned. "I don't know, boss," he said.

"You tell 'em to go to hell," advised Mr. Peddie, and would have amplified this doctrine had not his professional eye been held by a paragraph in the typewritten manuscript before him.

"Cripes!" he said aloud, and then thought, "What a lousy job. We can't

use that. Does Henkel think he can get away with this kind of tripe? I'll throw this back at him so fast he'll—" He picked up his telephone.

After he had asked Henkel to come to his office he said to Salvatore, "You take it from me, say you're an American and you don't want any part of their war."

Salvatore nodded without much conviction, and rubbed the finishing gloss on Mr. Peddie's shoes. As he put his brushes away and stood up, an office boy entered with an envelope.

Mr. Peddie reached for it eagerly and opened it; and when he saw that it contained a memorandum from Mr. Miller his pulses leaped. But the first few sentences ripped away the flimsy fabric of the day-dream he had been entertaining and exposed jagged-edged reality.

The memorandum said, in the precision of Mr. Miller's style, that Mr. Andrews would act, temporarily at least, in Mr. Launay's place. And it said that Mr. Miller took this opportunity to do something he had been contemplating—to increase Mr. Peddie's salary one thousand dollars a year, in appreciation of his services, etc.

Mr. Peddie was no fool. He understood clearly that the salary increase, long overdue, was a mere sop to his injured pride. He knew that Miller would save several thousands a year by not replacing Launay by a new man and by forcing Andrews and himself to bear a heavier burden.

Resentment seethed in him. He was Andrews' senior in the business, more experienced—abler, he told himself. He was married and had two kids; Andrews was a bachelor. Here was the kind of injustice that made men commit murder.

Well, he wouldn't take it lying down. He'd do something. A thousand bucks a year. What the hell was that? He'd go out and get another job. He'd leave Miller so goddam flat . . .

Mr. Peddie would never get another job. Mr. Peddie was almost dead, killed in the new war as he had been wounded in the old one; but he did not know it.

He would have had to be clairvoyant to guess that the so-called pneumonic plague epidemic shortly to start on its world travels from the Eastern European battle zone would claim his life, together with the lives of three hundred thousand other neutral Americans. And Mr. Peddie was not clairvoyant.

It occurred to him that Launay, rather than Miller, was probably responsible for his defeat. Launay had always favored Andrews. And he wondered bitterly whether Miss Macklin had had anything to do with it. She'd been damned cool at lunch.

The hell with Launay! Let the whole chiseling French nation get wiped out. He'd like to see the Germans really mop 'em up, this time. . . .

Salvatore was waiting patiently to be paid. Mr. Peddie flung a dime at him, omitting his usual tip. Salvatore compressed his lips, and went to the door, where he collided with young Mr. Henkel, who was just coming in.

A little later, Salvatore entered the general offices and made his round from desk to desk, wherever a shine might be wanted. He saw Mr. Henkel, his face flushed and his lips tight, return to his desk. Salvatore went up to him and said, "Shine to-day, boss?"

Mr. Henkel, a very blond, beefy young man, nodded abstractedly. Salvatore liked him. From time to time, in the course of the past two years he had talked about Fascism with Mr. Henkel and found that they held similar views. This was a comfort to Salvatore, who in 1936, during the Ethiopian crises, had been rebuffed by many of his customers, and had sacrificed many tips through his vocal insistence that "Letta England try something, all right, she'lla see whata Mussolini can do. England's afraid. You bet. The Italian navy, she's gotta da best ships, and the Italian army, she'sa in-vin-cible. Absolutely."

To-day Salvatore was in need of advice and a sympathetic ear, and he knelt eagerly, placing Mr. Henkel's foot care-

fully on the metal foot-rest of the little stand.

"It looks lika bad business, thisa war, hey?" he began.

Mr. Henkel nodded, still inattentive.

"Maybe it all be over in two, three month," Salvatore said. "Maybe if a revolution in France, England, she maka peace right away, hey?"

"Maybe," said Mr. Henkel.

Salvatore's face clouded. "If it last a long time," he said, "I don' know what to do. What you think, Mr. Henkel? If I gotta my first citizen papers do I gotta go back home to fight?"

Salvatore's trouble was this: Some years earlier, while attending a meeting of Italian-Americans at which the creed of Fascismo had been exalted by fiery orators, he had been carried away to the point of signing a pledge to fight for Il Duce in the event of war. As war became steadily more imminent, the recollection of his hasty enthusiasm troubled him; he was a married man with three children and was on the whole well satisfied with his life.

He knew, however, the temper of the patriots to whom he had allied himself, the pressure that would be put upon him, and the danger of ostracism, or worse, if he failed to make good his pledge, upon demand.

His taking out of his preliminary papers of citizenship had been merely an effort to detach himself for the time being from a potentially belligerent Italy; for in his heart he dreamed of an eventual return to his native Napoli. Now he had heard that first citizenship papers did not cancel his military obligations to Il Duce. Must he, almost an American, go back to Europe to fight?

"What you think I ought to do?" he said.

Mr. Henkel said, "What? I don't know. Better take it up with your consul."

What a fool's advice, Salvatore thought. The consul! He was disappointed in Mr. Henkel, and he finished the operation on the shoes perfunctorily.

He was even more annoyed when Mr. Henkel, who had begun to tip him as usual, suddenly hesitated, put the coin back into his pocket, and abruptly turned away. It was not the loss of the nickel that annoyed Salvatore; it was that this ally, this man who ought now, more than ever, to be his friend, should show such callousness and ill-will.

Mr. Henkel entered his apartment quietly, greeted his wife with a kiss, and went dutifully with her to tickle the ribs of his three months' old son. Then he said, "Virginia, I want to talk to you."

The gravity of his tone made her look up anxiously. They sat down on a couch, and he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to get a new job."

He told her of his talk with Peddie, of Peddie's violent, unjust outburst, unjust because the article was not so bad, and even if it had to be done over there was no occasion for Peddie to lose his temper. Finally they had both exchanged abuse, and Peddie had threatened to take the matter up with Launay and Miller and have him fired.

"But Paul, that's terrible," Mrs. Henkel said; the intricacies of business always bewildered her. She was a pale woman, rather pretty, with brown hair and characteristically American features; her maiden name had been Donaldson.

Mr. Henkel passed his hand over his eyes. "It's the old story beginning again."

"What old story?" she said.

"I can sense it in the air already. You probably can't remember, but I do. I was a kid during the last war. They made us miserable, my whole family. My father's business was almost ruined. I spoke with a little German accent and the other kids used to gang up on me and call me 'Heinie,' and 'Spy,' and make me kiss the American flag. Finally it got so bad I couldn't stand it any more. I had to leave public school and go to a private school. I can see the same thing beginning already. Peddie was wounded in

the last war, and Launay is a Frenchman."

"But Paul, you're not a German. Why can't you just talk to them frankly? After all, America is neutral."

"Neutral! America?" He shook his head. "Sooner or later they'll get into it, same as last time."

"They?" his wife repeated, looking at him curiously.

He shrugged his shoulders. "No use worrying about it now. I'll try to straighten things out with Miller tomorrow. Dinner ready? I'm going to wash."

Virginia Henkel went thoughtfully into the bedroom, where the baby's crib was. Her first reaction to Paul's ominous warning was that of a mother and she thought, "What of little Paul?" Then she began to think as a wife—and to share her husband's resentment against

these unfair men, Peddie, Launay, and Miller.

She was conscious, however, of some slight misgivings within herself. During the two years of their married life she had found it possible to agree with Paul on all matters political. She thought his opinions quite sound; the treaty of Versailles had been unjust; Hitler had been perfectly right in making Germany strong again. But now she felt an odd sense of irritation with Paul. Her own instinctive response to the excitement of the war news was to hope that England would win; she did not know why precisely, but she did feel that way. And she could not tell Paul how she felt, not without hurting him and making him furious.

The baby began to whimper. She said, "There, there, darling." And she thought, with a little smile, "Well, he's neutral anyway."

HIS AUTUMN-COLORED FACE

BY JESSE STUART

HIS autumn-colored face and eagle eyes
 Look on toward more darkened hills of space;
 He stands a gaunt man under windy skies.
 His sons have fallen to the softer race
 Of those who fear to till the rugged lands;
 They've taken to clean pages of sweet books
 And fear to blister their soft dainty hands—
 They fear some day they'll have their father's looks.
 He now surveys the winter's waves of weeds
 That lie dark-beaten on the rugged slope;
 He plans to turn them under for soil needs—
 A better corn-crop is his next year's hope.
 His far-off eagle eyes survey his dreams
 When snows cap high-hills and the world is dead
 And ice has spanned the little mountain streams,
 His cattle will have corn, his family, bread.



A LITTLE GIRL'S NEW YORK

BY EDITH WHARTON

WHEN four years ago I wrote the closing lines of my reminiscences, *A Backward Glance*, I thought of myself as an old woman laying a handful of rue on the grave of an age which had finished in storm and destruction. Now that I am older by only four years, I realize that my view was that of the sentimentalist watching the slow downward flutter of the first autumn leaves in still blue air, and talking with a shudder of forests stripped by winter gales. For the succeeding years have witnessed such convulsions, social and political, that those earlier disturbances now seem no more than a premonitory tremor; and the change between the customs of my youth and the world of even ten years ago a mere crack in the ground compared with the chasm now dividing that world from the present one.

All elderly people feel the shock of changes barely perceptible to the generation that has had a hand in their making; but even centenarians can seldom have had to look back across such a barrier of new towers of Babel (or their ruins) as divides my contemporaries from the era of the New Deal; and I need no other excuse for beginning my old story over again than the growing mass of these obstructions. Everything that used to form the fabric of our daily life has been torn in shreds, trampled on, destroyed; and hundreds of little incidents, habits, traditions which, when I began to record my past, seemed too insignificant to set down, have acquired the historical importance of fragments of dress and furniture dug up in a Babylonian tomb.

It is these fragments that I should like to assemble and make into a little memorial like the boxes formed of exotic shells which sailors used to fabricate between voyages. And I must forestall my critics by adding that I already foresee how small will be the shells I shall collect, how ordinary their varieties, and the box, when it is made, what a mere joke of a thing—unless one should put one's ear to the shells; but how many will?

II

In those days the little "brownstone" houses (I never knew the technical name of that geological horror) marched up Fifth Avenue (still called "*the Fifth Avenue*" by purists) in an almost unbroken procession from Washington Square to the Central Park. Between them there passed up and down, in a leisurely double line, every variety of horse-drawn vehicle, from Mrs. Belmont's or Mrs. Astor's C-spring barouche to a shabby little covered cart drawn by a discouraged old horse and labelled in large letters: *Universal Exterminator*—which suggested collecting souls for the *Dies Irae*, but in reality designated a patent appliance for ridding kitchens of cockroaches.

The little brownstone houses, all with Dutch "stoops" (the five or six steps leading to the front door), and all not more than three stories high, marched Parkward in an orderly procession, like a young ladies' boarding school taking its daily exercise. The façades varied in

width from twenty to thirty feet, and here and there, but rarely, the line was broken by a brick house with brownstone trimmings; but otherwise they were all so much alike that one could understand how easy it would be for a dinner guest to go to the wrong house—as once befell a timid young girl of eighteen, to whom a vulgar *nouveau-riche* hostess revealed her mistake, turning her out carriageless into the snow—a horrid adventure which was always used to point the rule that one must *never* allow a guest, even totally unknown, to discover such a mistake, but must immediately include him or her in the party. Imagine the danger of entertaining gangsters to which such social rules would expose the modern hostess! But I am probably the last person to remember that Arcadian code of hospitality.

Those were the days—à propos of Fifth Avenue—when my mother used to say: "Society is completely changed nowadays. When I was first married we knew everyone who kept a carriage."

And this tempts me to another digression, sending me forward to my seventeenth year, when there suddenly appeared in Fifth Avenue a very small canary-yellow brougham with dark trimmings, drawn by a big high-stepping bay and driven by a coachman who matched the brougham in size and the high-stepper in style. In this discreet yet brilliant equipage one just caught a glimpse of a lady whom I faintly remember as dark-haired, quietly dressed, and enchantingly pale, with a hat-brim lined with cherry color, which shed a lovely glow on her cheeks. It was an apparition surpassing in elegance and mystery any that Fifth Avenue had ever seen; but when our dark-blue brougham encountered the yellow one, and I cried: "Oh, Mamma, look—what a smart carriage! Do you know the lady?" I was hurriedly drawn back with the stern order not to stare at strange people and to remember that whenever our carriage passed the yellow one I was to turn my head away and look out of the other window.

For the lady in the canary-colored carriage was New York's first fashionable hetaera. Her name and history were known in all the clubs, and the name of her proud proprietor was no secret in New York drawing-rooms. I may add that, being an obedient daughter, I always thereafter *did* look out of the other window when the forbidden brougham passed; but that one and only glimpse of the loveliness within it peopled my imagination with images of enchantment from Broceliande and Shalott (we were all deep in the "Idylls of the King"), and from the Cornwall of Yseult. She was, in short, sweet unsuspecting creature, my first doorway to romance, destined to become for me successively Guinevere and Francesca da Rimini, Beatrix Esmond and the *Dame aux Camélias*. And in the impoverished emotional atmosphere of old New York such a glimpse was like the mirage of palm trees in the desert.

I have often sighed, in looking back at my childhood, to think how pitiful a provision was made for the life of the imagination behind those uniform brownstone façades, and then have concluded that since, for reasons which escape us, the creative mind thrives best on a reduced diet, I probably had the fare best suited to me. But this is not to say that the average well-to-do New Yorker of my childhood was not starved for a sight of the high gods. Beauty, passion, and danger were automatically excluded from his life (for the men were almost as starved as the women); and the average human being deprived of air from the heights is likely to produce other lives equally starved—which was what happened in old New York, where the tepid sameness of the moral atmosphere resulted in a prolonged immaturity of mind.

But we must return to the brownstone houses, and penetrate to the vestibule (painted in Pompeian red, and frescoed with a frieze of stencilled lotus-leaves, taken from Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament*) into the carefully guarded interior. What would the New Yorker of the present day say to those interiors, and

the lives lived in them? Both would be equally unintelligible to any New Yorker under fifty.

Beyond the vestibule (in the average house) was a narrow drawing-room. Its tall windows were hung with three layers of curtains: sash-curtains through which no eye from the street could possibly penetrate, and next to these draperies of lace or embroidered tulle, richly beruffled, and looped back under the velvet or damask hangings which were drawn in the evening. This window garniture always seemed to me to symbolize the superimposed layers of under-garments worn by the ladies of the period—and even, alas, by the little girls. They were in fact almost purely a symbol, for in many windows even the inner “sash-curtains” were looped back far enough to give the secluded dwellers a narrow glimpse of the street; but no self-respecting mistress of a house (a brownstone house) could dispense with this triple display of window-lingerie, and among the many things I did which pained and scandalized my Bostonian mother-in-law, she was not least shocked by the banishment from our house in the country of all the thicknesses of muslin which should have intervened between ourselves and the robins on the lawn.

The brownstone drawing-room was likely to be furnished with monumental pieces of modern Dutch marquetry, among which there was almost always a cabinet with glazed doors for the display of “bric-à-brac.” Oh, that bric-à-brac! Our mothers, who prided themselves on the contents of these cabinets, really knew about only two artistic productions—old lace and old painted fans. With regard to these the eighteenth-century tradition was still alive, and in nearly every family there were yards and yards of precious old lace and old fans of ivory, chicken-skin, or pale tortoise-shell, exquisitely carved and painted. But as to the other arts a universal ignorance prevailed, and the treasures displayed in the wealthiest houses were no better than those of the average brownstone-dweller.

My mother had a collection of old lace which was famous among her friends, and a few fragments of it still remain to me, piously pinned up in the indigo-blue paper supposed (I have never known why) to be necessary to the preservation of fine lace. But the yards are few, alas; for true to my conviction that what was made to be used should be used, and not locked up, I have outlived many and many a yard of noble *point de Milan*, of stately Venetian point, of shadowy Mechlin, and exquisitely flowered *point de Paris*, not to speak of the delicate Valenciennes which ruffled the tiny handkerchiefs and incrustated and edged the elaborate *lingerie* of my youth. Nor do I regret having worn out what was meant to be worn out. I know few sadder sights than Museum collections of these Arachne-webs that were designed to borrow life and color from the nearness of young flesh and blood. Museums are cemeteries, as unavoidable, no doubt, as the other kind, but just as unrelated to the living beauty of what we have loved.

III

I have said that the little brown houses, marching up Fifth Avenue like disciplined schoolgirls, now and then gave way to a more important façade, sometimes of their own chocolate hue, but with occasional pleasing alternatives in brick. Many successive Fifth Avenues have since been erected on the site of the one I first knew, and it is hard to remember that none of the “new” millionaire houses which, ten or fifteen years later, were to invade that restless thoroughfare (and all of which long ago joined the earlier layers of ruins) had been dreamed of by the boldest innovator. Even the old families, who were subsequently to join the newcomers in transforming Fifth Avenue into a street of would-be palaces, were still content with plain wide-fronted houses, mostly built in the ‘forties or ‘fifties. In those simple days one could count on one’s two hands the New York houses with ballrooms: to the best of my

recollection, only the Goelets, Astors, Butler Duncans, Belmonts, Schermerhorns, and Mason Joneses possessed these frivolous appendages; though a few years later, by the time I made my first curtsy at the "Assemblies," several rich couples, the Mortons, Waterburys, Coleman Draytons, and Francklyns among them, had added ballrooms to their smart establishments.

In the smaller houses a heavy linen called "crash," laid on the floors of two adjoining drawing-rooms, and gilt chairs hired from "old Brown" (the Grace Church sexton, who so oddly combined ecclesiastical and worldly duties) created temporary ballrooms for small dances; but the big balls of the season (from January to Lent) were held at Delmonico's, then, if I am not mistaken, at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue.

The Assemblies were the most important of these big balls—if the word "big" as now understood could be applied to any social event in our old New York! There were, I think, three Assemblies in the winter, presided over by a committee of ladies who delegated three of their number to receive the guests at the ballroom door. The evening always opened with a quadrille, in which the ladies of the committee and others designated by them took part; and there followed other square dances, waltzes and polkas, which went on until the announcement of supper. A succulent repast of canvasback ducks, terrapin, foie-gras, and the best champagnes was served at small tables below stairs, in what was then New York's only fashionable restaurant; after which we re-ascended to the ballroom (in a shaky little lift) to begin the complicated maneuvers of the cotillion.

The "Thursday Evening Dances," much smaller and more exclusive, were managed by a committee of the younger married women—and how many young and pretty ones there were in our little society! I cannot, oddly enough, remember where these dances were held—and who is left, I wonder, to refresh my mem-

ory? There was no Sherry's restaurant as yet, and no Waldorf-Astoria, or any kind of modern hotel with a suite for entertaining; yet I am fairly sure we did not meet at "Del's" for the "Thursday Evenings."

At all dances, large or small, a custom prevailed which caused untold misery to the less popular girls. This was the barbarous rule that if a young man asked a girl for a dance or, between dances, for a turn about the ballroom, he was obliged to keep her on his arm until another candidate replaced him; with the natural result that "to him (or rather *her*) that hath shall be given," and the wily young men risked themselves only in the vicinity of young women already provided with attendant swains. To remedy this embarrassing situation the more tactful girls always requested their partners, between dances, to bring them back to their mothers or "chaperons," a somnolent row of stout ladies in velvet and ostrich feathers enthroned on a row of settees against the ballroom walls.

The custom persisted for some years, and spoilt the enjoyment of many a "nice" girl not attractive enough to be perpetually surrounded by young men, and too proud to wish to chain at her side a dancer who might have risked captivity out of kindness of heart. I do not know when the fashion changed, and the young men were set free, for we went back to Europe when I was nineteen, and I had only brief glimpses of New York until I returned to it as a married woman.

The most conspicuous architectural break in the brownstone procession occurred where its march ended, at the awkwardly shaped entrance to the Central Park. Two of my father's cousins, Mrs. Mason Jones and Mrs. Colford Jones, bought up the last two blocks on the east side of Fifth Avenue, facing the so-called "Plaza" at the Park gates, and built thereon their houses and their children's houses; a bold move which surprised and scandalized society. Fifty-seventh Street was then a desert, and ballgoers anxiously wondered whether even

the ubiquitous "Brown coupés" destined to carry home belated dancers would risk themselves so far a-field. But old Mrs. Mason Jones and her submissive cousin laughed at such apprehensions, and presently there rose before our astonished eyes a block of pale-greenish limestone houses (almost uglier than the brownstone ones) for the Colford Jones cousins, adjoining which our audacious Aunt Mary, who had known life at the Court of the Tuileries, erected her own white marble residence and a row of smaller dwellings of the same marble to lodge her progeny. The "Jones blocks" were so revolutionary that I doubt whether any subsequent architectural upheavals along that historic thoroughfare have produced a greater impression. In our little provincial town (without electricity, telephones, taxis, or cab-stands) it had seemed inconceivable that houses or habits should ever change; whereas by the time the new millionaires arrived with their palaces in their pockets Fifth Avenue had become cosmopolitan, and was prepared for anything.

IV

The lives led behind the brownstone fronts were, with few exceptions, as monotonous as their architecture. European travel was growing more frequent, though the annual holiday abroad did not become general until I grew up. In the brownstone era, when one crossed the Atlantic it was for a longer stay; and the returned traveler arrived with a train of luggage too often heavy with works of art and "antiques." Our mothers, not always aware of their æsthetic limitations, seldom restricted their purchases to lace and fans; it was almost a point of honor to bring back an "Old Master" or two and a few monsters in the way of modern Venetian furniture. For the traveler of moderate means, who could not soar to Salvator Rosa, Paul Potter, or Carlo Dolci (prime favorites of the day), facsimiles were turned out by the million by the industrious copyists of Florence, Rome, or Amsterdam; and seldom did the well-

to-do New Yorker land from a European tour unaccompanied by a Mary Magdalen cloaked in carefully waved hair, or a swarthy group of plumed and gaitered gamblers doing a young innocent out of his last sequin. One of these "awful warnings," a Domenichino, I think, darkened the walls of our dining room, and Mary Magdalen, minutely reproduced on copper, graced the drawing-room table (which was of Louis Philippe *buhl*, with ornate brass heads at the angles).

In our country houses, collections of *faïence*, in which our mothers also flattered themselves that they were expert, were thought more suitable than pictures. Urbino, Gubbio, and various Italian luster wares, mostly turned out by the industrious Ginori of Florence, abounded in Newport drawing-rooms. I shall never forget my mother's mortification when some ill-advised friend arranged for a newly arrived Italian Minister—Count Corti, I think—to visit her supposed "collection" of "china" (as all forms of porcelain and pottery were then indifferently called). The diplomatist happened to be a collector of some repute, and after one glance at the Ginori output crowding every cabinet and table, he hurriedly draped his surprise in a flow of compliments which did not for a moment deceive my mother. I still burn with the humiliation inflicted by that salutary visit, which had the happy effect of restricting her subsequent purchases to lace, fans, or old silver—about which, incidentally, she also knew a good deal, partly, no doubt, because she and my father had inherited some very good examples of Colonial silver from their respective forebears.

This fine silver and Sheffield plate may have called her attention, earlier than most people's, to the Colonial furniture that could then be had almost for the asking in New England. At all events, our house at Newport was provided, chiefly through old Mr. Vernon, the Newport antiquarian, with a fine lot of highboys and lowboys, and with sets of the graceful Colonial Hepplewhite chairs. It is a

pity she did not develop this branch of her collecting mania and turn a deaf ear to the purveyors of sham Fra Angelicos and Guido Renis, who besieged the artless traveler from every shop door of the Lungarno and the Via Babuino. But even great critics go notoriously wrong in judging contemporary art and letters, and there was, as far as I know, only one Lord Hertford to gather up the matchless treasures of French eighteenth-century furniture in the arid days of the Empire.

Most of the little brownstone houses in which the Salvator Rosas and Domenichinos gloomed so incongruously on friendly drawing-room walls still possessed the surviving fragments of "a gentleman's library"—that is, the collection of good books, well written, well printed, well bound, with which the aboriginal New Yorkers had beguiled their long and dimly lit leisure. In a world of little music and no painting, there was time to read; and I grieve to think of the fate of the treasures to be found in the "libraries" of my childhood—which still belonged to gentlemen, though no longer, as a rule, to readers. Where have they gone, I wonder, all those good books, so inevitably scattered in a country without entail or primogeniture? The rarest, no doubt, have long since been captured by dealers and resold, at soaring prices, to the bibliophiles of two continents, and unpurgated Hogarths splendidly bound in crushed Levant are no longer outspread on the nursery floor on rainy days, as they used to be for the delectation of my little Rhinelander cousins and myself. (I may add that, though Hogarth was accessible to infants, *Leaves of Grass*, then just beginning to circulate among the most advanced intellectuals, was kept under lock and key, and brought out, like tobacco, only in the absence of "the ladies," to whom the name of Walt Whitman was unmentionable, if not utterly unknown.)

In our New York house, a full-blown specimen of Second Empire decoration, the creation of the fashionable French upholsterer, Marcotte, the books were easily accommodated in a small room on

the ground floor which my father used as his study. This room was lined with low bookcases where, behind glass doors, languished the younger son's meager portion of a fine old family library. The walls were hung with a handsome wallpaper imitating the green damask of the curtains, and as the Walter Scott tradition still lingered, and there was felt to be some obscure (perhaps Faustian) relation between the Middle Ages and culture, this sixteen-foot-square room in a New York house was furnished with a huge oak mantelpiece sustained by vizored knights, who repeated themselves at the angles of a monumental writing table, where I imagine little writing was done except the desperate calculations over which I seem to see my poor father always bent, in the vain effort to squeeze my mother's expenditure into his narrowing income.

Luckily, once the unhappy consequences of the Civil War had worn off, prosperity returned to us, as it did to the greater number of old New Yorkers. To New York, in especial, it came with a rush; but in the difficult years between my father must have had many anxious hours. My mother was far worse than a collector—she was a born "shopper"; and the born shopper can never resist a bargain if the object is in itself "good value," no matter how little the purchaser may need it. Perhaps it was for this reason that my mother's houses were always unfinished and that, for instance, a stately conservatory, opening out of the billiard-room in our Twenty-third Street house, remained an empty waste, unheated and flowerless, because the money gave out with the furnishing of the billiard-room.

V

We had returned when I was ten years old from a long sojourn in Europe, so that the New York from which I received my most vivid impressions was only that tiny fraction of a big city which came within the survey of a much governessed and guarded little girl—hardly less of a little girl when she "came out" (at seventeen)

than when she first arrived on the scene, at ten.

Perhaps the best way of recapturing the atmosphere of my little corner of the metropolis is to try to remember what our principal interests were—I say “our” because, being virtually an only child, since my big brothers had long since gone forth into the world, I shared either directly or indirectly in most of the household goings-on.

My father and mother entertained a great deal and dined out a great deal; but in these diversions I shared only to the extent of hanging over the stair-rail to see the guests sweeping up to our drawing-room or, conversely, my mother sweeping down to her carriage, resplendent in train, aigrette, and opera cloak. But though my parents were much invited, and extremely hospitable, the *tempo* of New York society was so moderate that not infrequently they remained at home in the evening. After-dinner visits were still customary, and on these occasions old family friends would drop in, ceremoniously arrayed in white gloves and white tie, with a tall hat, always carried up to the drawing-room and placed on the floor beside the chair of the caller—who, in due course, was regaled with the ten o'clock cup of tea which followed the heavy repast at seven-thirty. On these occasions the lonely little girl that I was remained in the drawing-room later than her usual bedtime, and the kindly whiskered gentlemen encouraged her to join in the mild talk. It was all very simple and friendly, and the conversation ranged safely from Langdons, Van Rensselaers, and Lydigs to Riveses, Duers, and Schermerhorns, with an occasional allusion to the Opera (which there was some talk of transplanting from the old Academy of Music to a “real” Opera House, like Covent Garden or the Scala), or to Mrs. Scott-Siddons’s readings from Shakespeare, or Aunt Mary Jones’s evening receptions, or my uncle Fred Rhinelander’s ambitious dream of a Museum of Art in the Central Park, or cousin John King’s difficulty in housing

Historical Society a rather burdensome collection of pictures bequeathed to it by an eccentric young man whose family one did not wish to offend—a collection which Berenson, visiting it many years later, found to be replete with treasures, both French and Italian.

But the events in which I took an active part were going to church—and going to the theater. I venture to group them together because, looking back across the blurred expanse of a long life, I see them standing up side by side, like summits catching the light when all else is in shadow. Going to church on Sunday mornings was, I fear, no more than an unescapable family duty; but in the afternoon my father and I used to return alone together to the second service. Calvary Church, at the corner of Gramercy Park, was our parish church, and probably even in that day of hideous religious edifices, few less æsthetically pleasing could have been found. The service was “low,” the music indifferent, and the fuliginous chancel window of the Crucifixion a horror to alienate any imaginative mind from all Episcopal forms of ritual; but the Rector, the Reverend Dr. Washburn, was a man of great learning, and possessed of a singularly beautiful voice—and I fear it was chiefly to hear Dr. Washburn read the Evening Lessons that my father and I were so regular in our devotions. Certainly it is to Dr. Washburn that I owe the discovery of the matchless beauty of English seventeenth-century prose; and the organ-roll of Isaiah, Job, and above all, of the lament of David over the dead Absalom, always come back to me in the accents of that voice, of which I can only say that it was worthy to interpret the English Bible.

The other great emotion of my childhood was connected with the theater. Not that I was, even at a tender age, an indiscriminate theater-lover. On the contrary, something in me has always resisted the influence of crowds and shows, and I have hardly ever been able to yield myself unreservedly to a spectacle shared with a throng of people. But my distrust

of theatrical representation goes deeper than that. I am involuntarily hypercritical of any impersonation of characters already so intensely visible to my imagination that anyone else's conception of them interferes with that inward vision. And this applies not only to plays already familiar to me by reading, but to any stage representation—for, five minutes after I have watched the actors in a new play, I have formed an inner picture of what they ought to look like and speak like, and as I once said, in my rash youth, to someone who had asked me if I enjoyed the theater: "Well, I always want to get up on the stage and show them how they ought to act"—a reply naturally interpreted as a proof of intolerable self-assurance.

However, in spite of my inability to immerse myself in the play, I *did* enjoy the theater in my childhood, partly because it was something new, a window opening on the foam of faëryland (or at least I always hoped to see faëryland through that window), and partly, I still believe, because most of the acting I saw in those early days in New York was really much better than any I have seen since. The principal theaters were, in fact, still in possession of good English companies, of whom the elders had played together for years, and preserved and handed on the great tradition of well-trained repertory companies, versus the evil "star" system which was so soon to crowd them out of business.

At Wallack's Theatre, still ruled by the deeply dyed and undoubtedly absurd Lester Wallack, there were such first-rate actors as old Mrs. Ponisi, Beckett, Harry Montague, and Ada Dyas; and when they deserted the classic repertory (Sheridan, Goldsmith, etc.) for the current drama, the average play they gave was about as good as the same type of play now acted by one or more out-of-focus stars with a fringe of obscure satellites.

But our most exciting evenings came when what the Germans call "guest-players" arrived from London, Berlin, or Rome with good repertory companies.

Theater-going, for me, was in fact largely a matter of *listening to voices*, and never shall I forget the rapture of first hearing

And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,

in George Rignold's vibrant barytone, when he brought Henry V to New York.

Again and again my father took me to see (or, I might better say, to *hear*) Rignold in Henry V; and it is through listening to him that I discovered the inexhaustible flexibility, the endless metrical resources, of English blank verse. To hear the great Agincourt speech, where the clarion call of mighty names—

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

is succeeded by the impetuous sweep of

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered,
and that in turn by the low still music of

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—
was to be initiated once for all into some of the divinest possibilities of English prosody.

Since those faroff days I have never heard of George Rignold (who was, I think, a Colonial), and have no reason to suppose that he ever made a name for himself on the London stage; but I am sure he was a great interpreter of English verse, and in that play—the only one I ever saw him in—a great actor.

Only once, on another, later, occasion, did the theater of my childhood give me an emotional experience of such rare quality; and that was when a "*Gastspielerin*" from some distinguished German company appeared at the Amberg Theatre in "Iphigenie auf Tauris," and I heard Iphigenia's opening speech

Heraus in eure Schatten, rego Wipfln

spoken with the awed simplicity of a priestess addressing the divinity she served. When, by contrast, I remember the exasperation and disgust with which I assisted at the Salzburg production of

"Faust" for the million, I can only conclude that the nineteenth century, in spite of its supposed shortcomings, knew more about interpreting poetry than we do.

In the way of other spectacles New York did not as yet provide much. There was in fact only the old Academy of Music, where Campanini, in his prime, warbled to an audience still innocently following the eighteenth-century tradition that the Opera was a social occasion, invented to stimulate conversation; but my recollection of those performances is not clear, for, by the time I was judged old enough to be taken to them, the new Opera House was inaugurated, and with it came Wagner, and with Wagner a cultivated and highly musical German audience in the stalls, which made short work of the chatter in the boxes. I well remember the astonishment with which we learned that it was "bad form" to talk during the acts, and the almost immediate compliance of the box-audience with this new rule of politeness, which thereafter was broken only by two or three thick-skinned newcomers in the social world.

Apart from the Opera, the only popular entertainments I can recall were Barnum's three-ring circus (a sort of modern ocean liner before the letter)—and Moody and Sankey's revivalist meetings. I group the two in no spirit of disrespect to the latter, but because both were new and sensational, and both took place in the old Madison Square Garden, at that time New York's only large auditorium, where prize fights and circuses placidly alternated with religious revivals, without any sign of public disapproval. But I must add that, sincere as no doubt the protagonists were, there was a theatrical

element in their call to religion which, in those pre-Eddyan days, deeply offended the taste of many people; and certainly, among the throngs frequenting their meetings many avowedly went for the sake of Sankey's singing rather than of his companion's familiar chats with the Almighty. Though America has always been the chosen field of sensational religious performances, the New York of my childhood was still averse to any sort of pious exhibitionism; but as I was never allowed to assist at the Moody and Sankey meetings, my impression of them is gathered entirely from the comments of my father's friends, from whom I fear Saint Francis of Assisi and Savonarola would have received small encouragement. My mother, at any rate, gave none to the revivalists; and my father and I had to content ourselves with the decorous beauty of Evening Prayer at Calvary Church.

From all this it will be seen that the New York of those days was a place in which external events were few and unexciting, and little girls had mostly to

"be happy and building at home."

"Yet" (as Stevenson's poem continues)

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live, and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea—

a town full indeed for me of palaces and ships, though the palaces came out of the "Tempest," "Endymion," and "Kubla Khan," and the ships were anchored on the schoolroom floor, ready to spread their dream-sails to all the winds of my imagination.



CATCHING UP WITH THE INVENTORS

BY ARTHUR TRAIN, JR.

HAVE you an "electric pig" in your kitchen to grind up the garbage? Do you eat strawberries out of season grown in a chemical solution? Is your house guarded by an "electric eye"? Has your radio a facsimile printing attachment? Are your clocks electrically timed? Does your car have a continuous gear ratio? Do you receive your milk in a paper container? Do you use the kind of film in your camera that makes it possible to take difficult indoor pictures with an ordinary lens? Have you seen any stereoscopic or three-dimensional movies? Have you air-conditioning in your home? How many prefabricated houses are there in your neighborhood? How many "modern" houses? How often do you take the *Normandie* or the *Queen Mary* or Diesel electric streamlined trains or sleeper planes? Do you pick up the telephone at your elbow and call Hobart, Tasmania? If not, why not?

All these things are possible. The mere enumeration of them gives the characteristic atmosphere of the times in which we live. But if these things are characteristic of to-day, a majority of us are living twenty or thirty years in the past. For the introduction of technological developments is unfortunately not limited by time alone; it is limited by a number of other factors. The most important of these in the battle for survival is cost. Then there is the constitutional inability of most persons to grasp the implications of something that differs from what they have been accustomed to; it is hard to put new wine into old bottles.

Then there is organized labor which disputes the right of the machine to take jobs away on the one hand, and on the other, capital, which has invested in expensive tools and hesitates to see them rendered obsolete. All of these impediments can be reduced to one main underlying difficulty, which is that the course of technological progress, instead of being steady, is highly irregular.

According to a careful survey made a few years ago of a typical American locality, half the families whose total incomes are under \$2,000 a year have radios, while all the families with incomes of \$10,000 and over have them. Half the families in the under \$2,000 group own cars, but at \$5,000 and beyond they all do. Only 14 families per thousand under \$5,000 a year own a high-priced car, and only 114 above \$5,000 own two cars. Only 55 families per thousand in the under \$2,000 a year group own automatic refrigerators and at \$10,000 and over there are still only 302. One hundred and seventy-one of these own refrigerators costing over \$300. In the under \$2,000 group there are 24 families who occasionally visit Europe; there are 140 in the \$10,000 and over group. The Department of Commerce Survey on the consumer use of selected goods and services by income classes in the main substantiates these findings, except that in the cities that were investigated more people in the higher-income brackets had refrigerators.

As for air-conditioning, it will have to become considerably cheaper before more than a few thousand families in the

United States can afford to have it in their homes. A facsimile recorder, if anyone wanted it, would cost about \$100; but of course there would have to be a service to supply the necessary copy. At the present time two newspaper stations are supplying such a service to 100 sets. A television receiving set in its present stage of development would cost in the neighborhood of \$300. There are few private individuals in the country who could afford the luxury of a television transmitting set, which to-day costs around \$300,000.

On the other hand, in 1922 a super-heterodyne receiving set with only four tubes, and still battery operated, cost as much as \$350. The merest \$20 set to-day is far superior to it in tone and selectivity. Until recently the cost of the family automobile went down as steadily as its quality increased. From a luxury it has become a necessity, and the same is rapidly becoming true of the electric refrigerator.

On this basis, it may be fair to assume that the far more complicated television receiving apparatus might drop in the next 30 or 40 years to from one-half to one-quarter of its present price, and without auditory or visual perspective or color, might well cost around \$50. Manufacturers, basing their estimates on the progress of television in England, expect to sell about 20,000 sets the first year. Thus it will probably be a long time before every home has a television receiving set, and two-way point-to-point television for individuals belongs to the more distant rather than to the immediate future.

Moreover, it is not the actual cost of a new appliance that determines its adoption, but, unless it provides an entirely new service, its comparative cost—it has to be nearly as cheap as the next best thing in its line. Cost of course did not stop thousands of persons from buying expensive Leicas and those nice little movie cameras, and we also know that there is no way of telling when a process which now seems expensive may suddenly become cheap. Nevertheless, how many persons would buy a facsimile recorder for \$100 when the current to run it alone

would cost as much as the newspaper you can buy on the corner? How many persons who already had a television set would pay an additional \$100 for visual and auditory perspective and another \$100 for color provided no way were discovered to lessen the cost of these additional effects?

II

In the Report on Technological Trends and National Policy of the National Resources Committee, S. C. Gilfillan, formerly Curator of Social Sciences at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, implies that in the past scientific writers have demonstrated their ability to predict the technological aspects of the future with a considerable degree of accuracy. We all know of course that, in addition to studying the art of flying, Leonardo da Vinci toyed with the idea of tanks and submarines, but gave them up as too pernicious. As a prophet Jules Verne did well. In *Looking Backward*, written in 1888, Edward Bellamy painted a fair picture of many technological developments of to-day. Even the old Hippodrome shows of our childhood were not as fantastic as they evidently were intended to be. But the report goes on to point out that of 65 predictions made in an article in the *Scientific American* in 1920, 78 per cent have been or will be proved right and 22 per cent wrong. Of 25 predictions made by Steinmetz in an article twenty-one years ago, 76 per cent have been or will shortly be realized, 24 per cent are doubtful, and there are no real errors. Unless there were also many other science writers whose predictions have been overlooked or forgotten because they were wrong, this would seem to imply that the prediction of future technological developments might be put on a scientific basis.

Well, it is a great temptation to try one's hand at this sort of thing because it almost always makes good reading. The less conscientious writers almost inevitably succumb to the temptation to make such copy saleable by sensationaliz-

ing it, so that the Sunday supplements are full of lurid descriptions of death rays, rocket planes, germ warfare, trips to the moon, the conquest of death, the production of human beings in the laboratory, and so on. These descriptions are all right as far as they go, except that the last line is always omitted, and that line is, "and then Johnny woke up." No one has yet attempted the far more difficult and less ingratiating task of picturing what the world will be like fifty years from now, taking into account the factors which impede technological progress and to which I have already summarily referred, such as (in addition to the comparative cost of the appliances themselves) the psychological resistance of the public to innovation, the danger of increased unemployment, the relation of wages to the cost of living, investment in obsolete plants, and the suppression of patents. To paint such a picture with anywhere near the accuracy of, shall we say, the luckier ones among the earlier prophets, one would have to have a notion of the form of government and kind of economic system we are likely to have. Lacking this foreknowledge, the best one can do is attempt to describe the kind of future world the technologists *could* make for us, and then enumerate and analyze the obstructing factors.

The relationship between scientists, engineers, and the ultimate consumer may be graphically expressed by three concentric circles. The innermost circle or core represents the scientists who, generally speaking, are working at pure theory. It is here that you will find men exploring the possibilities of the cathode ray, the breakup of the atom, and the immortality of flesh tissues, and making other inquiries which may not affect our environment for the next century or more. The next circle represents the men who translate the theories that have a contemporary application into living things of steel and magnesium and resin and concrete. Finally, the outermost circle represents us humble mortals who may or may not buy and use what the

engineers have built for us, according to our psychological limitations. In the past it has generally taken about thirty-three years for an invention to travel from the inner core to the outer rim, although to-day the gap is decreasing. To paint a sensational picture of the future you need only dip your brush into the cosmic pigments with which the men of the innermost circle are working; to paint an exciting one you need only describe the materials in the hands of the engineers; but the true picture, considerably less dramatic, concerns itself with the everyday things with which common men and women surround themselves.

The temptation is all the greater to overlook the effect of the various resistances in painting a picture of the future, because it is undeniable that to-day we are in the midst of sensational developments whose implications are ignored by the average man. We are impressed by the great winged birds that span the oceans, but when we look at the caps on bottles of beer or the glass in our car windows it does not occur to us that a silent revolution is taking place. Recent developments in organic chemistry, metallurgy, and electronics are not only as startling as those of transportation and communication, but in many instances have made the latter possible.

Since this is a game that anyone can play, one guess being as good as another, let's see what we can do with it. If we confine ourselves to inventions that are either born or in the laboratory stage, we shall not fall into the error of producing apocalyptic visions after the manner of the Sunday supplements. Moreover, we can check our statements against those of the National Resources Committee's report which was compiled in good faith by a group of experts.

It is unfortunately impossible within the confines of one article to make a study of probable future trends in the various technological fields. About all one can do is to uncover a little peephole and look through it for an instant. If we are so rash as to say what we see, half the scien-

tists in the country will rise up to tell us that there is absolutely no reason why the picture should not be entirely different, although there may be comfort in the fact that by the time anybody is actually in a position to prove us wrong we shall probably be either dead or senile.

III

Our hero, then, John Doe, born in the year of grace 1938, was in bed and asleep at the time our story begins in 1988. (No synthetic substitute for sleep had then been discovered.) Progress in biology, biochemistry, food technology, and related sciences was responsible for the fact that he was considerably heavier and taller than his forefathers, and also that, although half a century old, he was neither too fat nor too thin, and like Uncle Ned had "plenty of wool on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to be."

The sounds of the city were filtered at the intake-ducts of the air-conditioning apparatus, and such few persistent discords and jangles as did penetrate into the room were deflected toward the ceiling by the walls which slanted gently upward, like the glass windows of radio broadcasting control rooms, where they were absorbed by special insulation. The entering air passed through a dust filter and was freed from other germs by ultra-violet rays. Research into the effects of ionization, barometric pressure, condensation nuclei, and the existence of a metastable state of oxygen had made it possible to supply Mr. Doe's room with air as invigorating as that of the seashore or the mountains. Its chemical composition was nicely calculated to give him a maximum of refreshment at night, while during the day its temperature, humidity, and degree of ionization were automatically varied from time to time in order to avoid the soporific effect of monotony. Incidentally, synthetic air, long considered fantastic, was well on the way toward becoming a reality.

Presently, as the radio-controlled clock

proclaimed in a soothing voice that it was time to get up (for its direct reading dial showed the hour of seven), the air became sensibly warmer. Heating was provided by the simple process of running the refrigerator mechanism in reverse, although some architects recommended heating coils in the walls or radiant wires in the ceiling.

Although it was dark and rainy outside, the room was gradually flooded with a diffused light. The quantity required was measured out with nice accuracy by the ever-watchful photocell, and on sunny days when clouds passed over the sun, the light in the room would remain constant. This light was provided by a type of gaseous discharge lamp, perhaps employing carbon dioxide, infinitely more efficient than the old-fashioned incandescent filament bulbs, and containing as good a proportion of infra-red and ultra-violet rays as that of the brightest summer sun, which were automatically turned on at intervals.

Meanwhile—the first item in a pre-selected program from different stations—the television screen faded in on an energetic man in a football sweater who beckoned to Mr. Doe to arise and begin his setting-up exercises. In apartment houses these television images were usually "piped" along a coaxial cable (an invention which the public of the '30s had failed to realize was as revolutionary as the telephone itself); but for private homes and for general purposes the old-fashioned system of coaxial cable and linked radio stations had been superseded by the "Yale lock" style of multiple wave-lengths using various permutations and combinations to give broader wave-band availability of an unlimited number of channels.

The bathroom into which Mr. Doe stepped for his matutinal shower was a prefabricated affair made like an automobile, all the various appliances such as tub, shower, basin, and toilet forming one integrated unit, with special metallic walls for the outer casing. Three identical bathrooms were grouped with it to

form a square in the center of the house, so that a minimum of plumbing was required. The old-fashioned system of using thousands of gallons of water to dilute and remove waste, thereby sacrificing its valuable chemical properties, had long ago been superseded by chemical disposal of sewage. The development of new detergents also made it possible to "wash" without water if anyone so desired.

While Doe was slipping into a pair of shorts and a light, three-quarter length rayon fabric smock, which, after all, is all that anyone would need in an air-conditioned home, he haphazardly pushed in various buttons controlling the automatic tuning of his television set so that he might see with his own eyes what was going on in the different parts of the world. He was a man who liked to spend money on gadgets, and the morning paper had been printed out for him by the facsimile recorder while he slept. It was his habit to leave it on just as people in the old days left the radio on, and from the reams of stuff it printed out he would pick what he wanted and throw the rest away. Most of the time, however, he preferred to hear the news rather than read it.

The vegetables and fruit that graced the Doe table out of season had never known the rich soil of a truck garden. Some—possibly the more expensive ones—had been grown in a vegetable factory in the heart of the community center, in a heated tray containing various salts. Others had come in black iron, plastic-coated cans, flash-heated to preserve the natural flavor of the contents, while others, at the other end of the scale, reached his kitchen in a frozen state. Mr. Doe habitually reflected with satisfaction that he never had any trouble getting whatever he wanted whenever he wanted it, and that the real significance of chemically produced crops and other mechanical aids to agriculture was that they permitted an efficient control of the food supply.

His house was situated at a considera-

ble distance from the city, in an "integrated" neighborhood which had been carefully planned by a city planning board. The houses were grouped about a park, and in addition to the school and library there was a central air-conditioning plant and a community center with a television transmission set, an auditorium whose television receiving set boasted color and three-dimensional sound and sight, a trailer camp, all kinds of recreational facilities, the vegetable factory, the poultry factory, and the plant where garbage was converted into fertilizer.

The house itself was somewhat smaller and had smaller rooms than one would have expected of a man with Mr. Doe's means. The large custom-built house had long ago gone the way of the large custom-built automobile. It was a long, low, flat-roofed building made up of a cluster of prefabricated units whose irregular arrangement prevented it from looking monotonous. Unlike the houses of the early part of the century and all preceding eras, whose aim was to give an impression of volume, the whole building was so translucent, neutral, and fragile-looking, so broken into planes by terraces and porches, that it gave the impression of being no more than a part of the out-of-doors which had been etched into the frame with a few strokes of a sharp pointed pencil.

In the construction of the house the use of wood, bricks, and plaster had practically been superseded by panels of beryllium and magnesium alloys; low-grade silicas, or glasslike materials; sheet materials such as asbestos cement, and occasionally plastic which had been developed to a point where its resistance to atmosphere was known. A considerable use was made of moving partitions which made it possible to enclose a small space when privacy was required, and still provide a large space when it was not. The insulation, of "mineral fluff," was of course built into the prefabricated panels.

In the various rooms many of the pieces of furniture were made of plastic molded as a unit, while others were made

of magnesium alloy. In place of cushions, spongelike synthetic upholstery was used. Some of the most beautiful hangings were of translucent glass fabric.

Outside of a few first editions and beautifully bound volumes with handsome illustrations, Mr. Doe's library contained few books. It consisted chiefly of little drawers filled with thousands of tiny reels of film a few millimeters in width. On his table was a reading machine about the size of a portable typewriter, which projected the tiny photographed pages onto a small screen. Each of these tiny films also carried a sound track, and at his own discretion he could play them on a talking book. Wherever he went Mr. Doe carried a camera hardly bigger than a watch and also a tiny sound-recording device, so that anything he saw or heard during the day he could conveniently remember by mechanical means. The day had not arrived (predicted by Sarnoff back in 1936) when each individual would have his own wave-length and by means of a pocket radio could communicate with anybody anywhere. In Doe's office the principle of mechanical aids to memory was developed to a high state of efficiency. All of his records were "remembered," selected, and analyzed on photoelectric tabulating machines with far greater efficiency than the human brain could achieve and in much less time.

An inventory of the various objects and materials used in Mr. Doe's house would show that the strawboard and fiberboard that lined the walls, the insulating material between them and the outer wall, sometimes the outer wall itself, the synthetic textiles which comprised the clothing of much of the family, and the waterproof materials which protected them if they ever went out in the rain, and all small knick-knacks from ash trays to bottle caps, were made of various types of thermo-plastic resin derived from such inexpensive raw materials as soy bean, bagasse, sugar cane, straw, wood pulp, sorghum, linseed, flaxseed, cottonseed hulls, oat hulls, nut shells, Jerusalem artichokes, fruit pits, and skim milk.

We have seen how in Mr. Doe's house the electric eye, or photoelectric tube, coupled with the thyatron tube which enables it to act on what it sees, automatically measured the amount of illumination necessary to replace the waning light of day. It also performed the functions of a whole corps of servants. It opened the garage door as you drove up, opened the door between the kitchen and the dining room when someone advanced with a tray, opened the door of the refrigerator, and opened and closed windows. But its duties did not end with the fall of day. All night long it was on guard as night watchman, ready to give warning by ringing bells, turning on floodlights, photographing the intruder, paralyzing him with tear gas, and sending for the police.

The roof of the house, as in all houses at that time, was used as a landing field for the family's collection of steep-flight airplanes of assorted sizes, the top storey being used as a garage. Doe didn't bother to use his car very often, and in general it was relegated to trips to the community center and to use by the children, playing the role of the station wagon of the late '30s. Its two-cycle motor, smaller, lighter, and more efficient than the old fashioned four-cycle one, could easily drive it along at an average speed of seventy miles an hour on the highly efficient fuels of those days. Such speeds, however, seemed like crawling to Mr. Doe and his friends, who used small steep-flight planes for short hops and giant stratosphere planes for distance flying.

IV

This, then, is an attempt to describe a part—a fragment—of what we might reasonably expect the engineers to give us, although, in all honesty, it should be pointed out that it *might* be entirely different. Ideally, however, the engineers could probably make available, to most of us, most of the things I have described here, plus a number of essentials which are not novel enough to figure in the de-

scription. The productivity of existing plants, especially if some way could be found to replace the obsolete ones, is more than enough to care for our needs, and also, although this is more delicate, at prices that we could afford, as is in the main borne out by the report of the Brookings Institute and the report of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity.

Most people find it hard to believe what they hear about the country's potential productivity. The reason for this is that such statements usually presuppose ideal conditions, just as did the picture of Mr. Doe's environment. Let us now take that picture and turn it into reality.

We gave Mr. Doe a prefabricated house, that is to say, made of prefabricated units. But many architects think that the one thing they can be reasonably sure a man of his means would not want would be a prefabricated house. A man of means is likely to want a house that demonstrates his financial ability to build himself something that expresses his own taste and his own individuality. As good taste becomes more widespread, such persons will be more and more likely to build houses that harmonize with the locality and with the landscape of their own particular acres.

We gave Mr. Doe a modern house, which would presumably be furnished in the modern style; but what happened to the original French expression of the "modern" style in furniture when it came over from Paris fifteen years ago? At first it was taken up by persons of taste and means, but when the department stores got hold of it and spread it among the crowd, the people of taste and means dropped it like a hot penny and went rushing headlong into a Victorian revival. Perhaps they were disturbed by the enthusiastic adoption of the "modern" style by hotels, bars, and restaurants.

The prefabricated house is more suited to persons with low incomes. But prefabricated houses are already on the market and the working man has not got them. This is partly because they are

still too expensive. There is actually no prefabricated house quoted to-day that could not be built more cheaply in the usual way under favorable conditions. And to anticipate a future difficulty rather than a present one, there is a possibility of obstruction on the part of local and regional real-estate interests and plasterers' and woodworkers' organizations. It is a fact that to-day in some localities union painters will not handle a spray gun and that the union specifies the maximum width of brush a man may use on a particular job.

It is all very well to speak of a plastic chair, or even of a plastic room, molded as a unit; but there is no use on earth for a plastic chair unless it is cheaper and more durable than any other kind. Chairs can be made more cheaply of plastic to-day than of wood or steel tubing, but the die is very expensive and it would be necessary for manufacturers to order large quantities of the same type of chair. Of course new synthetic combinations are continually being discovered, plastics are becoming cheaper, and continuous instead of intermittent production is already possible. If the time ever comes when tables and chairs can be sold at really low prices, plastic furniture will be in considerable demand.

When we come to the moot question of television we get what is perhaps the best example of how little the public is able to grasp the problems of technology and how far they may sometimes get ahead even of the scientists. The people who are demanding television have no conception of the difficulties involved which translate themselves into terms of cost.

In order to see a picture in black and white, without visual or auditory perspective, just as you see it in the movies to-day, it is only necessary to transmit one picture along one channel of certain band width. This, however, is a difficult enough feat in itself, inasmuch as each picture must consist of no less than 200,000 separate elements of light and shade, and 30 pictures are transmitted a second, making in all 6,000,000 picture elements a second.

Now if you want to transmit auditory perspective you need a second sound-pick-up apparatus. If you want to transmit color you have to "trip" or switch in a relay to actuate a red screen alternating with a blue screen, but still on one channel, for every one you sent without it. And for this a "video" channel, twice as wide, would be necessary. Again, if you want visual perspective or stereoscopic effect, you might have to multiply the band width by three to accommodate the three additional channels. In all, you might have to be equipped to transmit three pictures in the time it now takes to transmit one, unless of course someone finds a simplifying principle of which we are unaware at present. Engineers are now working on the substitution of color elements for some of the elements which give the outline; but for the time being, if you were to try to get all these on the same channel, it would require the transmission of 18,000,000 elements a second. Moreover, in the present usable radio spectrum there is no place to accommodate the band widths which this kind of thing would demand. And we haven't yet enough practical experience in the use of such waves. Enough has been said to show that a television set cannot be improvised out of an old cigar box and a couple of coils of wire. There are some engineers who argue that the problem is so complex that even the desirability of solving it is open to question.

Taking television as an example, it can be argued that to-day we are gadget-conscious, like a child with new toys or a materially ambitious man who has for the first time acquired enough money to surround himself with the things he wants. But it is quite possible that before very long man will be bored with his new toys and will begin to work in the direction of originality, individuality, taste, and imagination. An interesting example is the imported "Bauhaus" idea being applied at Harvard and in Chicago, which represents an attempt at a synthesis of technology, artisanship, and æsthetics in design. The Bauhaus produced the

first welded tubular chair in the modern style and some of the first modern houses. It represents a mile post along the road to integration.

V

We have seen that the life of an invention, as such, used to average about thirty-three years from the time it was conceived in the mind of the inventor until the time when, having overcome the successive difficulties in its path, it finally achieved commercial adoption. The lag between invention and application is as old as history. Queen Elizabeth considered the use of carriages effeminate. In America in the last century it was thought that the sight of trains rushing across the country under their own power would drive people mad, and in Germany it was contended that at fifteen miles an hour blood would spurt from the passengers' noses, mouths, and ears. Napoleon called gas lighting "*une grande folie*." Faraday was contemptuously referred to as "the frogs' dancing master." The steamboat was known as "Fulton's Folly." The first automobile was required by law to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red lantern by night. When the typewriter was introduced it was thought that women would break down under the strain of a six months' training course. Historical examples are plentiful enough to suggest that in the past all new ideas were at one time considered impractical.

Throughout history, workers have fought bitterly and sometimes with violence their displacement by the machine. To-day the worker is less vociferous, and it is generally agreed that new machines create new jobs, both for their own construction and repair, as in the case of dial telephones, but also through the creation of new wants, as in the case of the automobile and the radio. And we are becoming cautious—for example, although the Rust cotton-picker is being tried out in Russia, where there is no unemployment, we still hesitate to use it.

Now a great many people argue that

the strongest resistance of all comes from invested capital, which naturally does not like to see plants rendered obsolete and profitable operations turned into losing ones. C. F. Kettering pointed out that the research worker was a man employed to keep people dissatisfied with what they have. And one banker described research as an activity which only served to make banking hazardous. There is little that illuminating gas can do, for instance, that electricity cannot, yet the utilities are too heavily committed to make the change. The newspapers are reluctant to take up radio activities which may make their plants unnecessary. A still better example is the development of what are called "grandeur" movies, using a film and a screen both much larger than at present, and giving greater clarity of detail; this has been held up by the difficulty of re-equipping all the theaters.

On the other hand, so much good work has come and is coming out of the research laboratories of the great corporations that it would be unfair to fail to credit private initiative with its share in the onward march of technical progress. Certainly the chemical industry cannot be charged with failing to look ahead and act upon its prognostications. Perhaps the most that can be said is that bankers and executives have a tendency to think in terms of equipment and to be over-reluctant to make changes. The engineer, who is the best qualified to perceive the advent of what may later necessitate fundamental changes of policy, is not often enough called into consultation.

With industrial enterprises everywhere at the mercy of the irregularity of technological progress, which shoots out in various directions at different rates of speed, only to curl up here and deflate there, like some subaqueous plant in a speeded-up motion picture, the credit structure is subjected to undue strain. Bankers are understandably afraid of waking up overnight and finding themselves hanging onto the coattails of a hitherto respecta-

ble business which through no fault of its own finds itself headed for the rocks.

Perhaps it would be possible to remove the resistance to technological progress by insuring organizations against obsolescence just as individuals are insured against old age, disease, and death. This might be done by a government agency operating along the principles of Social Security, for otherwise the insurance companies would find themselves in the position of betting against progress.

But could even a dictator with a galaxy of intelligences at his disposal shorten the process of psychological re-orientation, physiological re-education, physical re-equipment, and economic adjustment in such a way as to enable a people to enjoy the fruits of its own creative ability and enterprise? Would a democratic government be willing to go to the trouble and expense of reviving the ancient and hitherto dubious calling of soothsayer or prophet, and making it respectable? Could the art of prophecy, at least as far as technological evolution is concerned, be made as scientific as long-range weather-forecasting promises to become?

Critics of the Report on Technological Trends say that if this Report is an example of what happens when a commission attempts to unravel the intricate skein of our continuing development, it disproves its own case, and that the self-perpetuation of any such group would be undesirable. Needless to say, much of this criticism comes from experts who were not invited to be on the Commission. You can solve almost any problem in the world provided you choose the right man to cope with it, but somebody has to be able to select the man.

If there is any one prediction that can be safely ventured upon, it is that we shall increasingly be obliged to turn to the scientist and to his way of thinking. Our future is in the hands of the technologists. But to-day we still hold them back and delay the fulfillment of their prophecies.



RUSSIA AND THE SOCIALIST IDEAL

BY MAX EASTMAN

THE Russian revolution has failed of its essential objectives. The "dictatorship of the proletariat," instead of providing a transition toward the "society of the free and equal," has led to a crude and bloody personal despotism resting on a privileged bureaucracy which exploits the wage worker much as he is exploited elsewhere. This is perhaps the greatest tragedy in human history, terrible in the breadth of its impact, terrible in the depth of its significance, terrible in its personal details. Other revolutionary martyrs have been permitted a heroic death. The heroes of the Russian revolution have been shot like dogs in the cellar and swept out with the refuse.

If this tragedy, when at last it is faced by loyal and thoughtful men, is not to throw them back into cynicism or despair it must be faced as the unhappy result of a legitimate experiment. To cry "Socialism is dead! Long live socialism!" may satisfy a momentary impulse but will not long sustain a thinking will. When an experiment fails, intelligence demands that we reexamine the theory upon which it was constructed and rectify this in the light of the result. The whole result of the Russian development is of course not yet in sight, but plenty is in sight to show that it will have little in common with the aims of socialists, whether utopian or scientific. Plenty is in sight to warrant a reexamination of the principles from which it set out.

Trotsky, the ablest exponent of the theory and natural critic of the experiment, declines to take this step. In *The*

Revolution Betrayed he raises the question of "radically revising our traditional views of the socialist society," but only to decide against it. Asserting that the prodigious success of the Soviet Union in increasing production has demonstrated the "practicability of socialist methods," he blames its equally prodigious failure to show the beginnings of freedom and equality upon "lack of the means of subsistence resulting from the low productivity of labor" in a backward country. That and the "tardiness" of the revolution in more advanced countries are for him adequate explanations of the whole disaster. And he has drawn the vigorous moral: "All those for whom the word socialism is not a hollow sound but the content of their moral life—forward!"

Socialism is not the content of my moral life. I have always regarded socialism as an effort to solve a specific problem, and one only of the engrossing problems that confront our human nature. And this perhaps emboldens me to perceive a little more adequately than Trotsky does the scope and significance of the Russian failure. I do not believe either in the Marxian legend of universal "upward" evolution which supports him in his somewhat cursory reaction to this collapse of our hopes. Moreover, I am completely detached from party struggle and not vitally concerned about revolutionary prestige. I am in a position to regard Stalin and his dictatorship not as an enemy, but as a result. For these reasons, although not in some ways equipped as Trotsky is for the task, I am

going to suggest what seem to me the main points in that "revision of our traditional views" which he declines to make.

I have spoken of the Russian revolution as an experiment. But it was not an experiment to those believers in the Marxian philosophy who stood at the head of it. To them it was a step in a general process of whose "historic necessity" they were convinced in advance. Only its details were experimental. A great many of their miscalculations were due to this fact, so many that we must begin our revision of the socialist theory by removing from it this element of philosophical belief. We must restate the theory in the form of hypothesis before we can revise it with a free mind in the light of experiment.

Marx inherited his philosophical belief from Hegel. It is a belief that the world is evolving of its own necessary motion, and by a "dialectic" procedure, "from the lower to the higher." He attributed this kind of evolution to a world which he called, in opposition to Hegel, material. But he did not, and could not, define the word "higher" merely in a material sense. He meant by "higher" more ideal.* And the ideal he had in mind, so far as concerns human society, was that of the utopian socialists. It is the simple conception of men living together reasonably, generously and justly, without class exploitation, without war, and with freedom for everybody and a fair chance to grow. Such a state of affairs is approximated in any good-natured and happily situated family, and that is why it seems so natural a hope for humanity at large. The Christian evangel and the doctrine of "natural rights" have made it seem still more axiomatic to many minds.

Marx assumed, on no other basis but a turning other side up of Hegel's philosophy, that the world about him was

in process of realizing this ideal. He was studious both of books and events; he was rich in ideas; he made many contributions to knowledge; but he never questioned that assumption. He never, therefore, really tried to prove it. The essential labor of his mind was to discover *how* a material and yet dialectic world would evolve from capitalism toward a "society of the free and equal," and to find his place and that of all serious-minded socialists in the process. And the result of his labor, to summarize it briefly and therefore inadequately, was this:

A dialectic process, according to Hegel, is a process of advance by inner conflict or self-contradiction, and the resolution of this conflict in a "higher unity." In human society this inner conflict is to be found in the economic phenomenon of class struggle. And in modern society it is to be found in the struggle, not so well known in Marx's time, of the proletariat against the capitalists. It is this new struggle which is destined to resolve itself in the higher unity foreseen and advocated in so detached and impractical a manner by the utopian socialists. The ideas of the utopians are, indeed, only a "symptom" in the mental world of this approaching material change. The mere development of the technic of production will bring it about "with iron necessity" that the workers will seize the power, expropriate the capitalists, and "socialize" the means of production. A period of proletarian dictatorship must intervene, but this dictatorship will inevitably die away as the new and higher form of social life emerges. Nobody can describe this "higher social form" in detail, but obviously it will be that "society of the free and equal" which is striven after in so soft and foolishly impractical a way by the utopian socialists.

The way to strive after it is to join the harsh struggle of the workers against the capitalists, make the struggle revolutionary, make it "conscious of its destiny," make it lead as rapidly as possible to the seizure of power, the inauguration of class dictatorship, and the beginning of the process of socialization.

That is the Marxian theory stripped of the prodigious wealth of factual and ideational material which Marx and his followers have brought under it, or built into it, or remarkably illumined by means of it. It enables the Marxians, notwith-

* Engels, in an exposition of their common philosophy read and endorsed by Marx, replaced the word "higher" in eulogizing the dialectic universe by "more magnificent." "The celestial bodies, like the formations of the organisms . . . arise and perish and the courses that they run . . . take on eternally more magnificent dimensions."

standing the extreme humaneness of their ideal, to be hard-headed, realistic, ruthless, and even to a degree cynical, in their pursuit of the ideal. It is through clash and bloody conflict that society advances; good and evil are merely names for the two forces through whose contradiction "higher forms" are born. The only ultimate good in a world thus inevitably going upward through struggle is to be on the right side of the struggle. And the only valid knowledge is hostile criticism from the point of view of the class destined to conquer.

Marx believed that this ingenious philosophy, besides reconciling tough-minded realism with tender-minded aspirations, removed the mystical or utopian element from such aspirations. He thought that, since he had attributed his ideals as end-terms to the natural evolution of a "material" world, it became perfectly sensible and scientific, and indeed a kind of super-science, to believe in them. But it is not sensible to take utopian aspirations out of your own head and attribute them to the external world. And no matter how much you disguise the process by calling the world "material," and by invoking the word *scientific*, it is not science to do this. It is just the opposite—religion. It is primitive, unverified, and unverifiable belief in what you want to have come true.

There exists no proof that the world is traveling of necessity and by its own motion toward something "higher" in the human sense—much less in the sense of the utopian socialists. To minds trained in experimental science the very pretense to know the "historically necessary" result of capitalist evolution, even did it not fall in so pat with the author's wishes, would have, if proposed to-day, the aspect of a grandiose delusion. The apparent success of the Russian revolution has given an adventitious prestige even among scientific minds to this austere pretense at knowledge. But the failure of the revolution will rapidly destroy it. Notwithstanding his notable contributions to science, Marx's system as a whole

will be set down as wish-fulfillment thinking in a form as crude and antiquated as it is ingenious. Marx will take a place in history not unlike that of Rousseau—a man behind the highest scientific attitudes of his time but borne to great heights because he created a new *Weltanschauung*, and one which fell in with the passions, aims, and tactics of a great social movement.

The *Weltanschauung* will live forever, a priceless treasure, comparable to those of Sophocles, of Dante, of Aquinas, of Spinoza. The incidental contributions to verified knowledge will also live and be acknowledged. But as a system pretending to be scientific, and indeed to be a kind of super-science, Marxism will be laid away with Thomism, Calvinism, and the rest. The sole use science has for *isms* made out of a man's name is to ridicule subjective and unverified emotional beliefs. Only in a general return to medieval darkness could this romantic metaphysics, "saturated" as Trotsky truly says "with the optimism of progress," really conquer modern minds.

We have no certain knowledge where the world is going, whether "higher" or "lower." We have no knowledge how much we, any one or all of us, by taking thought can swerve it. But we care where it is going. And it does not seem impossible that by a process of experimentation, if we hold ourselves free to learn all we can from each experiment, we may succeed in drawing up some plan for arriving at a more reasonable and decent general form of social life.

II

What made the Marxian metaphysics so acceptable of course was that the *action* proposed by it seemed reasonable. Restated in the form of a working hypothesis, a plan to be tried out, Marxian socialism was as good as anything anybody in its epoch had to propose. So restated, it would read somewhat as follows:

The opinion of the utopian socialists, that men might live together in society much as

they do in happy families, if land and the instruments of production were owned in common, and wealth justly distributed, is perfectly reasonable; the aim may be attained. It cannot be attained, however, by regarding present-day society as a unit and preaching to everybody the reasonableness of the idea. Society is too sharply divided into classes for that, and people in general react to ideas too much on a basis of class interest. That very fact, however, can be turned to account by those who believe in the socialist idea.

Let them enter into the present-day class struggle on the side of the exploited classes. The difficulties of capitalist production are such that crises are bound to occur. As foreign markets are used up these crises will become more and more severe and far-reaching. In some nation-wide and perhaps world-wide crisis if a political party having socialist aims and resting essentially on the workers has made adequate preparations, it will be possible to seize the political power by main force, expropriate the capitalists, and declare the land and instruments of production the common property of all.

After that, the processes of education and evangelism, so futile under the present class system, will become effective. Men are reasonable and malleable enough, and life will be enough happier in such a society, so that after a brief period of dictatorship by the new ruling class, co-operative relations will become established in custom and habit. No dictatorship, and in fact no public power whatever, will long be necessary. The state will quite naturally die away, and men will find themselves living together in large societies, and indeed ultimately all over the planet, in a state of equality and freedom, tolerance and mutual helpfulness.

That is the revolutionary socialist hypothesis, abridged and stripped of detail just as we stripped the Marxian dialectic theory. To persons buffaloed by intellectuality as such, it will sound more naïve, but to those who know what thinking is, it is obviously more mature. And it indicates, of course; the same general line of action:

Join the harsh struggle of the workers against the capitalists, make it revolutionary, make it conscious of its possibilities, make it lead as rapidly as possible to the seizure of power, the inauguration of class dictatorship, and the beginning of the process of socialization.

Only the substitution of *possibilities* for *destiny* differentiates the two pro-

grams. And yet in the long run the difference is deep between those who are consciously trying out an hypothesis based upon quantitative judgments and probability and those who conceive themselves as co-operating with a process expressing the ultimate nature of the universe, and who assume that their destined goal is knowable on other grounds than the experiment itself. It is as deep a difference as can separate two minds interested in the same project.

Some people think that only the religiously believing minds will be resolute enough to wage a serious struggle. But the evidence of history is against them. Struggles of this kind have been waged, and waged with great violence—notably the American Revolution—with a clear sense of the hazards involved and no philosophy but naked resolution. Indeed, the characteristic function of optimistic systems of belief is not to sustain action, but to offer consolation when it is abandoned. The Mensheviks, in trying to postpone the proletarian revolution of 1917, were as much supported emotionally by their certainty of its ultimate triumph as the Bolsheviks were in speeding it on. Lenin himself, in all particular crises of action, explicitly rejected that sense of sure victory which in a more general way his philosophy gave him. "There is no situation," he asserted, "of which only one outcome is possible." And in the critical days before October he repeated in a thousand different variants the thought: "We must take the hazard of action now!"

Those who persuade themselves that in order to win a social struggle we must bandage our eyes and go in like blind bulls are worse than historical reactionaries. They are biological defeatists. Man has no superiority over the powers of nature but his intelligence, and any proposal to set a limit to the free growth and movement of that is an attack against man, no matter how accompanied with trumpets and triumphal banners. What has to be done with blinders on had better not be done.

III

Once the Marxian theory is restated as a working hypothesis, or in other words a simple plan of action, its chief defect becomes quite obvious. In any well-deliberated plan of action three elements can be distinguished: definition of the end to be attained, examination of the conditioning facts, and mode of procedure by which it is proposed to pass from the facts to the end. It is in the definition of the end that Marxism falls most obviously short of the standards of science, and it is of this only that the present article will treat.*

The fact is that Marx, owing to his belief that Reality-as-Such is a dialectic procedure toward something "higher," did not bother to define his end at all. He left that task to Reality-as-Such.

It is not a question [he said in early life] of putting through some utopian system, but of taking a conscious part in the process of social transformation which is going on before our very eyes.

To those able to identify science with an optimistic philosophy such a cavalier attitude to the crux of the practical problem seemed worthy to be called scientific. And the whole mid-nineteenth century was so "saturated" with optimism that this was actually put across as scientific socialism. I have been bitterly criticized for calling Marxism a religion, and yet what is Marx actually saying in that famous sentence but this:

The way to avoid utopian schemes is to have no schemes at all—put forth your efforts in the right direction and leave the rest to God.

And he said the same thing a quarter of a century later when commenting on the Paris Commune:

The workers well know that in order to realize their own emancipation, and at the same time the higher form toward which the present society tends by its own economic forces, they will have to pass through long periods of struggle which will transform both circumstances and men. *They have no ideal*

* Marxians will understand that I am reserving for future discussion the theory of history and the analysis of capitalism, as well as the class and party struggle toward proletarian dictatorship.

to realize, they have only to set free the elements of the new society which the old bourgeois society carries in its womb.† [Italics mine.]

Any engineer can tell you that the first thing to do if you want to build something is to make a blueprint. Specify what you are going to build. And be guided, moreover, from the first strokes of the pencil, by a consideration of the materials at your disposal. This does not mean of course that a scientific socialist should ignore the creativeness of future evolution or go foolishly into the details of an earthly paradise. He should, indeed, know that there will be no earthly paradise. Nor does it mean that science in general, when concerned with human society, can have the exactitude of physics or astronomy—or even of agronomics or expert stock-breeding. It does mean that when proposing to "build a new society" a scientific mind would raise the question what qualities in the material, human nature can be relied upon to make it function successfully and hold together. Even the "utopian" socialists, Marx's predecessors in the early nineteenth century, had raised this question and attempted to answer it. Robert Owen began his career with a series of essays designed to prove that man's moral character is wholly due to external circumstances, and that given the proper environment, especially in early life, he will be as just, reasonable, and intelligent as a co-operative commonwealth demands. St. Simon relied upon a new and more brotherly-intelligent kind of religious feeling to accomplish the required change. Fourier wrote a whole psychology to establish that a passion of social attraction, which he called *Unitéisme*, would harmonize all other passions once conditions were established enabling us to function as our Maker had intended.

Marx never criticized these amateur-

† This sentence provides perhaps the best refutation of those who, in the effort to hold up Marx's philosophy in the environment of modern science, have contrived to identify it with John Dewey's instrumental theory of ideas. No one who believed in that theory could conceivably write such a sentence.

ish but obviously essential inquiries. He never said: "Well, let us look into this! What is there in human nature to give assurance that a society can really operate on the principle, 'From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs?'"

To answer this question would have involved independent biological and psychological investigations. And Marx's system of philosophy made such investigations not only unnecessary, but, if you can believe it, impossible. Marx knew primarily on philosophic grounds—which is to say, on faith—that the present society "tends by its own economic forces" toward a "higher form," and he knew that this higher form was indicated in a rough way by the utopian socialists. In order to "know" that he had to make human nature a function of those economic forces. He had to "integrate" man, as he put it, in the economically evolving society.

The individual . . . has no real existence outside the milieu in which he lives, and in order to understand the true nature of man it is necessary to integrate him in society, in social life. . . .

All history is nothing but a continual transformation of human nature.

That is the whole of Marx's contribution to this primary problem. And it is of course no contribution at all. These statements are advertised by his disciples as a wondrous prevision of modern psychology with its emphasis upon the social nature of the brain and nervous system. And they are that, incidentally; Marx was full of wondrous previsions. But their essential function in his system was to make unnecessary, and impossible, *any* independent science of psychology. Marx was on this head less scientific, not more so, than his predecessors. And there is consequently just as much utopianism in his idea of the future society as in theirs. He merely discusses it less often and more sketchily.

"The workers have no ideal to realize, they have only to set free the elements of the new society . . ." and yet we may remark in passing that "in the higher phase of the Communist society . . . the limited horizon of capitalist right will be left behind entirely

and society will inscribe upon its banners: *From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs!*"

That in brief—and substantially in the words of Marx—is the Marxist's attitude toward his goal.

It must be remembered of course that this scheme of revolutionary metaphysics was devised before the birthday of modern psychology, and while biology was still speculative and sociology hardly imagined. It antedates Fechner and Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, and all the hardheaded fact-finders in these organic sciences. Marxism was in its own time and place a noble, as well as a fertile, intellectual construction. It does seem astonishing, however, that throughout these ninety years filled stupendously with advancing knowledge of life, and particularly of man's life and mind, not one Marxian has ever raised the simple question: Is human nature, as it has developed in the struggle for survival, sufficiently self-dependent and sufficiently co-operative, or sufficiently capable of self-dependence and malleable in a co-operative direction, so that a collectivization of property would actually lead to the society of the free and equal, the dying away of state power, the condition of felicity described in the formula: "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"? Even Darwin's theory of species and of how their characters are determined did not provoke an inquiry on this head. It was only grabbed in as another evidence of the generality of upward evolution, a further proof that because of the nature of the universe—and never mind about man's nature!—we are bound to arrive at an earthly paradise.

IV

Since the scientific socialists were never scientific enough to ask that simple preliminary question, it is natural that their first experiment should surprise them with a most conclusive, bloody, and implacable answer: No!

It is hardly necessary to go into the de-

tails of Stalin's murderous and hypocritical regime. It has been described as it looks to those who believed in the socialist ideal, and yet believe also in telling the bitter truth, by Andrew Smith in *I Was a Soviet Worker*; by Fred E. Beal, the Gastonia strike leader, in *Proletarian Journey*; by Boris Souvarine, first secretary of the French Communist Party, in his monumental book, *Staline, Aperçu Historique de Bolshevisme*; by Victor Serge in *Russia Twenty Years After*; by Trotsky in *The Revolution Betrayed*; and above all, for Americans, by Eugene Lyons in his candid and absorbing personal history, *Assignment in Utopia*.

That these truth-telling books by initiated minds are few, and are not always welcomed by publishers, need not cause any doubts of their reliability. After "socialization" was accomplished in Russia on paper, and after the revolution as a dynamic reality, a seizure of power by workers and peasants, was checkmated and its threat on the international field expressly withdrawn, the Western intelligentsia "went over" to Bolshevism almost in a body and with a very natural alacrity. For it is, alas, natural to an intelligentsia to want to believe with its mind in an extreme program and yet be assured in its heart that the program holds no serious threat to present adjustments. This wholesale conversion, just because safely belated, was impetuous and intense, and it involved an immense investment both of emotion and of intellectual prestige. Its momentum, therefore, is great, and one finds it almost as hard now to get liberals to confront the cruel facts about Stalin's regime as it was once to make the reactionary press print the glowing truth about Lenin and Trotsky and the Workers' State. Facts, as Lenin said, are stubborn things; the only things equally stubborn are those who will not see them.

Suffice it to say then, for those who hold their eyes open, that together with that collectivization or nationalization of the means of production which was supposed to emancipate the working class, and therewith make "all society" free, and per-

mit the state to "die away," there has grown up as the substance of the state a caste or class of bureaucrats who have enslaved the proletariat more effectively than before, appropriating all that can well be taken of the increasing product of their labor, and depriving them of every means of protest, and that besides enslaving the proletariat, these bureaucrats have perfected the enslavement of "all society." Trotsky says boldly and truly, after describing socialism as "a classless society based upon solidarity and the harmonious satisfaction of all needs," that "in this fundamental sense there is not a hint of socialism in Russia." We might further say that there is not a hint of many of the liberties and equalities, to say nothing of the fraternities, which normally prevail under competitive capitalism. Indeed, although there is in some respects a greater equality, there is far less liberty in Russia than there was under the semi-feudal regime of the tzars. As to fraternity—or, in Marx's phrase, the rendering of "all the everyday relations of man to man perfectly intelligible and reasonable"—it is difficult to speak temperately. Bureaucratic usurpation and concealed class-rule have made Russia, so far as she is public and articulate politically, a nation of informers, spies, hypocrites, lickspittles, and mass-murderers. Her men and women of most noble and humane feeling are in jail or in exile or in concentration camps or in hiding or in traitors' graves or cowed into absolute silence. Human relations have, I dare say, never on a large scale sunk so low. The deliberate murder by starvation of four to six million peasants in the name of a "workers' and peasants' republic," and the wholesale execution in the name of the "complete triumph of socialism" of the sincerest and most clear-sighted leaders of the movement toward socialism, are but high points in a total system based on lies and held erect by cruelty and terror.

Any mind realistically devoted to the aims of socialism emerges from the library after reading the journals out of Stalin's Russia with the very feeling recorded by

the socialist mechanic, Andrew Smith, on leaving the country itself after his years of service there:

As soon as we crossed the border it was as if we had suddenly been released from some dark, terrifying jail into the bright golden sunlight. The passengers broke out into lively conversation and ecstatic cries of joy, of freedom. They laughed, they cried, they sang.

It is impossible, after reading those journals, filled now these many months ago with shrieking rituals of obscene toadyism and insanely raging hate, to deny the extreme statement of Boris Souvarine in a recent article in *La Revue de Paris*:

All respect for man having disappeared, life and human dignity having lost their value, nothing moderates the bestiality of the strong and abasement of the weak. One sees no longer any limit to the savagery that has been unchained.

After such statements from others who made sacrifices to the cause of communism in Russia, Fred Beal seems cool and moderate when he says:

The more I saw of Russia, the more convinced I became that not only the homeless children but all the common people of the country were a nuisance to the Soviet Government.

Fred Beal declined a frank invitation to a career of luxury and self-deception as a Soviet bureaucrat, in order to come home to the United States and, with a twenty-year prison sentence standing against him, tell the American workers the truth of what he saw. Although he can be criticized for publishing chapters of his book in the reactionary press, the book is honest and will bring no ultimate reward to him but self-respect.

I found [he says] that the Stalinist road leads to calamity and darkness. But I am as convinced as ever that there is another road to a free and classless humanity, a road which is worth the quest, and which can be found only by minds liberated from the worship of false gods and by spirits strong enough to face the truth.

Beal says significantly, speaking of the radical books he read in youth: "I could not understand Karl Marx." This inability of clear-headed Americans to un-

derstand Karl Marx is wholly due to the fact that Marx was constrained by his German philosophical training to keep up a perpetual pretense that his simple practical plan for changing the world was an abstruse, theoretical understanding of how the world is changing itself. Beal's innocence of this metaphysical hokum was an essential part of his preparation for the task of telling American workers the truth about Soviet Russia. He is far more reliable because of his naïve freedom to see a few unintellectualized vital facts than Trotsky is, with his colossal power to marshal all the facts, from the price of pig-iron to the forms of lyric poetry, within the framework of a romantic German philosophy.

In *The Revolution Betrayed*, Trotsky answers all the horrors to which the insurrection organized by him has led, with the assertion that socialism according to the Marxian theory was never supposed to be achieved in a single country, especially a backward one, and that the leaders of the Russian revolution thought of it only as a fuse to revolution in more advanced countries. He explains the absence of even a "hint of socialism" in Russia as due to her backward economy, low industrialization, low productivity of labor, lack of enough goods to go round, survival of "petty bourgeois psychology," etc., together with the pressure of world imperialism. He has very solemnly assured us (in an article in *Liberty*) that in America, because of her high industrial developments, "communism, far from being an intolerable bureaucratic tyranny and individual regimentation, will be the means of greater individual liberty and shared abundance. . . . Control over individual consumption—whether by money or administration—will no longer be necessary when there is more than enough of everything for everybody." Coming from a leader of the revolution, these statements are impressive, and I think Trotsky's Marxian analysis of the Soviet society in *The Revolution Betrayed* is a prodigious feat of intellect. The amount of free and fluid judgment he achieves within the

framework of a rationalistic metaphysics is amazing—a tribute to his dexterity and the ingenuity of old Hegel. His sustained sense of human society as a process rather than a thing—the real wisdom concealed under the cant about “dialectic”—is also admirable. I find much truth too in his concrete demonstrations of the results of Russia's backwardness, and much empirical good sense in his insistence upon the interdependence of the nations in any basic economic change they make. The idea of capitalistic encirclement and the war danger—used by Stalinists to “blackmail the intellectuals and keep down the workers,” as James T. Farrell truly says—is used by Trotsky with honesty and a just sense of its significance.

As to his essential thesis about Russia, however, I remain unconvinced. It is an exaggeration, in the first place, to say that the Russian revolution was always thought of by its leaders as an initiator of world revolution. In his most vigorous polemic against those who maintained that proletarian action should have been postponed in October because Russia was not yet “ripe” for socialism, Lenin never mentions the world revolution or the idea that socialism in Russia had to wait upon it. He says:

How utterly mechanical is that idea which they learned by heart during the development of western European social democracy, that we in Russia have not yet grown up to socialism, that we lack—as various learned gentlemen among them express it—the objective economic premises for socialism. . . .

If the creation of socialism demands a definite level of culture (although nobody can say just exactly what that definite level is) then why can we not begin by winning with a revolution the premises for that definite level of culture, and then afterward on the basis of the workers' and peasants' power and the soviet structure, set out to catch up to the other peoples? . . .

Trotsky is of course wholly right in insisting that Lenin's Marxian policies demand the continued support of world revolution. He is wrong, however, in my opinion, when he implies that Lenin's hopes would not have been tragically dis-

appointed by the developments in Russia even as an isolated proletarian state.

In the second place, Trotsky offers no real proof, except the tenets of the dialectic philosophy, that the sole decisive cause within Russia of the failure of socialist hopes is her backward technic of production. Like all true Marxians, he builds that fact into, or up under, all the failures in every phase of the national life. And like all true Marxians, he ignores in doing this the very existence of the hereditary nature of man. No independent psychological or biological problems exist for him. Developments that to the most ordinary shrewd good sense reveal a conflict between Marxian theory and the universal attributes of human nature are attributed by him to survivals in a backward country of a “petty bourgeois psychology.” The Marxian romantic idealization of the proletariat—based on no study of its character, based solely on its metaphysical position in the dialectic schema as the progressive factor in an upward-going contradiction—becomes almost a wilful blindness in this book. The book is indeed “saturated” with optimism.

To my more skeptical and yet far from pessimistic mind, it seems obvious that if the socialist idea of a free and equal co-operative commonwealth emerging from the dictatorship of the proletariat were practical under an economy of abundance, we should find under an economy of scarcity some lame approximation to it. Instead of the germ of the Society of the Free and Equal, we find in Russia the perfected fruit of the Totalitarian State. We find that collective ownership of all wealth-producing capital makes it possible for a shrewd politician who gets hold of the state power to exercise a more absolute tyranny over the lives and minds of men than has been seen before. To the powers of an old-line political despot, he adds those of an apotheosized factory boss, and those of an armed Pope, an absolute censor of all printed or audibly spoken wish or opinion. And we find that this concentrated power is used—as indeed in the long run such power must

be used—to restore in disguised forms the old system of class exploitation. That, it seems to me, is an already obvious lesson of the Russian revolution.

You can of course reply that the new bureaucracy and their privileges developed as rapidly as the process of collectivization, so that in reality "Socialism was never tried in Russia." The same thing is often said about Christianity, and I suppose always will be. There are people whose greatest need in life is a lost cause to believe in. And a lost cause surrounded by an edifice of scientifically plausible wish-fulfillment metaphysics, a kind of socio-economic Talmud in which to enjoy the delights of intellectual superiority and endless disputation, will unquestionably live forever. To a practical mind, however, the fact that after a completely successful revolution led by extreme and audacious Marxists, it proved impossible to show a "hint" of the authentic goal of Marxism can only suggest a drastic reconsideration—or rather, since that is the lamentable fact about it, a belated preliminary consideration—of the goal.

V

I said that there is just as much utopianism in Marx's ideal as in that of his predecessors. I will illustrate it with the following casual remark:

Socialism will abolish both architecture and barrow-pushing as professions, and the man who has given half an hour to architecture will also push the cart a little until his work as an architect is again in demand. It would be a pretty sort of socialism which perpetuated the business of barrow-pushing.

Other phrases which reveal the goal Marx had in mind, are these: "Society of the free and equal"; "leap from the Kingdom of Necessity to the Kingdom of Freedom"; disappearance of "the enslaving subordination of the individual under the division of labor"; "society by regulating the common production will make it possible for me to do this to-day and that to-morrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, carry on cattle-breeding in the evening . . . without becoming

hunter, fisherman, or cattle-breeder"; disappearance of "the opposition between manual and intellectual labor"; "labor becomes not only a means of life, but the highest desire of life"; "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"; "an association which will exclude classes and their antagonisms"; "the practical relations of everyday life [will] offer to man none but perfectly intelligible and reasonable relations to his fellow men and to nature."

All these aspirations, natural to anyone in a mood of wholesale revolt against the irrationality and meanness of human civilization, were lumped together by the Marxists, and for no other reason but that they are obviously unattainable under present conditions, asserted to be the necessary end-products of an evolving technic of production. And for good measure Marx added in the early Christian, or anarchist, idea of getting along without any government. It was first said, I believe, by the Anabaptists and Diggers in the seventeenth century that if property were held in common no government would be necessary. And Marx, while telling us what a universe rising eternally of its own motion "from the lower to the higher" must ultimately arrive at, quite properly threw in this happy prospect too:

There will no longer be political power, properly speaking, since political power is simply the official form of the antagonism in civil society.

Most of these formulæ, if seriously considered in the light of present-day knowledge about human nature, can be thrown out offhand as fantastic. It hardly required the failure of the Russian revolution to inform modern minds that "labor" will never become, in the majority of mankind, the "highest desire of life"; that the opposition between manual and intellectual labor will never disappear; that no amount of collectivization can remove the division of labor or the subordination of the individual entailed by it; that the slogan "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs" is the very definition of utopia; that the con-

ception of a "leap from the Kingdom of Necessity to the Kingdom of Freedom" is but a translation into this-worldly terms of the Christian myth of the resurrection; that the dream of man's having none but "perfectly intelligible and reasonable relations to his fellow-men and to nature" is also not of this world. And if there is a more preposterous notion in the history of religion than that of the "scientific socialists" that when the gigantic mechanism of a concentrated capitalist industry is taken over by a proletarian state, and the attempt made to operate it on a basis of revolutionary justice, the state will immediately begin to "die away," I do not know where it is to be found. It was only by not thinking about these things, that shrewd and hardheaded realists like Marx and Lenin managed to believe that they believed in them.

Our first step, then, must be to eliminate from our conception of the future society all those elements which require a belief in miracles, whether at the hands of the Divine Spirit or the Technic of Production. After that is done we shall still find that we have in hand a perfectly thoughtless combination of two opposing political principles which, if pushed to an extreme, are incompatible. And we shall find that they are not only pushed to an extreme by Marxists, but pushed to the absolute. The Jeffersonian ideal of freedom and rank individualism and as little government as possible arose in and—according to Marx's own ways of thinking—might seem properly to belong to an agrarian society without highly developed industries or big cities. The development of these cities and industries has at any rate steadily forced this system into the background, and advanced into its place a system which stresses instead equality, co-operativeness, and governmental regulation for the good of all. Marxism ignores this vital contrast and this momentous change, one of the most momentous in the history of political thought.

Marxism simply tosses into its pot at the end of the rainbow of future history

all the ideals in both systems, and as though that were not utopian enough, decrees that each and all are destined to be realized in as extreme a form as they can be conceived. Jefferson's shrewd and skeptical idea of very little government becomes in Marx's believing mind the total disappearance of the state. The healthy notion supported by Lincoln that a man is entitled to the product of his labor is dismissed by Marx as "bourgeois." In the society to which the dictatorship of the proletariat inevitably conducts, his dialectic faith assures us, men will not receive according to their labor but according to their needs. In my opinion anyone who, contemplating the results of the Russian revolution, can still dwell believably in these myths of the absolute ideal is unwilling to learn and unfit to teach. It is not a matter for emotions, whether of loyalty or despair. It is not a question, as Trotsky thinks, of being "frightened by defeat" or "holding one's positions." It is a question of moving forward or being stuck in the mud. No mind not bold enough to reconsider the socialist hypothesis in the light of the Russian experiment can be called intelligent.

Russia's political ideals during her ten years of violent industrialization have passed through in fevered form the very development upon which ours spent a century. The freedom-individuality-and-less-government element has been forgotten, or deliberately withdrawn from circulation, and the equality-cooperation-and-state-regulation element tends to be presented as though it were the single aim for which the revolution had been fought. Lenin's writings in the months preceding the October revolution were filled with such expressions as these:

One must *build* democracy directly, from the bottom, on the initiative of the masses themselves, and with their active participation in the entire life of the state, without "supervision" from above, without officialdom. . . . Abolish the police, the bureaucracy and the standing army. Create a *militia* consisting of the whole people, women included, generally and universally armed.

This is the practical business which should be launched without delay. The more initiative, variety, daring creativeness are brought into play by the masses, the better.

And in his little book on *Problems of Culture*, the first word on these problems after the revolution, Trotsky expressed the same view: "The revolution is above all an awakening of personality in those masses who have been heretofore condemned to be impersonal."

Only a few years after those lines were written, Mr. René Fülöp-Miller was able, with but his usual exaggeration, to attribute to Bolsheviks as such a belief that "the collective-impersonal is alone real and the separate existence of the single individual is an illusion." The ideals of initiative, variety, daring creativeness, awakened personality have now so far dropped from view that even a transplanted American like Anna Louise Strong can solemnly reproach me that I fail to understand what is going on in Russia because I have not learned the millennial art of "collective thinking."

One of the first problems, then, for a new and more scientific social movement is to effect an adjustment between the two conflicting halves of the socialist ideal. It might have been deduced by a process of meditation, if anybody had done any meditating on these subjects, that the concept of extreme individualism is in conflict with that of extreme co-operativeness. The Russian experiment provokes the further query: To what extent is the principle of equality, vigorously applied, incompatible with a vigorous assertion of personal freedom? The resurrection of the death-penalty for theft after all wealth-producing property had been "socialized," must induce some reflection, it seems to me, beyond the remark that Russia's wealth-production is not high. It might well serve as a symbol of the thinking that we socialists have still to do.

If life is to have dignity and richness the principles of freedom and individualism must be sacredly preserved. That

they arose in a pre-industrial era, and will be difficult to cherish in an industrial one, only makes this issue the more pressing. But if life is to flourish in an age of machinery and mass production, there must also be a new co-operativeness, one involving a new degree of discipline and subordination to the collective purpose, and to that end more state control than would have been good sense in the time of Jefferson.

One can not of course revise his aim completely in independence of his definition of the conditioning facts, or his program of action. Tentatively, however, and in a too negative manner, we might sum up our revision of the socialist ideal in the light of science and the Russian experiment as follows:

1. Instead of being attributed as an end term to an omnipotent process of historic evolution, the ideal should be regarded as a purpose in the minds of those who strive to reach it.

2. Problems of being and of universal history arising from this situation should be acknowledged to exist, but not solved by the device of pretending to know what is not known.

3. The various components of the ideal should be analyzed and considered separately.

4. Those obviously fantastic in the light of modern biological and psychological knowledge, to say nothing of modern common sense, should be thrown out.

5. None of those remaining should be conceived as absolute.

6. The incompatibility between the liberty-and-individuality principles and the equality-and-co-operation principles should be adjusted, where necessary, by mutual concessions.

7. We must surrender to co-operation and the attending state control as much of our individual freedom as is indispensably necessary to the operation of a complicated wealth-producing machinery.

8. We must guard with eternal vigilance the rest.



DO YOU KNOW AARON SLICK?

A NOTE ON THE REAL AMERICAN THEATER

BY MERRILL DENISON

MY FIRST encounter with the theater took place when I was four. The occasion, which I remember vividly, was the presentation, by the children who lived next door, of a play called "Old King Brady and the Train Robbers." The admission price was two pins, the stage an empty box stall, the orchestra seats bags of oats, and the balcony a huge covered feed-bin. I had a seat in the front row of the balcony and watched the show with delicious terror. Other adventures with the Stable Theater next door followed, and when I was seven my progressive mother took me to a matinee performance of Robert Mantell in "King Lear." I wasn't very favorably impressed, I remember. The bewhiskered British king seemed a tedious, talkative old man and Shakespeare's play pointless and incredibly dull. But the theater had cast its spell upon me and by the time I was nine I was an habitual theater-goer thanks to an aunt who took me to Shea's vaudeville each Wednesday because she could find no better place to leave me.

Neither long schooling as an architect nor three years at the War lessened in any way this early fascination. The opposite, in fact, for I was lured from my chosen profession to become, first, a stage designer, then a director, and finally a playwright. At last I gravitated to New York to be near the fountain-head of Broadway, and few plays have been produced there in the past fifteen years that I haven't seen. Thirty-five years after my

introduction to the drama and Old King Brady, I flattered myself that I knew almost everything worth knowing about the theater in America. I was "an inveterate first-nighter," sophisticated in all things pertaining to the stage.

And then I heard for the first time of "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick." After collecting some of the facts about this amazing play, I came to the conclusion that I had been much closer to the real American theater at the age of four than at any time since. For the story of "Aaron Slick" revealed the existence of another world of make-believe beyond the Hudson, unnoticed by the metropolitan critics and unknown to first-nighters but of astonishing proportions, health, and vigor. The tales of this other, and unknown, theater seemed so incredible that I was reminded more of the fables of Paul Bunyan than of any world of probability. At the very time, for instance, when a convention of theater-lovers was meeting in New York to bemoan the moribund condition of the stage, I discovered the existence of a theater audience of millions and of productions by the hundred thousand, of playwrights who had each a hundred successes to his credit, and of plays which had enjoyed upward of ten thousand performances; of stage successes which put to shame the combined records of "Abie's Irish Rose," "Lightnin'," and "Tobacco Road."

This, then, is the story of an American

theater about which Broadway knows nothing—and which Broadway would only greet with shrill whinnies of derision if it did—but which seems to permeate the entire country and to constitute a fundamental social phenomenon.

II

Ask any well-informed theater-goer to name America's most popular plays of the past half century and he will invariably mention "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Abie's Irish Rose." Given another try, he may recall old favorites like "The Private Secretary," "Way Down East," or "The Two Orphans." None of these answers is correct. The most popular plays of the past fifty years have been "Among the Breakers," "Mr. Bob," and "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick." Any one of these classics of the crossroads has established a performance record which makes even that of "Abie" seem very small-time stuff indeed.

"Among the Breakers" is by long odds the most popular drama this country has ever known. It is a simple heart-tugger in two acts about a lighthouse keeper and was written in 1872 by one George W. Baker, famous in his day as the "Shakespeare of the Vestry." Published by the Walter H. Baker Company of Boston that same year, this great Sunday School favorite had sold, up to the end of 1937, almost one million copies. It is a small paper-bound volume of fifty pages which sells for twenty-five cents. A notice on the title page sets forth the conditions under which it may be performed:

PRODUCTION LICENSE

Amateurs may use this play without having to pay a royalty fee, provided that the producing group has bought eight copies of this printed book from WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY, The Play Shop, Boston, Mass. All other rights reserved.

As "The Breakers" is a non-royalty play, no exact count of the number of performances it has enjoyed is possible, but Mr. Theodore Johnson, the present head of the Baker firm, estimates that

these must be in the neighborhood of 125,000. Compare this outlandish figure with those for Broadway's greatest runs, and one begins to get an inkling of the prodigious character of this other theater: "Abie's Irish Rose," 2,532 performances; "Lightnin'," 1,291; "Tobacco Road," 1,500 and still going; "The Breakers," 125,000!

Following "The Breakers" as the all-time dramatic favorite comes another Baker play, "Mr. Bob." This is a two-act comedy of double mistaken identity, written in the early nineties by Rachel M. Baker, daughter to the Shakespeare of the Vestry. A quarter of a million copies of her appealing drama have already been sold at thirty-five cents the copy. And third in point of sales and performances comes America's most successful play of the post-war decades: "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," by Lieutenant Beale Cormack. First produced in 1919, "this great rural laugh classic has played to more than 25,000 enraptured audiences in every hamlet, town, city, metropolis, and most of the crossroads in these United States," to quote Mr. Johnson directly. At the end of sixty-five years, the elder Baker's play has begun to slip a little, daughter Rachel's has already passed its zenith, but Mr. Johnson looks confidently forward to the day when "Aaron Slick," which he describes with not unreasonable affection as the "greatest of all rural comedies," will have its fifty thousandth performance.

And these three plays are only the bell-wethers of an enormous flock of dramatic offerings known as non-royalty plays which are produced year after year in schools, churches, and halls all over America. There are, for example, whole categories of plays, unheard of in the world of the Shuberts and McClintics, which are well known, and well beloved, in most of the small towns of the U. S. A. There are playwrights whose names have never appeared in a metropolitan Sunday dramatic section but whose plays have delighted thousands upon thousands of audiences all the way from Campobello

to the Gulf of California and from Nome to the islands off Key West. Plays such as "Mamma's Baby Boy," "Aunt Cindy Cleans Up," or "Curse You, Jack Dalton" are familiar to the millions of the church and high-school circuit. And, harking back to the first-nighters, how many would recognize the names of Beale Cormack, Adam Applebud, Walter Ben Hare, Charles George, Wilbur Braun, J. C. McMullen?—to name but a few of the playwrights who serve the theater of the outer marches. The plays of any two of these authors have probably been seen by more audiences than those of O'Neill, Anderson, Kaufman, Connelly, Behrman, Sherwood, and Rice combined.

Any week day between nine and five you can find in the reading room of Samuel French in New York or in that of Walter H. Baker in Boston a group of people studiously poring over plays and catalogues. The same scene could probably be repeated at any of the twenty-two firms which make up the National Association of Play Publishers. These firms are located in the East, round Chicago and on the Pacific Coast, and are the only focal points at which one can gain an inkling of the size and extent of America's amateur dramatic activities. The largest and oldest of the play publishers are French and Baker and from their mailing lists, catalogues, and clipping barrels one receives the impression of a land crowded with eager thespians busily engaged in putting on plays and drumming up audiences to come to see them.

Last year more than 70,000,000 people in the United States attended more than 250,000 shows of one kind and another put on by amateur groups throughout the country. These groups bear practically no relation to the Little Theaters and Dramatic Organizations which look to the professional theater of Broadway for inspiration. They form a distinct and entirely separate theatrical world, with its own plays, its traditions, and its own standards. There are literally tens of thousands of such amateur groups. Lacking any geographical focus and with

no direct relation to one another, they are to be found in villages and in the largest cities, in crossroads, hamlets, tank towns, and wealthy suburbs—everywhere, in fact, where there are halls to play in and social groups to put on plays: schools, churches, granges, lodges, clubs, or volunteer fire companies. Whether one regards the theater as a cultural influence, a social institution, or merely a leisure-time activity, devotion to it is no more on the wane in America than devotion to baseball, shore picnics, or buying chances on the Irish sweepstakes.

So diffused are the activities of this theater of the high-school auditorium, community hall, and church basement that it has yet to receive a name of its own. It is called by some: "The Rural Theater," by others the "Crossroads Theater," and by a few "The Real-Honest-to-God Amateur Theater," apparently to differentiate it from other amateur theaters, which are presumably neither real nor honest-to-God. Still others, scornful of its lack of æsthetic pretensions, like to refer to it as "The Sub-Basement Theater." Among the publishers of amateur plays, the two dozen houses which supply this peculiar market with practically all its raw material, it is commonly known as the "Non-royalty Field," because it uses mostly plays which are written specially for it and for which no royalties are charged. The more sophisticated amateurs, those of the Little Theaters and the like, go in for plays which have had their moment on Broadway and for which royalties must be paid.

Named or nameless, this theater of the parish house and the grange hall seems to be much of a piece with the government Lincoln talked about in the Gettysburg address: it is of, by, and for the people.

III

As the unchallenged favorite of a vast play-going public, "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" will repay looking into. Nothing quite like it has ever been seen in the commercial theater except, possi-

bly, "Abie's Irish Rose," which was really a kind of Easter Island rising from the vast submerged continent of the uncharted drama. Like "Abie," "Aaron" eschews all subtleties; it treats of stock characters involved in the simplest of dramatic conflicts. To describe it as naïve would be a flagrant misstatement, but its sole purpose is to get laughs, and anyone who doubts its ability to do this has only to be reminded that for eighteen years now, day in and day out, "Aaron Slick" has averaged better than three productions every day.

Described as "a clean rural comedy in three acts," "Aaron Slick" deals with a sure-fire theme: the triumph of the simple, honest, country rube over the slippery city slicker. The role of bucolic virtue is borne, naturally, by the hero, Aaron Slick; that of urban villainy by a heel named Wilbur Merridew. The plot has to do with Aaron's cuteness in foiling Wilbur's attempts to buy the Widow Berry's farm for a song. Also involved in the struggle of virtue *vs.* guile are the Widow Berry; Sis Riggs, "a regular tomboy"; Gladys May Merridew, Wilbur's niece, supposedly in ill health; "The Girl in Red," a daring symbol of the lures of a big city; and Clarence, a tenor detective. There are seven speaking parts in all and two allegedly simple sets: the Widow Berry's farmhouse kitchen in Oklahoma and the interior of a Chicago cabaret. Lest the latter seem too difficult to prospective customers, a production note points out that a lavish impression of night life in the Loop can easily be simulated with a couple of potted palms and a few small tables.

The fun begins with the rise of the curtain. Wilbur Merridew, returning from the out-of-doors, runs head on into a pan of kitchen scrapings thrown by the Widow to her pigs. The ensuing conversation clearly establishes Wilbur as the villain. Not only does he accept the contretemps with surprising grace but almost immediately urges the Widow to sell her farm to him for a paltry twelve hundred dollars. Although he pretends that he is

looking for a vacation spot, an aside in which the word "oil" occurs establishes what is really stirring in Wilbur's double-dealing mind. The Widow, however, is just on the point of signing away her birthright with Merridew's fountain pen, when Sis Riggs, the regular tomboy, plunges on stage with the news that Gladys May has been treed by old Nick, the Widow's brindle cow. Merridew crosses L. to get his hat and coat and proceeds with measured dignity to the rescue of his niece, and Sis worms out of the Widow her true reason for wanting to sell the farm. The trouble is that Aaron Slick, who has been courting her for years, has never got up courage to pop the question. In a plaintive soliloquy, the Widow conveys the crux of the drama while she kneads a pan of dough.

Mrs. B.: Jest as if Aaron Slick could git up gumption enough to propose to anyone. I've been a widder now for ten years and goodness knows that's long enough. I know he wants to pop the question but I'll never marry a man who hain't got the gumption to propose to me, no siree! not if I have to be a widder the rest of my born days. (Pause) Aaron's a nice man too. But there ain't a more backward critter in the hull state o' Oklyhomy.

Following Gladys May's rescue by her Uncle Wilbur, Aaron himself enters and learns from Sis the Widow's plan to sell the farm. Greatly stirred, he makes an heroic last attempt to propose to the buxom Mrs. Berry before it is too late, but everything seems to break against him. He stutters and stammers, says the wrong thing at the wrong time. Sis hides in the laundry basket and falls out of it at the inopportune moment. He tries to hold the Widow's hand and clutches the one that is covered with dough. And then to climax both Act One and the comedy of errors, Gladys May rushes in with the news that the cat has jumped on her bed.

GLAD: I threw some water on her and I think she's had a fit.

(Sis runs in from R. carrying broom)

SIS: Oh, Miss Rosy, you orter see the cat. She's tearin' around like all possessed. (Lively music; all speak lines rapidly to end of act)

Mrs. B.: Has she had a fit?

Sis: (at R.) She's worse'n that. She knocked over the churn and spilled the cream.

(Loud noise outside R. of tin pans falling with great clatter)

Mrs. B.: (Screams) What's that?

Sis: (Looks out door R.) She's after a mouse.

(Screams) Oh, there it comes.

(Points to floor; ladies scream. Glad jumps on rocking chair. Cat runs in after mouse. Note: this effect is easily worked. Make the cat mad and rush her on stage; what she does after then is of little importance)

AARON: There she is.

Mrs. B.: Gimme that broom.

And in the hilarious turmoil that follows, Aaron is struck on the chest by the flailing broom, falls in the pan of dough, tries to hand it to Mrs. B. who retaliates by hitting him over the head with it.

QUICK CURTAIN

(Second Picture: Aaron seated L., moaning. Mrs. B. standing by him picking dough from his head)

Mrs. B.: I didn't mean to do it. Oh, Aaron, speak to me, don't faint. Speak to me and say that you forgive me. (Keeps on talking steadily until curtain falls)

The high note of gaiety established in Act One continues with little abatement through Act Two. Aaron continues his efforts to propose to the Widow and only manages to burn himself on the laundry iron; Gladys May becomes entangled with more live stock, this time a turkey gobbler; Sis Riggs goes on being a regular tomboy. But there comes an end to levity when Sis, again hiding in the laundry basket, overhears Merridew tell his niece that he has found oil in an old well on the back forty and that the Widow's farm is worth a million dollars. Sis conveys this splendid news to Aaron, who unmasks the villain at the proper moment and wrests from him twenty thousand dollars in cash and half the profits instead of the miserly twelve hundred dollars he proposed to pay. The act ends with Aaron gloating alone on stage:

AARON: (Looks after them) Well, he's on Easy Street and Rosy has got twenty thousand dollars. (Pause) I wonder where I come in. She'll never marry me now with all that money. (Pause) I reckon I'm left

out in the cold. Oil? (Laughs) It's a good joke on that city feller anyhow. I dumped seven barrels of oil in that old spring yesterday and it cost me 'leven dollars. (Laughs) But it was worth it. It was worth every durned cent of it jest to see his face. I reckon I'm something of a slicker myself.

CURTAIN

Act Three discloses "a Chicago Cabaret, in which several guests are seen seated at tables, drinking lemonade." Among them is The Girl in Red. Concerning this glamorous creature there is a costume note which deserves to be preserved among the memorabilia of the American stage. "The Girl in Red in the original production," reads the note, "wore a wonderful dress made of cheesecloth covered with red mosquito netting with hat and bag to match." Following a few specialty numbers, music is heard outside at L., the guests leave, and the plot is picked up again with the entrance of Wilbur and his niece. Merridew has discovered that the farm is salted and has come to Mrs. Berry's hotel to recover his twenty thousand dollars. Aaron next arrives, having sold a train of steers to follow the Widow, and almost succumbs to the charms of the Girl in Red before Merridew charges him with fraud. Everything looks pretty complicated at this point, but Clarence, the tenor waiter, turns out to be a detective and unmasks both himself and Merridew when he apprehends the latter "for that little job in Detroit two years ago." Gladys May is sternly advised to return to her husband in Alton (a relationship established and disposed of in a single line), Aaron is cleared of the charge of fraud, and the Widow Berry decides that home is sweeter than Chicago in this closing dialogue:

Mrs. B.: Sis Riggs, what are you looking at? Go upstairs and get my coat and hat and pack my trunks.

Sis: Pack yer trunk? What fer?

Mrs. B.: Cause I'm going back to Oklyhomy, that's what's fer.

Sis: Gee whiz, I'm so glad I could kiss a Dutchman. Goin' back home! Hurray! (Runs out at R.)

Mrs. B.: Yes, Aaron, we'll go back to Oklyhomy, back to Punkin Crick.

AARON: But you ain't told me you was goin' to marry me yet.

MRS. B.: You ain't asked me yet.

AARON: Will ye?

MRS. B.: Yep.

(He embraces her)

CURTAIN

So ends "the greatest of all rural comedies."

IV

Ed and George, who stand behind the counter in Samuel French's New York office and know by heart the titles of casts of hundreds of plays, say that the visitors average about a hundred a day, three quarters of them from out of town. A few are browsers but the majority come seeking a specific kind of a play for a definite cast. They may want a comedy casting four women, a simple dramatic piece that can be played against curtains, or an historical pageant involving Indians that will furnish parts for half a high school. Plays, it appears, are bought like clothes: by price, size, and style. For royalty plays, the fees for amateurs run from \$2.50 for bargain one-acters to \$75.00 for the more expensive Broadway successes. For non-royalty plays, the printed books cost from 25 to 75 cents a copy and performing rights are automatically extended with the purchase of a given number of books, usually from six to eight. The average amateur royalty for a Broadway play is \$25; the cost of the non-royalty play seldom runs above \$5. Don't imagine from these prices that the earnings of either type are unimportant. The amateur royalties on some Broadway plays have amounted to more than the professional royalties and the motion-picture sale combined. Even a moderately successful one-acter that rents for \$10 a performance will bring its author \$500 to \$1,000 a year, and a hit, \$2,500 up. Since a play may easily have a lifetime of twenty years, and take no longer than an afternoon to write, it is the finest of all literary investments—when one can make it. In the non-royalty field the sales of pace makers like "Among the Breakers" and "Aaron Slick" reach fabulous amounts.

No one has ever attempted to determine either the exact number or the location of all the amateur groups. To do so would probably require the service of a large research staff, working continuously for months. A rough approximation—and it is nothing more than that—is furnished, however, by the mailing lists of the largest publishers. At Baker's, for example, I was shown racks of stencil plates containing the names and addresses of 225,000 active producing groups. French, concentrating more on the royalty than the non-royalty play, is content with a more modest list of about 100,000 customers. Add to these known figures those for the twenty other publishing houses which supply this market and, even if one supposes that three out of every four names are duplicates, one reaches the startling conclusion that there must be 300,000 to 350,000 dramatic groups of one kind and another interested in play-acting and producing.

A more detailed picture of the native passion for the stage can be obtained, if one has the time and patience, by studying the newspaper clippings of amateur dramatic activities. These clippings arrive at the play publishers' by the bale and bundle every few days. In bulk they average a barrelful a month; in number 60,000 to 90,000. Most of them are from small dailies and weeklies and each item reports some local tussle with the drama. A handful plucked at random disclosed theatrical doings in such widely assorted places as Eugene, Oregon; Bangor, Maine; New York Mills, Minnesota; Mount Ida, Arkansas; Hollywood, California (of all places); and Dade City, Alabama. The same evening that the Parent Teachers Association of Bedford Academy, Brooklyn, was presenting "Mrs. Magician's Mistake," the members and friends of the Chatfield Cemetery Association of Corsicana, Texas, were enjoying a performance of "Dotty and Daffy," and other clippings recorded showings of such amateur favorites as "Aunt Cindy Cleans Up," "Curse You, Jack Dalton," "Mamma's Baby Boy," and "He Ain't Done

Right by Nell." Performances of "Mamma's Baby Boy," a current hit, were reported during a single week in the La Grange (Texas) *Record*; Helena (Arkansas) *World*; Erie (Pennsylvania) *Dispatch Herald*; Oil City (Pennsylvania) *Derrick*; Boone (Iowa) *News-Republican*; and Ames (Iowa) *Milepost*.

The clippings came from every State in the Union and from every section of every State. If there was any tendency to concentration, it seemed to be rather in the corn and wheat belts than where the cotton blooms. Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, and Idaho seemed to lean heavily to the drama, but Washington and Oregon were generously represented, as were rural New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Florida, where recreation is a basic industry, appeared to have fewer head-on encounters with the living stage than Maine. Few clippings turned up from the larger cities, probably because neighborhood dramatics do not rate as news on city dailies.

All manner of organizations were represented. A modest sheaf of clippings, for example, revealed such diverse play producers as the Merry Stitches Club of Chester, Pennsylvania; The New Hampton (New Hampshire) High School Dramatic Club (which commemorated the 116th anniversary of the school's commencement with a gala performance of "He Ain't Done Right by Nell"); and the Intermediate Endeavor Society of Hickory Street Church of Scranton. In fact, a survey of no more than a hundred clippings showed the following kinds of social units putting on shows: Sewing Circles, Friendship Leagues, Upward and Onward Groups; Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational, and Episcopal Dramatic Clubs; Parent Teachers Associations, Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions Clubs; Legion Posts, 4H Clubs, Farm Bureau Units, C. C. C. Camps; Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Bands, High School Orchestras; Labor Units, Police and Fire Benefit Associations, Insurance Companies, Automobile Branch Agencies, two Army Posts, and one Battleship. Apparently all that

one needs do to scare up a company of actors anywhere in the United States is to step into the nearest church, school, or club and if that is not quick enough, stop the first half-dozen people on the street.

Not only do the clipping barrels affirm the prodigious capacity of Americans for banding together in clubs, chapters, posts, and lodges, but they make clear one of the reasons why such time and energy is devoted to the stage. This reason seems to be largely economic. Putting on a show and getting all the club members to sell tickets for it remains one of the surest methods of raising funds for almost anything, whether it be instruments for the school band, a new rug for the minister's study, or woolen bed socks for the deserving Eskimo. Here, probably, is the chief reason why the movies and the radio have not only failed to lessen our native passion for the stage, but have actually stimulated it. Although an amateur theater has existed on the continent ever since Champlain and his friends wrote and produced their Christmas Masque at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1607, its greatest growth has accompanied the growth of the motion picture and the radio. As there is no conceivable way in which the members of the Willing Hands Together Circle can bend either movies or radio to their modest fiscal needs, it seems probable that there will be an amateur theater as long as there remain social groups to put on plays and friends and neighbors willing to spend two bits or a dime to go to see them.

V

The vast amateur play trade is supplied by a comparatively small number of expert craftsmen, to most of whom writing amateur plays is an avocation. The author of "Aaron Slick," for instance, is a meteorologist in Arizona; a radio-station manager in Boston doubles in rural thrillers; a doctor in the Far West writes under the pseudonym of Adam Applebud. Although the playwrights are as widely scattered as their audiences, two of the most successful live in New York City:

Charles George, the leading dramatist for the Baker Company, and Wilbur Braun, whose plays are published by Samuel French. Mr. Braun succeeds in turning out half a dozen full-length plays a year, a dozen or so one-acters, and various other dramatic jobs of one kind or another. With similar regularity, Mr. George produces for his sponsor a dozen three-acters, a couple of musical comedies (writing the book, lyrics, and music himself), a couple of dramatizations of standard novels, and a large quota of skits and sketches. One of the routine jobs of both writers is disinfecting Broadway plays so that they may be acceptable to the church and school trade, where any play "must be as clean as a hound's tooth."

Mr. George lives near Central Park in the fifties, and Mr. Braun near Central Park in the sixties. They are close friends. Both were actors, leading men in the days when stock still flourished, and it was Mr. George who induced Mr. Braun to try his hand at writing plays when both stock and the road vanished. Both use Central Park to do their planning in, do most of their actual writing after darkness falls, and, once having the general treatment worked out in their minds, think little of turning out a completed three-act play in five days. Each has written more than a hundred plays since he first tried his hand at the game early in the depression and each is so prolific that he finds it advisable to use five or six pen names.

From Mr. George I learned something of the economics of writing for the non-royalty field. Unlike the professional dramatist who guards his rights in his literary property with a Dramatist's Guild Contract, the non-royalty author usually sells his plays outright. The current prices run from \$200 to \$750, the latter figure being not unusual. Sometimes, however, as in the case of "Aaron Slick," the sales are so terrific that the publisher is consumed with shame and cuts the author in on the book royalties. Both men are agreed that unblink-

ing sincerity is the first requisite in writing amateur plays: to "write down," they say, is suicidal. Also essential is an intimate knowledge of the numerous taboos that prevail. Even as harmless an expression as "Holy Mackerel" might be criticized as a sacrilegious reference to the parable of the loaves and fishes, and as mild an exclamation as "My Stars and Garters" might be blue-penciled because of its association with the leg.

To be successful the amateur play must first be clean and then be funny. The amateur audience goes to the theater for enjoyment, and enjoyment means laughter. For this reason farces and farce-comedies predominate, with "Rube," "Aunt," and "Soubrette" plays leading. Characters must be clearly typed, with female parts predominating for the very good reason that women have more time, and probably a greater inclination, for play-acting than men have. Sets should be few and simple, a single interior without too many windows or doors being the ideal staging. Sex is of course taboo, and even romance is little more than dramatic convention for tying up the loose ends of a plot. The reasons, again, are fairly obvious: most young men feel reticent about making love in public, and it might embarrass Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones to have to simulate mutual passion before an audience of their neighbors. Dialogue bears no more than a faint resemblance to realistic human speech but follows a traditional pattern that has changed little in the past thirty years. Clever lines are unheard of and all comedy springs from situation or action.

As far as one can determine, the amateur play is a folk expression, indigenous and without affectation. It is innocent of conscious cultural pretensions. But even now this Arcadian period of the American amateur theater may be drawing to its close. More and more, the drama is being adopted in schools as an aid to teaching. One fears that the uplift is under way and that culture has already reared its refined head. If this is indeed true, then good-by, Aaron Slick.



THE AMERICAN WAY

A VOICE FROM THE LEFT

BY CARL DREHER

NOWHERE more fluently than in the field of social ideals does the devil quote Scripture to further his ends. The very phrase we are to define, The American Way, is to the Chamber of Commerce mind a synonym for the open shop. This usage may be extreme in its bald presumption, but it illustrates the manner in which idealistic abstractions have been distorted throughout our history as well as the motives behind the operation. The best protection against this treacherous flexibility of nomenclature is to assess social ideals quite simply as the means for the solution of social questions.

The failure of ideals leads to what in the ancient world was called the wounded dignity of man, a thing which we experience daily with only a vague consciousness of its cause. Why, for example, do we avoid, or at least feel a shameful tendency to avoid, the jobless and the destitute? It must be admitted that these victims of economic dislocation are unpleasant to have about us. They are, so to speak, sick; but these are sick people whom we cannot bundle off to the hospital, send flowers to, and visit once in a while. They are ambulatory patients whose deprivation handicaps them as if they were crippled by arthritis or amputation; their lack of healthy activity and their anxiety make them dull and depressing. We sense that their sickness is not only of themselves, but of the whole system of society, and thus they become a reproach to our consciences, a symbol of social de-

feat, an affront to our patriotic pride. They are concrete reminders of a problem which has been too much for us, and we wish we could get them out of sight.

We may be able to get them out of sight but not out of mind. I speak of course for the tender-minded—the only ones who concern themselves with ideals at all. Even if we avert our eyes from the old men trudging along California highways with their worldly possessions on their backs, or from the beggars on the New York subway steps, we must say to ourselves, There, but for the grace of God, go I. Only, when there go thousands of these and millions on public relief, let us not rely too much on God's grace. If anything is to be done, He evidently expects us to do it.

Our ideals and traditions have not been of much avail to the vast army of dependent Americans. Indeed, the perversion of these ideals has helped to create and maintain human misery. Whenever ideals remain rooted in the needs of an era long past they are inevitably used to sanction practices which may once have been defensible, but which by their very success and maturing have become the implement of particular interests in society. A parallel between Revolutionary times and our own will serve as an example.

II

Thomas Boyd, in *Poor John Fitch*, tells the story of a small man of Hamilton's

time, a typical small man except for one circumstance; he was a genius in the field of mechanics. His talents were frustrated and lost; the fact that he had genius merely dramatized the frustration and gave it a small place in history.

In so far as it could be the invention of one man, the steamboat was the invention of John Fitch. Born in Connecticut in 1743, as a child he was "nearly crazy after learning." His boyhood was hard and his manhood harder. With painful effort he became a clockmaker, mechanic, and surveyor. On an expedition into Kentucky he was captured by Indians and spent some time as a prisoner of the British. Later he surveyed four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land in Ohio, and returned "morrally certain" that his fortune would eventually be made by it. He designed, engraved, and printed a map of what was then the Northwest. Living on the scant proceeds of the sales of his map, he conceived the idea of a boat propelled by steam. He formed a stock company, built a model, and experimented until the project ran out of funds. "Could money have been extracted from my limbs, amputation would have often taken place," he wrote. In 1787 he secured exclusive rights to manufacture and operate steamboats in New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware for fourteen years. The company was reorganized and several boats were built. The last one made successful voyages on the Delaware, but financially it was a failure. The land ventures came to naught. Some time before this he had written, "reflecting how I had ruined myself to serve my Country, and how many sleepless, restless nights I had suffered to bring about one of the greatest events, and such exquisite tortures of the mind, and had placed myself on a base dependence of my friends, it effected me beyond measure. Could I have been dependent on my town-ship only for sustenance I could have supported it much better, or could I have recalled my life back for four years, I would gladly have offered my neck to the common executioner."

Fitch committed suicide in 1798. In 1807 Robert Fulton, backed by Nicholas Roosevelt, De Witt Clinton, and Chancellor Livingston, built the *Clermont*, followed by the *New Orleans* in 1811, and received credit in elementary-school history books for what was not his invention, but a profitable promotion of other men's ideas. The American Way!

Fitch was, then, a pioneer in two fields—in the conquest of the wilderness and in mechanical invention. He was a rugged individualist, with a right to the name, even if he never thought of himself as one. The causes of his failure were manifold, but poverty and inability to secure powerful backers were at the bottom of all of them. Certainly it was not lack of enterprise and diligence; he struggled valiantly all his life and strained his abilities to the utmost. His fate proves that even in the 1780's the odds were against the small man, that the pioneering virtues were no guarantee against failure, and this when the opening of the frontier had hardly begun and the age of machinery was just dawning.

But the odds against the common man were to lengthen. Fitch's New York patent was granted on the recommendation of a committee of which Alexander Hamilton was chairman. Hamilton envisioned the possibilities of machinery in the young Republic and was eager to see them developed. One of the major causes of the Revolution had been the British reluctance to permit the colonists to engage in manufacture. The colonists had won the war. It was now necessary to win the peace.

The method, engineered by Hamilton when he became Secretary of the Treasury, was a statesmanlike swindle. The soldiers had been paid off in land warrants and certificates of indebtedness. The land warrants fell into the hands of speculators and companies at bottom prices. George Washington bought them in large quantities. The depreciated certificates were still outstanding. The tip went out to the gentry, the gentlemen of the Congress, and the speculators to buy

up certificates. The average price was twenty cents on the dollar. Then appropriate legislation was passed and the certificates were redeemed at par. The clean-up, says Beard, was forty million dollars, a great deal of money in 1789. The soldiers having been bilked, the money was accumulated in "strong" hands, where it could be used to finance factories. These were protected against foreign competition by a second patriotic swindle, a high tariff. The factories were built and industry grew. To this extent there was a national justification for the policies Hamilton sponsored.

Now let us skip one hundred and thirty-two years and view the end result. During Mr. Mellon's administration the duty on imported aluminum was raised two hundred and fifty per cent. Mr. Mellon's family and associates were in aluminum up to their necks. He was the largest contributor to the Republican campaign fund in 1920 and reputedly had the third largest income in the country. Income taxes were reduced. The corporations in which Mellon money was invested received large refunds of federal taxes allegedly overpaid. It is not necessary to convict Mr. Mellon of personal dishonesty in these operations. He was no doubt as generous with other corporations as with those close to him, and when the owners of these corporations bestowed his flattering title they knew what they were talking about. For them, indeed, he was the "greatest secretary of the treasury since Hamilton." Until October 29, 1929, that is.

The similarities between Hamilton and Mellon are obvious, and the contrasts painful. The expansion for which Hamilton planned, with all its ups and downs, was an actual one. The accumulations of capital which his policies facilitated, and the rate at which they increased, were in general proportioned to the development of the economy within which they operated. They were the fruit of legalized plunder, but this plunder wrought effects of a constructive kind. For a time the plunder and the

constructiveness kept pace. There came a time when plunder predominated and constructiveness diminished to the vanishing point. The bunco game was played out.

Because the game was played out the prosperity which Mellon sustained and nurtured was fictitious. When on that memorable Tuesday eight years ago, and in the few days following, the value of stocks listed on the New York exchange fell from eighty-seven to fifty-seven billions—and that was only a beginning—hard economic facts crashed through the paper hoop of economic delusion. As John T. Flynn puts it, the inflationary income of the New Era was "conjured out of the air, and of course the inevitable end of it was that it returned to the air from whence it came." Its only virtue was to keep the system going for a while longer, and the payment for that was a bigger smash when it finally came.

Between the two epochs American history is interspersed with raids on the public treasury, the public lands, and natural resources by any and all groups who could hope to pry their way in. Their greatest successes of course were during the Grant and Harding Administrations, but wholesale thievery went on all the time. There were also many small speculators and swindlers; rapacity is not confined to the successful. And there was always a majority of honest, hard-working people, or the country could not have survived at all. The time came when a halt had to be called. Nobody but the victims, the Fitches of the 1930's, could call it, and when they expressed their dissatisfaction with the old American Way it is remarkable that they spoke with as much moderation as they did.

III

Under these conditions the task of refurbishing our political ideals is something like polishing a smoke screen. Ideals have been used as a smoke screen throughout the course of our history, and our best service to them is a frank recogni-

tion of that unpleasant fact. The extent to which ideals have fallen into disrepute is indicated by the fact that to refer to a man nowadays as a sincere idealist is tantamount to calling him a fool. The suspicion and contempt with which ethical formulations are currently regarded is a natural consequence of the regularity with which they have been used to gull and rob people.

There is not a single one of the traditional American concepts of political probity which has not been defiled. The Constitution itself, under the mass of superimposed judicial distortion and retroversion, has become unrecognizable as an instrument to "form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Liberty? Liberty has been interpreted as the right of every owner of property to "work it as he will, by whom he pleases at such wages and upon such terms as he can make; and every laborer may work or not, as he sees fit, for whom, at such wages as he pleases; and neither can dictate to the other how he shall use his own, whether property, time, or skill," and this 1892 decision of the United States Supreme Court, lest anyone regard it as a dead letter, was cited a few months ago by a Vice Chancellor of New Jersey in a ruling which outlawed contracts calling for closed shops as "illegal and unenforceable." Presumably this also insures equality of opportunity, in accordance with Anatole France's dictum that "the law in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." The South Chicago massacre, in which seven of the ten demonstrators who were killed were shot in the back, was perpetrated in the name of law and order. The police similarly interpret freedom of speech and freedom of assembly in their own way: Upton Sinclair was once arrested in San Pedro, Calif., when he attempted to read the Constitution of

the United States while standing on private property. The trumpetings of Mr. Hoover in defense of individualism still echo through the land, while Messrs. Weir and Girdler and the National Manufacturers Association fight at Armageddon for the sacred right of the American workman to work until they are pleased to lay him off.

To subtilize over the meaning of ideals in the face of such a record, even allowing for some recent and probably temporary ameliorations, seems a waste of time. The significance of the terms is well enough understood by those who respect them, while those who despise every human activity but the accumulation of property will not be affected by the niceties of political lexicography. Common honesty certainly requires no re-definition, and it is the application of common honesty which we need first of all.

Why have the people endured these crimes against the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution, rights which decency and moderation would long ago have yielded without compulsion? For one thing, many have been so confined mentally by privation and hardship that they have lost the urge to think and find out what was happening to them. Mental sluggishness is often less a result of deficient intelligence than of long-continued bafflement; in time psychological tension is lost, the personality becomes slack. Others, gripped by a sort of tropism of private and immediate interests, have been blind to the importance of politics in their lives. They readily assumed that wisdom and leadership resided in the rich, an attitude which was naturally shared and encouraged by those to whom the inertia of the multitude offered a shining opportunity for gain. Decades of obfuscation and deceit persuaded the mass of ordinary people—until the pretense could no longer be kept up—that the effects of national adversity on the individual were a private matter, that the citizen should take the entire blame for his misfortunes, that he should hold his head high and suffer stoically. This

focusing on personal responsibility, blurring the social background of the picture, is one of the causes of public despoilment and a present menace to the cohesion of society.

But there is also an external explanation for the rarely interrupted submissiveness of the masses during the nineteenth century. There was always a lenitive for unrest; under an economy which, in the long run, was extending itself, men saw some purpose in their sacrifices, hope was not denied them, they looked forward to better times, if not for themselves, then for their children. After each depression the unemployed were absorbed, each plateau was higher than the one before, classes were more or less fluid, and people could rise from one to the next. Moreover, up to the nineties there was always an avenue of escape, the frontier.

The physical frontier closed, but, as Professor Dewey has pointed out, the social frontier is still open. The concept is poignantly expressed by Marie de L. Welch in a poem, "To the Explorers," published in the *New Republic*:

There is much space still to explore and
conquer

Between these old seas, on this well-known
ground;

The world is wide as always, and as always
Wider than the world is round.

Last league of water sailed, last island settled,
Still must explorers voyage hardy hearted.
Peace is a country yet unknown, and Plenty
Has been discovered but is not yet charted.

In this thought the future orientation of the American Way is foreshadowed. It provides the only sound basis for that communal enthusiasm which is a deep psychological need of the American people. If they are as determined to put their economic house in order as they have been to build it up for the benefit of a class, a long humiliation will be ended and we need not be troubled by doubts as to our country's future. But we must be prepared to pay the price of social control, and we must understand that the price will not be small, that the job will be dif-

ficult and dangerous. It will take all of that pioneering spirit which has resonated so loudly in Fourth of July orations. If that spirit is dead, if we are unwilling to face the perils of the new frontier, then we must resign ourselves to institutionalized retrogression—a brave ending that would be for the aspirations of three centuries!

If the will to go forward prevails, who will do the job? There are still those who think it may be entrusted to business. It would be well to waste no more time on such wish-fulfillments. We had some experience of government by trade associations in the NRA, and its taste was bitter. The record of big business is that it has not effected a single reform of consequence within its own ranks; every element of social decency in its practices has been imposed from without, and been accepted only under compulsion and with ululations of calamity, followed by resignation and finally murmurs of "service." The railroads set their own rates and if the public could not pay them it was told it could walk. Rebates were a competitive weapon which the roads gave up only when the alternative was to go to jail. The Chicago packers supplied embalmed refuse to the Army in the Spanish-American War and continued selling it until *The Jungle* was written and the government clamped down its inspection system. The stock exchanges listed and distributed cat-and-dog paper until the S.E.C. was set over them; its mentorship has been mild enough, but it was and is resisted. And at the moment a large sector of business is still opposing collective bargaining with every resource of spies, thugs, gas, gunpowder, company unionism, and indefatigable efforts to find holes in the National Labor Relations Act until it can be formally emasculated.

Business men are not devoid of ideals. They believe ardently in material constructiveness; they find genuine satisfaction in organizing and building up imposing structures of production and service, whether an American Telephone and Telegraph communications network or a Radio City at one end of the scale or a

two-story country-town office building at the other. They try to convince themselves that competitive striving and service to the public can be combined, in a sort of Hegelian synthesis, with profits flowing to each competitor in proportion to his contribution to the common weal. The practice, unfortunately, does not conform to the theory. In the first place classical competition no longer exists; in the second place even the theoretical controls are determinants of different orders. Profits, as the *sine qua non* of business, inexorably take precedence. Service to the public is necessarily subservient to financial considerations. The welfare of society is outside of the mechanism entirely. If the manager of a business, struggling to maintain profits or minimize losses, finds it necessary to cut wages, he cannot refrain on the ground that in reducing wages he is simultaneously reducing the aggregate of effective demand. He must meet competition or give place to someone else who will. Convincing himself that things cannot be otherwise than they are, he defends the system, which, after all, is only the resultant of the actions of acquisitive men acting according to their nature. To ask them to take the lead in national planning is nonsense, and they know it.

What has been said about business men holds for the moneyed classes in general. They not only cannot qualify for what needs to be done, but a majority of their members manifest a dangerous, perhaps a fatal, capacity for deluding themselves. They do not see what has happened—that the great middle-class acquiescence on which their power rested for so many years is no longer to be relied on. The displacement of faith from the leaders of industry to the leaders of government was not brought about by radical preachments, but by economic development and the accumulation of acts of bad faith. Those who continue to defend privilege with illusion, to assail “agitators” for the unrest they have themselves created, may one day find themselves in a pass from which the New Deal, in retrospect, will look like a capitalist paradise.

An analogous situation confronted the country once before, when the slave aristocracy of the South chose the path of counter-revolution against the industrial North and the free-labor agrarian West. That was the American Way in the crisis of that time, but it is surely not the American Way we are looking for to-day. In 1861 the voices of enlightened Southerners were lost when the drumming guns began to speak. That might appear as a bad augury for our times if many of our “economic royalists” listen to the suggestions of the Gerald Smiths and the Pelleys, who see in coming events an outlet for their peculiar talents.

The pressure for economic reconstruction must come from below, from the victims of social maladjustment, from those who have lost their old faiths. This points to the smaller farmers—those who are not employers on a large scale—the forces of progressive labor gathered in the Committee for Industrial Organization and those remaining in the American Federation of Labor, and those sections of the middle class who find themselves in the economic position of labor and the small agrarians. As an auxiliary force, there are those members of the middle and upper classes who see the need for concessions and are willing to act on a farsighted rather than an immediate personal interest.

In so far as ideals have a role to play in this movement, they will be class ideals in the sense that their impelling forces will be toward the material betterment of the majority of the people. We must get rid of the notion that ideals are a pure distillate of the mind. They are formula-tive emotions generated under the influence of external conditions; consequently as classes are formed, ideals assume a class character. Concepts and ideals based on the conditions of a small country, an expanding economy, crafts and small industry, with some fluidity of classes, are bound to undergo a shift in the direction of general material welfare as mass production, great industrial monopolies, and social stratification develop.

The change is as right as it is inevitable. An industrial civilization entails many burdens and deprivations. More is required of people than in simpler ages. The demands are heavy, the strain is great. If, under these conditions, the masses of men receive no proportionate return, dangerous stresses develop and are aggravated by a growing sense of resentment at the hiatus between what is produced and what could be produced. The game must be worth the candle, and the American Way is that complex of means and methods which will make life worth living for the American masses, which will reduce to social practice the aspirations of economic democracy. The compatibility of such a condition with capitalism is of course unproved, but for the present we have the right to assume that the two may be reconciled by the existing processes of democratic procedure.

IV

By economic democracy we understand a balance between capital and labor based on collective bargaining, governmental regulation, income taxation, and whatever other measures may be required to effect a redistribution of income from the propertied to the propertyless. The purpose of this redistribution of course is not naïvely to divide the property of the rich among the poor. The rich do not have enough property to make such a division worth the trouble. The purpose is to relieve the distributive strangulation which now afflicts the system, and to enable the stepping up of production to an undetermined maximum which will bring prosperity to the whole people instead of a fraction. This is essentially the purpose of the liberal wing of the New Deal. The difficulty is that the means appear inadequate to the end, and the measures proposed to bring about the end have been further attenuated by irresolution in the face of conservative opposition. It was pointed out very early in the efflorescence of the New Deal that it was no revolution. The subsequent development has

assuredly confirmed that conclusion. At the moment there is general apprehension on the Left that the New Deal has bogged down, that the Democratic party, as now constituted, cannot push it much farther, and that a renewal of the march awaits a sharp political alignment of conservatives on one side and progressives on the other.

Even those who do not want to see a renewal of the march can agree on the desirability of a clear division of this sort, since the will of the electorate, whether conservative or radical, cannot be expressed without it. Thus we find observers as widely separated in political outlook as Philip F. La Follette and Nicholas Murray Butler stressing its necessity. Such a change is not brought into being by the wave of a magic wand; it may not be possible to accomplish it before 1944, certainly not before 1940. During the critical interim we must continue to rely on Mr. Roosevelt and the forces of progressive labor working in concert with him, but not relying uncritically on his leadership.

Too much reliance should never be placed on one-man leadership, especially when it is not of the most clear-cut type. There are queer inconsistencies in Mr. Roosevelt's make-up. He honestly hates war; no one who has witnessed the violent facial contortion with which he declares it can doubt the sincerity of his sentiments. (In passing, it may be remarked that we tend to overrate the importance of such sentiments in preventing war; they are very prevalent, and so is war in spite of them. The same holds for political problems; they are not solved by mere good intentions.) But at the same time that he hates war the President loves battleships—for defense only of course; but the fact remains that he takes joy in them. He is all for the common man, but he let John L. Lewis down hard with "A plague on both your houses." Yet Lewis is the only important leader stemming from the orthodox labor movement who ever set out actively to organize the less skilled and the unskilled. Mr.

Roosevelt's aspirations are usually admirable, he has made the right kind of enemies, his general line is progressive, but it is a wobbly progressivism, skidding perilously round the curves and always in danger of cracking up in the ditch of half-way measures and disastrous compromises. His aberrations are the resultant of a conflict between his training and the political role to which destiny assigned him; no doubt they also reflect an actual uncertainty of the American people. Whatever the causes, really effectual action is limited when the leader is for labor *because* he is for capital, when his liberalism is of a type which puts a fight between Little Steel and the C.I.O. in the same category as the feud between the Montagues and the Capulets. It was not the first time that the President robbed Peter without paying Paul, nor will it be the last.

Unquestionably Mr. Roosevelt's first term accomplished a great deal. The momentum which it gained at the very beginning, when the fear of complete economic collapse had silenced the reactionaries, has not completely run down. What was accomplished, however, is not to be credited entirely to the President, his liberal advisers, and the liberal blocs in Congress; it was a process that began long ago and was perforce recognized even by Mr. Hoover, who, with all his laissez-faire principles, had to attempt to stem the depression with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. With characteristic astigmatism, Mr. Hoover put the government into business in the worst possible way, but he opened a door. Through that door there presently stalked the principle that the economic machinery of the country was not merely the plaything of its owners, who were to be protected in their profits and permitted to do as they would with their own, but that as everybody lived by industry, industry was everybody's affair, and the government would have to see to it that the machinery continued to run. No such doctrine was accepted in Cleveland's time; his depression ran its course

without federal interference; there was neither relief for the destitute nor assistance to distressed industries. One has only to contrast the governmental and public attitudes during the depression of 1893 and the depression of 1929 to get the measure of progress in political education in a little over a generation. That Mr. Roosevelt furthered this education materially is his great service to his country. He popularized a principle of cardinal importance and perhaps gave time for translating it into action; but it certainly does not look as if he is the man to carry through more than the preliminary steps of the operation. We may say that Mr. Roosevelt has given an initial impetus to the American Way of the future, but he will not create it. Aside from his own weaknesses, the political implements are but partly formed, and the people, while accepting the method, see its future implications only vaguely, in the dim light of accustomed institutions and customs. They ask for social control, they have lost faith in the captains of industry; but to a large extent they still think in terms of traditional capitalism. Such lags are a usual accompaniment of political change, but they do slow it up and may stop it at a critical point, at one, that is, where the penalty for not going forward is retrogression.

V

Whether the liberal solution of an ameliorated capitalism will work remains to be seen. Attacked from the right, unable to go far enough to the left, it might, like Social Democracy in pre-Hitler Germany or pre-Lenin Russia, turn out to be merely a transitional phenomenon. There is no proof that the New Deal has arrested the decline of capitalism; everybody seems to expect another depression in a few years. While it may not be as serious as the last one, no depression can be taken lightly.* Moreover, it is plausibly argued that precisely as capitalism declines it cannot sustain the burdens of

* This article was written in August, 1937. At the end of the year it seems possible that our rejoicing over recovery was premature.—The Author.

unemployment insurance and the other social services which are then demanded of it, and at a certain stage the only alternatives are socialism or a system of iron conservatism, low wages, and a minimum of those palliations which cost money—a retracement which would probably require a fascist dictatorship to be put into effect.

A still more serious factor is war. New Deal capitalism, with its revisions carried far enough, might be able to stand up, of itself, for another generation or longer; but suppose a world war supervenes? If we trade with the belligerents we shall be in it sooner or later, and then anything may happen to our mode of government. If we stay out of it the resulting depression might compel drastic adjustments of a communist or fascist nature.

The autarchy of ideas, whether enforced by dictatorship or the weight of tradition, is never complete, and even today our institutions are under an invisible pressure from the fascist and communist philosophies. It is in order, therefore, to discuss the question: Should liberalism fail, under which form of government (if either) would it be possible to salvage such progress as has been made toward the American Way, and perhaps to continue it? And what would be the thrust of forces for and against fascism, for and against communism?

It is rather hard to see who, aside from the inveterately property-minded and the homicidally-inclined, would benefit by the triumph of fascism in America, but it does not follow that it could not be put over in a crisis with sufficient propagandist pressure behind it. The present public tolerance toward strikes points in the opposite direction, but that may be reversed one of these days. The die-hards of business might know that fascism offers them a costly and merely temporary solution; but in politics is anything done for eternity? Fascism is effective while it lasts. It would appeal to many autocratic mentalities as a sublimation of law and order in the way in which they have always understood these concepts.

From the standpoint of accepted—if not always lived up to—American ideals, fascism would unleash all the tendencies which civilized Americans have fought against since the landing of the Pilgrims, but that does not alter the fact that a considerable body of our countrymen would find nothing alien in fascist anti-intellectualism, or in the nationalization of scapegoats—communists, Jews, negroes, or Catholics. The Ku Klux Klan anticipated fascism in the release of that latent sadism which is a product of cramped and frustrated lives. The distorted ideals generated by such experiences are just as real as the respectable ideals of society, and, being based on hate, self-righteousness, and ignorance, they move primitive mentalities to action more readily.

Of course there are those who think that the transition to communism has already taken place—the domestic Mosleys, the Nazis who prefer to express their adoration of Hitler in the United States, certain gentlemen in the Street, and others of the kind. They are joined by some wellbred voices, which, on this subject, tend to become a little raucous. There is an alarmist group among the rich, fringed by those who share the psychic attitudes of wealth without the money, who, during and for a space after a depression, are all aquiver. Is it possible that their fears have a sibylline quality? As they wave their antennæ in Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt's direction, and, momentarily forgetful that there are no classes in America, denounce them as traitors to their class, do they sense that once concessions are made to the great beast there is no telling whom it may not devour? It may be so, but seemingly the great beast has not turned into a dragon yet.

Communism, whatever its disadvantages, would at least give scope to our technological zeal, our belief in general material welfare, and our conception of progress, which on the whole is healthy even if it is often naïvely and mechanically pursued. These considerations impelled Lincoln Steffens, after a long reformist career, to the conviction that

communism would "fit America like a hat." This is exaggerated, but there appears to be some truth in it. During the past four years I have discussed the question of fascism *vs.* communism with a considerable number of middle-class Americans, thoughtful and otherwise, and ranging from a few of Mr. Gerard's forty leaders of America to the chronically unemployed. The usual answer was that they didn't want either, but if a choice had to be made they would pick communism, and the most common reason given was that it would increase production and cure unemployment. The better informed were mostly of the opinion that socialism was inevitable, but they were committed to the policy of gradualism. The subject is one which might well be investigated systematically by our public-opinion samplers.

VI

If it be granted that collectivism is a future eventuality in the United States, then it is worthwhile to point out some of the misconceptions which are prevalent concerning it. It would involve, it is said, the loss of freedom. In the way in which the objection is usually raised, it is made to appear as if to-day we were all as free as air. Actually, if we look at the matter dispassionately, it is clear that we have already paid heavily on account. Many of our liberties disappeared with the rise of technological civilization, others are likely to dissolve imperceptibly in the same way, still others we have no right to, and we shall have to take comfort in the fact that certain liberties of individuality may be retained and perhaps new liberties, rooted in greater leisure and security, be created. The late Dr. Frankwood E. Williams stated the case soundly in *Russia, Youth, and the Present Day World*: "If man is to take charge of his world . . . aggression against others, profit at the expense of others, exploitation must come to an end. . . . Arguments as to what would happen to 'freedom,' 'individualism,' 'initiative,' are

without point. These things must take their chances; must take their place as they can. These ideals are the results of men's desires to free themselves from exploitation. They are without value if they lead only to freedom for further exploitation. A freedom which merely means a freedom to exploit others under conditions named by the free, is no freedom."

Then there is the specter of civil war. It is contended that collectivism could be established only by violence, and that conservatism is peaceful. The first point is merely an assumption, the second is disproved by experience. Those who pretend the greatest horror of internecine violence frequently do the least to prevent it. They tolerate glaring inequalities, whose beneficiaries are prepared to fight democracy, free speech, and all popular rights, and eventually to attempt the overthrow of parliamentary methods. Within every country there are interests which find it expedient, like the fascist-militarist aggressors in Spain and China, to deny the existence of war while waging it. Violent revolution is the terminal stage of the class conflict thus engendered, the last convulsive upheaval of forces which have grown powerful under blind restraint and persecution. The duty of those who believe in a peaceful solution is to see that these restraints are lifted before a revolutionary situation develops.

Nor does the experience of Russia offer a clear parallel. The Russians, a people even more violent temperamentally than we are, have been subjected to the multiple strains of building socialism, a powerful war machine, and a modern industrial plant, all at the same time. We have the plant and the war machine, and in a military way we are far more secure than Russia. We have a long parliamentary tradition to counteract the sporadic violence of our lynchings and vigilantisms. And we have enough fat left on our bones to avert starvation during a social transition. If communism can be established peacefully in any country we are in a position to do it.

At all events, contemporary communism in the United States is not a political factor in the sense of, say, French communism, which is able to operate with a sizable popular vote and proportionate parliamentary representation. American communism to-day is no more than a catalytic agent, a means of disseminating ideas and setting popular forces into motion. It has its lunatic fringe, which receives more attention than its numbers warrant simply because the psychopathology of revolt is more conspicuous than the psychopathology of conservatism. The value of the official communist ideas is, like all political ideas, open to dispute, but two points are no longer in doubt. One is that without communist pressure, urban relief standards would be even lower than they are, and in those parts of the country where communist influence is weakest relief standards are at their worst. A second point, granted by everyone with experience, is that no anti-fascist, no progressive movement to-day can dispense with communist help (sympathizers as well as party members being included in this generalization). It is for this reason that John L. Lewis, a notorious Red-fighter a few years ago, countenances communists in the C.I.O. Lewis does not have to be told that this policy leaves him open to attack; the conclusion is that he has found the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, that, as Harry

Bridges says, you have to work with communists because they make good trade unionists. These lessons have been learned by experience and in consequence liberals of all stripes have come to the conclusion that Red-baiting is the sure sign of the hopeless reactionary.

What the future holds in store for us we do not know, but it is certain that we shall never have national unity with ten or twenty per cent of our population half-living as a burden on the economic machine, and with that machine throttled down to keep them so. We shall never have industrial peace with half our people merely subsisting when they could live with decency and dignity. We can cry until Doomsday for virtue but we shall never get it as long as we are organized for vice, and we are organized for vice as long as we hamstring industry and deprive honest men of its potential benefits. It is a strange conception of patriotism which posits love of country on the perpetuation of injustice. Living ideals and patriotism freed from greed must be sought in these times beyond the social frontier, and those who have the will and the courage to adventure there are the carriers of the only American tradition which deserves to survive in the modern world. Of them, at least, history will not say that they perished because they fed not on the advancing hour.





A MAN GETS TO THINKING

A STORY

BY JAMES R. ASWELL

WHEN the rain is coming down like it is to-day and the water's rattling itself against the window glass and the ditches and sinks are lipping over full, a man gets to thinking. A lots of times I think about Old Jeems Crewden and his ark he built. For that's a thing I'll remember to my dying day.

Now Old Jeems Crewden was a crazy old man, but not crazy enough that you'd need to lock him up. No, he cropped his shares with the rest of us here on Mister Ben Lauderdale's place at Crown Point and I vow he done as good as the next one. No, it was only when he come to talking about high water that his head got to where it couldn't plow a straight furrow. Well, all of us living in the low ground do a heap of thinking about high water. Just any old morning we're liken to wake up and find we can go a fishing right off of our front doorsills in the back-over from the river. So we study off and on more than most about the high-rising waters. But it wasn't off and on with Old Jeems. He couldn't think and he couldn't talk about nothing else. I declare to my soul he couldn't.

Why it's no wonder. Old Jeems near died in the high water that come back in nineteen twenty and seven. He lost his old wife and his mule and every hog and chicken he had to his name. His house was washed away in the night and him in it. Well, this rescue boat that come along found him sitting on the roof about two ticks and a wink before it turned a loose

from the snag it was holding to and started rolling somersaults in the current. So Old Jeems liken to died of the pneumonia. And when he got up and around and they told him his old wife was gone, well, it went all over him. It gave his brains a twist.

From then on when Old Jeems wasn't plowing or chopping cotton or something that kept him dog-tired, he was studying about high water. He went roaming from house to house talking about how it would come again one of these days.

"The world is too mean," he said. "The Lord is not a going to stand for it much longer. It's coming a flood and we'll all be washed away down clear to New Orleans," he said.

"Maybe a high water," we said, "but not no flood. A high water is just the river running over, but a flood is the whole world drowned. And the Book says it's fire the next time the whole world is too mean."

Old Jeems just shook his head. "It's a flood a coming, I tell you," he said, "a flood of cleansing waters. It will tear into Memphis and all them towns. It will wash away those radios and automobiles and these hussy-gals that smear their face all sinful red. Yes, and it will come here. And it will clean away all we owes to Mister Ben's commissary and all the plaguing vermins too. I hear that water rising, rising in my head. It's like a storm of wind a coming up. Louder and louder!

Can't you hear it coming, brother! Can't you hear it coming?"

You couldn't laugh at Old Jeems, not even if you wanted to. His eyes got so big and shiny and he'd hold out his arms begging you to listen and the tears would run down his dry wrinkled old face. "Take heed," he said. "Oh, take heed!" Sometimes he wouldn't say a thing but just hold out his arms and shake and cry. You could tell what he meant all the same.

Now a preacher—you take preachers. They will talk a heap like Old Jeems. But it's about Judgment Day and a lots of other things. It's about gambling and drinking and about what the old Israelites done back in the old days. That's when they're preaching. Well, let a preacher step down out of the pulpit and then what? Why he's just like anybody else almost. He will tell a joke about his wife and maybe he will pinch a gal like anybody else, and eat like any fieldhand. Old Jeems Crewden never come down out of his pulpit and he never talked about but that one thing. Flood a coming. He just stuck to it.

The notion of the ark took Old Jeems three years ago. It come on him all of a sudden and he left his mule a standing in the middle of his fall garden patch plowing. Well, we didn't know what to do. We unhitched that mule and put her in the stable but nobody would say a word to Old Jeems. He'd lit off across the slew to where an old coal barge had drifted into away back in the fields during the high water in nineteen twenty and seven. That old barge was too far from the houses to be used for kindling wood and it was all full of hard mud.

Anyhow Old Jeems went to work. He cleaned out that mud and he stole a barrel of tar from where they was running a highway seven miles back from the river. And he took the tar and poured it in the open cracks betwixt the shrunk boards of the old barge. But he didn't stop there. No, he tore down his chicken house and part of his old stable. He toted the lumber across the slew and he built a crazy

house on that old barge away back in the fields.

Well, Old Jeems didn't say one word to us about what he was doing and we didn't say a word to him. What can you say to such a carrying-on man? When the Lord takes and flaws a man's brains, it's mighty unlucky to cross that man in anything. Besides, we was all scared of little bits of a dried-up Old Jeems Crewden. Every day somebody just left some fat-back or greens or fish and like that at his barge and didn't bother him. He didn't come around talking about flood a coming no more and seems like he'd forgot we was still living.

By the time the first cold winter rains was beginning to pour down Old Jeems had got his ark fixed to suit him. And next thing you know we was seeing the poor old man stopping and miring around near the slew getting him some cane and willow. "Oh," we said, "what do you reckon that poor old man's up to now?"

Well, he wasn't studying fishing poles with them canes and he wasn't aiming to weave baskets with the willow. He had cages on his mind. Yes, he was going to make cages for birds and rabbits and snakes. I don't know but I guess he aimed to make cages for cows and mules and all later. He must have thought he was Noah, that poor crazy old man.

So Old Jeems caught his death, caught the pneumonia again from the wet cold, and he died alone in the house he'd built on his ark. We didn't find him till two or maybe three days afterward. All we could do then was bury him and feel sorry.

Way I looked at it, I didn't feel sorry for Old Jeems dying. Oh, maybe he was in pain and misery a few hours while he lay dying. But it got over pretty quick when you match it against the long years he'd been on this earth. Because what I grieved about was his life. Yes, it's dead people's lives that hurts me. That's the way it is with me.

Now Old Jeems was born and he was a boy and then a man—a hard-working

boy and a hard-working man. Well, he married a wife and they had young ones. They all worked hard, had to. You've got to work hard to just live. And one thing or another happened to Old Jeems' young ones and they died. He was a man that loved his young ones. It was terrible. Then in his old age his wife was drowned and Old Jeems got to thinking he was Noah and had to build him an ark. So it was his life that ached me. When he died I was glad, for I liked Old Jeems the best kind.

I think about all that when I'm sitting here and it's raining.

And I had to remember Old Jeems when the rain got into me last winter. Oh, it rained last winter. It was days and solid pouring down weeks. It rained till you couldn't see to the lye-bin. It rained till you couldn't hear yourself think, till you wasn't hungry, till you hated your wife and your young ones. It rained till it was like hammers a beating on your head and you wanted to tear off your clothes and run and howl. Yes, it rained then.

I went down to the slew. It looked bad, but I didn't worry. If it risen up five feet more, well, we would have that old brown scum water for our bed covers. But I didn't worry. I knowed what to do. I would take my stuff and throw it in some grass sacks and me and my wife and my young ones would just slowfoot it to the high ground to the big house. And everybody else would do the same. We knowed what to do.

I reckon it was two nights after that. Maybe it was three. I waken up. I could hear water going some place. I could hear it slapping against my house. The bed felt restless under me. I got up and I lit my lantern.

Well, it was a lot of water outside and it was in a hurry. But it wasn't coming from the slew. No, it was bound for the slew. It was all ruffled up and rushing along. Some place up the river a levee was broke. The water was coming at us from the back in the middle of the night.

I waken up my wife and my young ones.

We didn't stop to get nothing. We run and we hollered till we just waken everybody in all the houses. And that water was coming higher every living minute.

I saw we couldn't make it to the high ground like we most of us done in nineteen twenty and seven when the river backed over in the slew. I saw we would all be drowned before we could get a mile on our way. We couldn't make it.

I wasn't scared. I just felt floaty. I felt like I had the fevers. "Well," I says to myself, "Old Jeems was right. It is a flood this time." It minded me of the ark Old Jeems built. So all of a sudden I knowed that old coal barge of an ark was the only chance. It was crazy. It maybe wouldn't ride in the water. But it was the only chance.

So them that could swim pulled the others across the slew. We splashed through the high-rising water in the fields towards the ark. It was so dark. The rain poured and stung you in the face. You couldn't see a thing, and we didn't fetch a single lantern across that slew. Couldn't. You've got to swim with your hands and the water was stout a running down the slew towards the river. But we got to Old Jeems' ark by the hardest. We clim up on it and we just waited. It was the best we could do.

When the water risen a little more we felt that old ark a moving. Yes, it swung this way and it swung that way. And it was floating. Because Old Jeems had done a mightily good job with that stole barrel of tar. The barge didn't leak hardly at all.

Way it was, we couldn't see to pole the barge. Even if we had some poles we couldn't see. And we couldn't pole against the strong current anyhow. We had to sit there and let Old Jeems' ark go where the water was minded to take it. So by morning time it pushed us out of the fields and down the old slew and out in the flooding river.

And the river took us along. But we didn't talk. No, we couldn't talk, for too much had come on us. We sat shivering and a dripping in the ark and we looked

at the river all yellow and boiling with current and lonesome everywhere around us. And the water made a steady sound like a storm of wind at night when you pull the cover tight around your head. It was a far-off feeling and such a little feeling you got away out on that flooding river.

Well, I got to thinking what Old Jeems Crewden used to say about a flood a coming from the Lord. I got to thinking about the Lord's ways. Now a man will just do a thing for nothing. He will sit around. He will whittle a cedar stick. He will argue with his wife and he will throw a dirt clod at a tree. Just for nothing. But the Lord don't act that way. Why every single time a bird comes down off of a limb and starts to pecking in the grass the Lord is behind that bird. He's got a purpose in that bird. The same way with everything else. The Lord's behind it. He's aiming it at something. Now Old Jeems seemed like a poor crazy old man. He built him an ark out of an old coal barge. It looked like a crazy thing for a man to do. But the high water took us in the back at Crown Point. We run to the ark and we didn't get drowned. The ark was ready and waiting. There was a purpose in Old Jeems building it. Oh, I thought about it. And I felt weak and I shaken and I trembled. The Lord had laid his hand on us and we was saved from the high-rising waters.

So it was a good time coming. After the water went down it would be a good time and the Lord aimed for us to be in it, because the Lord's not like a man. He don't do a thing just for nothing.

Then the rescue boat come along and took us clear to Memphis and we was rivergees. There was a power of rivergees crowding at Memphis and getting fed. And when the high water was over,

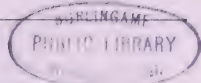
Mister Ben took us home to Crown Point.

Well, Mister Ben got some flood money from the government and we built our houses better than ever. And we got new mules to plow. Yes, it looked like a good time at last. We put the cotton in and it growed like I never saw old cotton grow before. It was so much cotton and so fine that I couldn't hardly believe it. I knew we would be rich. I would get my wife every last thing she wanted. I would pay Mister Ben all I owed him. I would get pretties for my young ones. Every day I would eat me some of them big grapefruits like they gave me when I was a rivergee. I felt like singing. I felt like crying and I shaken in my shoes. So we picked our crop and we took it to the gin. It sure looked like the good time had come.

Now it's this way with cotton. The more it is and the better it gets, the worse for the man that grows it. A good crop's a bad crop. But a bad crop's not a good one.

What happened is that Mister Ben just had to get hard on us because it was too much cotton. I reckon the banker men got hard on Mister Ben. And we can't hardly get a thing from the commissary store no more. So I sit here watching the rain and I get to thinking. I look at my wife and I look at my young ones. It hurts me to look. I think of all the years I've been working for Mister Ben. I think of my daddy working for Mister Ben and his daddy working for Mister Ben's daddy. I think of all the years that's ahead.

And I think about how the Lord made Old Jeems Crewden his vessel and how he turned Old Jeems to making an ark out of an old coal barge and how it saved us from the high water. And I don't see why the Lord done it.



ETHIOPIA NOW

BY ERNST WIESE

NEARLY two years have passed since a victorious Italian army entered Addis Ababa on May 5, 1936, and the Italian Government (four days later) proclaimed the annexation of Ethiopia as a part of a New Empire. The outside world naturally wonders what is going on in Ethiopia now and with what success the Italians are preparing to turn to profit the much-advertised resources of the country—those fertile farmlands which were to invite colonists from an overcrowded Italy, and that fabulous mineral wealth awaiting exploitation.

The campaign of conquest was very costly. At the time of the annexation official estimates placed the monetary expense at very nearly two-thirds of a billion dollars. The cost in lives—of white officers and soldiers and laborers—was set at a little over three thousand. (There was no announcement of the number of Italians being treated for wounds or for diseases contracted in East Africa or of the number of casualties among the Negro troops who had formed a third of the Italian expeditionary forces.) When, after the exceptional financial sacrifices which the Italians had made in 1936, heavier taxes were levied in 1937, and still further increases were announced for 1938, Italian taxpayers must have asked themselves when this great enterprise would begin to pay dividends.

These taxpayers heard much less now about the petroleum, gold, and platinum deposits awaiting exploitation in the New Empire. They heard more about agricultural projects—and were told that

these must be preceded by the building of 1,750 miles of roads in Ethiopia at an estimated cost of \$200,000,000. They had, it is true, the satisfaction of learning that in the year ended June 30, 1937, the savings of 150,000 Italian road-workers—the first white men to engage in manual labor on the Dark Continent—had amounted to \$50,000,000. Truck-drivers and automobile mechanics, after working a year in Ethiopia under hazards which made it possible for them to demand an average monthly wage of 5,000 lire (exceeding the pay of a colonel in the Italian army), amassed enough to buy property and take up the life of country gentlemen—in their native Italy. These were the dividends which the New Empire had paid in its first year. But they were not drawn from the subsoil or from the former subjects of Emperor Haile Selassie, who were graciously exempted from taxation by the new regime until 1938.

The preliminary stages of the Ethiopian experiment have been conducted without affording the outside world a chance to see what has been happening. As soon as Viceroy Graziani took up his duties in Addis Ababa in June, 1936, he established a system of censorship so rigorous that it was useless for foreign press representatives to remain. Their departure, with that of foreign missionaries, was expedited by the Italian authorities, and behind them the gates of the New Empire were locked.

Yet to some extent it is possible to lift the veil. Last winter (1936–37) I was permitted to make a five months' visit to

Ethiopia and became the first foreign motor tourist to traverse the country. From what I learned then at first hand and from other information subsequently assembled from various sources, I offer these observations.

"This country is much too big for us," an Italian economic expert confessed to me soon after my arrival in Addis Ababa. It was a statement I was to hear many times during my travels in the New Empire. A tenth portion of the entire area, which would exclude the formidable mountain ranges where rebel bands may hide in safety, would have been more than adequate for Italy's investment of materials and man-power. It might have become an example of rapid and profitable development, like Italian Somaliland or the coast of Libya. But unfortunately, Italy had to take for every fertile acre in Ethiopia ten times as much in dangerous highlands or malaria-infested wastes. Not only is this superfluity of territory a source of insecurity from native attacks, but it has made the problem of communications, the construction of roads, and the cost of transportation very serious. Materials and labor must be expended on areas that can never be of real significance, capital investments must be sunk where no profits will be reaped for many years to come. Billions of lire have already been put into building highways through jungles, over mountain barriers all but impenetrable. Further billions will be required for the pacification and watchful administration of these inaccessible regions, to prevent them from remaining the breeding-ground for future rebellion against the Italian regime.

Good communications were the first and principal concern of the conquerors. "Africa is merely a problem of transportation," Cecil Rhodes had often declared. The Italian colonial experts were well aware that without highways or railroads in a partly hostile country there could be no military security, no effective administration, no profitable economic development. It was decided at the outset that

the building of railroads would require too much time and money. All efforts were therefore concentrated on the construction of roads for motor traffic.

The only means of commerce between Ethiopia and the outside world—with the exception of a few mule-paths—had been the single-track, narrow-gauge railway from Addis Ababa to Djibuti in French Somaliland. Over these 500 miles of French-owned track had been shipped the monthly Abyssinian exports of 5,000 tons of coffee and 1,000 tons of hides. But these railroad facilities were inadequate to transport the 10,000 tons of munitions, machinery, and food which were received at Djibuti during the first five months of the Italian regime for delivery into the interior. Monumental pyramids of munitions, cases and sacks of provisions for Addis Ababa were piled on the railroad quays at Djibuti; the warehouses overflowed with goods that could not be shipped; even perishable materials had to be left to rot in the scorching tropical sun for want of storage space, awaiting transportation. Parcel-post packages mailed to Addis Ababa arrived six months late, and tradesmen in that city without close friends in the Italian administration had to wait the same length of time for imported merchandise. Even when, last spring, Italy added to the rolling stock new locomotives and freight-cars, there was little improvement. At least two-thirds of the goods and passengers destined for Addis Ababa had to find another route into Ethiopia.

The only motor highway was that which started from the Red Sea port of Massaua in Eritrea, the Italian colony north of Ethiopia, and wound through the highlands via Asmara and Dessie for 800 miles to the capital city. Motorized troops under General Badoglio had carved out this route a few months before under the enemy's fire, using tractors and tanks instead of steam-plows, hand grenades instead of dynamite, a simple compass instead of the surveyor's instruments. Five mountain ranges, all towering over 9,000 feet, had to be traversed with zigzag

paths; at least ten cascades required stone dams. Following the troops came the first engineers and squads of road-laborers to transform the trail into a crude dirt road over which, a few days later, columns of heavy supply trucks were to travel. When, as the first motor tourist in Italian Ethiopia, I drove over these roads a few months later in November 1936, I was filled with astonishment at the speed with which these white soldiers and workers had accomplished their well-nigh impossible task. Toiling twelve and fourteen hours a day, often in double shifts, they were able to build as many as ten miles of road each week.

Of the 150,000 white laborers who were employed in Italian East Africa in the first year of the new regime, at least a third had become acclimated to the difficult conditions of tropical work during the construction of the asphalt military highway from Massaua to Asmara several months before the beginning of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. These workers were all armed and uniformed, organized in military units, and lodged in wooden barracks or encampments of canvas tents. At distances of fifty miles, colonies of laborers sprang up over night, not only along the main highway to Addis Ababa but also along the other projected lines of communication in the north and west. Unfortunately, during the first year of activity, this veritable army could not conquer its greatest enemy—*fango*, the African mud which transformed earth roads into impassable swamps during the rainy season from May to October. After a few hours of torrential rain, the newly dug roads were washed away and traffic between the Red Sea harbors and Addis Ababa was completely at a standstill.

My own experience in fighting *fango* last March during the season of the "little rains" will serve to illustrate the severity of the damage done to unpaved roads by the tropical downpour. Driving by motorcycle on the return trip from Addis Ababa to Massaua, I was trapped by the mud like a fly in honey when I reached a portion of the highway sixty miles north

of the capital. With the help of squads of road-laborers, I limped along at the rate of two miles a day, then found the way blocked by two thousand military trucks. Loaded to capacity with troops, munitions, and supplies for Addis Ababa, these camions, each weighing not less than eight tons, had been held fast by the inky slime for five days. It was two more days before a few hours of sunlight dried the road enough to permit the soldiers—in squads of twenty, harnessed like mules to each truck—to drag them toward their destination.

Such conditions can be remedied by only one means: paving the entire highway with rain-resisting asphalt. A little more than one-third of the road from Asmara to Addis Ababa is now paved, but immense difficulties stand in the way of completely asphaltting the 1,750-mile system of communications which is to be the main achievement of the "Six-year Plan" announced last year by Il Duce. In addition to the highway from Massaua to Addis Ababa, by 1942 the road to Assab (a new harbor on the Red Sea, 200 miles south of Massaua) which will branch off from Dessie on the main highway, is to be paved with asphalt, and thus will cut in half the present motoring time from the capital to the Red Sea. The Government hopes that by 1942 there will be paved roads also between the main provincial towns and agricultural districts in the east and northwest, but it is more than doubtful whether this extensive program can be realized in the next four years. For not merely will it be necessary to maintain extraordinary industry and enthusiasm in a large army of laborers, but they must also be housed, fed, and protected from attack, while the Italian taxpayers match the high-pressure productivity of their compatriots in Africa by paying a sales tax increased last fall from two to two and one-half per cent. Every mile of asphalt road in the New Empire, according to official estimates, represents the expenditure of the Italian equivalent of a hundred thousand dollars.

The traveler in Ethiopia to-day is im-

pressed perhaps more by the size of the project to provide the road constructors with shelter and supplies than by the actual road-building achievements, however rapid. On the road to Addis Ababa have sprung up almost overnight large settlements of Italian soldiers and workers which are to form the basis for future colonies. Out of temporary tent encampments have grown veritable cities of barracks built of lumber imported from Yugoslavia. Open-air repair stations for trucks have spread until acres are now covered with warehouses for spare tires and machinery.

Military expediency dictated the building of new settlements as far away as possible from native villages and densely wooded areas, where the hostile population would have been a constant menace to the workers' security. In especially dangerous districts the workers' settlements, like military encampments, are surrounded by earthworks with emplacements for machine guns, with sentries on guard all night and in control of the gates even in daylight. No civilian worker was allowed to leave the settlement last winter without permission from the military commandant.

Within the barricades, life is very similar to that behind any battlefield. The ordinary worker is content to sleep on a bag of straw spread on the hard ground and is proud of furniture he has been ingenious enough to fashion out of packing-cases. Military officers fare somewhat better in portable metal houses, with army cots, shower baths, and radio sets.

In every settlement, however, there is always a *spaccio*—a canteen which offers vermouth and beer to the thirsty at little more than home prices. At Valdia, about 100 miles from Dessie, I found the only *albergo ristorante* on the highway. It was a wooden shanty, where tent flaps served as doors, and packing-cases made the bar, tables, and chairs. The place was stormed every night by soldiers and workers, and the sales of wine, crackers, and canned goods far exceeded receipts in the hotel on the Riviera which the

proprietor had sold before moving to Ethiopia. Several other hotel owners and tradesmen have in the meantime followed his example and set up profitable bars and grocery stores in the wilderness.

Some day these encampments will doubtless become colonial settlements; but the development is delayed by shortage of materials. There is of course plenty of timber in the Ethiopian forests, but there are insufficient sawmills and transport facilities. In the winter of 1937 a single cement factory started operations in Massaua, but its output was devoted almost exclusively to the construction of bridges.

While all supplies down to the last nail must be transported by truck from the Red Sea to the interior, plans for the erection of any permanent buildings are being held in abeyance. In the Colonial Office in Rome hang the most elaborate designs for offices, schools, and residences which are to transform Addis Ababa into an imperial metropolis.

Actually, however, not much has been done in the Ethiopian capital city except to repair a few of the more important structures damaged in the riots that preceded the entry of General Badoglio's troops in May, 1936. Emperor Haile Selassie's palace, the "Little Ghebi," underwent minor alterations in order to serve as the Italian Viceroy's headquarters. In the provinces, the wood and plaster residences abandoned by departed Abyssinian nobles and foreign missionaries are being used by Italian officials. It may be years before new quarters are provided.

As long as the 80,000 Italians now residing in Addis Ababa and the tens of thousands stationed in the west and south depend on their mother country for food, the trucks from the seaports will carry little else. A conservative estimate places the cost of transporting each truckload from Massaua to Addis Ababa at \$500. At that rate the shipment across Ethiopia of material for the construction of a very modest edifice would require an outlay of \$100,000.

II

In Rome, beside the architects' drawings for the new Addis Ababa, hang equally optimistic charts showing the administrative organization of the New Empire, down to the smallest village. On the map, the entire domain formerly owing allegiance to Haile Selassie is divided up into provinces, which in turn are split into administrative districts. The provincial governors are generals in the army of occupation under the Viceroy; the subdivisions are administered by officers who depend directly on orders from the local governors. Two advisory councils have authority, under the present law, to ratify the acts of the Viceroy. In the first, the General Council, are the highest officials of the New Empire, the governors of the provinces, and the leading representatives of the Fascist Party holding office in Ethiopia. To this body were referred questions of financial, colonial, and military policy. A second group, the *Consulta*, is composed of tribal leaders, and is to have a voice in matters pertaining to religion, sanitation, and education.

It is perhaps superfluous to note that the latter council exists only on paper. Nor, under the regime of Viceroy Graziani, did the military governors find conditions so tranquil in their own provinces that they could meet with regularity in Addis Ababa. In effect, Viceroy Graziani, with his tireless energy, took everything—military, judiciary, and economic—into his own hands. Although he worked in the "Little Ghebi" from dawn to midnight, occupying himself with the smallest details in the rule of Addis Ababa as well as with problems involving the whole New Empire, and although his knowledge of native dialects enabled him to deal directly with tribal chieftains, he failed to satisfy both the ambitions of Fascist leaders and the demands of the feudal princes who were restless under the contradictory effects of the *pax Romana*.

In some districts Italian officers were on the most friendly terms with the natives, purchasing provisions from them at

high prices and enrolling them into military groups, assigning them modern rifles and paying them monthly wages. In other regions Italian authorities had concentrated on punitive measures to insure respect for the new regime: public executions of alleged "bandits," the burning of villages where rebels were said to have hidden arms. Tribal leaders found it difficult to reconcile the various methods of "pacification" employed under a single administration and met Viceroy Graziani's tactics with strategy even more equivocal. The procession of chieftains paying homage to the Viceroy in the "Little Ghebi" continued to provide impressive shots for Italian motion-picture cameras, but their most stalwart followers were not among those who paraded in Addis Ababa. These had been entrusted with the concealing of arms in the hinterland for guerrilla warfare as soon as the rainy season should cut Italian lines of communication.

To combat the rising tide of ill feeling, Viceroy Graziani in January, 1937, undertook a personal tour of inspection in the southern provinces where unrest had been particularly evident. Accompanied by Italian press representatives, photographers, and motion-picture men, as well as by his general staff, he drove over dangerous trails to Dolo, Aiullo, Luk Ferrandi, Neghelli, Jiralem, and other important towns, made cordial and conciliatory speeches in Amharic to the assembled nobles, and shook hands with them as zealously as any candidate running for election in a democratic country. On his return to Addis Ababa he could then indulge in a burst of oratory to the effect that "without escort," driving his own car, he had been able to motor through the whole of southern Ethiopia, encountering nothing but gestures of friendship in a region asserted to be hostile. Those who had made the trip with the Viceroy, however, and many of the Abyssinian princes who listened most respectfully, knew perfectly well that two trucks carrying crack troops equipped with machine guns had followed the

Viceroy's party and were within range during all of his friendly overtures to the natives, while Caproni bombers, by strange coincidence, had soared overhead.

The Abyssinian retort came a few days later in the explosion of hand grenades in the midst of Italian ceremonies on February 19, 1937, at Addis Ababa, in honor of the birth of a son to the Crown Prince. Cadets of the former military academy at Oletta were alleged to be responsible for the outrage, in which General Liotta, chief of the air forces, lost a leg and Viceroy Graziani received the wounds which were to cause him to give up his post last November.

Not only the vindictiveness of the natives, but to some extent that of the Fascist Party representatives in Addis Ababa, led to the appointment, as the new Viceroy, of the Duke of Aosta, the most pro-Fascist member of the reigning House of Savoy. Between the military caste and the Fascist officials in the New Empire had existed a feud of long standing. Seasoned colonial campaigners of the Viceroy's staff were not pleased to see Addis Ababa rapidly filling up with higher-salaried Fascist office holders in brand new uniforms. These civilians in militiamen's outfits which had never been exposed to native warfare were dubbed "Swiss naval officers" by the army. In turn the Fascists resented the army officers' insinuations that the six divisions of Black Shirts which had taken part in the Italo-Ethiopian conflict had done less actual fighting against Haile Selassie's forces, but had nevertheless captured most of the newspaper publicity at home.

The Army was losing ground rapidly during the first year of the Italian occupation. Although Viceroy Graziani appointed members of his staff as provincial governors, their votes in the General Council were outnumbered by Fascist representatives named directly by Rome. The Party has now exclusive jurisdiction over several administrative departments, including press and propaganda, road-building and other public works, sanitation and education.

To bring Fascist civilization to the new subjects of Italy, a large corps of young professional men, all Party members, has worked with missionary ardor. The homeless children of Galla slaves, now liberated from servitude to their Amharic overlords, have been sheltered in refuges where they were fed and clothed, long before Italian soldiers had barracks in the same neighborhoods. Many hundred children were being looked after by young Fascist teachers in Addis Ababa, Dessie, and Harar last winter, the boys receiving their first military training along with their first words of Italian.

A thousand youthful doctors, fresh from medical schools, have been given a brief intensive course in colonial sanitation and sent by the Fascist Party to practice in East Africa. Every military post, although it contains but a handful of white officers and soldiers, has its own doctor whose task it is to introduce sanitation to the natives. In treating most primitive tribes these medical officers have had scant success, since fear of the strange instruments and pills have made ailing natives shun the hospital tent.

The task of pacification—the severest problem up to then faced by the new masters of Abyssinia—had been assigned to the army. At the end of the first year of the Italian occupation the more optimistic of Viceroy Graziani's staff could claim that as much as two-thirds of the huge New Empire was under control of military residents stationed at strategic positions. The remaining territory, covered with densely wooded mountain ranges—particularly the Kaffa, Maggi, and Wollega country in the west—is, however, still a No-man's-land where Italian "policing operations" except by airplane are a practical impossibility.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to pacification was and is the determination of the Italians that the defeated Abyssinians must give up their arms. To a native of Ethiopia his spear or rifle is not only his total wealth but also the sign of his self-respect and virility. When he surrenders his weapon he loses face completely. It

is, therefore, easy to understand why the Ethiopians at the Italian command to surrender hid their arms in the jungle or disappeared with them into the hinterland. Many thousands of Ethiopians had actually no desire to continue fighting the conquerors, but since they risked the death penalty in any event if caught with forbidden arms, they chose to remain on a war footing. Under exceptional conditions, the Italians promised to some tribes the right to keep their arms, and in these cases they surrendered *en masse* without hesitation, even joining the Italian forces as auxiliary troops. These so-called "bandi" are being used in Eastern Ethiopia to a large extent. Here the majority of the population are Mohammedans, and look upon the new regime as their savior from the oppression which they formerly suffered under their Amharic overlords, who were Coptic Christians.

A certain amount of self-government has been permitted the Mohammedans, but not the Amharic people in the west and north. Here the Italians must combat the influence of the Coptic priests, who have lost their revenues since the departure of Emperor Haile Selassie and are actively fomenting trouble. In the neighborhood of Axum, the holy city of the Coptic Abyssinians, for instance, the priests, who number one-quarter of the population, had formerly received sixty per cent of the taxes levied by the government. Some attempt to win over the Coptic priests is now being made by offering them posts as teachers in the native schools. But the payment for instructing the children of freed Galla slaves in the rudiments of Amharic is so far proving a poor substitute for the rich livings of the old regime. The future security of Italian colonists in the regions where the Coptic religion is predominant will depend to a large measure on the success with which the new regime restrains the influence of the Coptic Church. Since Italy's policy in North Africa as well as East Africa has been to support the aspirations of Mohammedans, deadly enemies of peoples of the Coptic faith, it is hard

to foretell when, if ever, Italian overtures of friendship to the Coptic priesthood will be met by them with cordiality.

III

Positive evidence of the profitable colonization of Italian Ethiopia has so far been rare. For a year and a half two Continents have with interest awaited an authoritative balance-sheet which would sum up the material benefits accruing to the Italian nation as a result of the occupation of Ethiopia, but from month to month such accounting has been delayed. With the shifting of emphasis from the exploitation of Ethiopia's mineral resources to the development of the New Empire as an agricultural colony, immediate realization of profits is no longer viewed as a possibility.

Over-populated Italy is being taught now to look upon Ethiopia as its future homeland. The intention of the government is to settle hundreds of thousands of peasants—in five years perhaps a full million—on small or large farms. The project for colonization which has been very carefully elaborated in Rome contemplates the formation of a corporate administration partly subsidized by the State and partly backed by private funds. The colonists are to be organized into companies of Fascist militia—a *priori* no settlers will be permitted to seek homes in Ethiopia who are not Party members in good standing—and, provided with uniforms and arms, they are to save the government the present cost of maintaining a large army of occupation. Unlike the army, however, the soldier-colonists are to have their families with them. A certain percentage of the agricultural products of these farming communities is to be returned to the corporation to amortize the cost of transporting the settlers and families, and their establishment on Ethiopian soil. As soon as these expenses have been repaid—twenty years is the period conservatively estimated—the settler will gain full title to his land.

At present, as Italian colonial experts

have frankly admitted to me, the cost of road building and pacification has taken all of the government funds available, so that the realization of a large-scale agricultural program must await the day when Ethiopia will be provided with all-season asphalt roads and there will be no more fear of guerrilla warfare. In the meantime the stations for agricultural experimentation established by Emperor Haile Selassie at Oletta, near Addis Ababa, and at Errer, near Diredawa, are being conducted by several thousand Italian ex-soldiers and laborers who completed their terms of service in Ethiopia and volunteered as members of an "Agricultural Legion" to raise food for the army of occupation. They have provided the Italian newspapers with many interesting photographs illustrating the activities of the first Italians to cultivate the soil of Ethiopia, but their contributions to the army's food supply have not greatly reduced imports from Italy.

The staple agricultural exports of Abyssinia before the Italian occupation were cotton and coffee, grown mainly by foreign-owned plantations. During the Italian invasion the Swiss, German, and Belgian planters had to seek refuge in Addis Ababa, while their property, representing the investment of many years of cultivation as well as capital, was despoiled by hordes of warriors in revolt against everything European. These plantations have now been recovered by their owners, but increased cost of native labor and transportation has left them in a difficult position with respect to their former ability to compete in world markets. Meanwhile, in Rome, colonial economists are publishing learned articles on the development of Italian cotton and coffee plantations—as yet only the areas where they are to be located in Ethiopia are a matter of record—to prove that within six years Italy will be able to rely on the New Empire entirely for the materials which to-day form fifteen per cent of her imports.

So far the mineral resources of the former Kingdom of Judah have proved

distinctly disappointing. Several expeditions financed by the A.G.I.P.—the government-controlled Italian petroleum corporation which acquired a monopoly over deposits in Ethiopia—have been actively prospecting in the Dankali desert, where oil was said to be plentiful. Up to the present there have been only negative results. Strenuous efforts were made in the past months to increase the quantity of gold extracted from the famous deposits in the Wollega region. One Italian corporation and two Italo-German companies, with a capital of more than 100,000,000 Reichsmarks, have been seeking new sites for exploitation; but no startling discoveries have yet been announced. Alluvial gold on the Birbir River, a concession owned by a corporation of Belgian, English, and Italian capitalists, yields about a hundred pounds a month, the same quantity as before the Italian occupation; but it is hoped that an increased area for gold-washing will bring a more significant output. Sixty pounds of platinum a month have been extracted this year in the Wollega territory, scarcely more than under the former regime. Some mica has been shipped from the neighborhood of Harar. And this sums up the rather pitiful rewards of a year of intensive development of Ethiopia's so widely publicized mineral resources.

Last May Benito Mussolini told his people—the forty million who by their sacrifices of wealth and human lives had made possible the conquest of a New Empire—that Ethiopia was "full of possibilities," but warned them that "to develop those resources we shall require an enormous organization which has not yet existed and does not yet exist." He did not need to add that the development of Ethiopia would also require enormous amounts of capital which did not yet exist. For even the humblest taxpayer had begun to realize that the conquest of an empire is an expensive luxury for a State with an unbalanced budget. The day when the Ethiopian adventure will begin to pay dividends is far, far away.



IT IS CALLED DIPLOMACY

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

BEHIND the pleasant façade of foreign-office courtesy one occasionally has a glimpse into the workings of the diplomatic mind. It was over a leisurely luncheon in a European capital that we discussed what was happening in America. And a great deal was happening: President Roosevelt had suffered his first major defeat at the hands of Congress; the stock market was having a bad fit of jitters, and business indices were quivering uncertainly, indicating what might or might not be the onset of a new depression.

One of the bright young men round the table has for several years been in charge of the North American division of his Foreign Office. That is to say that all reports from his country's diplomatic agents in the United States have come across his desk. But what he did not know about American affairs was nothing short of amazing. It was not so much that he had acquired misinformation as that he did not know what one would assume an average reader of an average American newspaper would be familiar with. Names came into the conversation, important names in Washington and New York, and they meant nothing to this diplomat. He had never heard of them. As he had never been in the United States, his concepts, one gathered, were curious indeed. Yet it is to this official, traditionally, that his government turns for information about North America.

Nor is this an isolated instance. Rather, it could be demonstrated, I be-

lieve, that it is the rule. Under the stress and strain of a perennial world crisis the vacuity of many institutions has been cruelly exposed, and not the least of these is the institution of, for lack of a better word, diplomacy. It has survived from a remote past in a glitter of gold lace and jewelled swords, employing an archaic language, and observing a punctilio that elsewhere has long since been consigned to the attic.

It is not unpleasant, this business of dressing up for parties and leaving calling cards at the proper doors in the proper order, but, beneath the frosting of gold lace, diplomacy has failed, and conspicuously failed, in the only conceivable function that would justify its cost to-day—namely, in the promotion of a better understanding among the nations of the world. Obviously it would be foolish to put upon the shoulders of the little group of diplomats any considerable share of the blame for the present world impasse; causes go far deeper than that. It is just as obvious, however, that the diplomats, or, rather, the institution of diplomacy, has impeded understanding again and again. Often, obtruding in the line of vision, it has seemed a deliberate obstacle set down to prevent any change in the *status quo*, hampering the adjustments which are inevitable in a time of swift transition.

Sometimes the consequences are merely absurd, revealing the anomalous place that this institution has in the present-day world. Again they may be extremely serious, charged with tragedy not only for

individuals and individual peoples but for that clearer understanding of international affairs which is such a vital need to-day. What has happened in Spain since the outbreak of the rebellion nearly two years ago illustrates very well the way in which diplomacy serves to obscure the facts of a given situation. The behavior of the diplomatic corps accredited to the government of Spain, the only lawful government that has ever been recognized by any powers except those allied with General Franco, constitutes hardly less than an international scandal.

II

At the outbreak of the rebellion in July of 1936 most members of the diplomatic corps in Spain were at San Sebastian on the Bay of Biscay, not far from the French border. Not long afterward most of the chiefs of mission, ambassadors and ministers, were ordered by their governments to go to St. Jean de Luz, a resort town just across the French border, the theory being that they could follow both sides more advantageously from this neutral point. Here, with few exceptions, they have stayed, served by their staffs, only a sprinkling of diplomatic officers, counsellors, and secretaries, remaining in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona.

The objective of the corps, again with one or two exceptions, has been to embarrass and discredit the Spanish government, the government to which they have been nominally accredited. Their associates have been rebel agents. Their sources of information have been either direct rebel sources or they have been colored by rebel prejudice. On several occasions the corps has actually moved to take collusive action to discomfit or embarrass the government of Spain. Certain chiefs of mission have participated in propaganda attacks on the government. Others have intrigued more or less openly with agents and spies from rebel headquarters. In language curiously undiplomatic they have denounced the government to which they were accredited.

Badly misinformed as to what was really happening, many of these so-called diplomats began to predict the imminent surrender of Madrid and the downfall of the government in the summer of 1937.

At least one ambassador, Jean Herbete of France, became so deeply involved in rebel intrigues that public indignation was finally aroused. This was some time, however, after he had openly avowed his sympathy for General Franco. In the face of a rising tide of public resentment M. Herbete found it the better part of discretion to withdraw, and he has since been put on the diplomatic inactive list, having been replaced at St. Jean de Luz by Elrik Pierre Labonne, former Minister to Mexico. In connection with other rebel intrigues, the French police arrested a Franco agent who had his quarters in the building occupied by the chancery of the British Embassy. Two chiefs of mission, from South America, were recalled when their activities on behalf of the rebels became too flagrant. Virtually the only conspicuous exception has been Claude G. Bowers, the American Ambassador, who has scrupulously refrained from any action that could be interpreted in any way as inimical to the government. Mr. Bowers has been a Connecticut Yankee, or perhaps more nearly a Jeffersonian Democrat, at this strange court of St. Jean de Luz. Incidentally, an injustice has been done him in the American press in which it has been assumed that he went to St. Jean out of choice; he was sent there and he has remained there by order of the State Department in Washington, really against his own wishes.

The antics of this foolish court at St. Jean, founded on fear and snobbism, might be considered too trivial for notice were it not for what has happened in Madrid. In that besieged city most of the embassy and legation quarters have been kept open, some in charge of a lesser attaché, others merely under the supervision of a caretaker, often of Spanish citizenship. The diplomatic immunity that goes with residence in these embassies

and legations has been sold to literally thousands of enemies of the government of Spain. Not only this, but the passports of at least three or four nations have been sold in considerable numbers to smuggle persons out of the country. And the price has been high. Once the refugee has bought the cloak of diplomatic immunity he has been subject in numerous instances to a kind of blackmail—the threat that the police are interested in his whereabouts and that it may be necessary to ask him to leave the legation or embassy. Hundreds of thousands of pesetas have been collected in this way.

The worst offenders have been certain Latin-American countries, but some European legations have not been far behind. One legation was packed with enemies of the government. An enterprising individual left in charge leased not only an adjoining building but three others in the same block and took in more than a thousand "refugees," refugees who were in many instances avowed enemies of the regime, who awaited an opportunity to flee the country and join in the rebel attack. In at least one other legation there were at one time nearly a thousand such refugees. From another legation a hand grenade was thrown into the street. The police took no action until a second grenade was thrown out which exploded, killing a child. Then a raid on the legation quarters disclosed a cache of arms and radio broadcasting equipment powerful enough to send messages to Franco headquarters at Salamanca.

The official in charge of still another legation arranged, for a price, to escort several "refugees," to whom forged passports had been sold, to Alicante, a Mediterranean port, where they would be put aboard a small British boat chartered by rebel agents in London. Twice on the way from Madrid to Alicante the embassy attachés who traveled with the "refugees" stopped the party and, after a brief absence, returned with word that a company of government soldiers was in the next valley and that a bribe of twenty thou-

sand pesetas would be required to get past them. It is hardly necessary to add that this story was an invention. But the wealthy "refugees" paid nevertheless. Just before the party reached the coast the embassy attachés demanded five thousand pesetas for "passage money," although the boat was under charter.

It is a profitable business, this traffic in "refugees," particularly since it is possible to bring into the country in a diplomatic pouch so-called bootleg pesetas, bought in Paris for fifty to the dollar or less, in contrast to the official rate, which is about twelve to the dollar. Thanks to the diplomatic privilege, it is possible to buy with these bootleg pesetas the first and the best food at a price much less than that paid by the ordinary citizen. In a besieged city, under a strict system of rationing, this means a great deal. Food in Madrid this winter is extremely scarce and so is gasoline. To see diplomatic cars drive away burdened with the choicest food in unlimited quantity does not make for good feeling among women who stand for hours in a cold rain in the hope of being able to buy the few ounces called for on a ration card. The police of Madrid have been apprehensive that popular resentment might take some active form.

How much of all this is known to the chiefs of mission at St. Jean de Luz one can only surmise. It is always possible to pretend ignorance no matter how much one may know. There can be no doubt that certain ministers, the Minister of Finland for example, were really unaware of what was happening in Madrid. What is important is that these acts have continued month after month and the government of Spain has had no choice but to assume that they were sanctioned by the diplomats at St. Jean. The government has refrained from acting, except in the more flagrant cases, because any action, it was feared, might result in some move on the part of the entire diplomatic corps to discredit the government before the world. In other words, the victim's pocket was robbed in Spain but the gun,

a very polite, figurative gun, was in France.

Shocking as this is, it seems to me quite understandable. It goes back in part to the curious limitations that are imposed on the diplomatic corps in any major capital. It might be more accurate to say that these limitations are self-imposed. Members of the diplomatic corps spend an extraordinary amount of their time in one another's company, dining and winning one another, solacing one another in their common exile. They exist as an encysted body, within but not of the life about them, armored by their privileges and immunities.

Even in the democracies their relationship with citizens of the country to which they are accredited is extremely circumscribed. Often there is the language barrier. It is difficult or impossible, should a diplomat desire to gain some first-hand knowledge, to break through the circle of officialdom, the aura of pomp and rank that customarily surrounds the diplomatic corps. And it is not merely officialdom that circumscribes the corps. In most capitals there is an absurd kind of snobbism which feeds upon diplomatic glamour. Climbers and parvenus, whose knowledge of their own country is extremely narrow, pursue ambassadors and ministers of the more respectable countries with a head-hunter's zeal. This is particularly true in Washington. I suggest that an ambitious Ph.D. in political science might find it worthwhile to study in some detail the life of the Ambassador of Blank; how he spends his days, who are his friends—a kind of minute book. It would be a revealing picture of a very pleasant but essentially futile existence.

In the dictatorships the old formulæ of diplomacy are of course quite meaningless. In Berlin even among themselves members of the diplomatic corps do not feel free to do more than murmur inanities when they meet. Spies are everywhere, or the foreigner assumes that they are, and he trusts no one. The movements of all important diplomats are un-

der close observation. The same thing is true in Russia. Only a few "tame" Russians, sanctioned by the Foreign Office, have any exchange whatsoever with diplomats and other foreigners in Moscow. And this is a doubtful privilege, indeed, for those who have been elected to dine at embassies and legations are all too likely to come under suspicion, and they have been known to disappear completely.

Those who play the game with a knowing cynicism are ordinarily accounted the most successful diplomats. The stories are legion of a recent ambassador to Rome who accepted the whole thing as farce and played it that way. A gentleman with a fine appreciation of leisure, he declined to make any unnecessary gestures. When he had a communication from his government to Il Duce or Count Ciano he did not trouble to arrange a visit of state. He merely telephoned a friend and, on some pretext or other, recited the message, knowing very well that his telephone was tapped and that a complete record of the conversation would be on file at the Foreign Office within a few hours. Or he wrote it out on a piece of paper and tore the paper into not too small scraps, realizing that the majordomo of the embassy took away the contents of all wastebaskets each night. And he stood very well in Rome, if only because he spent an unprecedented number of millions of lire in luxurious living.

III

As a representative of his people the diplomat has decided limitations. While he may have returned to his Foreign Office for a brief assignment from time to time, most of his career has been spent abroad and his knowledge of contemporary trends in his own country is likely to be sketchy indeed. I recall, as a minor instance, the British diplomat who was asked about the consumer co-operative movement in Great Britain. A blank look came over his face and then he said, "Oh, you mean those queer little shops

that one sees." The co-operatives in Britain, with a turnover of many millions of pounds a year, have not only an economic but a political significance, and yet they were completely outside the orbit of this man's interest.

The fault lies, as I hope I have made clear, not with individuals but with the institution itself. It may have served very well before the era of modern communication. That the dispatches of a Talleyrand, or of any number of lesser Talleyrands, reached the seat of government by courier several days or several weeks after they were written made no difference; they contained the latest news from authentic sources. But the diplomat to-day must compete with the transoceanic telephone and the newspapers which recount in detail the remotest happenings and reflect as well mere whisperings of gossip and rumor in even minor capitals. Into the Foreign Offices of the world come those beautifully sealed diplomatic pouches and into the locked files go the reports, prepared in such punctilious language. What, one wonders, happens to them then? How often are they consulted?

There are charming individuals in every diplomatic corps, witty and cultivated men who have gained an understanding that is deeper than mere urbanity. They excel in hospitality, in politesse, and, not infrequently, in kindness. The shattered tradition of *noblesse oblige* sometimes finds a last slender refuge beneath the gold lace of diplomatic full dress. There was that heroic bachelor who rose in the course of his career, somewhat tardily it may be said, to the rank of minister. At a large dinner party he was seized with a heart attack and was helped from the table. Dying, his last words, addressed to his hostess, were, "My dear, I am so sorry that I have ruined your dinner party."

Occasionally the futility of their task must be despairingly borne in upon the envoys extraordinary and plenipotentiary. Take the instance of M. Charles Davila, until recently Minister of Rou-

mania in Washington. From all reports he did his job as well as it could possibly be done: he made a large number of friends, he was extremely well liked and went about constantly. But of what avail was any of this when his country turned Fascist and launched upon a barbarous persecution of a racial minority, inevitably arousing resentment and distrust in this country? To spare his feelings perhaps, M. Davila was recalled to Bucharest. Not infrequently the superior individuals, those with a keener awareness of reality, struggle against the confines of the institution. One has seen this in our own foreign service.

As a matter of fact I should not hesitate to compare our service with that of any other country, to the advantage of the former. Its limitations are those of traditionalism. Mr. Hull's program of reciprocal trade treaties, no matter what its final significance may be, is one of the few things that make sense in a world gone mad after autarchy. There is criticism of the appointment of political ambassadors, and certainly many of them are stuffed shirts. But the occasional presence of envoys such as Professor William E. Dodd, Joseph B. Kennedy, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, and Mr. Bowers can scarcely help but be invigorating, if only because they see beyond the hollow conventions of formal diplomacy.

These conventions, in the present troubled state of international affairs, now and then fray out into pure comedy. There is the diplomatic embargo that Italy is at present enforcing. Only two or three nations, really only Italy's allies, have formally recognized her conquest of Ethiopia. This has been a source of great annoyance to Mussolini, and as a consequence he set a dead-line beyond which no new ministers or ambassadors will be received unless their letters of credence are addressed to Victor Emanuel III as the King of Italy *and* the Emperor of Ethiopia.

The result is that a number of countries are represented in Rome merely by a *chargé d'affaires*. If the chief of mis-

sion retires or resigns for any reason it is impossible to fill his post. Several nations have named new chiefs of mission, have equipped them with letters of credence and have sent them off to Rome, only to have them turned back. Last summer I met one of these diplomats in limbo. A delightful man with a fondness for motoring, he was enjoying himself immensely, touring the remoter and more peaceful parts of Europe. "I can enjoy myself without a qualm of conscience, knowing very well that I have fulfilled all my obligations," he said, "and I can't say that I care how long the embargo endures." The Italians, however, do care. They have gone so far as to start reprisals, recalling the Italian Ambassador to France and leaving an attaché, of equal rank with the French attaché in Rome, in charge of their Paris embassy. Of such absurd moves is the diplomatic chess game made up.

But our own Ambassador to Rome, Mr. William Phillips, was received at the court of Victor Emanuel long after the conquest of Ethiopia. What of his letter of credence? The story told in Europe, a story which the State Department in Washington does not deny, is that Mr.

Phillips' letter was addressed to "The King of Italy, et cetera, et cetera. . . ." When another country sought to get an ambassador into Italy by the same rather childish subterfuge, the Italian Foreign Office said in effect: No, the Americans are hypocrites anyway and it makes no difference what they do, but you can't get by with this. Whether or not the details of the story are exact is not important. In the Kingdom of Et Cetera all things are possible.

There is growing evidence of a realization of the need to revise the ancient forms of diplomacy. It has become the thing to appoint a roving ambassador, one who will be unfettered by attachment to a single capital. The conservative British have just named Sir Robert Vansittart to such a post. But institutions persist with an amazing tenacity even when they have entirely outlived their usefulness. New forms evolve by infinitesimal degrees, long after the need for such forms has been painfully obvious. It is our tragedy to-day that the bankruptcy of traditional diplomacy should be so apparent at the very moment that the need for some instrument of international understanding is so desperate.





HAWAII LIKES MUSIC

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

WHEN a group of American missionaries in the 1820's began to teach the natives of the Hawaiian Islands how to sing hymns they unwittingly set in motion one of the most interesting musical evolutions in history.

They found a heathen race musically addicted to rhythm and little else. They heard half-naked savages chant monotonous words, with little or no variation of pitch, accompanied by the beat of drums or the shaking of rattles. Of melody there was little and of harmony hardly a suggestion.

The missionaries set to work to civilize the music as well as the manners and morals of their charges, who coined the word *himeni* to identify the new type of music (as they have coined many others in their century of progress) and made earnest efforts to imitate the strange sounds they heard from New England lips.

From all accounts it was difficult work for a time. Ancient Hawaii had no melodic instruments except a nose-flute, limited to three or four tones, and a curious stringed affair called *ukeke*, whose twanging sounds were reinforced and slightly varied by mobile lips, in the manner of a jew's-harp. There were also conch-shells which could emit terrific blasts but were not exactly melodious. Everything else was rhythm. But teachers and pupils alike stuck to their task. Hymnbooks were printed, reed organs introduced. From Portugal came guitars and their offspring, the *ukulele*. The law of evolution conspired with that of supply and demand, and there was developed that

strange, almost unique mixture of art and folk materials known to-day as Hawaiian music.

From a land of monotones and mere rhythmic syllables, Hawaii was transformed into a fountain of melody and harmony. To-day practically everyone on the islands is musical to some degree. Those who are not actual performers are appreciative listeners. Whether the results are just what the missionaries might have wished is beside the question. Hawaii likes music, practically without limits or restrictions.

A visitor becomes aware of this gargantuan appetite for music even before his steamer docks at the foot of the welcoming Aloha Tower. On the pier he sees the white-uniformed Royal Hawaiian Band, and even the brass instruments spread across the water an insinuation of the lazily exotic strains that later will be heard from steel guitars and mellow voices. Hawaiians may be a bit weary of "Aloha Oe" by this time, but they religiously offer it on your arrival and departure, with additional interpretations whenever the occasion seems to warrant—which is practically any time.

"Aloha Oe" is by no means Hawaii's only tune, even though there are those who seriously think so, but it is characteristic in that, like almost every other song of its type, it can be traced directly to the hymnbooks and song collections that made the islanders melody- and harmony-conscious. Even the livelier *hulas* have a religious background, deriving their words and rhythms from the ancient

nature-worship, and their melodies and harmonies from the hymnbooks.

Hawaii still resents the misinterpretation of the *hula* that has grown up through the mainland night-clubs and the tourist trade. One is frequently reminded that the true *hula* is fundamentally a religious ceremonial, a beautiful story in rhythmic motion, whose every gesture has a definite meaning. Flowers, the surf, waterfalls, trees, mountains, the deeds of ancient gods and kings, these are the materials of the *hula*, a dance that is far from the mere sensual routine that so many consider it. Yet there are also those, particularly among the sophisticated white residents of the islands, who protest, "Don't make our *hulas* too moral. After all, they go back to the primitive expressions of a nature-loving uninhibited race."

The extraordinary mixture now known as Hawaiian music has its full share of the sensuous and the sentimental. Indeed, the Hawaiians have become so fascinated with melody and harmony that they almost neglect the definite measure of rhythm, even though it still figures significantly in their dancing. To Occidental ears it seems that, while they are still perfectly aware of the beat of time, they deliberately ignore it. The church choirs which meet annually for contests in part-singing have become so immersed in the delights of harmony that they often linger almost indefinitely on a chord, for the mere love of the luscious sound. Even the tempo of "Aloha Oe" is often disregarded, with guitars and *ukuleles* plunking away undisturbed, while voices refuse to release the harmony that satisfies the souls of the singers.

The steel guitar and the *ukulele* are the instruments most heard on the Hawaiian Islands, and it is their individual quality of tone, mingled with the peculiarly open voices of the native singers, that will longest be remembered by the casual listener. One soon ceases to feel surprised at hearing the strum of the *ukulele* from a back seat in a trolley car or bus. On the beach at Waikiki the brown surf-boys fill the

intervals of their swimming and breaker-shooting with rich-voiced song, to their own accompaniment.

If you go to a native *luau* (feast of roast pig and attendant delicacies) at Mother Bray's or the Lalani Hawaiian Village, you will hear music from afar, and it will form an important part of the whole evening's ceremonies. Even before the pig is dug up from its oven in the ground, surrounded by baked sweet potatoes (*uwala*), singers and instrumentalists will have begun entertaining the early arrivals. While you are eating strange foods from green ti-leaves (the same leaves that are split for the skirts of the *hula* dancers), you are likely to hear more music and perhaps to join in it yourself. It is after the feast is over, however, that the best dancing and singing will be offered. Usually the two are simultaneous, the dancers interpreting the words of the singers. It is possible to dance a *hula* without words, but a story is always in the background.

You will be struck by the entertainers' catholicity of taste. When the Hawaiian musicians are putting on a show they make no distinctions as to periods or materials. At one moment you may be watching an ancient ritual dance, with the performers sitting on the ground, some beating on drums or gourds, while others shake the gaudily feathered rattles (*uliuli*) or beat upon the floor or their own arms and shoulders with *puilis*, sticks of bamboo, split into narrow strips that make a sound like a fly-swatter. The next number may be a modern song of the Tin Pan Alley type, by Harry Owens or Johnny Noble or Alex Anderson, the ruling triumvirate of Hawaii's popular song-writers. The chief singer gives out the opening of each stanza as a reminder, and no one seems to be bothered by the frequent alternation of English and Hawaiian words. In one program you may hear samples of every style, from an ancient *mele* to the veriest jazz or swing.

Harry Owens, although pure white, is the most popular composer of Hawaiian music at the moment. He is a graduate of the University of Montana, and first

attracted notice by writing the words of "Linger Awhile." He now leads the orchestra for the outdoor dancing at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, as well as at the Waialae Country Club, and he puts on a floor show that is usually a rather elegant and highly respectable version of the type of program presented at the *luaus*. (Ray Kinney, a graduate of the Owens group, is now doing the same thing in New York, with great success.) Harry Owens' best-known song, "Sweet Leilani" ("Flower of Heaven"), was written for his little daughter, who bears that rather fanciful name. It made very little impression until it was used in the motion picture, "Waikiki Wedding." Then it became a sensational hit. Actually it is inferior to another Owens song, "To You, Sweetheart, Aloha," which has a haunting melody that is quite in the tradition.

There is native Hawaiian blood in Charles King, whose "Song of the Islands" stands next to "Aloha Oe" in popular esteem and as an expression of the Hawaiian atmosphere in music. Its tune was definitely (and fittingly) imitated in Walter Donaldson's "You're Driving Me Crazy," and King is said to have collected a settlement out of court. He has made a collection of the old chants and *hulas* and is regarded to-day as the high priest of Hawaiian music.

Closer to Tin Pan Alley is Johnny Noble, also part Hawaiian (and proud of it), a collector for the local telephone company, who has made song-writing both a hobby and a profession. He also brought out a collection of old Hawaiian music, and is personally responsible for such hits as "Little Grass Shack in Kealakekua, Hawaii," "Little Brown Girl," and "King Kamehameha." His latest contribution to the music of the islands is called "Honolulu Luau," and it illustrates well the mixed origin of the contemporary popular songs. Its tune is based upon an authentic *hula* of the past, which in turn goes back to a religious chant for its words. So this one song, in the modern jazz style, actually sums up the three stages of evolution in Hawaiian

music. Mr. Noble is also experimenting with a "Honolulu Swing Song," which goes a step farther.

It is curious how Hawaii manages to keep all these types of music going at the same time, utterly ignoring the conventional distinctions between the classic and the popular. That seems to be an indication of a truly musical nature, for most people who really like music enormously are tolerant in their tastes. The sentimental tunes of Hawaii may sound cheap and commonplace outside of their natural setting, but in the atmosphere of Hawaiian flowers and moonlight and graceful dancing they become in some strange way significant.

II

As a remarkably successful melting-pot of supposedly ill-assorted races, Hawaii has naturally become a melting-pot of music also; for music is the common language, the universal material of expression for all the racial elements, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, Portuguese, Polynesian, and White. Regardless of their inherited tastes, all these people are strangely unanimous to-day in their enthusiasm for Occidental music of the highest type.

Honolulu has its own symphony orchestra, which includes in its personnel representatives of all the races on the islands and is conducted by the Australian Fritz Hart, who first came there merely as an occasional visitor and, like so many others, finally decided to stay on indefinitely. Mr. Hart has recently been made director of the music department of the University of Hawaii. Under his energetic and capable leadership the orchestra, part professional and part amateur, has made remarkable progress. Some of the brass and wood-wind are recruited from the army bands with which Honolulu is well supplied. It has been estimated that in the territory covering Schofield Barracks and other army posts, as well as Pearl Harbor, there are more good bands than on any other piece of American ground of the same size.

Brass bands, orchestras, and native ensembles of all kinds are kept constantly busy. At election time every candidate of importance hires his own troupe of musicians, including *hula* dancers, and these appear at every rally at which he speaks. As a rule the audience finds the music more interesting than the speech.

Nearly every large plantation has its own band, composed mostly of Filipino laborers. Schools and clubs are as well supplied with bands and orchestras as anywhere on the mainland. The Police and Fire Departments have their bands and glee clubs, which often combine in public performances. There is also a girls' glee club, coached by Mrs. Kahana-nui, an active member of the University's department of music.

There is also a very strong local interest in the study of music. At the last summer session the class in music appreciation was the second largest in the entire curriculum at the University, and there was an almost equally large group specializing in public-school music, under the direction of Glenn Woods, an expert in that field. Many members of the music-appreciation class devote hours of their spare time to listening to phonograph records, of which the University has an excellent collection, housed in a special room; the students are allowed to ask for what they want, and their standards are surprisingly high.

The music department of the luxurious Punahou School is headed by Verne Waldo Thompson, one of the finest of local musicians; it is housed in a new and splendidly equipped building which serves as Hawaii's own conservatory; its resources have been thrown open to the public and it is developing both performers and composers. At the Art Academy, a beautiful building in the center of Honolulu, music may be heard almost daily. Many of the free concerts are given through phonograph records, with descriptive notes distributed in advance, and they draw surprisingly large audiences. But at least once a week there is a recital—likewise free to the public—by a

good local musician, usually in the open court in the center of the Academy, with a gay canopy spreading like a huge sail above.

The local teachers agree that those pupils who possess some Hawaiian blood are decidedly the best musicians, with the pure Hawaiians consistently at the top. But the Hawaiian youngsters would sometimes rather swim than practice, and their Japanese and Chinese fellows often outstrip them through their greater powers of application.

Typical of the cosmopolitanism of Hawaii's modern musical life was a recent performance of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," sung in Italian, but by a cast almost entirely Oriental. The Cio-Cio San was Ululani Robertson, a Hawaiian soprano who has appeared for ten years in the opera-houses of Europe, after learning to sing under Sembrich. The Pinkerton was Aroldo Collini, imported from California, and the only outsider in the cast. He had actually been an officer in the United States Navy, with long operatic experience in Italy. The costumes and scenery for this unique "Butterfly" were designed by Japanese experts, with absolute authenticity of detail. Japanese girl ushers added to the picture by wearing kimonos, while most of the feminine listeners wore the flower *leis* which are almost essential to the evening costume of the well-dressed woman in Hawaii.

But perhaps the most convincing demonstration of Hawaii's love of music comes on those rare occasions when a great artist, on tour to or from the Orient, finds time to give a concert while his boat is in the harbor. Such a concert often has to be given at an awkward hour of the day, to fit the steamer schedule, but a big audience is always assured. Tito Schipa, for instance, gave his concert at high noon, and many a luncheon was cheerfully postponed or skipped altogether. The Italian tenor sang brilliantly at the unaccustomed hour, from the stage of the Princess Theatre, but his program was severely criticized as containing too many light and inconsequential numbers.

Richard Crooks met with similar criticism, although he also sang superbly. Honolulu audiences do not want to be coddled or patronized. They know what is good and they are willing to pay for it.

III

The fact is that Hawaii has actually resolved the eternal conflict between the "classical" and the "popular" in music.

This conflict goes all the way back to the earliest days of music, when the monks in their cells were laboriously working out systems and making up rules, while out in the fields and on the highways minstrels and troubadours were singing and playing "by ear," knowing only that the music they produced made a hit with the listener. "Serious" European and American composers have always belittled the efforts of the "natural" musicians, yet when they badly needed an effective melody, they invariably borrowed a folk tune. That is how Haydn got some of his best themes, including the Croatian folk-song that became eventually "Deutschland ueber Alles." The chorales of Bach were originally German folk tunes, turned into hymns by Martin Luther, with religious words. Beethoven used many folk melodies, as in the Russian Finale of his violin concerto. Schubert arranged and re-wrote them, as did Brahms in his Hungarian Dances. Tschaikowsky has the Russian Birch Tree in the Finale of his Fourth Symphony, and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" gets its finest effect from the folk tune "Down St. Peter's Road."

Yet even to-day a music-publisher often marks one shelf "classical" and another "popular," as if there were a real distinction. Actually the most popular music

in the world is that which has been labeled "classical," having passed the test of time.

The popular songwriter of to-day is the contemporary folk-musician, just as Stephen Foster was in the middle of the nineteenth century. The Hawaiians realize this instinctively (even though their mainland neighbors may refuse to admit it) and see nothing incongruous in their mixed music. That is one reason why the Hawaiians form perhaps the most interesting group of amateurs in the world to-day.

Music, more than any other form of art, suffers from snobbery, pretense, and hypocrisy. The pained expressions of those who have achieved the sacred circle of the three B's are often less honest than are the popular tunes to which they are listening with such dismay.

George Gershwin proved that the same composer could write both good jazz and a good concerto, but the great American public discovered him long before the "music-lovers" gave him their grudging approval—an approval which became unanimous only after his untimely death.

The real music-lover of the future will have a sincere appreciation of the serious creations of old and new composers. But he will not disdain to tap a restless foot to the rhythm of a possibly transient dance tune, and he will take as much interest in the manifestations of "swing" and its successors as in the equally conventional and technically far simpler variations of a Haydn or a Mozart. There are a few who are doing this to-day and getting endless enjoyment from music of all kinds. The rest might well learn their lesson from the musical honesty of our island representatives out in the middle of the Pacific.



BUSINESS FINDS ITS VOICE

PART III

BY S. H. WALKER AND PAUL SKLAR

DURING the depression the men who manage American industry, trade, and finance launched an effort to improve their relations with the public and to establish some sort of sure control over these relations; and this effort, which management will not cease to press, has found its chief expression in a four years' flow of printed and broadcast advertising, editorial publicity, and commercial motion pictures designed to "sell business to the public."

For a long time business men relied rather heavily on this variety of persuasive material; they urged on one another the preparation of the more ingenious forms of "public relations advertising"; and in time these new technics came in certain quarters to command an exaggerated respect, as an infallible and almost automatic mechanism for directing public opinion, needing only to be properly financed.

From the start there have been skeptics in business who could not share this feeling, and now their view is beginning to prevail; in fact, this has been palpably true ever since the presidential election of 1936.

Many business men had got up on the morning of November 3, 1936, convinced that Mr. Landon was about to be elected; probably more of their number had felt that Mr. Roosevelt would win, but none of them was prepared for the landslide that came. The vote was so overwhelming an expression of public opinion that

it gravely shocked business men all over the country.

Consequently a reaction set in. Management began restating several of its problems—notably the problem of controlling public relations; for in this case the election returns were especially significant. The attempt to sell business had been an attempt to sell a set of social principles which conflicted in important respects with the principles upheld by the New Deal. Had business successfully sold its philosophy, therefore, an incidental result would have been, at the least, the reduction of Roosevelt's margin of victory. Almost everyone concerned in the public-relations movement sensed this and drew his conclusion accordingly when he perceived the dimensions of the Democratic vote.

Of course there already existed less spectacular evidences that the original approach to the problem of public relations had been ill-conceived; the election simply served as a last straw. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this effect is to quote last year's run of comment on the subject, from "the trade."

In January, 1937, *Business Week*, a McGraw-Hill magazine for executives, said editorially:

"Business is up against an impossible job trying to make the masses think it is 100 per cent good. This helps to explain the spectacular failure of some recent campaigns."

Three months later, H. A. Batten, the

new president of the advertising agency, N. W. Ayer & Son, expanded the same thought in a speech before the Association of National Advertisers:

"Too many manufacturers," he said ". . . neglect their corporate health and then scream for the public relations herb doctor. . . . Any public relations worthy of the name must start with the business itself. Unless the business is so organized and so administered that it can meet at every point the test of good citizenship and of usefulness to the community, no amount of public relations will avail."

The faults of the original public-relations method are implicitly described in such criticisms as these. In general, the advocates of that older method regard verbal and pictorial symbols as exercising an almost hypnotic power over the "mass mind." According to this view, in a tussle for public favor that set of symbols will triumph which is most ingeniously disseminated and most substantially backed.

Of course this approach had many supporters, even after election. James P. Selvage, public-relations director of the National Association of Manufacturers, clearly defined the view itself, and justified it, in an article he wrote early in 1937.

"We stand in the midst of a battle of words with public good will as the prize," he said. He went on to admit that "propaganda from the Right has not been fully successful," explaining that the reason for this was that "there has been more money spent in propaganda by those to the left of the center than those to the right." He added that "This estimate is based upon the fact that there are uncounted dozens of organizations ranging from spurious peace groups with self-righteous names to openly Communistic and Socialistic committees that seem always to be with funds and able to get things done."

These beliefs will continue to be argued, and they will continue to be applied. But meanwhile those business men who favor a new method of con-

trolling public relations—or better, who qualify and expand the old method until it becomes in practice almost unrecognizably different—have been continuing the line of argument they began after election, stating it in more constructive terms and winning for it a wide acceptance in management.

An influential advertising man, Edgar Kobak, vice president of the advertising agency, Lord & Thomas, put it this way, addressing a business group late last year:

"Educate the public! That's become a catch phrase. And it's used too often by the very people who don't believe the common people can think for themselves. You are the people, the common people—to other businesses. Do you need educating? The sooner we stop thinking of public relations as a job of mass hypnotism which will make the public think the way we want it to think, the better for all of us."

In 1937, perhaps the most significant word on this subject was said by Lewis H. Brown, president of the Johns-Manville Corporation, speaking before the Association of National Advertisers.

Above everything else [he said] let's get over this notion that business with a broad gesture should try to sell itself. . . . Let's start thinking about selling what business is doing for the other fellow in terms of his own livelihood, his bread and butter. . . . We must not think in terms of propaganda. We must think of public relations as a fundamental program to improve the product to be sold and to educate our own people and the public in the true facts about business. . . .

For well over a year now this has been the No. 1 job on my list. . . . What I have to say is for the stimulation of thousands of other companies who have not yet realized the importance of the problem—those who do not yet realize that every company that fails to do its part in this job of making friends for industry is in fact contributing to the possible destruction not only of its own business but of our whole system of private enterprise and representative government under the Constitution.

Mr. Brown is considered to be one of the most rapidly rising of the younger business leaders; ideas like the one he expresses above are receiving a great deal

of attention for this reason, as well as for their inherent worth.

II

Mr. Brown and those who agree with him have already done a great deal to put into effect the new public-relations method they advocate in their speeches.

Very simply stated, this new method is as follows: the idea destined to be "put across" must be worked out very thoroughly by a policy-making group or groups, representative of the uppermost level of management. Then in the case of a given corporation this idea must be sold, step by step, from the top down: it must be sold to executives, and by them to junior executives; then to white-collar employees and supervisory staffs; and finally to labor, and to such local affiliates and dependencies of industry as wholesalers, jobbers, and dealers; and of course, to the "owners," i.e., the stockholders.

Before an idea can be "sold" to these concentric groups, the corporation in question must be "unified," or "co-ordinated," into a rational, pyramidal structure. Internal organizational relationships must be cleared up, so that ideas—unimpeded by material misunderstandings and conflicts of interest—will flow freely from the policy-making body at the top, down to the bottom level, which impinges directly and personally on the public, and where the *effective* control of public relations is localized.

To put it another way: the significant "selling" that is being done is no longer altogether verbal and pictorial; it is organizational, concrete. It is felt that whereas a man may read an advertisement about the "American Way" and laugh at it, or draw from it a conclusion opposite to the one its author intended, he will find great difficulty in acting contrary to the beliefs of the organizations to which he belongs or of the social-pressure groups within whose range he lives. To generalize, it is felt that if a man belongs to the "right" groups his thinking will be "right," and that otherwise the

"right" ideas cannot be sold to him. According to this view, verbal argument or advertising serves simply as a priming device or as a follow-up.

Bearing this admittedly simplified outline in mind, it will be instructive to consider some of the recent activities of the General Motors Corporation, which has probably worked out the new, realistic public-relations methods more completely than any other business interest.

In 1934 the Corporation set up its "Dealer Council." This consists of twelve General Motors dealers from four geographic regions of the country, and the membership rotates every year. It is supposed to work with the corporation's executives to root out certain practices on the part of the manufacturer which dealers have long considered unfair. In fact the Council has already done a great deal to this end; and in January, 1938, the Corporation created a supplementary body, the Dealer Relations Board, consisting of four top-ranking executives. This Board is a kind of supreme court, offering a dealer judicial review of any administrative decision which he considers unfair; it does not of course consider questions of policy.

Early in 1937 General Motors inaugurated its Dealer Co-ordination Activity. This is more of a social undertaking than the Dealer Council, which is strictly business; however, in effect it capitalizes whatever solid good will the Council may have created, for purposes which the present chairman of the Corporation, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., has described as follows: "First, to develop a better understanding among the Corporation's field executives and within the dealer body as a whole, as to General Motors. . . . What its broad policies are and why. What the hopes and ambitions of its organization may be. . . . The second is to develop on a community basis everywhere, a more intimate personal association among all who are supporting the General Motors flag in each such community."

This Co-ordination Activity is centered in the forty-two General Motors Clubs.

These are headed in most cases by branch managers of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, whose business it is to finance the sales of General Motors products. Their functions are informal and various: for instance, as we pointed out last month, they frequently show General Motors films before dealers and their friends and the other business men in each community.

It will help you to evaluate all this work, considering only what it does to put across the business idea to the public, if you realize that General Motors has 17,900 dealers, and that they employed an average of 235,000 persons in 1937.

This does not complete the tale of the Corporation's "co-ordinating" activities. The annual conferences at White Sulphur Springs, where the Corporation's broad policies are carefully explained to its executives, are planned with similar intent, as is the program of stockholder mailings. However the dealer program we have described is typical and adequately illustrates the most realistic method of controlling public relations.

III

The attempts at corporate unification we have just described have been relatively easy for management to carry through; but in order to construct a rounded public-relations program it is necessary to do something vastly more difficult: that is, to "co-ordinate" labor.

General Motors, and several other business interests, have evolved a relatively practicable method of doing this within the past two and one-half years, based on the policy of "decentralization." This policy is one which must inevitably affect a great many of us with considerable force; it is worth discussing in detail.

You will have noticed that such activities as the General Motors Dealer Co-ordination drive toward more than one objective; increased sales, for instance, and more satisfactory handling of used cars, as well as better public relations. Indeed, this feature is the great strength

of the whole effort to control public relations by creating an appropriate organizational structure: whatever reorganization has to be carried out may be made to justify itself—philosophically, financially, or legally—on any one of several grounds. And this is pre-eminently the advantage of the policy of decentralization.

Mechanically, to decentralize is to convert one operation or one plant into several smaller ones, geographically scattered, or to divert a necessary expansion into new localities; and at the same time to throw an increased *administrative* responsibility into the hands of the unit managements. In other words, industrial decentralization in practice consists in the decentralization of capital, the decentralization of administrative authority, and the *centralization* of the policy-making power.

American industry has been decentralizing rapidly during the depression, to obtain a more advantageous relationship to supply, or to transportation facilities, or most important, to the market.

But decentralization is being carried out also for essentially *political* reasons, and it is these that most concern us here. However, it is important to remember as we discuss the subject that a given program of decentralization will almost never be found to have been carried out for one reason, or even solely for political reasons; almost always, management will have taken supply and the market and several other factors into consideration. We shall not describe this process in specific cases simply because it would take too much space.

Perhaps the most important "political" use of decentralization is as a defensive tactic in the struggle with labor unions like the CIO. In 1937 the CIO shut down a large part of General Motors simply by staging sit-down strikes in the "bottle-necks"; there are no bottle-necks in a thoroughly decentralized operation.

Secondarily, decentralization, or the threat of it, has a curious effect on local "publics." For instance, the rubber and

tire manufacturers in Akron had been slowly decentralizing, for economic reasons, for about ten years; then in 1936, when labor trouble began in Akron in earnest, many of them began to decentralize more intensively, and publicized the fact.

Promptly the leading citizens of the city formed the "Greater Akron Association," some of whose reasons for being were "to co-ordinate the activities of existing civic organizations," "to seek new industries and to encourage those now in existence," and "to make decentralization of our present industries unnecessary." The Association has published a number of local advertisements, among them one called "How Much More Must Akron Lose?" This advertisement contained a list of new rubber plants established all over the nation in 1936 by Akron corporations, and pointed out that "Akron has not yet begun to feel the effect of this decentralization, but it will feel it only too plainly. . . . What can we do? . . . Get down to work. Stop sitdowns. Stop harassing our chief industry. Protect Akron jobs for Akron workmen."

This sort of community activity has an obvious bearing on the labor situation; and it is worth noting that quite incidentally it has the effect of selling the business idea.

Again, decentralization, or the promise of it, has what might be described as a tertiary effect: it causes certain communities, which lack industrial plants and want them, to "clean house," and to rally the citizens in an effort to create conditions attractive to industry.

The adaptation of decentralization in a specific public-relations program is what concerns us primarily. In the case of General Motors this was begun about two and a half years ago. Since 1935 the Corporation has been spending \$20,000,000 a year on new plants (still maintaining the old ones), and now operates in 39 cities in the United States—having entered 9 of them since 1935. In the summer of 1935, General Motors initiated its Plant City Program, designed to use decen-

tralized operations as a public-relations instrument; and in practice working to "co-ordinate" labor.

Under this program, permanent Public Relations Committees have been established all over the country in each city where General Motors maintains one or more plants. It is the duty of these committees to administer the general public-relations policies of the Corporation in their localities. That is, it is their duty to establish friendly personal relations between the local management and the local independent business men, bankers, etc., by sponsoring luncheons and joining the appropriate organizations; to establish friendly and personal relations with newspaper editors and other local journalists; and to establish friendly and personal relations between the local management and the local labor supply, perhaps by holding open-house parties at the factory, open to workers and their friends and to the citizens.

This program really represents a fusion of the Corporation's former national public-relations effort and its former local "industrial relations" effort. The latter used to be the more important and was expressed in employee representation plans and the like. Both efforts seem to be more rationally and more effectively expressed in the merged form.

The local managements under this plan have been given so much administrative authority that the plants begin to seem less like impersonal branches of big business; they take on the appearance of genuine, home-grown local industries, and drive their roots in among the people.

The Corporation capitalizes its policy of decentralization further by advertising it as a policy of "spreading prosperity." The Voice of General Motors has remarked, over the air: "The advantages of thus spreading the benefits of industrial employment are many. Buying power is distributed to every section. Workers are enabled to live in better homes. . . . In good times prosperity is spread more widely—and in times of stress fewer areas are called upon to bear the

burdens of others. . . . This partnership of industry and the community for mutual progress is *another* American way of creating a better living for us all—another of those typically American traditions. . . .”

The steel industry has also been slowly decentralizing—and using the opportunity to control relations with local “publics.” Ford has been decentralizing gradually for twenty years, and intensively for four years. As usual, his methods are special. For one thing, Ford’s decentralization, which he calls the “village industries” movement, has been mostly within the State of Michigan: the aim is to create self-contained, semi-agricultural communities, more pertinent, strictly speaking, as a control of labor relations than as a control of public relations.

However Ford’s public-relations director, W. J. Cameron, has turned the situation to account. He said last year that decentralization is “just one of the steps in social advancement which industry has undertaken on its own initiative . . .” and added, “I could say of course that Mr. Ford’s motive [in decentralizing] was humanitarian. . . . And if I said that, it would be true, but not the whole truth.”

He explained that “Businesses sometimes move . . . because a town has become infested with the peculiar form of social, political, or unionistic philosophy which confuses progress with the persecution of industry; they move because the population of certain places plainly indicates that they will not accord to industry the rights and protection under the law which are enjoyed by other citizens. . . .” He said this in Detroit.

IV

The new approach to public relations which became popular in business after the election and which, as we have shown, General Motors and several other corporations have been working out for two years or more, has this year been taken up by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce

and the National Association of Manufacturers.

The Chamber’s program consists, first, of a series of advertisements in *Nation’s Business* and the *Saturday Evening Post* depicting the “Business” that has been under attack as a straw-man created by demagogues, and expounding the virtues of local Chambers of Commerce and trade associations; these advertisements are “the one-eighth of the iceberg looming above the water.” The material for the rest of the program, which is to be put into use locally, in general, by the 1,500 affiliates of the U. S. Chamber, is as follows: mats of advertisements for local papers; radio talks for local speakers; 3,000 bill-board posters, to be displayed in more than 50 cities; speeches, to be given at various local organizational meetings. Finally, the affiliates of the Chamber, and other interested parties, will get all the local publicity for the program that they can; and the published message will be sent out also in booklets at the rate of 1,000,000 every two weeks; and representatives of *Nation’s Business* will conduct 500,000 interviews with business men to urge on them “the necessity for promoting sound thinking about business among their customers, employees, and associates.”

If the Chamber’s expectations are fulfilled, “The million ‘salesmen’ enlisted through organization support of this effort will reach, interest, and convince of the need for action *in their local fields*, the fair-minded middle group of honest and aspiring workers, professional people, and employers or supervisors of small groups.”

In other words, just as General Motors has been “co-ordinating” the activities and the thinking of dealers and employees, the U. S. Chamber is now trying to “co-ordinate” the nation’s small business men and professional men.

The National Association of Manufacturers has recently launched a program of similar nature which has the advantage of being built round a very simple idea, and which is probably the most astute of

its kind produced to date. The Association merely presents the outline of a "community program" which may be adapted and used by any local business men or civic leaders who so desire; the NAM will send a representative to advise and will supply useful material on request—but these services may be dispensed with at will.

As the Association says: "The National Association of Manufacturers will be glad, and is anxious to advise with any community desirous of setting up such a program, particularly those which will function over a period of months or years as a part of the general Public Information activity of industry."

The suggested program itself would be based in a given community on a "Special Committee on Public Information." This would consist of interested citizens, preferably with considerable influence among the business men and publishers in their town. The Committee should employ a full-time public-relations director to co-operate with the local newspapers in developing stories on re-employment, industrial payrolls, etc.; stories of the rise of laborers to positions in management; and stories of increased employment and new spending in local business concerns. The Committee members themselves of course should assist the public-relations director by lunching with editors, ministers, club presidents, and so on, explaining the business philosophy to them.

The Committee should see to it that the schools get material stating the case for business—films, books, and exhibits. Also local manufacturers should be encouraged to hold open-house parties for their workers' families (of the sort which General Motors' Plant City Committees arrange); or perhaps several manufacturers might be persuaded to hold open-house for the entire city. Also employees' and foremen's clubs should be encouraged to form, and they should be provided with speakers.

The Committee should help equip local lecturers of all sorts with "industrial

facts," and should promote local radio broadcasts to sell business; and finally, should make a particular effort to carry the story to foreign-language groups in the community.

This program, of which we have described only the main features, may be adopted or not, as the leaders in a given community desire; but it is not improbable that the 200-odd trade associations affiliated with the NAM might take steps to get it adopted in various parts of the nation.

V

Let us summarize the facts set forth in these three articles:

1. In reaction to the stock-market crash and the ensuing depression, the American people turned against business; and "hostile" movements, like the Consumers' movement and the CIO, grew up seeking to assume functions which management considered its own. In response management determined to establish an enduring control over its relations with the public, and began trying to do this by selling itself to the public.

2. One method of selling business is to advertise and publicize the business philosophy, linked to the history of business' social and economic accomplishments. Accordingly management has been releasing a stream of printed and broadcast advertising, publicity, and commercial motion pictures for four years, all containing versions of this message.

3. Partly owing to the efforts of certain men and corporations, and partly to the disillusioning results of the 1936 election, business has recently qualified and revised its tactics; certain leading interests have begun to unify or "co-ordinate" the activities and thinking of the rest of business in line with central policy; the expectation being that business will be "sold" by the resulting personal and social pressures on the community level, with public-relations advertising serving a supplementary purpose.

Now it would be very unwise to make any large predictions on the basis of these

facts, but it is possible to say a little. It seems probable that the persuasive techniques of communication have been exploited to the point of diminishing returns. A more ingenious use of advertising, publicity, radio, and films is possible, but probably would not justify the cost—other factors remaining the same. This does not mean that these media will not continue to be used at about the present level of intensity, nor does it deny the relative usefulness of occasional new adaptations; nor is it to be taken as applying to anything but public-relations advertising properly so-called.

But it does mean that business men may decide that the way to strengthen business's effective control of its relations with the public is further to "co-ordinate" business as a whole, and further to centralize and clarify the policy-making function.

The continuing process of decentralization shows that management is able, for various reasons, and willing to finance a considerable material reorganization, in order to bring about the desired "co-ordination." This, however, being the work of individual corporations, is a very partial solution. An increasing demand for some sort of unification of business as a whole is being pressed; and it is the more likely to be fulfilled because it has several reasons for being—partly economic, partly political.

The NRA—excepting certain of its features—was a unification of the sort business leaders are coming strongly to desire. Moreover, business men themselves have been working out similar plans, only to see them fail before the practical obstacles. One such was originated by Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Co., early in the depression. A trade-association lawyer named Benjamin A. Javits has proposed another, which is worth mentioning because it shows how the idea looks at an extreme. "The state," says Mr. Javits, "should no longer interfere with the administration of industry, organized in the public interest, and represented by leaders of every

branch of our economy. . . . Every American, including those administering government, is a cog in the industrial machinery."

President Roosevelt's Business Advisory Council, which functions under the Department of Commerce, and which its head, W. Averell Harriman, has described as "a sort of Chamber of Commerce within the frame-work of the New Deal," has been growing stronger for some time now; this growth, in part, expresses the underlying demand for a central unifying body.

In any case, the public-relations effort, like several of the newer business activities, apparently cannot be fully successful unless business is unified for the purpose from the top down. This does not mean that such a unification will be carried out in the near future. But at least this much has been made clear: the men who manage American industry will continue to press their effort to control the relations between business and the public until they succeed, or until they substitute a new objective, or until some unforeseen event renders them helpless in this respect.

VI

The effort we have been describing involves the whole of business and the whole public; it has been continued for a relatively long time, and it has no foreseeable conclusion. Therefore our description has had to be endlessly qualified and various lines of thought have been left dangling.

We present herewith two case histories; they will illustrate business' efforts to control a specific set of public relations during a specific time in the face of a specific emergency. They will picture the essential process more clearly, and they have their qualified worth as analogies; for we may at any time be faced with a general emergency much sharper and more immediate than the recent depression, in which business would find it more essential than ever to control its public relations.

The first of these case histories simply demonstrates a method of mobilizing the

media of communication during a strike.

In the spring of 1934 the automotive industry confronted what its leaders held to be a crisis. The automotive unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor were demanding recognition of the parent body, threatening a general strike. Besides, the practical interpretation of Section 7a of the NIRA was still undefined; should the National Labor Board, established under that section, successfully follow its slim precedent to force an election, and subsequently, collective bargaining throughout the industry, a major and lasting precedent would be established contrary to the industry's wishes. Then too, Congress was threatening to pass the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill, which the industry opposed.

The ten leading manufacturers, associated with the rest of the industry in the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce (now the Automobile Manufacturers' Association) formed a general operating committee. Together they worked out a strategy to control the industry's public relations. It was this: they would emphasize the industry's position as the prospective "leader of recovery," by this means bringing pressure on the President to ignore the National Labor Board and intervene personally; meanwhile the industry would go more than half way to meet the individual workers' wage and hour demands, remaining irrevocably opposed to "outside coercion" by the AFL, and to the recognition of any industry-wide labor organization. The final objective was to be a settlement in response to somebody's wishes—anybody's wishes, except the AFL's—establishing a company representation plan and providing for collective bargaining on a plant-by-plant basis.

The success of this strategy depended entirely on its public reception. The General Committee promptly constructed a machine wherewith to ensure that that reception be favorable.

The Committee took temporary offices and appointed three sub-committees: one to submit legal advice, one to compile

statistics, and one to emit publicity. Copy-writers, space-buyers, publicity men, and radio experts were hired and instructed to stand ready to work day and night. The Committee further acquired branch offices in Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, and installed a teletype system linking these offices with one another and with the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce (NACC) offices in New York, Washington, and Detroit. The staff members in the six cities were supposed to receive press releases simultaneously by teletype; to co-operate with local newspapers to insure the proper publication of these releases; and to see to it that the Committee's newspaper advertisements were advantageously placed.

Meanwhile, the NACC had opened appropriate negotiations with the government, the various unions in the industry, and the AFL.

The Committee of course was supposed to stay behind the scenes. On March 13th it recommended that the industry declare its intentions of raising wages and shortening hours; the industry accepted the recommendation; and the Committee prepared a newspaper advertisement in the industry's name, stating that the industry wanted to protect its employees from outside coercion, and that "in response to the appeal of the President," hours in the industry were going to be shortened and wages were going to be raised.

The Committee wired the advertisement to 89 English language papers in 45 cities and to 65 foreign language papers in 13 cities, at a total cost for space of \$40,065. A news release from the NACC, repeating the points the ad made in the form of a statement, went to the same papers the same day.

Automotive Daily News, the industry's spokesman, printed an extra on March 16th, discussing the pending Wagner Labor Disputes Bill under this head:

"Wagner Bill Declared Fatal to Auto Makers and Dealers. . . . Proposed Bill Reaches into Small Shops. . . . Enact-

ment Will Affect Every Employer of Two Men." The Committee mailed this extra to 31,000 auto dealers the day it appeared. The next day, March 14, the NACC released an attack on the Wagner Bill to the press services; papers everywhere published it, generally with favorable editorial comment. The same day, John L. Lovett, general manager of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association, spoke for 15 minutes on the Wagner Bill, over the blue network of the National Broadcasting Co. This cost the Committee nothing, since the big networks prefer to donate time for the discussion of controversial issues. However the Committee had to spend \$749.28 to place small advertisements in 80 newspapers, calling attention to Lovett's talk.

Meanwhile General Johnson had submitted suggestions for averting the strike, and the NACC announced a meeting March 19th, to act thereon.

While the negotiations stood thus in a very bright light, the Committee began to work in earnest. At 11:00 A.M., March 19th, it sent out a full-page newspaper advertisement, addressed "To Employees of the Automobile Industry." This advertisement appeared in 84 English language papers in 35 cities at a cost of \$67,644.24; it ran also in 20 foreign language papers. The Committee wired the editors of all these papers, asking them to get the ad from their business offices and treat it as a statement in the news columns; in practically every case they did so treat it under front-page headlines.

While this was going on, the Committee had purchased five-minute spots on 32 radio stations in industrial areas, and on the afternoon of March 19th had the ad "To Employees" read over the air. These independent stations maintain no policies calling for free time, so this cost \$1,710; and when the same 32 stations repeated the reading the next day, at noon, in the afternoon, and in the evening, there was a further charge of \$3,909.77.

Still on March 19th the Committee sent

out a release covering Lovett's earlier radio talk on the Wagner Bill, coupled with an editorial by Arthur Brisbane; this to 33,000 auto dealers, NACC members, and newspapers. Brisbane said, as quoted:

"... is it worse for the automobile industry to 'refuse to recognize the American Federation of Labor' than for the American Federation of Labor to refuse to recognize the right and ability of automobile men to manage their business?"

"It may be desirable for the American Federation of Labor to control all industry in the United States, as a sort of super-NRA, telling American businessmen what they must do and how they must do it, closing them up if they refuse.

"But is this the best time to make the test? Is the sick patient, United States Industry, in condition to be safely thrown out of bed, then out of the window, and taken for a ride?"

During the day several bundles more of *Automotive Daily News* extras on the Wagner Bill were put in the mails: 1,915 copies to the field forces of the General Motors companies—Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Buick, and Cadillac; 360,000 to General Motors stockholders, 40,000 to Chrysler stockholders, 10,000 to Packard stockholders, 10,000 to Hudson stockholders, and 302 to members of the Steel Institute. Finally the Committee prepared 200,000 copies of a letter to employees, on the various companies' letterheads, and got it to the appropriate personnel managers for distribution by six o'clock the next morning. "The American Federation of Labor," it said, "is seeking to represent you in your dealings with us for their own selfish purposes. . . . Do not be deceived by the paid agitators. . . . A strike at this time will not only work hardship on you and your families, but will interfere with the recovery efforts of the President of the United States. . . ."

The next day, March 20th, the *Detroit News* printed a front-page editorial called "Don't Cut The Patient's Throat," restating the idea that the automotive in-

dustry was leading recovery, and pointing out that a strike would cut the throat of the convalescent patient—the industrial United States. The Committee wired this editorial to 40 newspapers in industrial centers, requesting that they give it front-page treatment; a majority of them did. The Committee also sent the editorial to B. C. Forbes and other columnists of that kidney. Finally that day 8400 more copies of the *Automotive Daily News* extra, together with press releases and reprints of the ad “To Employees,” were sent to rural weekly papers and to General Motors’ field force.

The next day, March 21st, Charles R. Hook, of the American Rolling Mill Co., made a network broadcast on the desirability of company unions. The time was free, but the Committee had to buy up a previously scheduled commercial broadcast to clear the air in Detroit; it cost only \$196.

On March 22nd, 2400 copies more of the *Automotive Daily News* extra went to members of the Detroit Board of Commerce, and 208 copies of the extra, wrapped with copies of a regular edition, went to farm-paper editors.

On March 24th the NACC released a statement from Washington about its desire to co-operate with the President, purposely omitting mention of the negotiations with the AFL. Detroit took the statement by teletype and wired it to papers in Flint, Pontiac, Lansing, etc. More copies of *Automotive Daily News* were mailed, together with copies of Lovett’s radio talk and the Brisbane editorial, to the Society of Automotive Engineers.

On March 25th the President succeeded in arranging a compromise settlement between the parties. The agreement provided for collective bargaining through so-called company councils, made up of representatives of the several unions in any one company. Thus company unions, independent unions, and AFL unions might exist together, each sending representatives to the company council to bargain with the management.

The settlement was to be administered by a committee created for the purpose, the Automobile Labor Board—one union man, one industry man, one “neutral.” The conclusion scored generally as a victory for the NACC.

The Committee turned out 7000 posters and 400,000 reprints of the President’s message to the industry; these reached 16 chosen plant managers in Detroit, Flint, Pontiac, Cleveland, and Toledo by the time work started the morning of March 26.

The President said, of the settlement: “It is a complete answer to those critics who have asserted that managers and employees cannot co-operate for the public good without domination by selfish interest.”

On March 27 the Committee wired John L. Lovett’s interpretation of the President’s statement to the important columnists and to all the papers in industrial cities, and wound up its affairs.

VII

The second case we wish to describe is very different. Here a group of business men faced, simply, a piece of hostile State legislation. Once they would have responded by hiring a lobbyist and perhaps by directing a frenzied appeal to the voters. This time they financed a public-relations campaign.

The California legislature had passed a bill, in the summer of 1935, levying a graduated license tax on retail stores; so that single stores were to pay a dollar a year, whereas more than nine stores under one owner were to pay \$500 per store per year. Clearly a tax of this kind bears down hardest on national food chains like A&P and Safeway, or on drug chains like Owl.

Since 1931, 20 State legislatures had passed chain-store taxes in effect the same as this in California; and in almost all the States such bills were pending. The business men who own or manage the national chains were fighting in the courts of course, but they were losing.

The California tax was scheduled to come before the voters on a referendum, November 3, 1936. That was to be the public's first chance anywhere to vote on the tax, for or against the chains. The upshot of it was that the national chains decided in the fall of 1935 to win that referendum. They filled a war chest rumored to contain \$2,500,000, though when they filed their campaign budget after the vote it showed that only \$1,050,000 had been spent.

They had to contend, apparently, with considerable public ill will, which was sure to be fanned by the organized independent stores that had helped to press the tax measure through the legislature in the first place.

To solve the complex problem in public relations thus posed, the chains hired a young man named Don Francisco, a vice president of the national advertising agency, Lord & Thomas, and the head of its Los Angeles office. The choice was astute. Don Francisco had already proved that he knew how to sell an idea. The year before, after California's 1934 primaries, California's business men had realized, with a dreadful start, that Upton Sinclair was likely to become governor of the State. They mobilized behind Governor Merriam, the Republican candidate; and one of their number, this same Don Francisco, took charge of the public-relations campaign against Sinclair. According to rumor, Francisco had a million-dollar budget to work with. He had to spend the money fast, and he did.

Handbills blew in the streets, reading, "Endure Poverty in California" (EPIC). "Red Currency" began to circulate. Representations of freight trains loaded with hoboes paraded the streets. Every newspaper in the State, with one exception, filled its columns with anti-EPIC stories and editorials. Almost all the business men were shown how to help the drive along with their own advertising. Newsreels (later alleged to be fakes) showed bums hurrying into California to rally to their leader, Upton Sinclair; and

finally Francisco put four radio programs on the air, each designed to help defeat Sinclair by one means or another.

The campaign was a great success; the voters reelected Merriam; and Don Francisco returned to business with a new and important prestige. He had hardly been subtle, but he had had no time. Now, in the fall of 1935, he had a full year ahead to do what the chains wanted done. He visualized his job as something more significant than a mere victory at the polls in one State. As he said later, in an article in *Advertising & Selling*:

"For the first time the public was to be given an opportunity to express itself on several fundamental questions. Was bigness bad? . . . Should a cheaper method of distribution be penalized at the consumer's expense?"

He began very carefully and thoroughly, without ads, without floats, without radio. Following the formula for effective public-relations work, he first found out what the public was thinking, why the public distrusted the chains.

A general survey told him that 60 per cent of the voters favored the tax; that only 15 per cent of the newspaper stories on the subject favored the chains, the rest being neutral or opposed.

Francisco went on to question the various "publics." He had the chains' employees interviewed; then landlords, suppliers, bankers, then the customers.

A certain discontent among the employees became manifest; so Mr. Francisco let it be known, by word of mouth, very quietly, that wages were to be raised, hours shortened, and that the chains were willing to close on Sunday if their critics-competitors would; all this without mention of the tax. Later in the campaign the store managers formed clubs to direct local activities against the law, and Francisco arranged showings of a free play, "The Hold Up," and of a free movie, "The Spirit of '36," for the employees and their wives.

His agents called on the publishers of every weekly and daily paper in the State, hoping to discover their objections to the

chains and answer them. Mr. Francisco said later in his article:

"As the months wore on the percentage of neutral stories gradually declined and the percentage of favorable stories increased. During the month preceding the election, 79 per cent of the news stories and editorials that referred to the chain-store tax or the chains were favorable to the chains."

The farmers and fruit growers and the farmers' co-operatives, powerful in the State, distrusted the chains. Francisco arranged meetings between the parties to eradicate the causes of friction.

In the winter of '35-'36 California's peach growers had an unmanageable surplus on their hands; if it stayed there part of the following crop would be left to rot, affecting the canneries and employment.

The growers formed the California Canned Peach Stabilization Committee—a move said to have been inspired by Mr. Francisco. Then the Committee appealed to the chain stores for help, still, the public assumed, completely on its own initiative.

Hearing the plea, the chain owners agreed to co-operate. Together they controlled 37,500 stores in the nation; they took the peaches, put on weekly canned-peach drives everywhere, and wiped out the surplus with profit to all.

Mr. Francisco points out in his article:

"Important in the friend-making results of the peach drive were several points. The chain stores did not agree until a representative group of peach growers had requested it. Publicity about the proposed sales drive and its results was released not by the chain stores but entirely by the growers' committee. The seriousness of the situation was thoroughly publicized by the grower committee before any public announcement of chain assistance was made. After the drive, no chain-store organization made any public claim for credit. The chain-store tax was not discussed between chain stores and peach growers."

Later the same procedure moved surpluses of California dried fruits and avocados. And now the chains are using the plan elsewhere in the nation.

When ten months of his allotted year had passed, Francisco was able to survey a pleasing scene. The newspapers were supporting the chains. No less than 70 business, labor, and consumer organizations, including, ironically enough, the EPIC's, had gone on record against the chain store tax. All this had been accomplished with very little noise. During the latter months of course Francisco had attacked the tax, but in a mild way.

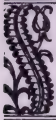
Under his supervision, the chains had staged an essay contest on such subjects as "Why I trade at chain stores," and "Why I will vote 'No' on proposition 22" (the tax referendum was No. 22 on the ballot). Also they had financed "California's Amateur Hour," over the Don Lee network.

Now, with two months to go and the independent stores advertising blatantly in opposition, the time had come for a routine campaign to prepare the voters. Francisco caused his slogan, "22 Is a Tax On You. Vote No," to appear everywhere—on billboards, car cards, and windshield stickers. The chains inserted it in packages and distributed anti-tax literature over their counters. On November 3, 1936, No. 22 was defeated in 57 counties out of the 58 in California. The chains had won by a landslide.

For the national chains, still concerned with taxes and public relations all over the country, the California victory was of course only a step. With that in mind, Don Francisco surveyed the voters after the election; he found that 43 per cent of those who voted for the tax did so because they disliked "big business"; and 27 per cent, he reported, "gave reasons that might be summarized as 'to soak the rich.'"

He left these facts with the national chains; and by this time, they have applied on a national scale the principles evolved out of the California campaign.

[This concludes this series of articles]



The Lion's Mouth



I'LL TAKE MY PARENTS SEPARATELY

BY GRETCHEN

I HAVE always felt extremely fortunate to be the daughter of divorced parents, and this notwithstanding the fact that some of my happiest memories are of my two parents riding together, coming in windblown and hungry, stirring up a chafing-dish of rarebit before a blazing fire in the back-parlor fireplace. Also memories of my two parents reading and chuckling together—father reading, mother chuckling—while I cut paper furniture on the floor and the two boys played ping-pong behind the double doors of the dining room. We were a happy family and that is why we have made good with our divorce. We always call it “our divorce” if we speak of it at all.

If children are to adjust themselves to a divorce with any serenity it is very important that they have happy memories of early days. Parents should think of this fact before they begin to grow apart. Those early days seem so very happy, so full of joy and contentment, that you cannot bear to have them spoiled. You would rather just go your separate ways than begin to yap at each other.

In our family the yapping began in dignified fashion, something like a stiff neck. Both my parents were too well-bred to bicker, and too clever. They went in for sarcasm and innuendo, but the total effect was the same as if they had yapped.

My father had inherited a large house, some money, and a profession. He did not work very hard. From the beginning my mother did everything better than my father except play tennis and sleep. My father could play tennis all day with one person after another. He played well

with all of them, scrubs and pros. Both sorts were always glad to play with him; he gave them fine exercise. No matter how long he played, he never got any better and he never got any worse. My mother could have been a good tennis player except that she would suddenly think of something else right in the middle of a stroke. She'd fling back her racket and catch sight of the clouds in the sky and just stand there enraptured by the way they piled themselves against the blue. The world was always being too beautiful for her to take it in. I have seen the tears run down her cheeks when she just happened to look out of the kitchen window at an apple tree in bloom. It was not any subjective grief which made her cry but a sort of inner glory which was too large for her. That was why she was not such a good sleeper as my father.

Sleep is very important. Probably it is the most important thing in life if you really want to live. When my father went to bed he went to sleep: the two acts were synonymous and simultaneous. Sometimes in the daytime he could worry pretty well but as soon as his head hit the pillow he had no more control over his worries; he slept. My mother was different. She did not exactly worry, because she always made plans as fast as she discovered difficulties, but she planned best when darkness gave her a sense of wholeness in the midst of current confusions. I can now see that it is a dreadful thing for two people to sleep in the same room if one of them goes to sleep quickly and the other slowly. Each one resents the other's method of going to sleep because it makes him feel to blame for his own method.

My father does not have very much ambition. That makes him a very com-

fortable person to live with, also it keeps him from urging anyone else to overwork; but it likewise keeps him from assisting in overwork. He says, "Let it go," and because he means his words honestly and would not scold if no dishes were washed for a week, he feels that he has done his full part. After that anyone who overworks does so at his own risk.

My mother always overworks and probably would even if she had a million dollars, except when she keeps near Ludwig, to whom she is now married. He takes all the heroics out of her, gently but firmly, a good deal the way you take wood-ticks out of a puppy. It is strange that he can be so adamant to her, even cold and indifferent, when it is quite plain that he adores her as he would a saint if he had any religion.

The reason my parents got a divorce was because mother wanted father to be some kind of a specialist or else to have a passion for serving humanity or else to make money so that we children could go to the best colleges and travel. Father did not wish to do any more studying or to rise early and go to bed late, and certainly he did not wish to write monographs about things he saw through a microscope. Also he had no passion for humanity although he would just as soon ride in smelly street cars with the common herd—which mother detested unless she could do someone some good. If a woman had a baby in the alley, as one did near us, my mother could take care of her like a trained nurse and give the woman her own bed and actually never know she was doing anything unusual until the neighbors mentioned it. But she hates smelly crowds. Righteous acts do not occur to my father, who really does not mind how sweaty crowds get. It is hard to tell which is the more social personality in the long run. When the Revolution comes it will be easier for father to be a proletarian, but still mother is the one who would fling her jewels into the public coffer if she had jewels and never think she had made a sacrifice.

It was over money that our parents

actually parted. Father thought we children could manage somehow to go to college when the time came, and if we did not why then we should probably be good, happy, useful citizens anyway. Mother said we had to go to college because it takes wisdom to have courage, and courage is about all parents can give their children in these days of change. Father said parents could give their children strong bodies and let them work for the rest. Mother said yes, give them strong bodies to be shot full of shrapnel because they were too dumb to keep their country out of war. Father said what could two boys and one girl, even providing women maintained the suffrage, do against a whole country? Mother said they could be three intelligent citizens with their emotions under control as was possible among civilized people who expected the cortex of their brain to control the thalamus. Father said a little learning was a mess and college might only teach us to handle words the way mother did. Mother said that college would also give us an understanding of democracy and a personal stake in it. Father said college had never yet done that for most of the graduates who paraded from the halls of learning. Mother said college could not do everything; she admitted heredity helped, but neither was heredity alone enough for this age. She said that if father did not exert himself at thirty-six he would be nowhere at fifty. She said she would get a job. He said all right, he believed in the freedom of women.

When our mother got a job she was very good at it because she had to handle a great many men. The way she handles men is to treat them all as if they were important to humanity but had never yet used half their resources in achieving service of distinction. The idea works with almost all of them except father. She did not have personal interest in them in the sense of wanting to be taken to dinner or given rare etchings and things, which is the sort of personal interest some women have in men. Father did not mind how many men thought she was

wonderful and he did not mind when she made more money than he did. He simply used more of his money to buy his own mother some Venetian blinds and to get a new car.

All the time my mother was having a job she also looked after the home quite easily and well. Of course she had help. She always had luck with maids. She expected a lot of them and let them plan their own work. She gave them keys to the front door and urged them to go to night school. I can see now that there was no reason why both parents should not work and still have a happy home life, except for one thing: my mother disapproved of herself for working, and underneath all of his acquiescence, father disapproved too. Mother felt she was not exactly a good woman or she would live on what father made and accept his limitations, financial and otherwise, as the natural delimitations of her world, just as people in the Swiss valleys accept being closed in by hills and do not dash about hunting far-flung wheat fields.

All three of us children were proud of mother and liked her ways better than the ways of the mothers of our friends, although the mothers of our friends went to bed at ten or eleven while our mother frequently worked most of the night. She brought home interesting company and sometimes she went out with interesting company, people who wrote books and had new ideas on education and staged plays and worked out hard problems in physics.

Father would rather play cards and read newspapers and fix doorknobs. He was very, very nice round the house. He did not get along so well with my brother Jim, who is just older than I, because Jim has a great deal of intellectual curiosity and was always wanting father to study out something with him, such as the entire field of posture education; or wanting the two of them to start a great movement for the state ownership of crematories all over the country. But father got along very well with my older brother, Randolph, who likes to make a garden better than

anything in the world and can tell things about seeds which most trained horticulturists do not understand. Father also got along well with me. When I was barely ten I could understand that what father needed most was someone to look up to him and think that the way he was could not be improved on, especially as he really knows a great deal. Also I discovered that just the sight of a woman in an apron made him feel comfortable. With his mind he approved of mother because he had common sense, but his emotions still lingered in the pleasant paths of his childhood. I catered to his needs, which took only a part of my mind and left another part of me free to understand how it was with mother.

All three of us children went away to school before the divorce, so there was no walking out of the door forever and all of that. We just naturally went to different places for the summer and then we just naturally went away to school.

At first it was a little queer, because when I thought of home I thought of the way things used to be and they were not that way any more. I had to think of both parents separately when ordinarily you think of parents in the same thought. Sometimes I felt as if the divorce had occurred within me instead of outside me. I could understand it all right, but as you understand a trick with words like a syllogism of a problem in geometry which does not change lives. But of course our divorce changed lives.

Randolph had rather a hard time because he was attached to father by common habits but he liked mother's quick thinking. Many of the boys in his school had divorced parents and so he seemed perfectly normal to the others. But he did not feel normal to himself. He had to think of some place as home, and he could never decide between the old place where father still was or the new place to which mother had moved. It was hard for him to get his lessons when he was not sure where home was, even in his mind. At our first vacation together Jim said that

we should keep our minds on the things ahead of us and not on the past. That seems a very ordinary idea and one which a person would think of for himself, but it was new to Randolph and me. After we did that we got very philosophic about our divorce.

The advantages are many in a divorce: In the first place, you do not take happy marriages for granted. You look at your friends and if a few of them have happy parents who like to be together because they get more out of life together, then you realize that here is an extraordinary situation which should be treated with respect. Happy marriages are not easy to come by because of the difficulty of knowing at twenty what you will be like at thirty. If your family has been divorced, then you will take great care about your own marriage if for no other reason than that you have seen the waste of energy caused by a poor marriage. You could be getting somewhere in life with that same energy.

Second, after a divorce you make more friends. If your two parents live together, then they are inclined to have the same friends with about the same interests. But if your parents live apart, then each has a very different set of friends. Being divorced makes a person more like himself. That is, because he is no longer influenced by the one he was married to, he drops the habits, including the people, who were not natural to him. He fairly blooms in his own habits. Being a separate personality once more, he attracts friends.

Third, if you have had a divorce in the family you learn to feel at home in time and space. You protect yourself from becoming too attached to a certain house or tree. You realize that the people who give significance to your favorite places may move away. It is more important to consider the persons themselves wherever you find them. So it is with our mother. She moves a great deal because Ludwig travels as he writes. But wher-

ever she is there is home for us, although we may never have seen the place before. Year after year, for five years, we have felt a security in the unknown because our mother was always moving through the unknown.

On the other hand, our father moves about very little. He stays in the old house with an old housekeeper and an increasing number of friends. When we go there we hope, in a way, that nothing is changed. But we say to ourselves that nothing could ever be changed as much as it has been changed, so we are prepared for any exigency.

A divorce helps you to appreciate things you might not notice much otherwise. Perhaps you wake in the night, a rainy night, and look out at the reflection of a street lamp on the black wet street. It is so lovely that you tremble with thinking you might not have awakened and might have missed it. You know that no matter what may go wrong with families, street lamps in the rain will always look that way. The same with the flaming hills of October. Others may think that leaves pass and are gone, but you know it is really leaves which stay. They are always leaves, as hills are hills, and autumn is autumn even in far countries and down far years.

You learn to depend upon nature. If you are fairly young when your family is divorced and feeling rather dreadful about the first idea of it, you cannot fly to your mother for comfort; that would only make it harder for her. You cannot weep into your father's tweed coat—not if he is in the coat—or it would seem to him as though you felt that he were to blame somehow. So you throw yourself full length on the ground and let the sun mother you along with the earth, or let the rain beat on you both until you are not sure which is you and which is grass. It is very good to learn these things young. They will help you later if you should fall in love with someone who is not in love with you.



The Easy Chair



THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

FOLLOWING the President's address to the newly convened Congress on the state of the nation, the Easy Chair went round to see Eli Potter. The hope was to get some prophecies that would still be good when this issue of HARPER's reached the newsstands. But Eli announced that he had broken his crystal and put away his buffalo skull in mothballs. You heard the applause when the President alluded to Jackson and Wilson, he said. Democratic audiences always applaud those names and it is also exhilarating to mention Jefferson, Madison, and Cleveland, although a widely held tenet nowadays is that 1929 vitiated all the teachings of earlier experience. On occasions when that tenet is abandoned you'd think that the audience might sometimes remember what happened to those five Democratic Presidents toward the end of their second terms. Maybe, just maybe, Mr. Roosevelt's address signified that he remembers.

When the Easy Chair asked if that last remark was a prophecy, Eli repeated that he had stored his buffalo skull. He had given up prophecy. At most he sometimes slew a bullock and looked at the entrails, or consulted the flight of birds above the Capitol or the fall of dice. Several prophecies were latent in the President's message, but Eli Potter would content himself with looking for omens.

The principal omen in the message, Eli said, is ocular: the change in Mr. Roosevelt's vision between 1933 and 1938. Looking round, he can see only some per-

plexity which hasn't any fear in it; terror and despair belong to 1933 only. If the rest of us see anything else, we've got spots before the eyes. If production has fallen off more sharply and unemployment has spread more rapidly in the past few months than ever they did in the years when there was some terror, Congress must get the news from the papers, which tell lies. The President would certainly have told Congress if he had heard anything about it.

The fate of President Hoover, Eli said, is especially unhappy in that the saying of his destined to be remembered longest is his assertion, at a time when the nation had only begun its slide toward the abyss, that prosperity was just round the corner. There was a statement that Charlie Michaelson did not write; he was free to hurl stinkbombs at it. But Charlie is out on a limb now. His left hand writes speeches for Mr. Ickes that would get a cabinet minister fired from office in the more scrupulous government of England, and his right hand composes assertions that nobody is afraid. Listen, Congress, prosperity is just round the corner: maybe some of the ogres who are making capitalism perish of its own abuses are perplexed but nobody is scared. So you needn't be.

Let us remember that assurance, Eli said. Whether we do or not, we can be sure that our successors will remember it.

The newspapers say, Eli went on, that Mr. Thurman Arnold's excellent book, *The Folklore of Capitalism*, is required reading among the intellectuals who com-

pose Mr. Roosevelt's kitchen cabinet. It is to be hoped that Mr. Arnold will soon supplement it with another book to be called approximately, *Homeopathic Magic in the New Deal*. . . . Here Eli frowned at the Easy Chair. You are permitted to go Republican only on the mornings after Mr. Ickes has delivered another of Charlie Michaelson's speeches, he said, and I don't want any propaganda from you now. Sure we say we have balanced the budget every time we blast it open still wider. Sure we declare that monopolies have got to go but let the anti-trust acts decay, drop a depth-bomb on the Supreme Court when it voids NRA, establish price-fixing as the basis of our retail selling, call the manufacturers in to plan production, and organize agriculture on a monopoly basis. Sure we believe that international peace can best be attained through the Hull trade agreements, and devise agricultural adjustments that hamstring those agreements. Sure we deplore sectionalism and then endeavor to obliterate the States in favor of the sections. But don't let this make a Republican out of you or you'll end up hand in hand with the kitchen cabinet.

For government always manifests a tension produced by the conflict between the politicians, whose job is to make things work, and the intellectuals whose job is to rationalize the politicians but who frequently misconceive their function. To make things work is the hardest job in the world, and both the high politics and the low politics are indispensable to it—and inseparable. The intellectuals love high politics but scorn the low. The first duty of any politician is to stay in office and the first duty of any party is to retain its power. The kitchen cabinet ignores that basic fact, and much of the confusion that offends you periodic Republicans springs from such forgetfulness. Mr. Roosevelt does not forget it. He has to keep in solution the historic elements of the Democratic party which are historically discordant. If you think it is easy to make the Southern agriculturists and manufacturers lie down in amity with the

proletariat of the Eastern metropolises—to name only two of the natural enemies that must be harmonized—you might reflect on the second Administrations I have mentioned.

Mr. Roosevelt is at his best when he is remembering low politics, Eli said, and at his worst when he joins his kitchen cabinet in forgetting them. When Mr. Arnold comes to write about homeopathic magic he will name as fundamental the belief that nothing we learned up to 1929 has any validity now. That makes John Dickinson just a sleeping partner in the House of Morgan: John Dickinson, who warned the Constitutional Convention that experience must be its only guide since reason might betray it. The kitchen cabinet knows it was fallacious to suppose with Mr. Hoover that there was a new era in economics in 1928; on the other hand, there has been a new era since March 4, 1933. The President looks not too brilliant when he agrees with this doctrine. Thus in his speech on the state of the nation, one passage is warm with resentment of sectional interests and hope that they will abate on command. Just name them and they'll cease.

Less than a month before that speech was delivered, the Wages and Hours bill, which was one of the President's schemes, had been defeated in Congress. Various causes produced that defeat, but the one that outweighed all the others was sectional interest. All experience up to 1929 may be worthless, but here was experience stamped 1937, and it could not be explained away as some personal devils getting together in Wall Street and taking another blood oath. Far from it. A large part of Wall Street loved that bill, and Boston's State Street positively worshipped it. But the sectional interest licked it.

The sections are facts. They were facts before 1929 and they still are. In the entire history of the United States you can find no occasion when they have not been one of the absolute conditions of government (even of Andrew Jackson's government) and few occasions when they

have not been the final condition. Legislative programs have had to operate within limits set by the sections, and parties have prospered just as long as they were able to equilibrate sectional interests. Whatever national movements have temporarily arisen have always split up again along the section lines. All other analyses, including that by classes, yield to the analysis by sections, and a month ago it was once more made clear that the most class-conscious worker in a Massachusetts cotton mill had a stronger common interest with his exploiting employer than with his brothers who were being exploited in a Southern cotton mill.

When Mr. Arnold writes his new book he will have to spend some time with the animism called "Business," an invalid, an ogre, a spoiled child, a giant, a whiner, a braggart, an anarchist, a fascist, a conspiracy, and (once more, after obscure years) an octopus. It will be interesting if he determines just which members of the Administration believe that it is one, or several, of those beings; for if we are very silly to think of a corporation as a person, how bright is it to think of Business as a vampire bat? But Mr. Arnold, approaching the President more closely, will examine an assumption that seems to be his rather than his counselors'. The President has said repeatedly that the expenditures of the past five years were to be underwritten by the taxes on business profits and on the incomes that flow from them, taxes which would increase as business prosperity increased. Yet he has sanctioned measure after measure clearly designed not to regulate the system of profits from which taxes were to come but to transform it. That seems odd to the verge of schizophrenia, but it is even odder, when the transformations reduce tax-yield, to explain that a personal devil is conducting a general strike against the New Deal. Every nineteenth-century political experiment in America that set out to destroy the profit system postulated the unaltered continuation of that system as a necessary condition of the experiment's success. The New Deal ac-

cepts the same postulate and it would seem that not all experience was changed forever in 1929.

But here, Eli said, the President's message turns to pure prophecy. We are going, Mr. Roosevelt promises us, and without much trouble at that, to raise the national income to ninety or a hundred million dollars a year. We are going to do so by altering the existing ratios of incomes. If we play Going to Jerusalem we can get a good tug on our bootstraps. If those favorite characters of fiction, the Sixty Families, make less money, why the farmers will make more. If the farmers don't make enough more, we will pay them benefits out of the general funds, to which the Sixty Families will be less able to contribute but which will be swelled by the taxes levied on the farmers. If the farmers' taxes don't balance the gratuities, that will be just too bad, and you are pretty low if you apply the epithet "economy of scarcity" to the Administration's effort to limit the productivity of farmers—and their tax levies. Six times two doesn't make any more than two times six, but the difference between sixty-eight billions of annual income now and ninety billions hereafter can easily be created by wishing. Up till 1929 production was the only way of creating wealth. It is certainly true that a bushel of wheat and a pair of shoes which you can't sell are not wealth, in 1938 or any other year, but wheat not grown and shoes not made won't be wealth even in November, 1940. You can give them a valuation at the bank if you own the bank, but you can't give them a value in money which represents wealth.

That is prophecy by faith, but a sterner kind appears when the President moves on to governmental expense. He tells us that we are going to stabilize the expenditures of government at about seven billion dollars a year. That is fourteen per cent higher than the income of the government in the best year it ever had, and just under thirty per cent higher than its average income over the best half-dozen years. Mr. Roosevelt intimates in his

message, and has said outright at other times, that we are not going to raise taxes. He is on solid ground there, the solidest in his message: we aren't going to. Mr. Roosevelt doesn't finish his prophecy, doesn't tell us how we are going to get the rest of that seven billion. But the answer is easy enough.

We had a real prophet a few years back, Eli said dreamily, a prophet who wasn't bemused by nuances. His name was Huey Long. All we had to do to establish fascism in this country, Huey said, was to say we were establishing it to prevent the establishment of fascism. He added that all those who were most afraid of fascism would hail this preventive with delight. There is no conspiracy of business men of course, and there is no conspiracy of influential intellectuals in the New Deal. But there are circumstances. And circumstances have a dangerous way of piling up in far different combinations from those you counted on—or planned for. The road looks fine when you plot it out but a creek gets washed out and you have to make a detour you didn't allow for.

We have established a tax on the lowest incomes in the nation, which seemed quite impossible, by the simple expedient of calling it a contribution to social security. There have been plenty of howls, but none of them has come from the lowest-income group. It seems quite impossible to produce a government income of seven billion dollars and a national income of ninety billion. But if you own the bank, or can train a siege gun on it, you won't have much difficulty. And we may confidently count on any Administration's explaining that when it waters the currency it isn't inflating it. Water is not air.

So there we are. The nation is heading into the breakers, but Congress gets no word of it from the President, whose plain purpose is to make Congress look helpless. The money which paid for the last ride in the surf is used up, but the executive branch doesn't mention that fact to the legislative branch. The last

trip just about exhausted the elasticity of the middle class, which had to absorb the shocks, and it probably can't stand another one; but Congress must learn that when the papers say anything like that they are trying to black the Administration's eye, just like the conspiring business men who refuse to make money because they want to spite the Administration.

Before 1929 repealed experience, it was made clear that there were three things which a government could do in such a situation, one of which would actually work. The one which would work was to raise taxes, and everybody, especially the President, knows we aren't going to do that. The other two were to make war and to inflate the currency, both of which start off well. It would be easy enough these days to make a war. But after all the decisive date is November, 1940, and you can't calculate the curve of a war closely enough to depend on it. What you want is a kind of marijuana that will be at the peak of its effect in that November and the preceding three months.

That, Eli said, is high politics. Our one hope comes from the fact that the high cannot be separated from the low. High politics counsel you to avoid at all costs the Administrative disintegration that marked the last years of five Democratic second terms. But in order to avoid it you have got to arrange things so that not only the ogre Business but also Congress shall seem to be ignoring your mandate from the people. In other words, I don't want to inflate the currency but a business conspiracy and the aimless rebellion of Congress are forcing me to. All right . . . maybe. But what happens if, before the summer of 1940, before the summer of 1938 even, first Congress and then the mandate break up along the lines of the sections? Somebody should put on the reading list of the kitchen cabinet a plain, unvarnished account of the second Administrations of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Cleveland, and Wilson.



Harpers *Magazine*

BUT IS THERE A FEDERAL DEFICIT?

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

IN WASHINGTON, under the crystal chandeliers of the big Senate hearing room, two men were talking across the table. One of them was Senator Byrnes, the Chairman of the Committee on Unemployment and Relief, the other was Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman of the Board of the Chase National Bank. According to the record, the Senator and the banker had happened to meet that morning, and the banker had consented to come to the afternoon hearing and give his advice informally on the problems facing the Committee.

Under the circumstances neither senator nor banker could be expected to weigh each word of the informal questions and answers nor to take responsibility for all the divergent trains of thought that their words might set in motion. On the other hand, it is proper to sit in with the official reporter and the newspaper representatives and listen to the public conversation of these two men, and then to speculate on the consequences that might flow from such ideas as they expressed.

Senator Byrnes: Do you consider the

conservation of soil and forests a good investment?

Mr. Aldrich: Definitely yes, sir.

Senator Byrnes: If the United States were a business corporation dealing with you you would consider an expenditure for conserving assets of that kind as a sound use of funds, would you?

Mr. Aldrich: Yes.

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Senator Byrnes: If the Government spends money for purposes of that character you would consider it in a different class from expenditures that were not conserving assets?

Mr. Aldrich: Yes, I would.

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Senator Byrnes: Would you think that a public work of undoubted value would have to be self-liquidating in order to make it a sound investment, or would you consider it in some instances just as the construction of the home office of a corporation might be; it might bring no dividends but it would be essential? It would be an investment of the corporation.

Mr. Aldrich: I think, undoubtedly, there are a great many public works that are necessary that are not self-liquidating.

Senator Byrnes: And they would, undoubtedly, be of value, such things as a school building or a bridge?

Mr. Aldrich: Undoubtedly.

Senator Byrnes: You would not think it was an unwise policy on the part of a corporation to issue bonds to construct a home office building or a thing of that kind?

Mr. Aldrich: No, sir.

In these few minutes of quiet talk history may have been made, but if it was there was no excitement about it at the time. Perhaps the newspaper men had heard the same ideas before. The ideas expressed are not new though they have had little public discussion in this country. Back in 1932 Senator Byrnes introduced a bill directing the Government to adopt the usual business practice of separating capital investments from the operating budget. The business form of budget is used in Australia, and the country's credit is good. But the United States was not ready for such a change in 1932. The New Deal budget was set up to show ordinary and emergency accounts, a distinction that failed to impress the critics of the Administration. More recently, however, from half a dozen different sources in Congress and outside have come criticisms of the lack of information about our public investments.

If the Federal Government is regarded as a business corporation, according to the principles that Senator Byrnes and Mr. Aldrich were discussing, the striking conclusion is that no one knows whether the budget is balanced or not.

Anyone can see with half an eye, as was pointed out in a previous article,* that the nation's budget of production and consumption is not balanced. We consume more than we produce, despite the surplus in a few lines such as cotton and corn. We make up the difference by liquidating our natural resources. We

know that the nation is living by destroying its capital, though we do not yet know the exact amount of our deficit.

With the Federal budget the case is different. The good old days when the Government cured every depression by giving away the public domain to all comers have passed forever. To-day the Government is building up its property, not tearing it down. Anyone can see that the Government is investing money each year in new capital assets. It is also borrowing money. But no one knows whether it is piling up a book surplus or falling behind. If we are going to try to find a sensible answer to public financial questions it seems evident that a good way to begin would be to strike a balance and see how we stand.

II

The essential peculiarity of the Federal budget is that it does not show a clear distinction between investment and spending.

A corporation may have an income of two million dollars and expenses of one and a half million. Its budget is not only balanced: there is half a million profit; the stockholders are well satisfied that the company is in the black. But suppose that during the year the company has issued five million dollars' worth of bonds and has built a new plant worth five million dollars. Its debt has increased. Is it, therefore, in the red? On the contrary, the stockholders note with satisfaction that the company is bigger and presumably richer than ever.

But note what happens when the Federal Government plants trees on its own land. Senator Byrnes and Mr. Aldrich are not alone in considering this to be a sound investment. In 1936 the Government planted 215 million trees in the national forests, at a cost of \$1,828,000. To pay for this work, the Government has issued bonds and has increased the national debt. It reported this expenditure as an expense, added with the rest to give us an unbalanced budget. The fact that the Government added nearly two mil-

* Balance What Budget?, by David Cushman Coyle, HARPER'S, Oct. 1937.

lion dollars' worth of young trees to its assets is left out of account.

The Government gives a list of assets in its budget report, but in its general treatment of the budget it lumps the investments with other expenses and tries to balance the whole sum by the revenue of each year.

Any corporation that will not make any capital investments except out of its current income is not only being extremely conservative but is also imposing on itself limitations that may easily become disastrous. A common example is the manufacturer who sees his competitors putting in a new process by which their costs will become less than his own. If he refuses to follow suit because he fears to go in debt he may have to pay for his conservatism by losing his business.

Governments, while they are less likely to be run out of business than some industries, are equally subject to losses if they cannot keep up to date. For example, there are some 15,000 one-room, one-teacher schools in this country, with less than eight pupils per school. The Little Red Schoolhouse is a romantic theme of song and story, but in brutal fact it costs about \$200 per year per pupil to run one of these romantic institutions. A consolidated school with 40 or more pupils can be operated at a cost of \$50 or less per year per head, provided the roads are good enough for economical bus transportation.

The rural school districts with their high-cost schools are heavily burdened with expense, overstraining the taxpayers and leaving no surplus for repairs or textbooks. A building program is usually beyond the capacity of the local budgets; for a new school building requires a capital investment of about \$400 per pupil, and many of the local governments are already over their ears in debt. But if only half of these 15,000 smallest schools are favorably situated for consolidation there is a good opportunity to invest some \$12,000,000. About 30,000 children could be put into modern grade schools for this sum, making an annual saving of \$4,500,-

000, or 37 per cent. The Office of Education estimates that all together about 1,000,000 children could be moved into larger schools at a total saving of about 50 million dollars a year. Incidentally, their schooling would be improved, not to speak of sanitation. But these latter points are intangibles, which a bank would set down at a value of one dollar.

Everyone agrees that what the country needs, in addition to kind words from the White House, is more investment in capital goods. Is there any reason why the government, while patting the backs of worried business men, should not do a little investing in its own business? Yes, there is a reason. When the government makes an investment everyone calls it spending. I am one of those who have called it spending and who have said that spending was what this country needed. The fact is still there, but the name was wrong. It is time to adopt a more accurate vocabulary. When the Federal Government borrows a billion dollars and buys a billion dollars' worth of valuable assets it is no more unbalancing its budget than is a corporation that borrows a million dollars and uses the money to buy a million dollars' worth of property. The bookkeeping methods of the Treasury should make this fact clear. Then we could begin to see what we are about.

III

Corporations do not always invest their capital wisely and neither do governments. That is another reason for wanting the bookkeeping to represent the facts as accurately as possible. Even with the best of bookkeeping we shall need to understand clearly what sort of a business our government is, and what kinds of investment it can properly credit to its capital account.

The chief job of government is not that of a manufacturer but is more nearly that of a broker or business agent. Through government we buy various goods and services at wholesale, usually at a distinct saving compared with the price of similar

products bought at retail. The reason we use government to supply us with roads, schools, police protection, postal service, and national defense is simply that we cannot get these benefits so cheaply in any other way, if at all. As our agent, the government builds or buys physical plant, durable goods, and property of all sorts; like any merchant, it has both inventory and plant which expand as the business grows.

Like any merchant, the Government has intangible assets, which are by no means to be neglected. The chief of these intangibles is the taxpaying ability of the citizens or the ability of the government to collect revenues. This asset is comparable to the going value of a business concern. A progressive corporation will spend millions of dollars on an advertising campaign to increase its future income and, therefore, its going value. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends large sums to promote health and cut down the death rate of its policyholders. On the same principle, the Government spends money, for example, to conserve the soil, from which future taxes will come.

Mr. Aldrich told Senator Byrnes that he considered soil conservation a sound investment, but it is difficult to find a way of crediting to the Federal budget the values created by the improvement of privately owned farm land. The land will not even pay Federal taxes. But someone will pay Federal taxes, if the land is fertile and productive, who would not be able to pay if the land should become desolate and the market town a deserted ruin. Soil conservation with the help of Federal money is a true investment in future Federal revenue, but it is not one that can be easily measured. Probably the best procedure is to list it at only one dollar, but to list it as an asset, so as to keep the fact from being overlooked that, though not measured, it is still a real investment.

In its capacity as buying agent and as managing agent for various public properties, the Government is required to col-

lect the costs from the people for whom it is acting. These costs are collected in two ways: by fees and charges on the one hand, and by taxes on the other. There is no absolute difference between these two kinds of public revenue. There is a wide borderline where the choice between toll services paid by the consumer and "free" services paid by the taxpayer is entirely a matter of convenience.

In the bookkeeping, however, a toll bridge is different from a free bridge in the fact that tolls are thought to be more certain than general tax revenues. The toll bridge is said to be "self-liquidating" because the people pay for it directly as they use it. In the same way, municipal bonds bought by the PWA for the Federal Government are held as self-liquidating investments because they are paid by local consumers or taxpayers without calling on Congress to levy taxes.

This distinction between "self-liquidating" property, on which the costs can be collected by direct fees or assessments, and ordinary property to be paid for out of general taxes, must be recognized in Federal bookkeeping if the balance sheet is to be easily accepted as valid by the public.

The degree to which new public assets can be fully credited against expenditures will necessarily depend, therefore, on how clearly they can be proved to have a definite capital value. At the head of the list will come self-liquidating paper, such as municipal bonds and private notes and mortgages in proportion to their probable repayment. Next comes self-liquidating property owned by the Federal Government, such as certain national forest areas, with proper allowances for increase and decrease in value. Third is necessary physical plant for the efficient carrying on of public business, such as a post office which actually saves in rental costs, also with proper allowance for depreciation. Last is the long list of intangibles, including soil conservation, aids to navigation, education, public health, and scientific research, all of undoubted value but not clearly measurable in dollars.

Business men who, in their own affairs, insist on efficient machinery and adequate maintenance will naturally insist on the same principle in public affairs when the bookkeeping is done in a way to show the true conditions. Business men are most insistent that the Federal budget should be balanced; but no one is clear as to whether, in the common business meaning of the words, the budget is balanced or not.

There is, accordingly, a certain inconsistency in the thought that lies back of the advice pouring into Washington. This inconsistency of standards cannot be suddenly rectified by a magazine article, or even by a pronouncement from the White House. But a beginning could be made if the Government would distinguish between its capital budget and its expense budget. If a bookkeeping system, set up and checked by a well-recognized firm of public accountants, should show the Federal government to be in the black, a large part of the fear that now oppresses the American people would disappear.

When we come to realize that much of our expenditure can properly be charged to capital account, we may easily go so far, so that no sensible business men would not admit the soundness of the bookkeeping. First steps should, therefore, be cautious, and a highly conservative attitude should be adopted.

First let it be admitted that if a profitable opening for public capital exists, and the money to invest is not available from revenue, it is a good economy to seize the opportunity even with the use of borrowed money. This is the practice of well-managed private business, and it should be possible to apply the principle to public business.

The year 1938 is one in which many good openings for public investment are offered, but revenues are not sufficient to cover all the opportunities. Therefore the Government should select a number of public works that are clearly recognizable as new assets, and transfer them to capital accounts, so as to release a part of

the current revenue for investment in intangible but useful operations.

The capital list might include loans for local public works, such Federal buildings as are shown to produce a money saving in operating costs, the self-liquidating fraction of multiple-purpose projects such as the TVA, and a conservative percentage of the cost of forestation work on public land. Housing loans, and rehabilitation loans to farmers, and any other private business paper acquired by the Government in course of helping business revival, may properly be listed as assets in the proportion in which experience shows such loans to be usually repaid. Against the addition to assets there should of course be a write-off for depreciation and obsolescence.

Note that WPA projects, where the completed property becomes an asset of a State or municipality, are not included here as Federal investments. Neither are subsidies to soil conservation on private land, to education, or to public health. All these operations are investments more or less, but they cannot be listed as having any definite asset value to the Federal Government without arousing uncertainty and distrust. They should, therefore, be financed out of current revenue, without forgetting, however, that they add largely to the wealth of the American people in general.

The Government need not take credit for all public investments, tangible and intangible, because the true surplus of revenues over current non-investment expenses is so large that the Treasury can afford to be thoroughly conservative. No exact figures are available because of the traditional method of bookkeeping. It would take an official order and considerable expense to make over the accounts so as to show the investment or expense status of each item of expenditure. But in the 1938 budget there are two items called Investments and Acquisitions of Property that are probably more or less the same items that a corporation would put in its capital account. These items total \$1,630,000,000. Another item that

may shed some light on the amount of investments is one called "recovery and relief expenditures up to Oct. 31, 1936." This shows a total of 17 billion dollars, of which nearly 7 billions is "repayable."

In the absence of detailed analysis, it seems reasonable to suppose that the Federal budget each year includes a billion dollars that would be admitted as additions to assets if the United States were a business corporation dealing with a conservative bank. If that is correct, the budget is almost "in the black," in the common meaning of the words as they are used in private business. If the budget is nearly balanced—and a small increase of taxation will produce a surplus—there is no need for letting budgetary troubles stand in the way of efficient operation of the public services. In private business the only excuse for poor equipment and wasteful economics is absolute inability to get money enough to afford more profitable methods. With proper bookkeeping it should become evident that the Government can afford to do a good job. True economy calls for appropriations that will do away with some of the present loss and inefficiency.

IV

To quote Alexander Hamilton: "How is it possible that a government half supplied and always necessitous, can fulfill the purposes of its institution, can provide for the security, advance the prosperity, or support the reputation of the commonwealth? . . . How can its administration be anything else than a succession of expedients temporizing, impotent, and disgraceful? How will it be able to avoid a frequent sacrifice of its engagements to immediate necessity? How can it undertake or execute any liberal or enlarged plans for the public good?" (Federalist, Dec. 28, 1787.)

For example, it is inefficient to require that WPA workers should be chosen from relief rolls. They should be drawn from the rolls of the U. S. Employment Service, without requiring proof of pauperization.

This reform would take more money, but the real returns would be higher.

It is inefficient to pay prevailing wages on WPA for part-time work, causing the workers to look for other part-time jobs, in which they accept low wages and demoralize the market. Full-time work might cost a little more, but the benefits would offset the extra cost.

It is inefficient to require heavy contributions from local "sponsors" for WPA projects. The effect is to skimp other local services, increasing the need for relief and disorganizing the local governments. A more generous policy would pay dividends in the long run.

It is inefficient to relieve the Federal budget at the expense of municipal budgets, because local taxes are chiefly on real estate, and a rise in local taxes will injure property values. Federal taxes can be placed on personal incomes without injuring business or property values.

It is inefficient to cut the allowance for overhead on any kind of public relief, because experience has amply shown that crowded relief offices result in chiseling, mistakes, and waste of many kinds. It is no accident that the City of Washington, for example, where relief overhead is kept to a minimum, stands near the wrong end of the list in tuberculosis, juvenile delinquency, and crime. The fact that a dollar saved on relief administration wastes a dollar or more in crime is well established by the studies that are on record.

It is inefficient to cut the CCC, when the work that it can do still needs to be done. Much of the work of the CCC is of a kind that cannot be admitted to the Federal list of investments because it serves to improve local or private property. But it is sound investment in land, trees, and boys nevertheless, and to cut the CCC is to waste resources for the sake of a false economy.

It is inefficient to economize on the service of public health, for it is cheaper to spend ten dollars to keep one workman from getting syphilis, than to have him become unemployable and infectious.

Why do we now practice all these kinds

of inefficiency and many more besides? Because the Federal budget seems to be unbalanced. The Federal budget is probably not unbalanced. The chances are that it is really piling up a surplus. No private business with good credit facilities and good management would operate in such a slipshod manner. By being over-conservative and straining for the ideal of paying for all our investments out of current revenue we fall just enough short of the ideal to throw us into a state of penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness.

This point should be made clear. An intangible investment such as public health is just as sound an investment as the Bonneville Dam, and maybe a good deal sounder. I am not suggesting that in order to ease the budget we should confine our Federal operations to self-liquidating construction projects. I am suggesting that by removing from the budget all capital items that a bank would admit as assets in examining a private corporation we can make room for the intangible investment items and can put them on an efficient basis. In any case there is bound to be a large proportion of sound investment concealed in the current expense account of the Government.

V

There are several collateral points that have to be considered, though they cannot take much space in a magazine article.

One point is the relation of capital debt to inflation. In the universal demand for an expansion of private investment the danger of inflation is not considered, but a proposal to borrow a few billions more for public investment will immediately be met by cries of fear lest we start a runaway inflation. The relation between borrowing and inflation is the same in private as in public capital expansion. It is quite simple.

If the capital is borrowed from banks that deal in check-account money, money is created by the borrowing; it is inflation.

If the capital is borrowed from people, insurance companies, savings banks, or

others who cannot create credit, the money is not created; it is not an inflation. The exceptions to these two rules are not important for the present discussion.

The financing of the Government deficit during the depression was chiefly through banks; it was in the main inflationary. That was good at the time because there was a scarcity of money. At present there is no scarcity of money. New borrowings, private or public, ought to be largely from sources that do not create new money.

With suitable co-ordination between Treasury and Federal Reserve, the Government can borrow and invest money as any private business can do, with little or no inflation.

There is another principle that applies to Federal debts as distinguished from municipal or corporate debts. The Federal taxing power covers practically all those to whom the Federal Government owes money. To a considerable extent the taxpayers and the creditors are the same people. In so far as the bonds are distributed in the same proportion as the tax load they are book items of no weight. All that has happened is that the taxpayers have invested in assets held for their account by the government, and have accepted bonds on which they will pay the interest to themselves. The difference between this way of financing and paying for the assets directly by taxation is not as great as it seems to be. Federal debts are, therefore, partly self-cancelling, and are accordingly on a sounder basis than any conventional business book-keeping would show. The chief reason for not paying the bonds is that the creditors do not want them paid.

The principle that the French call "*fonds perdus*," or the asset without debt, represents an ideal like the New England conscience that yields its best fruits when cultivated with moderation. Whenever the Government can buy a valuable property for cash out of its surplus revenues that investment is peculiarly sound from the political point of view. The funds are "lost," or written off. No interest has

to be paid on them. Any profit resulting from the investment appears to be pure gravy. The principle is not one of economics but of human nature. If we invest for future profits and make no written promises about paying them, we soon forget the cost; when the results come in we get a pleasant surprise. Any democratic government does well to lay up pleasant surprises for the voters instead of unpleasant ones like 1929.

But though it is undoubtedly good politics to make only such investments as can be paid for out of current revenue, it is bad politics and bad economics to fail to make necessary investments and thus lay up trouble for the future. The principle of cutting our capital outlay to fit our cash surplus can be carried to an unprofitable extreme. To lie awake worrying because some of our investment was made with borrowed money is hardly necessary. It is like a New England housekeeper who has reached a stage where her much needed sleep is disturbed by fears that dust may have settled on the mantel when she opened the door to let the cat out.

Like any well-established corporation, this nation is a going concern, with good credit and access to capital. Whenever there is a good opening for new capital in its business the company will lose if it fails to take advantage of the opening. Such opportunities come up in Washington almost every day—as for example the suggestion of the president of the Pittsburgh Coal Company last January that the Government buy coal reserves. The Government could hold these coal lands off the market, to relieve the pressure of royalty payments that forces the opening of new mines and leads by a short and obvious chain of cause and effect to heavy public relief burdens. Everyone agrees that it would be profitable, but “we haven’t the money.” Why not? If we could make the investment out of surplus income, so much the better. But if we have to borrow the money at three and one-half per cent to make a saving of several times as much, that is not a national disaster. The national disaster is more

likely to follow if we are too cautious to protect ourselves against future expense.

Although there are certain political advantages in building up public assets without public debt, there is another side to the matter that every banker or trustee will recognize. Banks, insurance companies, foundations, and universities must have a supply of gilt-edged bonds to serve as the foundation of their investment portfolios. U. S. Government bonds are the standard for this purpose.

Consider the operations of the Home Owners Loan Corporation, a Federal concern which has taken over a great mass of unsound home mortgages. Many of these loans were a year or more behind with their interest and taxes. They were no comfort to the banks and insurance companies that held them. But when the Federal Government threw them all into one pool, using money borrowed on its own credit at a low rate of interest, this mass of sour loans turned into a sound investment in which the HOLC will have little if any loss, and perhaps a modest profit. Meanwhile the private institutions, in place of these highly questionable mortgages, were supplied with gilt-edged Federal debt. They growled about New Deal extravagance, but they oversubscribed the Treasury issues five to ten times.

It should be made clear that one of the duties of the national Government is to buy and sweeten certain kinds of business paper, turning it into national debt that is almost or entirely self-supporting, and that is available for institutions to carry in their vaults as an investment backlog. It should also be made clear to frightened taxpayers that debt of this kind will not be paid out of taxes. In fact it will probably become a revolving fund and never be paid at all. Taxpayers who tremble at the burden that is going to crush their children and grandchildren are mainly the victims of inaccurate Treasury book-keeping. War debts may have to be paid out of taxes, because the assets for which the money was spent have been thrown, pointed end forward, at the enemy.

But self-supporting Federal debts are no mortgage on the revenue system. On the contrary, they are the standard ballast that business concerns use to prevent being upset by sudden squalls.

VI

Suppose you are the owner of a chemical plant, located on a river above a growing city. You have received a court order to cease polluting the river water. Your engineer offers you two plans. The first plan is to put in a purification plant at a cost of \$100,000, from which you will get no return except the privilege of continuing in business. The second plan is to remodel your plant to use a new process that salvages the waste chemicals and does not pollute the stream. The second plan will cost \$200,000 but will add \$150,000 to the productive value of your business. Which is the cheaper—to spend \$100,000 net or to invest \$200,000 at a net loss of only \$50,000? Other things being equal, almost any business man would choose the second plan.

Now suppose you are the responsible head of a government, with a mandate from the sovereign people. The people will continue the mandate of democratic government only on one of two conditions. First is that you give them one billion dollars of straight relief, for which you get no return except the temporary foiling of the villain who lurks in the shadows. The alternative is that you put two billion dollars into public works, with not over half a billion wasted. Which is the cheaper?

Believe it or not, many people still feel that a billion down a rat hole is cheaper than two billions invested. They are not to blame for feeling this way. It is the Government's fault. The Government ought to learn how to do its bookkeeping so that this optical illusion would not be fostered by an unbusinesslike accounting system.

Our Federal Government is the agent of the American people, appointed by the people to buy, manage, and distribute various goods and services that for one reason or another cannot be profitably or efficiently handled by private business. In relation to the public debt, the government business can be divided into three categories. First is the list of profitable assets which the government buys for public use and which it holds and manages in the public interest. Any such asset can properly be bought with borrowed money, to be repaid out of the profits of the property itself. There is no need to pay for such acquisitions by means of taxes unless the people wish to pay in that way so as to save interest. In fact, if too much of this public debt should be paid off, banks and insurance companies would be hard put to it to find sound investment for their money.

Second is the list of profitable investments such as schools and public health, which the government buys and distributes to the smaller governments or to the public.

The third category is made up of current public services, such as national defense and the deficit portion of the postal service, which are more properly classed as running expenses of our national life.

The second and third classes of expenses should be paid for out of tax revenues, not necessarily in the same year that they occur, but within a reasonable time. If they are so paid, the budget will be balanced.

Once the people understand this distinction, they can be shown that the Federal finances are in a sound condition and that a bold policy of building up the material and human resources of the nation is not beyond our means. Let us hope that this understanding may come soon, for the lack of it is the chief cause of our present confusion, our widespread fear of the future, and our costly delay in putting men to work.



THE WHITE CAMEL

A STORY

BY EUGENE WRIGHT

IT WAS high noon. Nothing moved, nothing stirred. There was no sound. Over the entire wasteland, strewn with sand, ribbed by dunes, dotted with rocks, there was nothing to indicate that life survived; that in all the world there existed the phenomena of green grass, water, and human beings. The only thing visible in the blue sky was the sun. It blazed at the zenith, gaseous and incandescent, searing again the hide of a land suppressed, tremulous with the day, sustained by its memory of the night.

But all was not dead in the land. In a depression of the desert, a depression so slight as to be invisible to a man afoot, grew a small tree. Its trunk was knotted and ribbed. Its branches were thorny. Tiny green leaves, paler than winter plants, grew from the stems of these branches. Blossoms—not larger than a penny, grew among the thorns. They were yellow blossoms, soft and round with brown stamens. About this tree clung the faint, delicate odor of mimosa.

The sun wavered. A spiral of wind appeared momentarily on the horizon. Another, holding a dry weed, swept past the tree and vanished, dropping the weed. The figure under the tree did not move. It appeared not to breathe. In the ponderous heat of noon it lay with its head up, crossed by a bar of shade, its forefeet under its chest, its great hump in silhouette against a wavering horizon.

It was a large camel—not so large, however, as the dromedaries of the Sudan,

where the rank grasses and heavy rains grow beasts out of all proportion to their strength. Neither was he thick of body like the Algerian camels, whose barrel chests and short legs are bred for commerce. His chest was deep and narrow, his hips were slenderer than a man's. There was a great length of bone from shoulder to knee and from knee to hock. Through all that part of Africa known as the Sahara there was no swifter camel, and in all that dry, mountainous region known as the Hoggar, where he was born and raised, there had been none more beautiful to see, more responsive to the pressure of a foot, more resistant to the forced marches, months without water and days without food.

But he was not now so white as during those years when he had worn a copper ring in his nostril and picked his way at sundown among the guy ropes of a Tuareg camp. The herbs of soils other than those of the Hoggar had turned the glistening whiteness of his coat to a deep ivory. There were yellowish streaks along his hocks and there was a shade deepening into ochre from the tufted crest of his head to the curve of his neck. The years too had told, for there were hollows above his eyes and the tendons were visible in his legs. But for all of that—for all his change of color and the marks of advanced age—he was still outstanding and would have been singled from a herd and ridden without a whip by a great chief.

All through the burning heat of mid-day he rested, adjusting his position as the hours passed to the retreating shade; and when at length the gray focus of the tree was too small for comfort his eyes opened. His hind quarters came up, one foreleg slapped the earth. A moment later, risen to his full height, he was sniffing among the under branches for a blossom. But there were none; he had eaten all those underneath before lying down. He made the circuit of the tree, standing on his hind legs and nibbling blossoms from the top; then, bothered by the thorns, he dropped to all fours and wandered on, lowering his head occasionally to seize and tear from its stalk a spray of herb; standing motionless, chewing and sniffing the air which told him all he knew, and all he wanted to know.

At the borders of that part of the Sahara that is known as the Tanzerouft, or Land Without Water, the Captain Hilaire Djon, Commander of the Hoggar, was riding with his guide at the head of a company of meharistes. There had been trouble in the north. The Ouled Gerir, it was reported, had attacked a village in Algeria; they were well armed, many in number and, it was believed, were swinging in a southeasterly direction across the desert to make a raid on the great herds of Tuareg camels at pasturage in the Sudan.

It was not likely, the Captain thought, that they would actually accomplish this. The month was August, the heat made it almost impossible for burdened camels to travel more than eight days without water. Moreover, in that vast bowl of desert which they should have to cross there was at this season of the year the danger of dust storms. Many a caravan and convoy had perished in these storms, worse by far than the blown sand since they sometimes remained over the desert for weeks, obscuring all landmarks, the moon and stars by night and even the sun by day. But he had not been "*en tournée*" as he expressed it for some time; he

felt a certain obligation toward the Tuaregs, and for these reasons he had left his large cool chambers at the fort and started southward toward a certain well in the Tanzerouft where, he believed, he might intercept the marauders.

He was a large portly man, red-cheeked, self-possessed, with bronzed well-kept hands, with a firm full mouth, youthful eyes. Erect in the saddle, his helmet covered with a black sun cloth, he played the endless fascinating game of trying to discover novelty in horizons that repeated themselves.

Suddenly he halted. He drew forward a peak of his black turban, held it for a moment, then took his binoculars from their case at the saddle horn. Following a prolonged observation he passed them without comment to his guide.

"You say?" he asked.

The guide, an Arab whose shaved head showed through the coils of his turban, lowered the glasses for another look with his naked eyes.

"Camel," he said.

"He is mounted?"

The Arab decisively shook his finger. "No."

For a moment the Captain held his crisp underlip against his mustache. He could not account for a camel in that part of the Tanzerouft. There was no pasturage to speak of; there was no water. For almost a thousand miles in any direction except north the military maps showed a complete blank, traced by the verticals of longitude and the parallels of latitude. Moreover, he reflected, it was the first time in his life that he had seen a single camel—a camel alone in the desert. One saw herds, occasionally two or three. But never one. Receiving the binoculars from his guide, he again put them to his eyes, sweeping the landscape to left and right of where the animal had been sighted, finally bringing them to focus on the camel itself. Through the powerful lenses it appeared as a white triangle mysteriously floating in waves of heat.

"He's come closer!" he said.

The Arab made a noise with his tongue. "Big," he exclaimed. "Like a giraffe!"

Captain Djon slowly returned his glasses to their case. There were, he remembered, rumors of a solitary camel at large in the Tanzerouft—a camel declared definitely to have been the personal mount of Moussa, the Tuareg chieftain who fifteen years previous had retreated before him into the Tanzerouft, been caught in a dust storm and perished with his entire company, of thirst. He had even talked to Tuaregs, he remembered, who swore that they had seen the animal—that it had come up to their caravans out of the desert—and had identified it positively as Moussa's camel by the fact that it bore no brand. There was even a legend, the Captain recalled, to the effect that the camel, unable to understand death, was still looking for Moussa, having yet found no one whom it could recognize as a greater master.

The Captain had often smiled at this story, ignoring the challenge. It recalled and perpetuated a conquest that he liked to remember. And he had as often dismissed this story. But now, seeing with his own eyes a camel that he could not otherwise account for, a camel whose size alone quickened the pulse of his heart and seemed to lend credence to the tale, a sudden surge of pride led him to believe that it was worth investigating. He glanced at the sun, reflecting upon the duty that had brought him to the Tanzerouft, the distance yet to go before he reached the well. A few hours' delay, he decided, would not matter. The pasturage at hand was as good as he could expect to find by sundown. He turned in the saddle, giving the signal to dismount; and an hour later, with more emotion than he would have believed possible under such circumstances, was trying desperately to verify with his own eyes what appeared to be almost conclusive.

For of its own accord the big camel had come up to the company, and now with deceptive slowness was picking its way among the outermost of his own camels, all of which had ceased feeding and raised

their heads to gaze at the majestic creature so mysteriously in their midst.

Captain Djon followed the animal's every motion. He could not remember when he had seen such grace, such perfect self-possession. The camel walked like a prince, its head high above the level of its hump. Its approach was an inquiring one—but in no way demanding or inquisitive—and certainly, the Captain told himself, without fear. It was no wonder, he reflected, that the Tuareg chieftains refused to brand such animals. Their appearance alone was sufficient identification. He glanced at his men. They were at their stations, patiently waiting, each with a piece of rope behind his back.

Twilight came. The sky crimsoned; there were flaming red pennants over the entire desert. The sun, like a great traffic light, hovered on the horizon, then dropped out of sight. In the gathering darkness the camel was like a white phantom, circling, seeking a wind, a breath of air. He stopped, moved a step forward, stopped again. Then suddenly there was a bellow. There was a scuffle, followed on all sides by the rustle of garments, the shouts of the Arab soldiers; and as the Captain hurried toward the scene of the capture there was a cry that brought something like a human fist rising into his throat. For he knew now that he had caught Moussa's camel, and a nervous, hurried inspection with his flashlight proved that it was true. The beast had no brand. The copper ring had been torn from its nostril.

For a long time the Captain stood in front of the camel, his flashlight making a small lucid pool on the earth at his feet. He knew now how Moussa had died. He could vision the huge blue-clad figure on the ground, crawling, then, for a time motionless, the nose-cord tied to his wrist. He could see the camel scenting its dead master, frightened by the odor of death, then stamping backward, flinging its head and tearing the ring from its nose.

The Captain motioned the Arabs to drawn down its head that he might in-

spect the nostril, but the animal filled its lungs, spaced its feet, and gave a bellow, muffled by the tight halters, that swelled its neck. He reached up his hand and the camel lifted its head. Abruptly he switched off the light and turned back to the camp.

"Bring him in," he said.

He was thoughtful that night. Long after the baggage camels had been brought in and were filling the air with their ruminations, long after the furious jabbering of his men had died down to an occasional murmur, he lay with his head propped against his saddle bags, watching the great form which would not kneel, which refused to rest, which drew taut now one and now another of the tethers leading from mounds of baggage, which breathed audibly, with a powerful restlessness, its head moving high against the stars.

He remembered very clearly the circumstances that had led up to Moussa's death and, he reflected, brought him the camel. He remembered his own marriage—the great prestige that it had brought him, a young lieutenant, to be linked with an important and highly influential French military family—and the coveted appointment in the Sahara that he had managed as a result of it. He remembered his arrival at the Hoggar, the Arab fantasia that had welcomed him, and his chagrin upon discovering that Moussa, the chief of the Tuaregs whom he had come to govern, was not there to meet him. And he remembered sending an envoy into the Hoggar, officially demanding Moussa's presence at a conference, and the subsequent meeting at which he was given clearly to understand by the majestic veiled figure that he had to do with a man who considered himself in every way his equal—if not his superior; that his personal sovereignty and pride of race were stronger than French bullets; that, as a man, he was unconquerable.

And for over three years, the Captain remembered, they had opposed each other, neither yielding an inch; both

aware of their responsibilities, the extent to which they could maintain their positions without an actual resort to arms—a dénouement, the Captain confessed, that he had almost prayed for, confident of victory, well aware that behind him stood the resources of France—men, guns, and ammunition without end.

And at last his opportunity had come. The Senussi, fanatical Mohammedans from Tripoli, were coming across the border. Moussa, a Mohammedan, was doing nothing to stop them; was in fact receiving them. While the Captain's dispatches to this effect were en route to the north a wireless from Algiers had ordered him to repulse the Senussi, disarm the Tuaregs, and place the Hoggar under a military dictatorship.

Captain Djon drew a breath. He put his hand to his large, smooth-shaved cheek. Well, he had done so. And he had done so without loss of life—except to the Senussi. For in his mind's eye he could see the long line of white camels, bearing armed Tuaregs, that had met him at the foothills of the Hoggar, threatening his advance, moving across his line of march toward the Tanzerouft, and his own flanking movement to head them off, bottle them up in the hills. Then his pursuit—a pursuit that ended at the edge of the Tanzerouft itself, and the dust storm that for an entire week had left the Hoggar like an island in a sea of mist.

The Captain got up. He lighted a cigarette and for a time he paced back and forth in front of the camel, under the bright stars. There was no doubt, he thought, that the animal had been searching for Moussa. These camels were notoriously proud, would suffer themselves to be beaten to death, almost, rather than obey a rider whom they did not respect. And there was no questioning the fact that since Moussa's death the Hoggar had failed to produce a man of equal stature.

Captain Djon tossed away his cigarette. He put his hands flat against his chest and stood in front of the big camel, wondering how long it would be before he could

ride it, assume possession of a trophy that had been so long denied him. Not long, he thought. Its nose had yet to heal where it had been pierced for a new ring. A week or more under a heavy pack saddle would thin down the withers enough to take the riding saddle. He recalled the Tuaregs' legend about the animal and pictured himself riding it through the Hoggar, past the Tuareg villages. He imagined situations in which his mastery of the camel would redound to his advantage.

Shortly after midnight, when the company broke camp to begin the day's march, the camel sprang easily to its feet under twelve cases of ammunition and a machine gun.

The Captain was delighted. The last shred of doubt that he might have entertained as to whether the animal recognized him as Moussa's superior was completely dissolved; and as he rode he turned frequently in the saddle to admire his trophy, to reflect upon the irony of its burden, and to congratulate himself that what he had always believed to be true was now apparent, even to his men.

For it was obvious to them, he thought, that the camel had never before borne baggage. It was unthinkable that Moussa should ever have subjected the animal to such indignity, should ever have been forced to do so through necessity. And yet in despite of this fact it marched behind him with its head held high—protesting with a low rumble in its throat, to be sure, when the Arabs laid on the packs and bound them into place; exhibiting its teeth even when brought in hobbled from the pasturage to take its place in the convoy—but, nevertheless, marching proudly behind him, performing superbly in a role to which it obviously was unaccustomed.

There were any number of points, the Captain thought, on which the camel seemed to discriminate between himself and his men, and one morning at sunrise, while his men were walking, leading their mounts after the long night march, he thought he would make a test.

"Up—ride him!" he said to an Arab close behind him, muttering, telling his prayer beads.

The man started. He gazed at the Captain for a moment as though he had been ordered to shave his beard.

"Up! On the baggage!" the Captain prompted. Then, amused by the man's expression, "Speak up!" he demanded. "What's the trouble?"

The Arab shook his fist. "No good!" he exclaimed. "He wants Moussa!"

The Captain laughed. It did not matter. It was gratifying, however, to know the depth of respect that his men had for the camel.

Ten days later, forcing his marches to make up for the time lost, he led his company to the base of a dead dune beyond which, he knew, lay the oasis of Bilma.

He was thoroughly familiar with the place. For a number of years he had regarded it as one of the most strategic points—and one of the best natural defenses—he had ever known. For it lay in the midst of a plain; it was the only water hole within six hundred miles, and thereby commanded all Sahara traffic within that area both north and south, both east and west. Many a time previous, reflecting upon the conflicts that had taken place among the natives over the possession of Bilma, he had figured himself in command of the oasis, his men and machine guns installed in the old well craters surrounding the living spring, watching from this point of vantage the approach of an enemy across the broad plain—an enemy in need of water—an enemy that could go no farther without water, an enemy advancing toward the well craters over the carcasses of camels, between those myriad brown mounds which were the solidified contents of their stomachs.

He would have them there, he thought. He would have them in a trap from which there was no escape; and as a general he would give them their choice of two deaths: the withering fire of his machine guns or death by thirst.

It was this plan of campaign that brought a glow of satisfaction to the Captain's eyes as he ascended the dune in advance of his company, and that caused him, now that he had taken the trouble to come down to Bilma, to hope fervently that the Ouled Gerir had carried out their plan to attack the Tuaregs and that within a few days—possibly a week—he would be able to execute his program.

Suddenly he felt his arm grasped, his camel halted. His guide had leaped to the ground, was drawing both mounts back under cover of the dune. He had had a quick glance at the oasis; he had thought for a moment that the well was occupied by Tuaregs. But now, creeping forward on his belly, raising his head slowly again above the crest of the dune, he beheld a sight that struck him like a blow, that caused his heart almost to cease beating.

For the white camels hobbled at the well *were* Tuareg camels—there was no doubt about that; but the figures in their midst were Ouled Gerir. They had made their raid, they had sacked the Tuareg villages. They were in possession of the well—and now, stripped to the waist, were watering their mounts for the long trek back across the Tanzerouft and home.

For a long time the Captain lay under the dune's crest, staring at his camels, at his men, but hardly seeing them. He had never before been caught at such a disadvantage. He was in a position in which all his life he had never imagined himself, never believed possible. For he could not go back: his camels could travel another two days without water perhaps, but no more—no, not even with their baggage removed. An attack—even with machine guns—would be suicidal; they could not possibly hope to destroy so many men so perfectly defended. And to wait—to lie hidden behind the dune until the enemy moved on—would be inevitably to invite discovery . . . and the same choice of deaths he had planned for the enemy. There was only one way out of the situation: he must gain the well by strategy.

He must in some way contrive to spring a trap that he, himself, had regarded as absolutely fool-proof.

With his guide beside him he gazed again at the oasis, counted the Ouled Gerir through his field glasses, found that there were forty-three—a few more even than he had anticipated. He looked at the white Tuareg camels, and suddenly the desire that had brought the Ouled Gerir across two thousand miles of desert in the summertime flowered in his mind, and he recalled his own emotions upon seeing clearly for the first time through his glasses the great white camel, now standing behind him, burdened with baggage. The plan in his mind was a brilliant one, a fantastic one. But would it work? Would the camel obey him? Was it faster than the young camels—the fastest of the young white camels hobbled at the well? He didn't know. He thought so. He hoped so.

He went swiftly to the big camel, thrust his hand under the baggage above the withers, feeling the depression caused by the heavy blades of the pack saddle.

"Saddle him," he said.

His men did not move.

"Saddle him!" the Captain repeated; but as a few soldiers moved slowly and uncomprehending to obey the order, his guide stepped forward and his hand went to his temple in a stiff salute.

"*Mon Commandant*, you must not ride that camel."

Captain Djon glanced up at the man.

"It is dangerous," the Arab continued. "I know that camel well. I have watched him since the day you caught him. *Mon Commandant*, he is still Moussa's camel."

The Captain felt his anger rising. He had not expected such a statement from his guide; could not for a moment believe such disloyalty in one of his own men.

"Moussa is dead," he said bluntly.

"Just the same the camel wants him."

"He's been carrying baggage," was the Captain's next retort.

"Good. Let him carry baggage. It makes no difference to him." The Arab held himself rigid, his eyes unwavering

in a fixed, direct look which told the Captain all that he was afraid to assert in so many words. "Let him loose and I swear he will return to the Tanzerouft—to exactly the same spot where he came from."

"You would rather die of thirst?"

"I am not thinking of myself. I am thinking of you. *Mon Commandant*, I know your plan. And I tell you that if you ride the white camel into the Tanzerouft you will not return. There is the little brown camel. He is very swift. I, I am light. With your permission, *Mon Commandant*, I will ride before the Ouled Gerir. I will lead them far, far away. You will have nothing to fear. We shall all be saved."

"We should die or be killed. They would not follow you."

The Captain turned to the men who were disburdening the big camel of the cases of ammunition, and as he did so, feeling at that moment every nerve in his large, resolute body, it seemed to him that he was watched by not only his men, but by the eyes of Paris as well, by all those who believed in him, and by those who had envied him and hated him.

"We shall see," he said, speaking as to himself, and as his light fabric of saddle was fitted forward of the beast's hump he himself underwent a transformation. Removing his sun helmet, he bound his black turban about his face and head, leaving only a narrow aperture for his eyes. One of his soldiers handed him a long blue gown, brocaded, which he slipped over his white tunic. And when he had exposed a tuft of his dark hair and lowered his billowing black pantaloons until they brushed the ground he knew from the look in his men's eyes that his disguise was successful, that mounted on the white camel, he would be mistaken for a Tuareg by the Tuaregs themselves.

There was no need for him to explain his plan. They knew. But he waited until the camels were stripped for action, until every soldier stood at the foreleg of his kneeling mount, a rifle in his hand and bandoliers of cartridges across his chest. Thus they would wait, he told

them, until the Ouled Gerir had sighted him, until a sufficient body of them had started in pursuit, until he had led them out of sight into the Tanzerouft.

Then they would strike. They would strike swiftly and decisively. And from the expressions on their tense faces he knew that they would succeed—that they would take possession of the well or die trying.

He took the camel's nose-cord in his hand, and the animal seemed to rise, to grow greater in size. Its knees restlessly moved the sand. He put his foot on its foreleg and its nostrils quivered and its eyes showed white about their yellow irises. Now, he thought, was the moment, not later. Now the camel would snarl, bellow and refuse to rise or, acknowledging him as its master, it would leap to its feet and race under the pressure of his foot for the plain beyond; and there, even seeing the Tuareg camels and smelling the water it needed, keep on running until he brought it to a halt, saved his men and himself.

He thrust with his foot. The camel rocked under him, flung him forward with a jolt; then with a powerful shudder rose to its full height. It stood stiffly for a moment, its tail out and its head up as if to orient itself. Then, regardless of the Captain's foot or of the nose-cord and of the soft, encouraging words from the Captain's lips, it swung into action—silently, effortlessly, headed for the plain ahead, toward the Tanzerouft beyond.

The chieftain of the Ouled Gerir, Ahmed Ben Salah, was a slim leathern man, not very large, with dark liquid eyes, with a bearded chin, with a knowledge of camelflesh in his small shaved head that was second only to that of the Tuaregs themselves. He had had no difficulty in crossing the Sahara. Considering the stakes to be gained well worth the sacrifice, he had provided himself with plenty of Algerian camels, mounted those to be ridden by his men with the lightest of saddles, lightly burdened the others with waterskins. At the last well known

to him in the Tanzerouft he had allowed these latter camels to drink their fill, then cut out their tongues so that they could not eat. Nine days later, when his waterskins were empty, he had killed these camels and reprovisioned himself with the water in their stomachs. It was in this manner, marching night and day, that he had reached Bilma, made his raid upon the Tuareg villages and now, with over a hundred white camels, was engaged in selecting from the lot those to be ridden and those to be sacrificed, if need be, on the trip homeward.

He had no fear of the French. As well as anybody—the Tuaregs themselves—he knew the circumstances of Moussa's defeat; realized that were Moussa still alive and in possession of arms, he should not have dared the raid that had been so easy. He smiled, recalling their futile defense with spears and swords; and it was in this frame of mind that his attention was called to a white camel, larger than any he had ever seen, crossing the plain westward ridden by what appeared to be a Tuareg noble.

He immediately suspected a ruse. But what, he reflected, if there were more Tuaregs behind the dune? His men could handle them. He gave orders. More than a dozen saddles were hurriedly fitted to as many white camels. A moment later, in the saddle himself and gripping a rifle, he was directing a flanking movement intended to bring the Tuareg within rifle range.

But the Tuareg, he soon perceived, was making no effort to turn; was riding straight for the Tanzerouft, and his men were beginning to converge from left and right, to fall in with the direct course of pursuit taken by himself. The big camel was getting away from him, racing under the whip; and drawing from his saddle bag an implement like an iron claw, he applied it savagely to the shoulders of his own mount, raking the flesh, forcing it to greater speed. The glow of satisfaction was now gone from his eyes; they were hard, flashing. He was bent forward in the saddle. Abreast of him were

other riders; more were falling in behind. He could not understand the choice of the man ahead of him. Was there a well in the Tanzerouft he did not know? Had the Tuareg sufficient water with him, after all, to manage an escape to the next well under cover of night?

Toward sundown the Captain drew the camel to a halt. It was not easy for him to do so. In spite of its long run, in spite of its faltering and heaviness of foot, it resisted the nose-cord until from sheer force he had drawn back its head, caught its nostril in his hand, and forced it to kneel. It lay heavily upon its chest, its neck outstretched against the sand, the hollows over its eyes rhythmically pulsing.

Captain Djon glanced in the direction from which he had come, and against the clear horizon he could see a number of white dots. He caught a laugh in his throat, then abruptly swallowed it. It was about an hour since the Ouled Gerir had turned. His men had long since taken the well. By midnight, he reflected, the marauders would get the surprise of their lives.

He looked at the camel, and the ache in his arms, the killing fatigue in his back, throughout his entire body was lightened for a moment by a glow of pride, by the elation of conquest. For the camel, he thought, had not only obeyed him; it seemed actually to have understood the situation; for instead of responding to his frequent and finally futile efforts to make it turn, to circle back toward the well in order that he should not be unnecessarily far away when the pursuit ceased, the beast had raced unswervingly toward the Tanzerouft itself—prevented the slightest possibility of his being captured.

He lay down, got up after a moment to drink from his waterskin, then lay down again. He was tired; the camel was tired—completely done up. There was no point in returning to the well immediately. He would sleep for an hour or two, he would allow the camel to rest. By starlight he would return—at a walk, and he would be back at Bilma by dawn.

It was dark when the Captain awoke. It was so dark that for a moment he thought he was blind and put his hands to his face; for he could see no stars, neither could he see the camel. He could hear it breathing, ruminating; he could smell it. But he could not see it.

He got hurriedly to his feet, felt frantically about for his waterskin, found it, and wrapped it carefully in his black turban. He had been a fool, he told himself, to leave it exposed like that, lying on the ground. More than a pint had been drawn since sundown. He located his saddle and brought it quickly to the camel, passing his hands over its hump to locate the withers. There was no point, he told himself, in waiting for daylight. There would be no sun. The dust might continue to fall for a week, two weeks. Saddling up, he removed its hobbles; and with a warning from his heart that he refused to acknowledge, he mounted, brought the animal to its feet and drew the nose-cord, trying to turn it in the direction in which he thought the well should be.

The camel resisted him, caused him to reflect: he had been positive that he knew where the well lay. Immediately upon awakening his instinct had told him. But now that the camel objected he wondered if he were not mistaken. Its sense of direction was infallible. It was thirsty. There was no doubt but that it had smelled the well the day before. The Captain drew his foot from the animal's neck. He allowed the nose-cord to droop. Deliberately, confidently, the beast started through the darkness in a direction contrary to his own; and when the gray light of day allowed him to see the camel's feet and a pale area of earth he watched this area carefully, hoping for the assurance of a bit of dung dropped by his mount the day before.

But he found no such landmarks, and when toward the middle of the day the heat became almost more than he could bear without his sun-helmet and sufficient clothes to insulate his body, he began to be worried. He had come all, he

thought, of thirty kilometers. It was incredible that he could have gone farther the day before. He tried to force the camel more to the right, thinking that he might strike a point of the great plain dotted with camel carcasses and dung. But the camel refused to bear to the right. It turned back its head, showing its teeth and the whites of its eyes, and when he struck it with his whip it instantly collapsed and sprang bellowing to its feet with a suddenness that pitched him out of the saddle.

He quickly recovered himself; he still held the nose-cord. Seizing his whip from the ground, he struck the beast savagely about the head and neck, tried again to force it to the right and, when he found that it would be beaten to death rather than march in that direction, he tried to pull it by the nose-cord, walking barefoot. He fired his rifle, shouted, fired another shot.

He was thoroughly frightened now. His water was gone. In spite of the cloth wrappings all had been absorbed by the heat and the dust. His mouth felt sticky. A kind of panic, worse than thirst, was attacking his nerves. It was imperative, he knew, that he reach Bilma before the next morning. Mounting again, no longer certain of where the well was, he gave the animal its head.

And at sundown of the next day the Captain was still riding. But he was no longer tired. The great heaviness that had been in his body throughout the day was now entirely gone; but it was sluggish in obeying him. His face felt wooden, yet burning. There was a loud ringing in his head. His feet were slipping constantly from the camel's neck. For now that he was blind to the desert he was as in a room of his own, a room in which the chairs and the tables and all the other objects that he had for so many years used as a means to an end now struck him as new and strange and somehow beautiful, as if they were ends in themselves. And because his mind, now lost, was seeking a truth that was beyond life, he saw again the white camels before

him in the Hoggar foothills, and he understood at last that the man whom he had most hated had stood always beyond life; that the pride and sovereignty he had so desperately attacked and, he thought, conquered, had been flung in his face; and that he had for fifteen years been wearing the cast-off garments of a man who had died to save the lives of his people. With what was left of his strength he knotted the nose-cord to his wrist and tried, but failed, to bind himself in the saddle.

A strange sight presented itself in the Tanzerouft some days later. In a space of no particular identity stood the white camel. One foreleg, being advanced, was complemented by a hind leg. The other two legs were parallel in a backward position. The attitude, save for the animal's neck, was of motion; yet the beast did not move. It was unable to move. Its neck was bent; its head was turned low to the ground. Its nostril was stretched and from the copper ring in its nostril the nose-cord led backward to a figure brown on top and of a lighter shade underneath, which rested on its knees and chest and one elbow, the other arm being held forward by the nose-cord.

For the space of a half hour the figure did not move. Then, almost imperceptibly, the elbow advanced. One knee drew up behind. The other tried, but failed. And as these efforts were accomplished the camel also moved. Its head advanced slightly. Its feet lifted and lowered in their tracks.

Occasionally the dust became so thick that the camel was invisible, the Captain a dark shadow. There was over the land the same hush, the same knowledge of falling, fulfillment of will that accompanies a snowstorm.

The Captain moved again; the camel moved. And then for another long period they held their pose—statuesque in a gray mist, bound together yet unconscionably remote, the Captain blind, the camel implacable.

But there came a time in the big camel's life when the Captain ceased to move; when its nostrils quivered and its ears lay back, when with a nervous movement of feet it swung its head over the Captain's body, steadied, and then flung back like a whip, jerking the body and tearing the ring from its nose.

And the camel went on. It traveled by night and during the heat of the day it rested. And before a month had passed the camel arrived at a place in the desert which caused him to wander, as at pasturage; to feed at leisure, moving now in this direction and now in that; to stand for long periods of time chewing what he had eaten and gazing over the landscape.

A tree awakened his interest. It was not a large tree. Its trunk was gray and twisted. Its branches were thorny. Tiny green leaves, paler than winter plants, grew from these branches. Among the leaves were blossoms, not larger than a penny. The camel put his nose familiarly among these blossoms, nibbling, scenting their fragrance. Then, as if moved by a whim, he passed on.

He passed an object like a rock, gray and hairless, crumpled on the earth, cords at either end. He knew it was a waterskin; he had once carried it at his side. But it was without interest.

Likewise without interest was a rifle, its barrel and stock weathered to the whiteness of paper; and, farther on, a blue gown, lying as though dropped only that evening. He came to a leathery figure beyond, colossal, distorted, projecting a few white bones—all that was left of Moussa. There was a nose-cord attached to his wrist, and at the end of the nose-cord there was a copper ring. The camel smelled the nose-cord and the ring. He lifted his head, gazing over the landscape, scenting the air. This heap of bones was not, to him, the Moussa he had served. He seized a bone in his teeth, transferred it to his molars. For a time he stood over the figure, crunching the bone for its lime. Then, moved by a restless urge, he wandered on, still in search of his master.



BERMUDA, 1938

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

FAR out in the Atlantic Ocean, nearly six hundred miles from the nearest point of land, there is a huge volcanic mountain. As a volcano it is very extinct; it has not been in action for a million years or so—a very fair interval of safety. But as a mountain it is immense. It rises over ten thousand feet above the ocean floor—higher than Pike's Peak rises above the eastern plains of Colorado. Only by a tiny margin, however—a margin of two hundred and eighty-eight feet at the most—do the layers of limestone and coral and earth which have formed upon the top of this mountain during successive geologic ages reach above the surface of the sea. If you climb up on the tower which crowns the "Peak," the highest point of land at Bermuda, and see how low this island swims upon the sea that stretches to a level horizon in every direction, and if you imagine those vast subterranean slopes descending into the depths, you may wonder that the place exists at all as a resort for anything but fishes—or possibly for Will Beebe in a bathysphere. Bermuda, you will realize, almost isn't.

A small place it is, and remote. It is no bigger in area than Manhattan Island: twenty miles long from end to end, and nowhere more than two miles wide. (There is an apt story about a group of Boer prisoners, quartered here during the Boer War, being taken up to the "Peak" and gazing with astonishment at the surrounding waters. "But where," they cried, "is the interior?") The entire population of Bermuda, white and col-

ored, would not fill half the seats at the Yale Bowl. Yet this pinpoint on the vastness of the Atlantic has the bigness of complete individuality—a quality which is neatly symbolized by the fact that when you write to a reasonably well-known citizen of the Island, all you need to put below his name on the envelope is the single word "Bermuda." Tiny as the place is, there are two good-sized ocean liners which have been built for the express purpose of conveying visitors to it twice weekly, and sometimes there are three or four liners in its harbors at once—not to convey freight (except incidentally) but to bring tourists.

Stand on the lawn of a house at Paget and watch the *Monarch of Bermuda* come into Hamilton Harbor at breakfast time, and the paradox becomes striking. As you are drinking your coffee you hear the big ship bellow. You run out on the lawn and look down through the trees at what might be a placid, island-studded lake; a quiet place where everything from the cedar trees to the white-roofed houses is small in scale and rural in aspect. Suddenly the ship moves across your line of vision: an enormous thing, as absurdly out of proportion in this scene as would be the *Normandie* in a millpond. When you think that this liner was built to bring people to this diminutive retreat—to bring some of the eighty thousand Americans who yearly frequent it—you ask yourself how Bermuda manages to attract them without letting them, after the inexorable manner of tourists, spoil the thing for which they come.

The answer, of course, is that Bermuda does it by being itself, not through any deliberate effort to be "different" but through following the logic of its own individuality. Something of this individuality the visitor begins to notice even before he leaves shipboard, while his vessel is still threading its way through the absurdly narrow channel which leads into Hamilton. These cedar-covered headlands and little islands suggest the Maine Coast, yet do not quite resemble it. Among the cedars are palm trees and brilliant flowering shrubs which suggest the tropics, yet the aspect of things is not really tropical either. That cathedral tower which stands high above the roofs of Hamilton is undeniably English, yet little else in the scene partakes of the country whose flag waves over Bermuda. Every house has a white roof, not because white roofs are picturesque but because they meet a Bermudian need: there are no springs on the Island, therefore people must catch rain-water on their roofs and collect it in tanks, therefore the limestone roofs must be spotlessly clean, and white-wash helps to keep them so. The houses are built in a style native to the Island—low, solid, almost undecorated, yet mostly fine in proportion as well as bright in color; and again their special quality of design results not from an attempt to be original or self-consciously "functional" but from a straightforward facing of the architectural problem: a problem of which the chief terms are abundant soft limestone (and a limited supply of timber), a desire to have much roof in order to get much water, a desire to be cool in summer, and a desire to be able to step out of doors readily at all seasons. If the effect is substantial yet oddly gay, so much the better: that is the Bermudian nature.

Even the sea itself seems different here. Between the incoming visitor on the sunny upper deck of his liner and the clusters of white-roofed houses on the shore it spreads a surface of sensational colors: cerulean blue in the depths, purple where there are submerged reefs (even though they be thirty or forty feet under

the clear water), and in the sandy shallows a green which is not quite emerald and not quite turquoise. Let the visitor, later, go over to the South Shore to bathe on one of the peerless beaches there and he will understand why that shade of green in the shallows is so impossible to define. By the time he is waist-deep in the lazy rollers he will be aware that what is a gay green from a distance is a mingling of all the pastel colors in the world, an ever-moving shimmer of rainbow shades and light.

In its way of life as well as in its outward appearance the place is individual. Although Bermuda lives by its American tourist traffic, it makes little attempt to offer the travelers what they appear to want in the most frequented American resorts. The Bermudians have had the incredible good sense to realize that they do better business in the long run—and also enjoy themselves more—by offering people what is native to Bermuda. Golf and tennis they offer, to be sure—but then they too enjoy these games. (The favorite local form of afternoon party among the Bermudians themselves is a prolonged tennis party on the lawn, with set after set of mixed doubles. The host or hostess tells you that you are to play with Mrs. Butterfield against Miss Watlington and Mr. Gilbert, and you do, for a single set; then you sit by the courtside and steam quietly in the Bermudian warmth and talk to the other sitters-out until you are called out once more; the proceedings are interrupted for half an hour or more by an adjournment to the house for tea and cakes at the dining-room table.) Dancing they offer at the hotels, with good jazz bands—and relish it themselves. Bathing they offer, but except at one or two semi-Americanized places it is bathing of a characteristically Bermudian sort: no lifeguards, no crowds, no huge bathhouses. There isn't a boardwalk on the Island; and along the South Shore, where there is a long succession of beaches, a picnic party is likely to have a whole beach to itself and expects as a matter of course to undress and dress in

the sand-floored natural caves beside the cove.

Indispensable as automobiles are supposed to be to Americans, there isn't an automobile in Bermuda (except ambulances, fire-engines, and a few public-works trucks). The visitors can drive about in carriages, or bicycle, or walk, or else remain motionless. Never does a billboard eclipse a view. There are no hot spots, no gambling casinos, no night clubs (in any metropolitan sense), no amusement parks, no parades of bathing beauties—and the authorities take the utmost pains to keep out racketeers. Bermuda likes to have agreeable Americans buy houses on the Island, but refuses to run any risk of letting them dominate it: the amount of land which may be foreign-owned is limited by law, and any purchase by a foreigner is subject to veto by the Governor. It permits the visitors to be as wild or as demure as they please; they may go to bed each night at nine and live like Puritan saints, or spend their entire stay wandering from bar to bar in hazy hilarity (if only they do not make themselves too obnoxious to the neighbors); but it does not cater to Miamian tastes. And so completely does it thus absorb its visitors into its own scene that although there are always many hundreds of them on the Island and often thousands, except in the streets of Hamilton and a few of the neighboring roads one is usually hardly aware of their presence.

In short, the Bermudians invite one to enjoy Bermuda, not to enjoy an American resort.

II

Bermudian ways are slow. From the moment when the huge ship settles itself beside the dock at Hamilton and the visitor, looking down from his upper deck upon this miniature town, sees the horse-drawn carriages moving slowly along through the glare of Front Street, and hears the tiny trill of bells as the bicyclists in twos and threes weave their way among the carriages, and watches the white-suited Hamiltonians standing in casual

groups in the shade of the shop-front awnings, it is apparent that here the pace of things is relaxed and unpunctual. Not simply because Bermudians like old-fashioned ways, and believe that Americans too will like them by way of change, are automobiles prohibited. The prohibition rests also upon the fact that Bermuda is too small for automobiles: if one could travel across the Island in one minute and rush its whole length in half an hour, everything would be too close at hand, too crowded, too familiar. A slow pace adds to one's sense of distance. Although the shore of Harrington Sound is hardly more than four miles from Hamilton, a shopping trip of this length ordinarily takes a morning or an afternoon, whether one goes by bicycle (walking very slowly up the little hills), or by carriage, or by what is known as the "train" but is really a sort of leisurely interurban trolley. From the window of this train, as it rumbles along the North Shore on an embankment high above the blue sea, the curving line of the Somerset shore seems very far away indeed; would it not take many hours to get there?

Yet the slowness is old-fashioned too. So definitely does Bermuda seem to linger in the nineteenth century that when one has driven to dinner in a surrey (with a fringed canopy overhead), it comes as a shock to find one's host turning the dial of his radio to get the news from WJZ in New York or a short-wave program from London. So does the *Cavalier* or the *Bermuda Clipper* seem an anachronism as it swings overhead after a six-hour flight across the ocean from New York. After lunch you may be sitting in the garden of a house built in the seventeenth century—a house every item of the history of which your host knows, as he knows his own family history for generations back. You become aware of a deep humming sound; it grows louder, and the plane from New York appears above the trees. The banker bicycling quietly to his office along the road below you glances up at it; the cook in the house beside you, who has been working at the kerosene stove, comes

to the door for a look; the colored girl who has been grating cassava (with a grater which has been in the family for three generations) runs out on the porch to see; the coachman pauses for a moment in his labor of repairing a damaged whiffletree: the nineteenth century looks up at the twentieth. And you reflect that when that plane takes off again for New York, it will carry mail which has traveled the twelve miles or so from St. George's to the airport in a plodding horse-drawn cart.

But it is the political conservatism of the place that is most striking. This British Colony is headed by a Governor appointed by the Colonial Office in London—usually an elderly general, for the governor is not only the civil chief but the head of His Majesty's military forces in Bermuda, and the theory seems to be that generals can easily learn all they need to know about civil affairs, whereas civilians could not possibly learn about military affairs. This Governor is aided by various civil servants, some of whom—such as the Colonial Secretary (who is the second administrative official) and the Chief Justice—are also sent out from London. In practice, however, British authority is limited, for not only are most of the civil servants Bermudians, but an elected Parliament represents local opinion and exercises considerable power. Yet if you imagine that the existence of the Parliament is a sign of modern democracy, you must know that not only has Bermuda not arrived at woman suffrage, it has not even arrived at manhood suffrage. To vote, a man must be a landowner, even if only on a small scale. And if he owns property in more than one parish, he has more than one vote. At the time of a recent election one owner of considerable real estate told me that if he had chosen to spend most of the day on his bicycle he could have cast five votes. And this in a place where less than ten per cent of the population have the suffrage!

It might be added that there is no income tax; that the taxes on real property are almost microscopic; that the cost of

government is almost entirely borne by customs duties (which, of course, like sales taxes, come out of the pockets of all consumers in the form of high prices for food); and that there are no labor unions. You will agree, I am sure, that here is a system which throws back not merely to the nineteenth century but in some respects to even earlier times.

In such a system the political and economic power tends in practice to remain from generation to generation in the hands of a somewhat limited class. Bermuda has its ruling families, and most of them have ruled for a considerable time. You might hardly recognize them as ruling families, to be sure, for you might find members of some of them working as clerks in the shops; but that would be due to the peculiar economic arrangements of the Island. (Since there is no manufacturing, and the farming has fallen mostly into the hands of the industrious Portuguese, and the Island lives mostly by the tourist traffic, it happens that there are few jobs available for the well-born except in retail trade; the reason why the man who takes your order for a case of rum at Gosling's liquor store and the man who fits you to a sweater at The English Sports Shop appear such gentlemen is that they *are* gentlemen.) Some of the ruling families are large tribes, and most of them are woven together by intermarriage. They include the Butterfields, Conyerses, Coxes, Darrells, Dills, Gilberts, Harveys, Outerbridges, Penistons, Smiths, Trimingham, Trotts, Tuckers, Watlingtons, and Wilkinsons; and to this list might perhaps be added the Friths, Goslings, Grays, and some others. How long the influence of some of these families has endured may be suggested by the fact that in the Bermuda Parliament of 1785—over 150 years ago—there were two Tuckers, two Penistons, an Outerbridge, a Gilbert, a Cox, a Trimingham, and a Butterfield!

III

A very conservative community indeed; but it serves, I think, as an interesting

object-lesson in how to be conservative gracefully. To those Americans who happen to be blessed with wealth and social prestige and economic power, and who wish that they might turn back the clock of social progress and continue to have things their own way, this object-lesson may be particularly suggestive. It is all the more pertinent if one bears in mind that Bermuda might almost be considered as a fragment of America—of the American South—which did not revolt from the King in 1776 and went through no Civil War in 1861. Bermuda was settled by the same people who settled Virginia. A ship full of Englishmen on their way to Jamestown in 1609 was wrecked at Bermuda. They spent the winter there, and gave such a good report of the place that permanent occupation followed shortly. The descendants of some of the early settlers are still found among the ruling Bermuda families. In effect, therefore, the Bermuda tradition is a variant or offshoot of that very early American tradition which flowered in the Lee family and in men like Washington and Jefferson and Madison. It has been greatly affected by English and modern American influences, but the natural conservatism of the Island has kept it more nearly intact than in the United States.

This is hardly a democratic community, but it is essentially a simple community. The Governor, it is true, as the local representative of the Crown, is surrounded with considerable of the pomp of royalty; Government House is a large (and ugly) palace; when the Governor leaves a cricket-match or other public function the band plays "God Save the King" and everybody rises and hats come off; nobody leaves until the Governor's carriage has rattled away across the field. I once attended the formal opening of Parliament, and a very impressive function it was indeed: troops drawn up outside the building, the Colonial Secretary (who at the moment was Acting Governor) coming in, in a fine white uniform with sword and helmet, to read the Speech

from the Throne, and the national anthem blaring out as he left. But the pomp and circumstance were not for the Colonial Secretary, but for the King whose vicegerent he was and the Empire whose authority he represented. That very afternoon I was surf-bathing at Grape Bay. Three young men were coming in on the breaking waves, head down in the smother of foam. As one of them picked himself up from the sand, after the manner of a very wet spaniel, I recognized him as that same Colonial Secretary. Nobody was paying any particular attention to him now; for he was no longer the personification of King and Empire, but just young Mr. Waddington. And when, on a later visit, I met him at lunch at Government House, I found that he and his wife had come there, through a pouring rain, not in any official carriage but on their bicycles.

There is no swank among the Bermudian elect. That gaunt elderly gentleman bicycling along Queen Street in the thick of the traffic is one of the two or three leading citizens of Bermuda, knighted for his public services; that big man coming out of the Yacht Club in khaki shorts, a monocle, and a preposterously antiquated straw hat, is the recently-resigned Attorney General; those men sitting at antiquated-looking desks in a dingy office on Front Street are the managers of one of the Island's most important business enterprises. A former President of the Bank of Bermuda, having become inordinately interested in horticulture and having discovered that discarded kerosene tins made fine flower-pots, once engaged a colored boy to help him scavenge for them in Hamilton. In the early morning the bank president would follow one street and the colored boy the next one, and they would fish for their loot in household garbage cans. One day the colored boy said he would have to give up the job. "My mother," said he, "says she don't want me pokin' in people's garbages." "You tell your mother," replied the financier, "that if the President of the Bank of Bermuda

can poke in people's garbages, you can."

More significant than the simplicity of the Bermudians of the ruling class is their sense of civic responsibility. To begin with, those who have the voting privilege exercise it with impressive unanimity and interest. I once attended a bye-election in Smith's Parish. The balloting—in a local schoolhouse—closed at four in the afternoon, whereupon the ballot-box was opened in the presence of a considerable audience and the ballots were read off one by one, while the spectators kept count. The suspense was great, for the vote had been close; and after the winner was declared (by a margin of something like 46 to 42) both he and the defeated candidate were called upon for speeches. What struck me most, as an American, was that all but five or six of the ninety-odd registered voters of the Parish had cast their votes, and most of the missing registrants were accounted for by illness or absence from the Island.

The Bermudians account it a privilege to sit in Parliament, even though this body, having only a small community to rule over, sometimes spends time debating such weighty matters as the wages of the cleaning-women in a government building or the need for more bicycle-racks in Front Street. At a tennis party you will hear a group of people discussing a coming ceremony—the inauguration of a new school or the unveiling of a monument—and you will find that most of them expect to attend it as a matter of course; that is part of their job: they make no more bones about it than an American would about going to his office on a weekday. And when you hear political arguments you will be struck again and again by the fact that these people regard their government as *theirs*—as an agency for which they are responsible, not as an agency which they hope to manipulate or circumvent. They realize well, it appears, that only if a ruling class governs attentively and ably can it expect to be permitted to govern at all.

Particularly in its handling of the color problem does this ruling class show how

to be conservative gracefully. The colored people of Bermuda—descendants of the former slaves and immigrants from the West Indies—outnumber the whites, something like 17,000 to 13,000; in some parishes they outnumber the whites nearly two to one. If one thinks of this community as closely allied to the American South, the state of affairs is especially instructive. The two races do not mingle socially in Bermuda (though as a result of the political arrangements of the Island colored people sometimes attend the formal Government House garden parties). Miscegenation is generally regarded as intolerable. There are few good economic opportunities for the Negroes, who are mostly domestic servants, builders' employees, boatmen, porters, and the like. There are separate schools for the colored population. But on the other hand there are no insulting Jim Crow arrangements on the railroad or the ferries, though the colored people are likely to sit somewhat apart. And despite the fact that the property basis for voting reduces the Negro vote more sharply than the white vote, the Negroes have a majority of electors in more than one parish and there are a few Negro members of Parliament, some of them highly respected.

More significant still, there has never been a lynching on the Island. The law takes its course without fear or favor, even on the very rare occasions of attacks upon white women by Negroes. Indeed, the prevalent feeling among the whites appears to be that the soundest basis for respect of them by the Negroes is an even-handed administration of justice, aided by an unfailing courtesy. As a white Bermudian once said to me, "Such supremacy as we have is based partly on our inheritance, partly on our economic position, and partly on our own dignity and good behavior; I can't tell you which is the most important." Incidentally, the respect of the colored people for the whites, if it has been at all weakened during the past generation, has suffered more from the uncontrolled behavior of some of the American tourists than from any

lapses from fairness and courtesy on the part of the white Bermudians.

The situation is not ideal, of course, from anybody's point of view. It could not be expected to be. There is always the danger of a flare-up of race antagonism. But the leading citizens do all they can to prevent this. I know of a case in which a white workman and a colored one had a violent altercation. The employer, fearing that this altercation might lead to serious trouble and being convinced that the white workman was at fault, discharged him and got him a job in another part of the Island. This employer did not feel that "race supremacy" demanded that he should sustain the white man; his sense of justice forbade this, and his sense of responsibility for public order led him to take the obvious step to prevent future conflict. In short, *noblesse oblige*.

IV

The most perplexing problem which faces Bermuda to-day is of another sort. It is economic; or rather, perhaps, it is primarily a social problem with an economic basis.

Like almost every other community in the world, Bermuda is becoming economically less and less self-sufficient. Since its own sparse acres cannot begin to feed its growing population, it must import food; and since it has no manufactures to speak of, it must import also virtually all the manufactured goods it needs. The obvious answer would seem to be to export goods of some sort in quantity to pay for what must be imported. And so Bermuda used to do. But during the past generation it has increasingly found an easier solution: it imports American vacationers and tourists—and with them their spending-money—on the grand scale. Meanwhile its exports have shrunk. Some potatoes, carrots, onions, Easter-lily bulbs, etc., are still sent away, but the volume of this trade has fallen off badly and is very trifling compared to what the tourists bring.

The obvious result is that the Island is now in the predicament to which all one-crop or one-industry communities come: it is almost completely dependent upon this one great source of revenue, a source that might be considered highly uncertain in view of the general fickleness of travelers, the possibilities of economic trouble in America, and the chances of war on the high seas. It is not ideal to have all your eggs in one basket; it is even less ideal to have them in somebody else's basket.

So far the Island has suffered not at all from this peculiar dependence. So firm have its citizens been in refusing to let the tourist trade get out of hand that the volume of traffic has slowly and on the whole healthily increased. Toward the end of the gorgeous nineteen-twenties, to be sure, some of the developers went in for a little more grandeur than could be assimilated overnight; as John R. Tunis wrote in HARPER'S early in 1930, Bermuda seemed on the way to being Americanized. But the too-rapid expansion was shortly checked. And even during the depression the tourist trade shrank very little. (It was aided by an almost providential circumstance: although the number of Americans who could afford a Bermuda visit was depleted, there were many Americans who would have gone to Europe had they been really prosperous and who accepted Bermuda as an attractive and less expensive substitute.) The traffic fell off a bit, then picked up again. There followed, more recently, a notable increase in the number of Americans who bought land and built houses, so that the building trade boomed; till by 1937 there was no unemployment on the Island and everything was humming.

Everything may continue to hum, and those who like the Bermudians hope that it will. But one does well to be prepared for trouble which may never arrive. And even if all goes well for an indefinite period, such an economic predicament has its almost inevitable social effects; and the citizens of the Island might do well to consider these—bearing in mind, per-

haps, another possible parallel between Bermuda and our own South. The South fell upon dire times after the Civil War not merely because the War and the Reconstruction had upset the economic foundations of its principal source of revenue, but also because its best citizens, for all their gracious virtues, were ill-equipped to function in an industrial civilization. An aristocracy which cannot adjust itself to a new economic situation is likely to be headed for trouble.

The question which confronts Bermuda—along with many another community in the modern world—is whether an almost complete dependence upon revenue brought in by well-to-do vacationers may not subtly weaken the social stamina of the Islanders.

At present the old Bermudian stock holds up incredibly well from generation to generation. The crop of wasters and ne'er-do-wells is very small. The Bermudians take their business rather casually, but they are not idlers. Yet one can hardly help wondering—as the tourist trade expands—what may be the effect upon young Bermudians of coming into constant and agreeable contact with wealthy visitors whom they never see working. The fortunes of these visitors are drawn (even if very indirectly) from engineering processes and industrial and financial processes of which these young Bermudians are likely to know very little. It would be easy, in such a context, for almost anyone to conclude that the way to get the most out of life is to play with the right people, to cultivate one's enviable social gifts, and to leave to other supposedly less fortunate people the acquisition of the thornier kinds of knowledge and the harsher economic virtues. There

are disadvantages to growing up in a resort.

Yet the day may come when Bermuda will have great need of managerial ability and technical competence, whether in manufacturing, in intensive agriculture, in trading, or in shipping. At present the old Bermudian shipping tradition is nearly dead (though the Islanders race well in imported yachts); the agricultural tradition is weakening (or being handed over to Portuguese immigrants); the handicraft tradition is disappearing; and there is no manufacturing tradition at all. (Bermuda imports even its horses, its carriages, its bicycles, and nearly all its boats!) Young Bermudians of ability tend to be fitted chiefly for the civil service, the professions, the management of real estate, and shopkeeping. The fact that in these departments of life they do extremely well does not mean that in due time other sorts of ability may not be more critically needed.

The Bermudian authorities might wisely ask themselves, it seems to me, whether a much greater expansion of the tourist business might not be ill-advised; they might also wisely study the possibilities of manufactures from native materials, and perhaps of intensive agriculture; and they might consider subsidizing the technical training of some of the ablest young Bermudians.

These suggestions, however, may seem like borrowing trouble from the future. For the present, as a visitor, I would not have Bermuda or the Bermudians changed from what they are. After all, the incredible thing is that men and women can live all their lives in such a gentle paradise and keep the ruggedness which underlies their charm.



THE MILLVALE APPARITION

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

I FIRST met Maxo Vanka the painter when I was in Yugoslavia five years ago. He was an extraordinary person—one of the strangest I have ever come upon anywhere.

Maxo was then in his early forties: a small slim man with a soft brown Vandyke beard and mild gray-blue eyes, which illumined and enlivened a thin, smooth, handsome face. He had been for years professor of painting at the Zagreb Academy of Art, one of the best institutions of its kind in Europe, then under the directorship of Ivan Mestrovich, who had high regard for him as a stimulating, sophisticated teacher; and he was also a recognized painter in oils and watercolors, who had annual shows at the Art Pavilion in Zagreb and had exhibited also in Belgrade, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Brussels, London, Paris, Barcelona, and Amsterdam. His pictures were in museums and galleries all over the Continent.

What first impressed me about Maxo was his physical strength and stamina. He was slightly over five feet tall and delicate-looking, but able to walk all day, as he and I did, over the hot, stony roads on the island of Korchula, where he had his summer home, and, unlike myself, not be tired in the evening. He swam for hours in the Adriatic, and I marveled how that bony, almost emaciated-looking body could contain so much energy and power of endurance and be so agile, vivid, precise, and graceful in its movements.

He was of such a sensitive temperament that I was not greatly startled when, as we talked, he repeatedly guessed or antici-

pated my thoughts or words and began to respond to my remarks or questions before I completed uttering them, nor when I saw his little canary Muri fly to him from the open cage and alight on his head, hand, or shoulders, or "play dead" at his command in his palm, or be perfectly content to squat on the bottom of his coat pocket. This sort of thing, somehow, appeared normal for Maxo.

Nor was I greatly surprised when I came upon Maxo in an olive grove near his house on Korchula and saw perhaps ten or a dozen sparrows, siskins, and wild canaries circling about him, cheeping and crying, swooping down between his legs, while he laughed at them, scattering bread crumbs, some of which they caught in the air; calling them scoundrels and blackguards, and reaching out at them as if he were trying to catch them. He explained he had a "touch" of what was known as "the gift of sympathy," though he did not know himself what it was. Very few people had it. He attracted wild birds and other wild creatures, and he said that if he came to this grove regularly every day for a couple of weeks and brought them food, the sparrows, siskins, and wild canaries would get used to him and land on his head and shoulders, and let him touch and hold them in his hands. I had no difficulty in believing this.

Nor did it seem unnatural when one day as we passed a stone fence near his villa a tiny gray lizard suddenly scurried up Maxo's trouser leg and dived into his pocket in search of crumbs and in a few moments emerged again and, while Maxo

called him a thief and scavenger, sped round the small of his back, dived into the other pocket, came out once more, then sped down the other trouser leg, and vanished in the roadside rubble. Maxo said he had "made friends" with the creature a few days before; now it seemed to be waiting for him every time he came by this spot.

Maxo came to America in 1934 and I saw a good deal of him during the next few years. He found it hard to sell his pictures in this country and had become discouraged over his prospects when, in the spring of 1937, he was approached by a Croatian priest—the Rev. Albert Zagar, pastor of the Croatian Catholic Church of St. Nicholas at Millvale, an industrial suburb of Pittsburgh—to paint a series of murals for the church. Father Zagar hoped to have it completed by mid-June, the time of one of their celebrations.

Maxo hastened to Pittsburgh to see the priest and the church, returning in a few days ablaze with creative enthusiasm. Father Zagar, he bubbled, was a grand fellow, instinctively intelligent, simple, direct, well-intentioned, and much beloved by his people, who were exclusively Croatian immigrants and their American-born children. He had been twelve years in America, and parish priest of St. Nicholas for half that time. The murals were his idea and he was giving Maxo entire freedom to paint what he liked on the walls so long as at least some of the pictures were of a religious character.

Maxo told me further that the church, along with the parish house and the parochial school, which was in charge of nuns, stood atop a knoll overlooking a vast industrial area, which included a street-car barn, an extensive railroad yard, and several factories and mills, with rows of workers' houses. It was not a very large church nor an architectural masterpiece. "But," said Maxo, "I think I can do something with it. In fact, the walls, although mostly concave, curving in all directions, are well-nigh ideal for murals. It's a marvelous opportunity."

While the church in Pittsburgh was being readied for him, according to the instructions he had given to a contractor, Maxo worked in New York on his sketches for the murals; then early in April he returned to Pittsburgh, whence I received a note from him: "I begin to-morrow. I'm not going to write to you till I finish, which must be by June 10th. I shall have to work day and night. Meantime, please don't come here. . . . I hope to surprise you all with the completed work."

Two months from the day on which he had begun, I received word from him: "Finished! Dedication on Sunday. Please come; am eager for you to see what I have done." So I journeyed to Pittsburgh, to dismal Millvale . . . and I was never more amazed by anything in my life. Here was work single-handedly and superbly accomplished in two months that, no doubt, would have taken most artists a year, except that very few could have achieved such artistic excellence even in that time. I learned that he had not only done every bit of painting himself, but had mixed most of his paints; only Father Zagar—whom I found a remarkable and delightful man, a few years younger than Maxo, and also small and slight—had helped him occasionally. Maxo had used almost no models, painting nearly everything from his imagination. He had worked every weekday, under great creative tension, from nine in the forenoon till two or three the next morning, and had slept very little when he was not painting and had eaten rather less than a sparrow, but had drunk a great deal of coffee.

The murals attracted much favorable attention. One art critic called them "the best church murals in America." *Time*, the news magazine, devoted a page to them with reproductions. Since the dedication streams of visitors have visited the little Croatian church to see them. But they are unaware—as was I when I first saw the murals—of the extraordinary, really fantastic circumstances under which Maxo had worked.

II

From Pittsburgh, Maxo returned east in my car; we were alone and he seemed half hysterical most of the way, talking incessantly about what a marvelous man Father Zagar was; how he loved him, how fortunate he was to have received his first big job in America from a man like him, and been free to paint what he liked; how fine it was to have earned so large a sum of money in a couple of months; how glad he was to have come to America . . . and often about nothing in particular, or at least I could not make out what he was driving at. He was repeating himself, just talking, talking, till it became a strain to be with him. At first I ascribed this to his weariness; then, somehow, it occurred to me that he simultaneously wanted desperately to tell me something and was trying just as desperately not to tell me. But I said nothing, thinking that if it was anything important he was sure to tell me by-and-by.

One day late in August it came out. He suddenly began, "I must tell you something that happened in the church while I worked there. Terribly strange. I would have told you long ago but Father Zagar and I promised each other we would not tell anyone for a while. We were afraid it might result in some crazy, inappropriate publicity.

"When I got to Millvale, on April fifth, I asked Father Zagar to request everybody round the place please to remain out of the church while I was working inside. I did not want curious people to come climbing up the scaffolding to watch and distract me and possibly fall. I knew that if I was to complete the job in two months I should need every minute I could get; and, therefore, I also suggested to Father Zagar that, so far as possible, he too stay out. I feared that if he came in too often I might spend too much time talking with him; for I found him from the start very charming, intelligent, and entertaining. He agreed and proposed to have all the church doors locked every weekday from nine o'clock on, after the

last Mass—for, as you know, there are two priests in the parish: Zagar, and his assistant, Father Nezich. I was given a key to a small side door, entering under the choir, which enabled me to go in and out as I pleased.

"On April ninth the church was ready for me and I locked myself in and, with all my materials on the scaffold, I began the *Madonna and Child*, which, because of the curvature of the wall above the main altar and the size of the figures, was extremely hard to do. Also I had never done anything like it. To save time, I had decided not to draw even an outline of the figures before I started to paint, but to work directly with paint as I should upon canvas; and as the paint I used dried very quickly I had to work extremely fast and carefully. But I felt fine and—except for the few minutes I took out for lunch and the few minutes for supper—I worked from nine in the forenoon till two-thirty the next morning. Or, rather, I discovered that it was two-thirty when I came into the parish house where I had my room, for I had determined to have no watch with me on the job. My reason for this was that if I had the watch where I could look at it and see how late it was getting I might feel tired before I was really exhausted for the day, and quit earlier. Throughout the two months I never took my watch with me into the church.

"By way of further introduction to what I have to tell you, let me add that every time I came from the church to the parish house after quitting for the night, which was always between one-thirty and three-thirty after midnight, I found Father Zagar waiting for me with a pot of coffee on the stove and cake and fruit on the table. This annoyed me and I told him not to stay up for me; I could make my own coffee if I wanted it. But he said, 'Never mind, *gospodiné profesor*'—he called me professor at first. He assured me that he seldom slept more than three or four hours anyhow. . . . So every night I had coffee and a bite, while Father Zagar—who, as a priest celebrating

Mass in the morning, could not eat after midnight—talked to me; then upstairs and to sleep.

"At night the church was dark except for the powerful movable lamp on the scaffold where I worked, whence a few sharp shafts of light reached down, illuminating parts of the altar, depending on where I had the lamp. Mixing the paints, I turned the lamp down so I could see what I was doing; and at such times most of the altar below me was doused with light—but I scarcely had time to look down.

"Now before I come to the story that I want to narrate to you, I should probably help you to imagine the atmosphere of the church at night and, so far as I can tell you, how I felt working in it. The scaffolding of course creaked all the while all over the church; but that did not bother me. It rained a good deal and it was cold and damp, and on some nights I wore two shirts and two sweaters and a windbreaker, which kept me warm enough in my body; but my hands frequently were none too warm to hold the brush efficiently. . . .

"For an instant now and then it felt a bit strange to be alone in the church, but only for an instant—I had no time for feeling strange or otherwise. Outside I could hear the whir of automobile traffic on the road below-hill and the clanging of locomotives and the clatter of trains in the railyard. Every once in a while the church—the whole hill—shook when a heavy truck passed or when the trainmen were joining cars, making up their trains. Occasionally the two dogs that belonged to the parish house—a police she-dog and a nondescript hound—barked, squealed, howled violently outside. On the second or third night a sudden long sound came out of the organ in the back of the church, which startled me; but then I thought it was due to the vibrations from the motor traffic or from the railyard.

"On the fourth night, as I say, while mixing paint and feeling rather cold and tired but not exhausted, I glanced at the

altar beneath me, which was rather fully illumined by my lamp's downward flood of light . . . and there was a figure, a man in black, moving this way and that way in front of it, raising his arms and making gestures in the air.

"I thought of course that the man was Father Zagar and, in my frenzy of work, I did not take a very good look at him. I was slightly annoyed for a moment. He had agreed to stay out; now here he was! But then I said to myself I had no right really to require him to keep out. I went on mixing the paint, then began to put it quickly on the wall, and could not help wondering why he should be going through all those motions in front of the altar at this time of the night, for—having no watch, remember—I judged by my weariness and by the work accomplished since nightfall that it was around midnight. It occurred to me he might be practicing ritualistic gestures; and I said to myself, 'To the devil with him, I'm busy!' But then another question popped into my head, 'Why didn't he say something to me as he came in?' This seemed strange, for Zagar is a very talkative man. After a while, however, I decided that he had kept silent in order not to disturb or distract me; and, the *Madonna* being one of the hardest jobs I had ever attempted to paint, I finally dismissed him from my mind. It never occurred to me that the man could be the other priest, Father Nezich, who, I knew, always went to bed early in the evening.

"That night I quit shortly after two o'clock. As I got out of the church the dogs, which had been barking violently during the past several hours, dashed up to me, terribly excited. They rose on their hind legs and pawed me and licked my hands. But I thought nothing of this. As I entered the parish house there was Father Zagar, as usual full of talk and concern for my welfare. Was I cold? Would I have a brandy? He hurried into the kitchen to fetch me coffee and cake and a dish of canned peaches; whereupon we chatted, perhaps till three o'clock.

But he said nothing about having been in the church. I thought this strange, and almost asked him about it, but didn't. I was tired and wanted to get to bed as soon as possible and did not want to start any sort of long conversation.

"The fifth night, working till past two o'clock, I saw nothing out of the ordinary; and I noticed, by comparison with the previous night, that the dogs were quiet. When I quit, again coffee, cake, fruit—talk with Father Zagar—and so to bed.

"The sixth and seventh nights the same.

"On the eighth night, skipping Sunday, which is to say on April nineteenth, I happened about midnight to look down from the scaffold while mixing paint, and there was the figure again, the man in black who, I assumed once more—without looking carefully—was Father Zagar. His gestures seemed a bit fantastic, but I thought this was due to the fact that I saw them from above, and there were shadows; and I was annoyed again—why was he coming in like this? Was he perhaps a little crazy? The explanation that he might be a perfectionist practicing ritualistic gestures, which had satisfied me four nights before, now suddenly struck me as improbable. I felt weird, cold; and, trying not to think of him, I worked furiously on the *Madonna*, who was practically finished. . . .

"Awhile later I heard him walking slowly down the main aisle of the church, mumbling rhythmically. 'Well,' I thought, 'he's praying. To the devil with him!' But, vaguely vexed and feeling very unpleasant, I determined to have a talk with him that night. I would ask him, as a sort of joke, what he thought he was doing so late at night; didn't he do enough praying in the daytime? . . . He paced the aisle mumbling for half an hour or an hour. Glancing down, I saw him momentarily as he cut the light here and there that poured through the scaffolding. Then—all quiet; only the dogs were barking outside, the cars honking, and, way off, a locomotive bell clanging.

"I assumed that Father Zagar had gone out; and after a time, still feeling strangely cold and uneasy, I decided to stop, though I sensed it was still early—perhaps only twelve-thirty. I used up what paint I had made, cleaned my brushes, then climbed down, turned off the lights, and went out and into the parish house.

III

"Entering, what do I see but Father Zagar asleep on the couch in the living room. Waking with a start, he jumped up and said, 'Hello, *gospodiné profesor!*' Then, looking up at a clock, he cried, 'Oh, my, it's past one o'clock! Why didn't that woman wake me?' He meant his cook and housekeeper, Mrs. Dolinar, an elderly widow, also known as Dolinarka. He was angry, explaining that he had lain down at about nine, having instructed Dolinarka to wake him at eleven; but she had apparently gone upstairs and also fallen asleep.

"Now, this was strange! I said to Father Zagar, 'Do you mean to say that you've lain asleep here since nine o'clock?' 'Why do you ask?' said Father Zagar. I smiled and asked him to answer me, and he said, 'I believe I fell asleep soon after I lay down; by nine-thirty, anyhow.' 'And,' I asked, 'you've been asleep ever since?' 'Yes.' 'Are you sure?' 'Sure!'

"'Well,' I thought, smiling to myself, 'all this is easily explained now: he is a sleepwalker.' Father Zagar asked, 'Why do you smile?' I told him; then he laughed and lighted a cigarette, walking round the room. I sat down. 'You saw something?' he asked then. 'I saw you in front of the altar, making gestures like this' (illustrating). 'Sure you saw me?' asked Father Zagar, very serious. I said I had not looked very carefully, but had assumed it was he; now, if he insisted that he had been asleep ever since nine-thirty, I was impelled to think he was a somnambulist. We laughed.

"Smoking nervously, Zagar said, 'Believe me, *gospodiné profesor*, I am not a

sleepwalker. I was really on that couch from about nine till you awakened me.' He hesitated an instant then asked, 'Tell me: have you since coming here heard there is a tradition that this church is occasionally visited by a ghost or some strange phenomenon?' I answered, 'No.' 'Are you sure?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' Zagar went on, 'there is a fifteen-year-old tradition to that effect, dating nine or ten years back before I came here. I have never seen or had any experience with him or it, but not a few people say they have. Before I came there were quarrels and arguments among the Croats hereabouts pertaining to this ghost, or whatever it is. I am a skeptic as to ghosts and never believed the tradition, not really; but sometimes, listening to people speak of it, I admitted there might be something to it—some phenomenon which we don't understand. . . . Do you know why I asked Dolinarka to wake me at eleven?' I said, 'No.' 'Do you know why you always found me here so late when you came out of the church?' 'No.' 'Because,' said Zagar, 'ever since you decided to work late I was half afraid that, alone in the church, you would have some "experience" and get frightened and possibly fall off the scaffold; and every night since you began to work except today I have stood watch outside the door between eleven and one. You never saw me, for I was outside, behind the door, looking in, keeping still, listening. My purpose was to rush in in case you cried out or started hastily to climb down.'

"I said, 'Father Zagar, you aren't crazy by any chance, are you?' He answered, 'I don't know, but I don't think I am.' We laughed again, then I had some coffee and, discussing the thing, we decided that hereafter Father Zagar would come into the church at about eleven every night I worked and stay with me till quitting time.

"So the following night he came in, announcing that it was quarter to eleven; then, by way of horseplay, he called out, 'Come on, ghost, show yourself and see if the *gospodiné profesor* and I are afraid of you.' I laughed and went on working.

Father Zagar climbed up, bringing me a pot of coffee; helped me with paint-mixing—something he did regularly thereafter—then went down again lest he distract me, for I had started on the new mural, *Religion in the Old Country*, on the left side of the main altar . . . and suddenly there was a strange click or knock at the back of the church, beneath the choir. It sent a chill through me. 'Hear that, Father?' 'What?' 'That strange knock back there?' 'Yes; but wasn't it a creak in the scaffolding?' 'I don't know,' I said; 'I don't think so.' It sounded terribly strange. I kept working as we talked.

"Then—another click or knock, the same as the first, but in another part of the church. I turned round and looked down at Father Zagar, who stood on the other side of the altar. He turned to face the rear of the church, and in a tense, sharp voice challenged, 'Come on, show yourself if you are a ghost or whatever you are; or speak if you can. We're busy here, the *gospodiné profesor* and I, decorating the church, making it beautiful, and we should like to be left alone. If you're a ghost, if you're a dead man, go with God—peace to you. I'll pray for you. Only please don't bother us—'

"I interrupted him with a yell, for just then I saw him—the ghost; or, at least, let me call him that—sitting in the fourth pew. I saw him very clearly: a man in black, an old man with a strange angular face wrinkled and dark with a bluish tinge. He leaned on the front part of the pew, looking up—not so much at me as at everything in general: a sad, miserable gaze. I saw him for just a moment, then—nothing. He vanished. But I felt cold all over at the same time that sweat broke out of every pore of my body. I got off the scaffold, which wasn't high for that mural, and barely managed not to fall off the ladder, I was so frightened—only the sensation I had was more than fear: something indescribable, but related to the milder, more remote sensations I had experienced on the two previous evenings when I saw him gesticulate in front of the altar.

"Rushing to me, Father Zagar put his arms about me and asked what was the matter, but I had no time to talk with him. I pushed him aside and rushed out of the church as fast as I could. Outside the dogs were barking.

"Father Zagar, who followed me out, had not seen the ghost and, taking the attitude of the skeptic again, he said I had probably only imagined I saw him. 'But,' I insisted, 'I really saw him, Father—with these eyes, as I see you now.' 'You imagined it!' Zagar repeated and I became angry and went to my room and made a sketch in my notebook of the man—the ghost, whatever he was—as I clearly recalled him sitting in the pew.

"I calmed down, went into the bathroom, and changed my sweat-soaked underclothes. Father Zagar came up and I went down with him. We begged each other's pardon, I had coffee and cake, and we talked, speculating, Father Zagar telling me what the tradition had to say; and shortly after one, when I felt perfectly quiet again, we returned to the church, where also everything was entirely normal, and I resumed work. Zagar stayed with me till I stopped, then we had more coffee and he went to his room, and I to mine. Exhausted, I fell asleep at once.

"In the morning Father Zagar told me that a few minutes after he had turned out the light over his bed there were three clear and distinct clicks or knocks in the closest proximity to his bed. The knocks were not as if someone struck a piece of wood or metal or a wall, but something different and strange, as though one snapped one's fingers, yet not quite that either . . . as though they came out of infinity—the same that we had heard in the church. 'They touched my heart, and everything in me with a long chill feeling,' he said, 'and, though I could not see him, I knew there was a dead man in my room. I blessed myself and began to say an Ave Maria and switched on the light and saw nothing. The chill feeling in me persisted. I was frightened and angry and I said, "Who are you? Why

don't you show yourself to me when you do show yourself to Mr. Vanka? Talk to me if you can. Let's settle this once for all. Have some consideration for us. I work hard all day and I'm tired and I want to sleep. Poor Mr. Vanka has a job on his hands; you should leave him alone. But now talk to me and tell me what the trouble is. I'll pray for you.'" I waited, but there was no reply, so I turned out the light, said a paternoster and an Ave Maria for the peace of his soul, and the cold feeling left me and, I think, I soon fell asleep."

IV

"The next night, and for two or three nights after, we were left in peace, and I worked right through, finishing *Religion in the Old Country* and beginning *Immigrants' Religion in America*, in which I included a portrait of Father Zagar. He posed for me in the daytime, then came in late in the evening. He was beginning to credit himself with sending the ghost away. It took a fellow like him, by golly, to deal with ghosts and spirits and such strange phenomena. He had given the ghost a piece of his mind the other night; now he stayed away. . . .

"Father Zagar came in shortly before eleven, unlocking and locking the door, and cracking his usual jokes, boasting he had sent the ghost packing—when the whole *komedia* started all over again. There was again that strange awful knock or click in one corner under the choir, then another in the other corner. 'O-ho!' cried Zagar, scratching his head. I used up what paint I had in the pail, then laid everything aside and got off, intent on fleeing, for I was abruptly all cold inside and beginning to drip with perspiration. But the Father detained me, seizing my arm, suggesting we face the situation. 'Not I,' said I and made for the door, Zagar after me, seizing me again.

"There was another knock, I couldn't tell just where, but it cut into me like a knife. Then I saw him—the old man in black—moving down the aisle altarward.

Terrified, horror-stricken, panicky are faint words to describe my sensation. 'Look, Father,' I yelled, 'there he goes—to the altar—he's at the altar—he's *blown out the light!*' The last few words I shrieked out with more lung power than I ever thought I possessed, and simultaneously lost sight of the figure and began to feel a trifle better.

"This—his putting out the light—is perhaps the most important point in the story. The light was 'the sanctuary lamp' which usually hangs in a special fixture depending from the ceiling above the altar. It burns all the time (the nuns next door see to it) and is for that reason called also *vjechno svjetlo*, eternal light. The tallow and wick inside the bulb need to be changed only about once a year; and the sisters assured us afterward that as long as any of them has been there—for eight years, at any rate—it had never been out. The glass bulb round the flame is so arranged that it is almost impossible to blow it out. No wind or draft can touch it; besides, all the doors and windows were closed. . . . The light usually hangs, as I say; but now, because of the scaffolding, the fixture had been pulled up and the lamp stood like a huge red cup on the altar, where the ghost, or whatever it was, now blew it out with a puff of breath.

"When I yelled that he had put out the light, Father Zagar demanded, 'What light?' I said, 'The eternal light! Can't you see it's out?'

"*'Bomé, by golly!'* he exclaimed and rushed to the altar, where he saw that the wick in the lamp was still smoking. He touched the lamp; it was hot. The flame had, obviously, just been extinguished.

"Meantime I had left the church. The dogs were yelping and squealing outside. Father Zagar followed me out. 'Till now,' he said, 'I still had a glimmer of doubt. I thought possibly it was your fantasy. I thought possibly I had imagined the knocks in the church and by my bed the other night. But now I believe. *Bomé*, now I believe. There is something here. That light was blown out just when you said it was.'

"At one o'clock we returned to work again and everything was normal. Whereupon we had two or three 'good' nights, as we began to call those when nothing happened. Then 'he'—we called him 'he'—came two or three nights in succession. I had no watch, but when 'he' came I knew it was somewhere between eleven and twelve, standard time. 'He' paid no attention to the fact that meanwhile Pittsburgh had gone to daylight-saving. One night Father Zagar tried to fool me when he came in, apologizing that he had fallen asleep—it was nearly one-thirty; wasn't I quitting yet? I might readily have believed this under ordinary circumstances; but not this time, for he no sooner spoke than the chill feeling pierced me, which was always the signal, and I said, 'Father, you're a fibber; it's somewhere between eleven and twelve, standard. I must go.'

"Almost always I left the church immediately after I got 'the signal,' as I called the chill feeling. I tried to ignore it a few times and worked furiously. I put blinders, made out of newspapers, on either side of my face, like a horse, so I would see nothing but the spot on the wall where I worked. I stuffed cotton in my ears. No use! At the end I had to go; the sensation and the situation were intolerable. I saw 'him' on each of these occasions when I stayed after getting 'the signal.' He looked perfectly mild, pensivelikey, sitting in the pew or moving up and down the aisle; yet he filled me with indescribable horror, with something higher and stronger than fear; what, I cannot tell you. Father Zagar, who also got 'the signal,' though usually later than I and not as terribly, wanted me to stay and 'face the ghost and the whole business' with him, but I couldn't. Twice, when he tried physically to detain me, I pushed him violently away, bashing him once against a wall, then against a door, and he suffered bruises. He had locked the door, and I was so crazy with that fear which was more than fear that I told him I would kill him unless he forthwith let me out.

"This went on throughout the job—for two months. When 'he' came it was always between eleven and twelve, standard, except once, early in June. On that occasion he came earlier in the evening, perhaps at nine or nine-thirty, but gave me no 'signal.' The feeling I had was unpleasant but not intolerable. I put on my newspaper blinders and worked. 'He' burned candles on the chandelier in front of the little altar on the right from the time 'he' came till Father Zagar entered the church at eleven. 'What's this smell?' demanded Father Zagar, entering. I said, 'He's been burning candles all evening.' Then Mrs. Dolinar, the housekeeper, came in too, in the wake of the priest, who told her what I had said. The two of them then inspected the chandelier; it was full of molten tallow, while one wick, burned almost to the bottom, still flamed. Dolinarka put it out. . . .

"This is my story," concluded Maxo, "absolutely true as I know it. I think I'm not crazy. Nothing so intense, so terrific has ever happened to me. A ghost? I think so—something, someone, that is not substantial with flesh and bones and blood. An astral body, if you like—*something*: call it what you like. I know that I had an immense experience."

V

Listening to him, I was thinking, "This was too weird even for Maxo." Not that I questioned his statement about having had an intense and terrific experience. Nor did I doubt that Father Zagar would substantially corroborate his story, and I knew both of them well enough to feel that they were genuine, beyond any charlatanry or trickery. But the "ghost" to me was a ghost in quotation marks. I had long since become settled in my belief that once we died we were dead; that our personalities disintegrated into atoms, molecules, and other such basic life-units, which then became available as material in the construction of other life forms.

I realized that the matter of the eternal

light going out was hard to explain, save as a coincidence; but I inclined to believe that Maxo's experience was largely, if not entirely, of his own creation. I did not doubt his saying that no one had told him of the fifteen-year-old "ghost" tradition, which was the creation of a few superstitious persons, the like of whom might be found in any group; but I thought that, since the tradition existed, it was not beyond Maxo to get wind of it, somehow, *via* his acute, penetrating intuition. After being a few days in the church he could have sensed it.

Of course, Maxo's conscious mind, with which he told me the story, had had, I figured, no part in creating the "ghost" and the whole terrific drama he had narrated to me. The "ghost," I theorized, was a creature of his subconscious. But why did his subconscious create him? Perhaps to keep himself constantly stirred up so that he could carry out the great task before him. Perhaps, way down in him, he doubted that he could complete the job on time, and his subconscious, getting wind in one way or another of the ghost tradition, had created the "ghost" to have him there as an excuse in case of failure. Other such thoughts occurred to me. I expressed them to Maxo. He smiled, complimenting me as a psychologist, but shook his head; I was all wrong.

We let his wife and mine in on the story. Both skeptics, they joined my part against Maxo.

He was asked, "Why didn't you quit when these dreadful things began to happen?" He answered, "I thought of quitting, but how could I return to New York and face you all? How could I have explained it all to you? You would all think I had gone crazy. Besides, how could I leave Father Zagar with a half-painted church? I thought of painting only in the daytime, but then I could not possibly have finished in two months as I had agreed. I took that agreement very seriously, for I had entered into it, not only with Father Zagar, but the whole church committee. Everybody was expecting me to finish by about June tenth."

We asked him: did anyone have any theory who the ghost was?

"The popular belief is," said Maxo, "that he is a dead priest who while alive took money from parishioners for Masses which he never read, and who had not read his breviary daily and had neglected his other priestly duties, and is now coming to the church to make up for his sinful negligence during his life. Father Zagar inclines to this theory; so does the other priest there, Father Nezhich, who has never had any 'experience' and, not wanting any, never enters the church after dark. Mrs. Dolinar accepts the ghost as a permanent institution and has no fear of him. The same is true of the parishioners who believe that 'he' comes. They say the thing to do is to stay out of the church late at night, and let 'him' have the place to 'himself.'

"The nuns, who live over the school-house, next door, do not disbelieve in 'his' existence; none enters the church at night. The dogs seem to feel 'him,' for they barked violently nearly every time I saw 'him' or heard the knocks or felt the 'signal.' On the night that 'he' burned candles in the church Mrs. Dolinar felt a chill pass by, or over, her in the church.

"There are persons in Pittsburgh, all Croatsians, who had had 'experiences' with 'him'—had heard the knocks or clicks; had heard the organ play, which is electrically operated and, therefore, not subjected to vibrations from the traffic either on the road below-hill or in the railroad yard. There seem to be people who claim to have seen 'him.' Before Father Zagar's time there were many arguments in the parish between those who believed in the ghost and those who considered the whole thing a superstition. One of the priests before Zagar, Father Sorich, left the parish on account of it."

Maxo paused, then said, "I don't know what it is, but I *saw* a figure who looked as I have drawn him in my sketchbook. I am certain there is *something*."

The thing was interesting, so in mid-August, asking Maxo to join me, I drove to Pittsburgh and we spent two days with

Father Zagar at Millvale. We had long talks, back and forth, from all angles we could think of. The priest and Mrs. Dolinar, both of whom impressed me as utterly incapable of any charlatanry, corroborated Maxo's story to me in every respect, adding a few insignificant details. Father Zagar repeated to me Maxo's account of the incident with the sanctuary light. He could not think of it as a coincidence. Both he and the housekeeper insisted that on the occasion when "he" had burned candles all evening no living persons could possibly have got in to burn them, for all the doors had been locked and the keys—except Maxo's—were in the parish house. Joking, I accused Maxo of burning the candles himself. He laughed; he had too much to do to bother lighting candles. . . .

I looked up a number of other persons who had had "experiences." Much of what they told me was confused and confusing. Some believed, with Father Zagar, that "he" was a dead priest trying to make good what he had neglected in his duties while living. Some thought "he" might be a parish-priest who had served at St. Nicholas about twenty years ago. There appeared to be a number of people who had heard the strange knocks, both in the church and in the parish house, and had felt the chill that Maxo, Father Zagar, and Mrs. Dolinar had experienced. None with whom I talked had seen "him," but some had heard of persons who claimed they had seen "him," and that "he" looked like a priest. Certain it is that a number of people accepted the tradition. None of these was afraid to enter the church in the daytime but they shunned it at night, especially between eleven and twelve, stand-alone time.

The majority of parishioners, however, seemed to be skeptics in this regard; a few were emphatic there was no such thing as a ghost. They held that those who believed in "this nonsense" were superstitious. None of these knew of Maxo's and Father Zagar's recent "experiences," and thought the less said of the

so-called "ghost" the better. They were afraid that now that Mr. Vanka had made the church famous the thing might get into American newspapers and thus act as a reflection on the Croatian people in the United States.

Father Zagar and I went into the church at midnight, standard time, on Tuesday, August the seventeenth—and stayed there about an hour. I was, I think, perfectly prepared to have an "experience"; but there were no knocks or clicks, we felt no chills, and saw nothing unusual. Maxo did not want to come into the church with us. I was told that sometimes apparently "he" did not come for weeks or possibly months at a time. The dogs had been very quiet at night now for many weeks.

I left Pittsburgh, not as definite a skeptic or scoffer as I had come there, but

certainly an agnostic. There seems to be "something" in that church, but what it is, I don't know. I can say this: if there was "something" to see and experience, Maxo Vanka, if anyone, would see and experience it.

I decided to write this article, with Maxo's and Father Zagar's approval, partly because I don't want the thing to get first into the daily press, where it might be dealt with hastily and superficially, to the possible detriment of the Croatian people and the Millvale murals; and partly to call the "ghost" to the attention of reputable groups engaged in scientific investigations of psychical phenomena—assuming, for an instant, that Maxo Vanka's puzzling experiences while he painted his great murals were not of his own making, but were really "something."

IN A PLACE OF DROUGHT

BY JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

DUST is on all the stars, the moon is dusted with drought,
 The only wind is the wind forever and hotly blowing out of the south.
 The crops are withered and men's flesh withers; their eyes are glass.
 The crows are a shrill distress over the empty fields where they wheel and pass.

Only the desert, gray and victorious, smiles; the only certain thing.
 Clutching its withered bone, its shrivelled wing,
 The desert creeps from field to abandoned field
 Over the dust-filled ditches into the corn, into the harvest yield.



THE AMERICAN WAY

THE TWO FUNDAMENTALS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHILE he was President of the United States Woodrow Wilson made a speech at Charlotte, North Carolina, in which he astonished and outraged the Tarheels by pointing out that they are not typical Americans. North Carolina had then, and doubtless still has, a smaller foreign-born population than any other State. The census of 1910—the latest one at the time of Mr. Wilson's speech—showed that 99.4 per cent of the residents in the Old North State were native-born of native parents, while many thousands of them were Americans of the fifth to the tenth generation. What, asked the bewildered and resentful audience, could be more American than that?

Yet the President's words were true and they remain true to-day. The census of 1930 showed that Americans of foreign birth, or with at least one foreign-born parent, number 40,286,278 in a total population of 122,775,046. Move the inquiry back a generation—that is, include grandparents as well as parents—and the number would certainly double. Racial stock as anciently American as the North Carolinian is anything but typical of the country. Most of the population consists of people most of whose progenitors were living in other countries when Lee surrendered to Grant.

Obviously, the ideas and ideals of this population must be taken into account in any effort to determine what is the American way of doing anything. It is idle to expect to find in the writings of the found-

ers of the republic a complete expression of the beliefs of families that did not even learn the language of the founders until the founders had been dead for many years.

It is this vast displacement of tradition—unique, so far as I am aware, in the history of nations—that has given an aura of unreality and frequently a tinge of cant to modern expression of ideas that in earlier days were unquestionably valid. When President Hoover, for instance, during the political campaign of 1932 expressed his faith in “rugged individualism” as an essential part of the American tradition he incurred the suspicion of thousands who refused to credit his sincerity. Yet Mr. Hoover would have no difficulty in citing a tremendous amount of highly respectable authority in support of his position. Why, indeed, should he do more than mention the name of Benjamin Franklin? By his contemporaries, and for some generations later, Franklin was accepted without question as an authentic voice of America; and he was the greatest of all exponents of rugged individualism.

It is hardly credible though that any rational man would argue seriously that the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin embodies the prevailing trend of thought in the United States of 1937. It is a philosophy empirical in the extreme; and it was based on observation of an environment that exists no longer even as a family tradition in the minds of the greater part of

the nation. The older American stock may have heard from their grandfathers tales of an America identifiable with the one of which Franklin wrote; but the older American stock is now a minority of the nation. Most Americans are sprung from ancestors who lived in an entirely different environment and who thought in widely different ways.

Various institutions, most important among them being the American public school, have operated to implant the old tradition in the new population, but not with unqualified success. In some measure the effect has been partially to erase the traditions the newcomers brought from Europe without entirely supplanting them with those developed in America. The plate is fogged. The picture is cloudy and uncertain. A natural and inevitable conflict of ideals sometimes results in concepts of Americanism so bizarre as to seem, to those whose traditions are clear and definite, beyond the bounds of sanity. Unquestionably there are men, and thousands of them, not insane by any legal or medical standard, who really believe that the programs of the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion are in line with the true American tradition; and there are scores of less extreme movements whose supporters are firmly convinced that they are upholding the ideals of the founders of this republic.

II

One of these movements is democracy. Strong faith in democracy emphatically was not characteristic of the men who set up this republic. Hardly anyone will question this statement as regards Washington and Hamilton; but it applies as well to the man who is commonly regarded as the very high priest of democratic dogma, Thomas Jefferson. His enemies understood this clearly. One of their favorite methods of denouncing him was to fling the word "democrat" in his face; they never doubted that this was the insult that would sting him worst, and they were right.

A certain measure, but by modern standards a narrowly limited measure, of democracy was indeed regarded by Jefferson as inevitable and was, therefore, accepted by him with what grace he could muster. He envisaged the gradual extension of democracy too as probably necessary, and was prepared to countenance it. But for all that he reserved doubts as to the political competence of the masses, except as they were directed by men of skill and integrity; and he dreaded above all the participation in politics of an urban proletariat.

With such an attitude taken by the most eminent radical of the time it is hardly necessary to examine in detail the recorded sentiments of the rest. They did not all go so far as to proclaim, like Hamilton, that "the rich and well born" should control the destinies of the republic; but even those who did not agree with this assertion saw nothing really scandalous in it.

Democracy was no religion, no sacred article of faith with the men who founded the republic. They accepted it, in limited form—there was a property qualification for suffrage and at that the people voted directly on very few offices in most of the States—but they accepted it as a makeshift and a pretty doubtful one. They took democracy, not because they thought it was good, but because everything else offered was obviously much worse. They took it very much in the spirit in which they took the Constitution; for Franklin was speaking for nearly every member of the Convention when he said, "I consent to this Constitution because I expect no better, and I am not sure it is not the best."

Worship of democracy and the Constitution is a later accretion to the American tradition. It was not the American way in the beginning, nor is there any very compelling reason to suppose that it will remain the American way until the end.

Even liberty, the one abstraction on which there was widest agreement, had its limitations in the minds of the makers of the republic. The very man who wrote

in the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness," was at the moment when he penned the words the owner of slaves. It did not occur to him at the time that his words could possibly have any application to slaves, because the word "men" carried in his mind a special significance; it meant, if not gentlemen, at least white men and Englishmen. Even twenty years later Jefferson's comments on the French Revolution are eloquent of his delighted surprise at discovering that Frenchmen too are actually men.

Independence was not at all to the taste of the signers of the Declaration. They exhausted every resource in their efforts to avoid it, and the document itself is a long protestation that they did not approve of it, that they had sought desperately to escape it, and that they accepted it only because they were driven to do so.

If the peculiar sanctity now attaching to democracy, liberty, and the Constitution is an addition to the American tradition, originating not with the founders of the government, but long afterward, there were, on the other hand, certain concepts which they undoubtedly regarded as essential components of the American tradition, but which have long since been discarded. One was the notion that the United States was and must forever remain essentially a society of husbandmen. Jefferson was the great protagonist of this delusion, but even Hamilton admitted that the United States must always remain primarily agrarian. In view of the fact that the first census after adoption of the Constitution, that of 1790, showed a population 96.7 per cent rural, this assumption is understandable; but the fact remains that in 1930 the population was only 43.8 per cent rural—well over half urban. The tradition of the agrarian nation has been compelled to yield to the contrary fact.

With it has gone the aristocratic con-

cept of politics accepted so implicitly by the makers of the republic that it never entered their minds to write it into the organic law. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the two documents generally regarded as the embodiment of the essential American tradition, are products of the eighteenth century. The aristocratic theory had been challenged by countless philosophers in earlier times, but its actual demolition began with the French Revolution, when the Constitution had been in force for years.

Actual participation in government by the poor and ignorant was simply not a part of eighteenth-century thought. A few advanced thinkers, especially in France, toyed with the idea of universal participation, to be sure, but always in vague and ill-defined terms. At the time of the American Revolution universal suffrage was an idea as strange and radical as companionate marriage and euthanasia are to-day—that is to say, it had been suggested, but hardly taken seriously.

The men who established this country took it for granted that the conduct of public affairs would always remain in the hands of an upper class. They envisaged an aristocracy whose members would be qualified by brains and character, not by lineage; but they unquestionably envisaged an aristocracy, because any other form of political organization was beyond their imagining. "Let us erect a standard," said Washington, "to which the wise and honest may repair." No others were invited. If no effective barriers were raised to bar the silly and crooked, it was because the founders had such faith in the potency of aristocracy that they could not imagine its subjugation, not to mention its abolition.

The twentieth century finds that the facts are quite different. Science and technology, rather than philosophy, have made such radical changes in the world that eighteenth-century reasoning no longer applies. For one thing, the dense ignorance in which the masses of mankind were sunk in the eighteenth century

has been partially removed. Not only are ordinary men now able to read, but the barriers of time and distance have been so far swept away that it is possible for an artisan in California to have reasonably accurate and virtually instant information of every important event that occurs in Washington. When Madison was drawing up the organic law of the Union it was physically possible for only a small number of minds to operate on the problems of government; the vastly greater number had neither the information nor the education requisite to making even the simplest of judgments. Lacking the gift of prophecy that might have foretold the railway and the telegraph, Madison and his friends inevitably supposed that it would always be so. They had every reason to regard the rule of the select few as an ineradicable part of the American way; but it has not remained.

Any student of American history can multiply these examples, but it is useless to labor the point. Our concept of what we call Americanism has been protean in the past, and there is no convincing reason to believe that it has lost this character. The odds are heavy that some things which most of us now look upon as fundamental to our tradition and culture within fifty years will be altered or abolished. Shall one assert then that the question of what is the American way cannot be answered until one has been told what American, and when, and where?

This does not necessarily follow. In the first place, no rational man would ask such a question without implying a certain selectivity. The American way is certainly not the way of the villains and fools that have afflicted the country, but rather of its best and wisest men. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson were highly exceptional, far indeed from being average Americans; yet when one speaks of the American way he certainly means theirs rather than the way of Benedict Arnold and Jesse James.

In the second place there are a few principles held to be true by the founders

of the republic that are still held to be true, in exactly the same way, by the wisest and best Americans of the twentieth century. These surviving ideas are very few and very simple; but if it can be established that they have remained unaltered during all the changing fortunes of the republic and are, at bottom, unaltered to-day, one is fairly safe in describing them as the essential American tradition.

III

For my part, I hesitate to pronounce positively genuine more than two. The first of these is the dignity of the individual. The second, a reasonable measure of respect for reality in politics.

Let Jefferson state them both in more seemly language: "All men are created equal . . . endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." For the moment, never mind what the rights are; the essential point is that all men are created equal and endowed with rights. This is the dignity of the individual.

Then for the second: "I am not for awing the human mind by stories of raw-head and bloody bones to a distrust of its own vision, and to rely implicitly on that of others." This, after all, is but "no nonsense" writ large.

Upon these two concepts, it seems to me, is erected the whole structure of American ideals and institutions. No matter what program a man may propose, if he can make it square with these two principles I, for one, hesitate to declare it positively un-American. On the other hand, any program that obviously violates either of these is not in line with American tradition.

The implications of these ideas are sweeping. For example, on the first one the totalitarian state goes to wreck. If a man, created equal with all his fellows, is endowed with "inalienable rights" and endowed by his Creator, then the first of these rights must of necessity be the right to think; for without liberty of mind he cannot be aware of his possession. This right, according to the American tradi-

tion, cannot be invaded by any earthly power, not even that of the State. But to restrict men's opportunity to learn, whether by reading, or by listening, or by discussion, is to restrict their thoughts, which is a right not transferred and not transferable to any state or king or dictator.

Jefferson wrote down "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as among the "inalienable rights," but this is not absolutely true. All three a man may alienate by his own act. He may commit a crime that will compel society to restrain him, or even to destroy him, for the protection of its other members; but not even crime, except the sort of crime by which he forfeits his life, can deprive a man of the right upon which all others rest, the right to do his own thinking.

But if the individual, including the humblest, is inviolate in his personality, then the state cannot be entirely sovereign, that is to say, it cannot be totalitarian. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" cannot be said, even at the border of the realm of the spirit, to a genuinely totalitarian state. Other rights are qualified, even the right to life itself; hence a policy that seems to invade, or in fact does invade, other rights may, or may not, be basically American. But any policy based on the assumption that the citizen is, or ever may become, merely a tool of the state, under an obligation not merely to act, but also to think for the good of the state, is a denial of every moment of the existence of this republic from 1776 to the present.

If the doctrine of the dignity of the individual embodies the principle of permanence which has maintained the identity of our country, the doctrine of respect for reality embodies the principle of development which has made the country great.

The earlier American historians strove manfully—as the writers of elementary school texts do still—to inculcate the idea that the revolutionaries of 1776 were inspired to fight a seven years' war by pure love of liberty, religious and political.

Later and more cynical historians, revolting against an impossible idealism, have almost subscribed to the idea that they fought for unadulterated—since one hesitates to call it pure—love of money. But I am not aware that any historian, early or late, has suggested that they fought out of sheer annoyance at being continually told that the moon is made of green cheese. Yet a pretty good case can be made out in support of some such theory.

For nearly two centuries before the outbreak of the Revolution the colonists had been facing a very stern reality. They had brought from Europe a highly developed system of political ideas and an equally highly developed system of political organization. But they found that neither worked. That "divinity doth hedge a king" was a pretty theory, but the scarcity of corn in Jamestown was an ugly fact; therefore gentlemen who had obtained from the king, as the fountain of honor, exemption from menial tasks nevertheless were compelled to bend their backs to the shovel and the hoe. If the rights and privileges of gentlemen did not apply in the new land, why should any of the rest of the old order that was obviously inapplicable to the new conditions? Slowly the colonists were driven to realize that "a distrust of its own vision" is a fatal handicap to a nation. Oglethorpe came with a marvelous scheme of political organization; but if it had not sacrificed Oglethorpe's scheme and trusted its own vision, Georgia must have perished. Braddock came, bearing the king's commission and skilled in the rules of warfare; he brushed aside with contempt the facts of border warfare and died, with most of his army, as a result. Governor after governor came, honored with the confidence of the king and his ministers; but proved, in fact, incompetent.

After a century and three-quarters of such lessons, Americans at last firmly grasped the idea that any government which persistently ignores the facts is a villainously bad government. Underlying the libertarian philosophy of 1776;

underlying the desire for religious liberty; underlying the motive of economic advantage—underlying all else was a keen realization of the absurdity of government by an authority distant three thousand miles, geographically, and six weeks temporally. It would be folly to deny the philosophical, religious, and economic motives behind the American Revolution; but a sense of humor, which is basically a sense of reality, had something to do with it too.

This pragmatic view of the state has survived throughout our history. We began with a Constitution that satisfied nobody except in one particular, to wit, that it was less extremely objectionable than the worst proposed. Maybe it was, as Gladstone said, the greatest work ever struck off by the hand and brain of man at one time, but it certainly was not so regarded by the men who made it and in a hundred and fifty years their successors have altered it twenty-one times.

But the mere adoption of the Constitution is evidence of the fact that the Americans of 1787 regarded it as the first duty of the government to cope with the realities of the situation. This opinion was not unanimous; it took three years to bring the last of the thirteen members of the Confederation into the new Union. But it was the prevailing American doctrine, and it has been the prevailing doctrine ever since. Only once has it been resolutely challenged. In 1861 eleven Southern States went beyond the point at which New England had faltered forty-five years earlier and supported with arms the theory of States' Rights against the emerging fact of nationality. On that occasion the fact triumphed and the theory was drowned in blood; and the effort has not been repeated.

When the basic doctrine of any society, political or other, is so loose and vaguely defined, many of its members are doomed to perpetual mental suffering. This has certainly been true of the American republic. There has never been a moment since its establishment when it did not seem, to a considerable number of its citi-

zens, to be tottering to its fall. Indeed, the Constitution itself was regarded by some men in every State as a denial of everything America stood for. In Massachusetts they called it "the great Leviathan," in New York "The Gilded Trap," in Virginia "pernicious, impolitic, dangerous." Nor were these sentiments the mouthings of irresponsible demagogues; they expressed the considered opinion of honest men, some of them able men.

Since then emotion has swung to the other extreme, and the terrified are afraid, not of the Constitution, but for it. The great exemplar of this attitude was John C. Calhoun, who devoted his time for thirty years to mourning the evident reshaping of the Constitution. His error was in supposing that altering or even abolishing the Constitution would necessarily change the nature of the republic. History has demonstrated the falsity of this view. We have actually changed the Constitution in no less than twenty-one particulars; but the republic survives, and it is essentially the same as the republic over which George Washington presided. The reason is that all the changes, with a single exception, have recognized, first, the dignity of the individual, and, second, that the law must be in agreement with the facts. The one exception was the Eighteenth Amendment, which has been repealed.

The Constitutionality of an idea, or an act, is therefore an uncertain test of its Americanism. Jefferson himself believed that the Louisiana Purchase was flatly unconstitutional. So, in the estimation of many able lawyers, were the Emancipation Proclamation and the recognition of the revolutionary government of Panama; but they met the facts of the existing situation when the Constitution did not, so they were profoundly American. Prohibition, on the other hand, like the Fugitive Slave law, stood the test of the courts; but both of these incontestably constitutional enactments denied both the dignity of the individual and the plain facts of the situation. Both were un-American and both collapsed.

IV

Heretical as it may sound, I do not believe that either democracy or liberty is a fundamental part of Americanism, much less that "equality of opportunity" which is supplanting universal suffrage as the theoretical expression of liberty. Democracy and liberty are not bases, but logical outgrowths of the American tradition. They are inescapable deductions from the fundamental ideas but, as a philosophical proposition, might conceivably be supplanted by something else without touching the fundamentals.

Mind you, I cannot imagine how it could be done. In fact the American people have never been able to imagine how it could be done, so they have not tried it.

Democracy and liberty are the outgrowth of the combination of the two American ideas. The concept of the dignity of the individual may be entertained without the concept of democracy as an inevitable result. Indeed its finest statement as a political policy is Chatham's famous rhetorical description of the poor man's cottage: "It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!" Chatham was no democrat. He was an earl; but the government he headed did recognize, if it did not always respect, the dignity of the individual. That benevolent despotism beloved of political theorists might recognize this element of Americanism without admitting the validity of democracy.

But to this theorem add the other, that political organization must conform fairly closely to reality, and escape from democracy becomes impossible. To accept any other theory it is necessary to assume that there is a test, other than experience, that will reveal the superior man. Whether it is the test of genealogy, as in the case of legitimist monarchs, or of theology, as in the case of the selection of the Dalai Lama, or of force, as in the case of dictators, or of thaumaturgy, as in the cases of

various primitive tribes, there must be a test that will reveal the true sovereign. But there is no test except experience. Nothing else can prove a man's capacity to be the head of the state. Recently we have seen an amiable gentleman, but no philosopher, God knows, proclaimed as "the high and mighty prince Edward . . . our rightful lord," and then reduced within twelve months to the level of a simple subject, without even a title until his successor granted him one. Well, I have always cherished a decided partiality for the Duke of Windsor; but the notion that Eddie, for all his good qualities, ever was a high and mighty prince, much less the rightful lord of several hundred million people, is one that I can't swallow.

Of course, I understand that it is all symbolical. I am aware that no intelligent Englishman ever dreams of taking all the ritual literally, and that, far from being ruled, he asserts the right to rule the most intimate affairs, even to the marriage, of his so-called sovereign. But that is just it. There is no deep-seated conviction among the British that their political organization must conform, with reasonable fidelity, to reality; therefore, they can—and to a large extent do—accept democracy, but they are by no means driven to it. For us though there is no escape; believing in reality as well as in individualism, we have found no workable method of government other than the rule of the people. Then, if you set up rule of the people, liberty follows as a matter of course. If the people have the power, they are politically a free people. They can't be anything else.

The dualism of the American tradition seems, as it is set down on paper, simple enough, but it is in reality a subtle and difficult concept. Many Americans, among them some very distinguished men, have been quite unable to grasp it. For one thing, it definitely limits the power of democracy. "Though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail," observed Jefferson, "that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable." It is not rea-

sonable if it denies that every man is endowed by his Creator with rights; nor is it reasonable if it writes into the law some such principle as that adopted by the Middle Western State whose legislature enacted that *pi* should thereafter be equal to 3, instead of 3.1416 plus. Thus any law that seeks to control the minds of men, or that denies the plain facts of existence, is profoundly un-American, though it were upheld by fifty Supreme Courts.

The will of the majority is no more divinely inspired than is the will of an absolute monarch, and there is nothing essentially righteous in its establishment as the final arbiter. The reasons for accepting it are based on no consideration more exalted than expediency. The majority presumably can present more bayonets than the minority; hence it is expedient to permit the majority to prevail, lest it resort to bayonets. In that case it would prevail anyhow, and the minority would be underground.

Whenever and wherever a question is capable of settlement by force, there the rule of the majority should be accepted simply as a method of avoiding bloodshed. The problem of who shall occupy the White House is capable of solution by force; not so the problem of the origin of the human species. An able-bodied policeman with a club can make me pay taxes; therefore a decision by the majority as to what taxes shall be levied is binding. But all the policemen between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate cannot make me revere the Constitution; therefore a majority decision that I shall be compelled to revere it is idiotic and profoundly un-American. It violates both principles of Americanism—in the first place, it invades my human dignity by denying that I have a right to think for myself, about the Constitution as about all other things; and, in the second place, it ignores the stern reality that the thing can't be done.

This is why the wildest economic theory ever germinated in Moscow is by no means as thoroughly un-American as the

teachers' oath laws that have been sustained by the courts in a number of States. The un-American element in Communism, in Fascism, and in Nazism is precisely the same: it is the theory that a man has no rights as a man, but only as a member of society. The teachers' oath laws seem to assume that an American has no right to think about hating the United States. But he has. He has a right to think about anything. More than that, it is an innate right that the United States cannot take away and has no right to try to take away. Our property and our bodies may be in the hands of the government and subject to control by majority rule. But our manhood is our own, and truth is neither our property nor that of the government; hence Americans have always believed that when the government presumes to lay its hands on these things, "it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security."

V

What is the evidence of the truth of the two basic American beliefs? As far as I know, there is none at all. The evidence of experience is not conclusive, as other nations have existed well enough without either. Yet, while it may not constitute absolute proof of the truth of our fundamental assumptions, this evidence is impressive. The United States is the only great nation in the world to-day that is still operating under the same political ideas that controlled it in 1787. All the others have experienced at least one revolution, most of them several, with the exception of Great Britain, which escaped revolution by adopting a modification of our democracy.

Furthermore, these hundred and fifty years have constituted a period during which all political systems were subjected to stresses far more numerous and more powerful than have occurred in any other period of equal length in all history. The whole world has been made over since the Constitutional Convention fin-

ished its labors and adjourned, but the organization it set up, based on these two principles, is still doing business at the old stand. It has survived, not merely wars, including one frightful civil convulsion, but the worse strain of enormous expansion, in area, in population, and in wealth. It has survived the conversion of its population from a rural into an urban people. It has survived the abolition of time and distance as regards communication, and their immense reduction as regards transportation. It has survived the invasion of the electorate by forty-three million poor voters. It has survived the worst economic cataclysm of modern times with only one shot fired against the government, and that by a crazy man. Surely, this is enough to prove that the American way, whether true or not, is amazingly flexible and strong.

Since all is change, doubtless in time this too will pass away. But never believe that you and I shall be here to see it go. There are those who cry that the republic even now is crumbling into ruin. And why not? Cassandra, bless her, is a permanent feature of the American pageant. Her wails are the antistrophe in the great national chorus, and were they to be hushed we might infer that things were abnormal indeed. She cried out when the Constitution was adopted,

and again when John Adams reduced the republic to a tyranny, and again when Thomas Jefferson delivered it over to anarchy. She had convulsions when Andrew Jackson, and, later, Abraham Lincoln, tore the Constitution to shreds and tatters. She foretold impending doom when Ulysses S. Grant accepted the carriage and pair and when Grover Cleveland bluntly demanded gold. Theodore Roosevelt destroyed the country, and so did Woodrow Wilson.

Oh, well, some day no doubt Cassandra will be right. But the country has been destroyed so often that the present attitude of the typical American seems to be

When people all around are making faces
And all the world's a-jangle and ajar,
I meditate on interstellar spaces
And smoke a mild segar.

After all, terrific excitement over non-essentials is also a characteristic American way. But however high the income tax may run, and however far the alphabetical agencies may go toward converting the country into the Utopia of tramps, these things do not affect the country's real tradition. As long as no "tyranny over the mind of man" is erected here, George Washington, or any man who sat with him, might return to this strange country and, in spite of all the changes, exclaim without hesitation, "This is my own, my native land!"





I KNEW A CHINESE BANDIT

BY CARL CROW

IT WAS once my good fortune to be on very friendly and fairly intimate terms with a Chinese bandit, a real throat-slitting bandit of the sort that splash blood on the pages of fiction and sometimes get into Hollywood. Our friendship reached the stage when he addressed me by the affectionate and complimentary title of "elder brother" and sent me bottles of brandy. In my correspondence with him I was equally friendly and punctilious and I sent him presents of cartons of cigarettes. The fact that the cigarettes which I gave him were honestly purchased while his brandy was undoubtedly looted did not cause either of us any qualms. The brandy was good and so were the cigarettes.

Since chance added a bandit to my list of friends I have always taken a certain amount of vain pride in the fact that he was, in his day, the best-known bandit in China and, at the zenith of his career, made the front page of the New York and London newspapers without the aid of press agents. He was not, however, a very successful bandit, for he was young and more ambitious than practical; but he might have traveled far after he had gained more experience if he had not been beheaded before he reached the prime of life. It was because of his boundless ambitions and a flair for the spectacular that I was thrown into the company of Swen Miao, whose story is somewhat typical of the stories of many other Chinese bandits who for four thousand years have become, according to their importance, local, provincial, or na-

tional heroes and have played a not unimportant part in the history of China.

Swen Miao was the elder son of a fairly well-to-do farmer and small landholder living in southern Shantung, which is the poorest section of that rich province. His father, who was a man of advanced political ideas and more than the usual amount of courage, took issue with the powerful local magistrate on the matter of taxes, and with tragic results, for his property was confiscated and he was beheaded on a trumped-up charge of banditry. I never learned all the details of the feud, but it must have been a bitter one, for the magistrate went out of his way to befoul the memory of the farmer. The severed head was displayed outside the walls of his ancestral village while photographs of the gruesome object were displayed at all police stations and other public offices in the district.

The son reasoned, and probably quite correctly, that he would be the next to attract the attention of the magistrate, so he ran away to the hills, accompanied by a few of his relatives. They fled for safety but they remained in the neighborhood for purposes of revenge and soon found many supporters. As the magistrate had oppressed all the poor people in the countryside, Swen's program, which was to shoot him at the first opportunity, was looked on with great favor. Chinese learned many centuries ago that crooked officials can never be reformed and that the only practical thing to do is to kill them. It was not long before Swen had a force of about seven hundred

bandits under him, all of them fairly well armed.

When they established their headquarters in the hills they had no money with which to buy arms, nor were there any for sale in this part of the country; but they solved this problem with little difficulty. They would raid small and lonely police stations where one or two comrades might be wounded or killed before the others could overpower the police, kill them and take their revolvers and rifles; but they seldom returned to the camp empty-handed. Having got a start in this way it was easy, Swen told me, to add to their equipment; for when soldiers were sent out to suppress them the bandits would lure them into ambushes and sometimes were able to get a dozen or more rifles in a single operation. Very often unpaid soldiers decided that banditry was better than soldiering and joined them, bringing their rifles with them.

A great many of Swen's men did not entirely abandon the pursuits of peace. They worked at their farms during the growing season and took up banditry after the crops were harvested, though always on call, like the extras in Hollywood, if some big enterprise was on foot. Many of the neighboring farmers who never carried a rifle or took any part in actual bandit activities were on very friendly terms with them and would feed and shelter them. With the countryside filled with out-and-out bandits, part-time bandits, and friendly farmers, there were no exact geographical boundaries to the area roughly described as "bandit territory." The wealthy residents of a whole countryside would be raided at night but the following morning no one but peaceful farmers could be found. This added to the difficulties of the soldiers who were sent out to suppress them.

Swen called his organization the "Shantung People's Liberation Society." It was not a revolutionary organization in the sense that he wished to set up a new government. What he and his followers wanted was only to kill the corrupt mag-

istrate who had killed his father and to secure the dismissal of the other avaricious local officials who oppressed the farmers with ruinous tax levies. Of course they much preferred an opportunity to kill all the local officials, but the latter were too cautious and too well guarded for that, and after months of effort they managed to kill only two or three of the minor ones. But they knew that if they created enough of a disturbance the officials would either run away or be removed and that those who replaced them would probably be cautious about the matter of taxes.

As a regular bandit enterprise Swen's organization did very well. He established headquarters on the tablelike top of the steep, conical hill of Paotzeku, where a dozen men could hold off a hundred attackers, and from this safe retreat he raided over a wide area. The wealthy landowners who were kidnapped and held for ransom were the principal source of revenue. The captives whose ransoms were not paid in a reasonable time were ruthlessly and sometimes barbarously killed. The small farmers of course were not molested, for they belonged to the same social class as the bandits, and it was to liberate them from the oppressions of their officials that the bandit party was formed.

After Swen's power grew to respectable proportions and his name had begun to inspire terror, it was not often necessary to resort to such violent measures as kidnapping. Emissaries from wealthy clans would call at Paotzeku bringing gifts of wines, pork, and noodles, and a friendly deal would be concluded whereby, for a certain number of silver dollars paid over every month, the clan would be protected from molestation by any other purely hypothetical group of bandits who might be in the neighborhood. In fact, after a year or two Swen's bandit business became a well-ordered, peaceful, and prosperous routine. Everyone in the province knew where the bandit headquarters were located, who was the leader, and the approximate number of the

band; but no serious attempt was made to suppress them.

In the meantime the magistrate whose cruelty and injustice had provided the reason for the organization remained in office and was so closely guarded that there was no opportunity to kill him. In fact, there was no opportunity to kill any of his troops for he kept them out of the bandit territory—partly through fear of desertions. Swen was making money which his men spent liberally in the villages, but he was getting nowhere with his twin program of revenge and reform. It was this irritating situation which led him to decide on the coup which made him world-famous, led to his downfall and, to my great enjoyment, brought me into contact with him.

The Tientsin-Pukow railway, the most important rail line in China, ran within a dozen miles of Paotzeku, and on May 6, 1923, the crack "Blue Express," which was one of the world's finest trains, was wrecked by the bandits and practically all of the passengers were captured and taken to Swen's headquarters to be held for ransom. It was one of the grandest hauls ever made by a bandit organization either in China or elsewhere, for the captives included about twenty-five foreigners and more than three hundred Chinese. All were relieved of their money and valuables, but the women and children were allowed to escape after getting the fright of their lives. Many of the foreign men who had been captured were well known in Shanghai, and as soon as the news of the capture reached the city, it was more excited than it had been since the Boxer uprising a quarter of a century before. Mass meetings were held, resolutions adopted, and strong action demanded from a number of governments. In the general wave of excitement I was sent to the bandit country as the representative of the American Red Cross to see if I could arrange to get food, clothing, and medical supplies through to the foreign captives. Eventually I was given charge of the relief of the Chinese captives as well, and the job took a good

deal longer than I expected for it was six weeks before I returned to Shanghai.

On my way to Tsaochwang, which was the nearest railway station to Paotzeku, I had plenty of time to come to the conclusion that in undertaking this job I had allowed a sophomoric spirit of adventure to get the better of me; for I hadn't the faintest idea of how I was going to establish contact with a group of people who had been kidnapped and held for ransom by what was quite obviously a powerful and well-organized bandit gang. But the undertaking turned out to be absurdly easy. I had hardly settled myself in Tsaochwang before I was approached by several local residents, who not only knew exactly where the captives were being held but were willing to take supplies to them at the usual charge for coolie hire.

The proposition sounded doubtful to me and I didn't like the idea of trusting several hundred dollars' worth of supplies to people who were on such friendly terms with bandits; but as the captives had been existing on the poorest of Chinese fare for a week, there was nothing for me to do but to risk it. One of my very close friends, J. B. Powell, was among the captives, and I addressed the cases of canned goods to him, sent him a list, and asked him to check and let me know what, if any, had been received. My fears about the enterprise increased when I saw the bunch of porters I had employed, for they were almost as villainous-looking as the pictures of Chinese pirates which sometimes illustrate the pages of fiction. But at three o'clock the next morning they woke me up to deliver the letter of acknowledgment Powell had written. Everything had been received in perfect order.

After that my relief work went along with much less than the usual friction that might be expected in the organization of any new business. Daily shipments were made, each coolie carrying the standard weight of one *picul*, or one hundred and thirty-three pounds, and on their return they brought me copies of my

invoice duly receipted by Powell or one of the other captives. However, this was a strange business which might be upset at any time by the bandit chief, so I thought it would be a good idea to establish diplomatic relations with him. I wrote him a formal letter setting forth what I was doing and asking for his co-operation. The American Consul-General did not take kindly to my suggestion that he write an official covering letter. It appeared that for an American Consul-General to recognize officially the existence of a bandit chieftain was contrary to all precedent.

The prompt and cordial reply I received showed that no official endorsement was necessary. Swen Miao praised me for my humanitarian motives and sent me two bottles of very good brandy. I had been careful to explain that I was only the servant of the great American Red Cross, but with true Chinese politeness he assumed that I was actually paying for the supplies out of my own pocket and he expressed great regret that other rich people were not so generous. He quoted Confucius on the cruelty of officials, whose rapacity, he said, was worse than that of a tiger. He cautioned me to see that I got honest porters and assured me that I need have no fear of pilfering by his men. He said that if I would have the invoices made out in Chinese, he would have one of his trusty lieutenants check the cargo as it arrived and would discipline the porters very severely if anything was missing. The Chinese characters for "discipline very severely" were written so large and with such ferocious strokes of the writing brush that I think decapitation was what he had in mind.

In any event, the matter never came to an issue, for I sent thousands of dollars' worth of food, clothing, and other miscellaneous supplies to the bandit camp and everything was carefully checked and receipted for, not only by the bandit chief's trusty men, but also by a committee of American captives headed by a major in the regular army. During the six weeks that supplies were sent out—often thirty to forty coolie-loads a day—

the total shortage amounted to one towel and one lantern which were missing from one of the early shipments. The porters said some soldiers had stolen the lantern and it appeared that there might be some doubt about the responsibility for the towel, as the invoice might have been wrong.

At any rate, when he learned of the theft of the lantern, Swen Miao wrote me a letter which blazed with righteous indignation. As this letter was brought to me by his own personal messenger he took advantage of the opportunity to send me a half dozen watches and asked me to have them repaired at his expense. The haul of watches on the Blue Express had been very rich, but a watch was a novelty to most of the new owners and they had broken some of them by winding them too hard. I had them all repaired for him and sent them back with a memo as to the charges, which ran to about fifty dollars. The messenger who delivered the watches brought back the money in a sealed envelope. This contained two extra dollars which I was asked to give the messenger "as a reward for honesty."

It was this repair of the watches which earned me the affectionate title of "elder brother" which, in a way, offset the fact that, while I had risen in bandit esteem, I had fallen pretty low in the official opinion of some of the foreign consuls who were in Tsaochwang negotiating for the release of the captives. They took the narrow legalistic point of view that if I should come into possession of valuable watches which I had good reason to believe had been stolen, I should do my best to return them to their lawful owners. I heard that one Continental consul even used that incriminating word "accomplice." I didn't think it was my responsibility to recover stolen goods and I could foresee all kinds of difficulties if I didn't return the watches, for the bandit chief would naturally think that I had stolen them myself and the friendship which was developing so flourishingly would be ended. So while the consuls

were debating the matter I decided to confront them with a *fait accompli*, a stratagem which always confounds the most skillful diplomats. I paid the watchmaker to hurry up with the repair job, and before the other consuls had made up their minds to ask the American Consul to speak sternly to me, the watches—all in good running order—had been returned to the man who had entrusted me with them.

When the bandit chief addressed me as "elder brother" I knew that he could not refuse any request I might make of him. It occurred to me that my friend Powell must be getting pretty bored with life, for he had been a captive for several weeks. In a letter to Swen I said I would like to discuss the relief work with my friend and requested that he be allowed to pay me a visit. The next afternoon Powell arrived, had a hair-cut and a hot bath, an excellent dinner, spent the night with us, and then went back to the bandits as I had promised he would. After that there was a good deal of visiting back and forth between the bandit headquarters and our relief camp. One of the captives, a wealthy Italian, was seriously ill, and his German doctor from Shanghai made a number of professional visits to him. Roy Anderson, the American who was negotiating for the release of the captives, visited the bandit chief two or three times a week.

On one momentous occasion Swen Miao's two secretaries and his adopted son paid us a ceremonial visit. The secretaries were quiet, well-dressed men, typical of the Chinese scholar class. The adopted son was bumptious and cocky for a Chinese fourteen-year-old, probably puffed up with pride over the fact that he was the adopted son of a bandit chief. He wore a heavy revolver under his silk jacket, and it was said that, as a reward for good behavior, he was sometimes allowed to shoot unimportant captives whose ransom money had not been paid. He tried to steal my camera but was terror-stricken when I threatened to tell his father. As I had assumed personal re-

sponsibility for him, he shared my sleeping compartment with me so that I might guard him from his father's enemies. The night was hot and he smelled terribly of garlic.

The negotiations for the release of the captive foreigners presented no great difficulties. Although he started by asking a ridiculously high ransom, all Swen really wanted was \$100,000, which everyone agreed was a very reasonable figure considering the twin facts that, with 700 henchmen, his overhead expenses were high, and that his possession of about a score of important foreign captives made it possible for him to demand a very big ransom. There was not much quibbling about this but he also demanded the removal of the magistrate who had killed his father, and this presented great difficulties. It was a long time before the Governor of Shantung, who was the official representative of the Chinese government, agreed to this, but at length the treaty was signed and I arranged for carts to transport the 100,000 hard silver dollars to Paotzeku.

The captives were released before the money was delivered, which was a great mistake, for soldiers seized it and returned it to the Governor. The promise to dismiss the magistrate was not kept. Swen Miao's band was surrounded by Chinese troops and he was captured and beheaded. Foreigners shared the general Chinese indignation at the shabby duplicity of the Chinese government and Swen Miao went down to fame as one of the thousands of Chinese Robin Hoods who are revered as heroes and patriots.

II

Banditry in China has always been a patriotic adventure, a method of righting the wrongs of the people when peaceful methods fail. With no adequate guarantee of political rights Chinese have always clung to the right to revolt. When these revolts have attained a national scope and have succeeded, the result has been a change in dynasties. There have

been many of these in China's long history but a thousand times more numerous have been the little revolts against local authority, such as that started by my friend Swen Miao. In a great many cases the patriot who became a bandit chief was inspired by motives of personal revenge, but he never became a chief unless he had a cause to lead, the most common cause being that of the poor who were oppressed by the too greedy officials. For example, if the only reason Swen Miao had had for setting himself up as a bandit had been the murder of his father, his bandit organization would have consisted of himself and a few relatives; for no one would have joined him solely because of the problematical profits to be made out of banditry as a profession. Anyone who joined an organization for that reason alone would be no better than a thief, and thieves cannot be successfully organized for large-scale operations.

The conditions which gave Swen Miao's venture into banditry the support of his neighbors were identical with the conditions which have caused most of the banditry in China. While the causes might be complex, the condition was very simple and easily observable as an unequal distribution of wealth. There were a few families who were very wealthy and a great many families who were very poor. The general idea that there should not be too great a discrepancy between the poverty of the poor and the wealth of the prosperous has always been considered by the Chinese to be one of the "laws of nature" which one accepts unquestioningly without bothering to discuss or investigate.

In their practical operation these "laws of nature" were implemented and made effective by two entirely different agencies, the distribution of the wealth of the clan and the arbitrary system of levying taxes; for each, if allowed to follow old precedents undisturbed, accomplished the useful purpose of leveling out peaks of wealth. The clan system has never been disturbed, nor is it probable that it

ever will be, for the family is the most permanent institution in China.

The clan system operates perfectly. If any individual, no matter by what means, acquires a surplus, whether of rice, cabbages, firewood, or money, there are always plenty of less fortunate relatives with whom he must share what he has. He may be the wealthiest man in the clan, but it would be contrary to the natural order of things for him to be the only wealthy man in it. As a result, the only secure way in which anyone may become individually wealthy is to be the head of the clan and for all its members also to be wealthy. Occasionally, but very rarely, the affairs of a clan are so well managed that almost every member of it is prosperous. But the peaks of wealth in a few generations are leveled out by a people so excessively fertile that there are, with each new generation, more individuals with whom the clan wealth must be divided.

China has always had an aristocracy of scholarship but never an aristocracy of wealth, and while the accumulation of wealth might be secretly envied, it is never openly honored. The laws of the country, though they have often been perverted by bribery and corruption, have always honored human rights and, according to the standards of other lands, been rather harsh and unjust to the man whose rights were expressed in terms of money or property.

Occasionally some official would upset this system and use his official power to add to the wealth of the rich at the expense of the poor. Chinese history is full of stories of rapacity of Chinese officials, but this rapacity was in practically all cases directed toward the wealthy—if for no better reason than that they were the only ones worth robbing. Thus the process of redistribution of wealth went on; for the official who over-taxed the wealthy was subject to the speculations of his servants and official employees, and so money filtered back to the poor. The magistrate who started my friend Swen on his career as a bandit had upset the

usual disorderly routine by levying heavy taxes on the poor, piling up on them such heavy burdens of debt that their lands could be confiscated and so come into the possession of the rich. Thus the oppressions of the tax collector, instead of readjusting the distribution of wealth, made the rich clans richer and the poor clans poorer.

When any clan becomes enormously wealthy in a neighborhood where the others are conspicuously poor, it is taken for granted that the orderly course of nature has been interfered with and banditry is the only remedy for the economic injustices which have developed. If the wealthy clan happens to live in the country it is usually only a question of time before they are at the mercy of bandits who capture and loot the homestead and possibly hold one of the prominent members of the clan for ransom. The tolerance with which people of the neighborhood accept the presence of bandits, the active or passive aid they give them, is always intensely shocking to people who live in more civilized and orderly surroundings.

Robin Hood was a hero in England, not because of the heroic and romantic exploits which were invented and attributed to him after his death, but because he served in a rough way to right the economic injustices of the period, just as the bandit in China does. Like

men of their profession at all times and in all countries, the bandits prey on the wealthy, spend their money freely, and in a very short time the wealth they have taken from the rich family is again redistributed. It is not surprising that in neighborhoods of China infested by bandits there should be very little moral indignation against them. Indeed, the bandit has always been a hero in China. Sometimes he has been successful enough to take command of armies, lead revolts, and take a dominant place in the government of the country. Many an able statesman would, at the beginning of his career, have been contemptuously referred to as a bandit, just as in other countries he would have been held up to scorn as a rebel.

They have always provided an accurate barometer of the state of society in China. When the rights of the people were infringed upon and great injustices existed, banditry sprang up and always disappeared with the conditions which brought it into existence.

The Japanese occupation of Manchuria and parts of China has brought hundreds of new bandit organizations into existence and with a new and popular slogan, for their aim is to repel the Japanese invaders. Not since the Manchu invasion of China in 1644 have the bandits had a standard under which so many would rally.





THE PLIGHT OF THE THEATER BUSINESS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

WE ARE living in a swiftly changing period, in which big businesses may crumble quickly to decay and other undertakings, small at first, may be built up speedily to large dimensions. At any moment a new invention may threaten the existence of a long-established industry, as the ice companies in many communities are now threatened by the introduction of electrical refrigeration. The bicycle business which flourished in the eighteen nineties was swiftly rendered obsolescent by the low-priced motor car. When gas was supplanted by electricity as a medium of illumination, the utility companies taught the public to use gas as a fuel for cooking and drove the coal range out of nearly every kitchen in every city of the land. What has become of hairpins, hooks and eyes, and hatpins? Where are the industries of yesteryear?

It is the purpose of this article to examine, in comparison with the recent past, the present status of business in the legitimate theater and to compare the managerial methods of to-day with those of yesterday. The article will not concern itself with upward or downward tendencies in the drama as an art, but will deal solely with the theater as a business.

Until the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 the three words "Charles Frohman Presents" attracted the attention and stimulated the interest of hundreds of thousands of theatergoers, not only in New York but in a hundred other cities throughout the country. Charles Frohman, who was the first manager to use this

form of billing, was an extremely modest man. He was so shy that he never showed himself in public and led almost the life of a recluse. His purpose in placing his name at the head of the play-bill was not to advertise himself. He desired merely to label his productions with a simple trademark that should serve the public as a guarantee of quality.

Charles Frohman devoted his entire time to the theater and entertained no other interest in life. He was the lessee and manager of three or four theaters in New York and an equal number in London; but his main interest was not as a proprietor of theatrical real estate but as a producing manager. In a period when the star system was still in vogue he assembled under his banner a dozen of the leading stars of America and England and conducted their destinies successfully, season after season.

In order to provide these stars with plays he contracted in advance for the entire output of such leading British dramatists as Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir James Barrie and several of the foremost dramatists of France. He combed the capitals of Europe for plays of quality which might be adapted to the American market. Most of the pieces which he presented in New York had previously proved themselves to be successful in Europe. By pursuing this conservative policy he assured himself that the plays were worth presenting and greatly minimized the chances of commercial failure.

Charles Frohman was sharply criticized by many people who complained that he

did little or nothing to encourage native authorship in America. It is true that he could rarely be persuaded to take a chance with a piece by a new and unknown playwright. On the other hand, in respect to American authors of established reputation, such as Clyde Fitch or Augustus Thomas, he was always willing to sponsor their plays, sight unseen, and to delegate to them full authority to supervise their own productions.

Charles Frohman's offices on both sides of the Atlantic were continuously busy every day of the working year. He did not go out of business every now and then for several months and lay off his working staff. There was never any possibility that his activities would cease until his death. He had of course his share of failures in the theater; but the expenses of his failures were immediately paid out of the profits of his successes. His solvency was never questioned; and nobody who sent him a legitimate bill had any doubt that it would be promptly paid.

His manner of conducting his large and intricate business was a model of simplicity. He would send for a certain actor and, in an oral interview at which no witnesses were present, would offer to engage him for five years at so many hundreds of dollars a week with a guarantee of thirty weeks' salary each season; and, if the actor accepted this proposal, that was the end of the matter. No contract was ever drawn and Mr. Frohman did not even confirm the agreement with a letter. He could see no sense in signing his name to superfluous scraps of paper. Yet so precise was his memory and so punctilious was his sense of honor that none of his many hundreds of employees in all departments ever failed to receive fully and immediately any money that was due him. The fact was generally known throughout the theater business that the simple word of Charles Frohman was better than the bond of the average big business man.

The reason for recalling at this time the record of Charles Frohman is the fact that, at the height of his activity, his career occasioned no astonishment because it

was merely typical of the standards of his time. In New York he was surrounded by a score of other producing managers and firms who were his colleagues or his friendly competitors. Each of these other managements was firmly established and efficiently conducted. All of them remained in business fifty-two weeks in the year, season after season, and promptly paid the losses from their failures out of the profits from their successes. Different managers specialized in different types of plays, so that their individual trademarks conveyed a definite meaning to the theater-going public. David Belasco patiently exercised his extraordinary talents as a stage-director in the elaboration of spectacular productions. Cohan and Harris devoted their attention to plays of small-town life which were one hundred and fifty per cent American. A. H. Woods specialized in melodramas and in farces. Winthrop Ames presented plays of exceptional literary merit with exceptional æsthetic taste. Arthur Hopkins produced plays of striking originality, which often had been written by new and unknown authors. George C. Tyler, the acting head of Liebler and Company, would import from Europe the greatest performers in the world, such as Duse, Réjane, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; he would build a talented actor into greatness, as in the instance of George Arliss; or he would prepare a grandiose spectacle on a colossal scale or revive a great classic with an all-star cast. And so on, down through the list of twenty or more producing managers who had honestly earned the gratitude of the theater-going public and the respect of the established leaders in the general field of business activity.

An author who had written a new play of a certain type could take it immediately to a manager who had specialized in that type of play. If this manager offered to produce it the author did not need to scurry round to find out whether or not the manager was solvent or whether or not he would be able and willing to pay his bills in the event of failure. If an author or an actor or any other artist of

the theater had an opportunity to deal with Mr. Winthrop Ames he had no need to hire a lawyer to investigate the standing of the manager.

II

Twenty-three years have elapsed since Charles Frohman went down on the *Lusitania*. If he were permitted now to revisit the glimpses of the footlights he would be tragically saddened by the condition of the legitimate theater business in New York.

At the present time when a prospective theatergoer picks up a New York newspaper to look through the box-advertisement in which the current theatrical attractions are arranged in alphabetic order, he is likely to discover that at least half of these attractions have been presented by promoters that nobody has ever heard of. Most of these promoters have staked a gambling chance on a single production and in the event of failure intend to retire from the theater business as speedily as possible.

In fairness, it should of course be said at once that a dozen solidly established producing managers still continue to conduct their business in conformity with the standards which were commonly accepted a quarter of a century ago. Notable among these are the Theatre Guild, Sam H. Harris, Gilbert Miller, Max Gordon, Lawrence Rivers Incorporated, John Golden, Dwight Deere Wiman, Guthrie McClintic, and two or three others that might possibly be mentioned. But these reliable producing firms, at the utmost of their activity, can sponsor only a minority of the productions which are now exhibited each year to the theater-going public of New York. What is the business status of the majority of plays that happen, somehow or other, to attain production on Broadway?

Not less than once a fortnight the reviewers of the metropolitan newspapers report unanimously that they can see no reason whatsoever why a certain play should ever have been produced, and the

piece in question folds up ^{as the phrase is}—after four or five performances. By such misadventures the statistical preponderance of failures over successes is extravagantly and unnecessarily increased. What is the underlying reason for this condition of affairs?

At the present time the manner in which the average play is maneuvered before the footlights in New York, to stake a wild chance of success against the penalty of instantaneous failure, would seem fantastic to any sane business man engaged in any other industry, and would appear almost incredible to the theater-going public.

In the theater district there are always many hangers-on, with more or less experience in one aspect or another of theatrical activity, who are naturally ambitious to advertise themselves to the theater-going public as producing managers. Let us imagine such an individual; and—in deference to the libel laws—let us label him with the traditional title of George Spelvin.

Hundreds of manuscripts are floating forever around the theater district. George Spelvin reads one which gives him a sort of hunch that with a bit of fixing it might be a good bet at the box-office. Let us now assume that Mr. Spelvin's available resources amount to \$200. According to the latest rules of the Dramatists Guild, he may summon the author and buy an option on his play for \$100, which will be good for one month. By further payments of \$100 a month, this prospective producer may tie the play up for a period of half a year. Having proceeded to cast the play in his imagination, Mr. Spelvin next seeks out a leading actor and a leading actress with names of adequate commercial value and endeavors to sign them up to play the leading parts. This move will cost him nothing, since the performers know that if the play goes into rehearsal they will be assured of two weeks' salary through the bond that must be posted with the Actors Equity Association. George Spelvin is now in a position to tell everybody in the theater dis-

trict that he "owns" a play and has tied up the services of a couple of more or less well-known performers.

The next thing that Mr. Spelvin must do is to prepare two budgets—in one of which he estimates the cost of getting the curtain up, as the phrase is. This budget is supposed to cover every possible expense preliminary to the opening performance in New York. The second budget is supposed to cover every item of weekly expenditure necessitated to keep the play going for more than two weeks after the opening performance.

Adding these two items together, George Spelvin perceives that in order to fulfill his long-cherished ambition to become a producing manager he will need a cash capital of twenty thousand dollars. He now proceeds to seek an angel, or a flock of angels.

Despite the contrary prejudice of philosophic skeptics, angels do exist, and frequently they flock together; and some of them have addresses and telephone numbers. George Spelvin of course would prefer to be backed by one angel with twenty thousand dollars or by two angels with ten thousand dollars each; but, if necessary, he would welcome the support of twenty cherubim at one thousand dollars each, or even forty seraphim at five hundred dollars for a look-in.

As soon as half of the necessary capital has been raised George Spelvin proceeds to incorporate a stock company under some such title as Nameless Productions, Inc. There will be two hundred shares of stock "fully paid and non-assessable." Mr. Spelvin puts in no money whatsoever; but, in return for his "ownership" of the play, his "personal contracts" with the leading performers, and his prospective services as producing manager, he pockets one hundred shares of stock in the new corporation, of which he has promptly been elected to the presidency. The other hundred shares are duly proportioned among the cherubim and seraphim who have put up the cash capital.

It is now a simple matter for George Spelvin to engage a stage-director, and if

he picks a good one he will considerably ameliorate his chances for success. The casting can be completed, a working staff can be engaged, and it will even become possible for Mr. Spelvin to hire an office with an actual address and an authentic telephone number.

Three or four days before the date set for the opening George Spelvin discovers that he is still three thousand dollars shy of the capital that is absolutely necessary to get his curtain up. Thereupon he desperately offers pieces of the show, at two hundred to five hundred dollars each, to every bartender or head-waiter that he knows, and manages somehow to scrape up the necessary cash.

After the opening either one of two things may happen. There is about one chance in twenty that this haphazard production may turn out to be a success. In that event George Spelvin buys a barrel of long black cigars, sits back in his newly rented office, hoists his feet upon the desk, counts up his weekly profits, and—if he happens to be a reasonably honest man—pays off the various investors in Nameless Productions, Inc. a part of what their bets have really earned. Since the bookkeeping is attended to in his own office, he may rest confident that no unnecessary profits will be distributed to these investors. It is always an easy matter to add unexpected items to the account of current expenses.

In the more likely event of failure, George Spelvin will close the show as speedily as possible in the hope of shutting down before the initial capital of twenty thousand dollars is exhausted. If he should not be sufficiently agile there might, unfortunately, be an aftermath of three or four thousand dollars in unpaid bills. But in that event these bills would be chargeable against Nameless Productions, Inc.—a corporation which had gone bankrupt, and nothing would be chargeable against George Spelvin as an individual.

A year or two later this same George Spelvin might organize another corporation for the purpose of producing another

play. This new play might turn out to be a great success; but, under the law, Mr. Spelvin would not be required to pay any of the losses of his first venture out of the profits of his second. Legally, the two ventures would have no connection with each other. They were undertaken by two separate corporations. It was merely a coincidence that Mr. Spelvin happened to serve as president of both.

In the event of the failure of his first play George Spelvin would immediately dismiss his working staff—most of them with unpaid salaries—would close his temporary office, would go out of business, and, if necessary, leave the country, in the hope of better luck next time, after allowing a decent interval for the normal exercise of the easy human inclination to forget. Whenever he feels ready to bob up in business again as a producing manager, that will be a new venture, with no reference whatever to a now forgotten past. He will reveal no disposition to revisit the grave of a dead horse.

III

So much for the status to which theatrical production, in a large proportion of instances, has fallen at the present time. But another aspect of the business of the legitimate theater remains to be investigated.

Two distinct managerial set-ups must be concerned in the presentation of any play. First of all, there is the producing manager, whose recent status we have just discussed; but, in the second place, there is also the theater manager, or real estate proprietor.

A producing manager, having prepared a play for presentation, must seek a theater in which to show it. A theater manager, on the other hand, must seek a tenant for the property of which he is the owner or lessee. The usual arrangement between these two parties is arrived at on a sharing basis. It is customarily agreed that after the play opens the gross receipts shall be apportioned at the rate of sixty or sixty-five per cent to the producer of

the play, and thirty-five or forty per cent to the proprietor of the real estate. Sometimes when an unusually expensive production is sent out on the road the producing manager may demand as much as seventy per cent of the gross receipts.

To make the matter more concrete, let us assume that a certain piece plays to weekly gross receipts of \$10,000. In that event, \$6,500—let us say—would be paid to the producing manager, and \$3,500 would be paid to the theater manager.

Out of his share of \$6,500 the producing manager would be required to pay the royalties to the author, the salaries of all the actors, the wages of the chief carpenter, electrician, and property man; all expenses of trucking and transporting scenery, properties, and baggage; all railroad fares for the company; sixty-five per cent of the expenses for advertising and other forms of propaganda; the salaries of the advance agent, company manager, and other members of his staff, and a few other incidental expenses that always bite their way into a budget.

Out of the remaining share of \$3,500 the theater manager must pay the overhead expenses of his house, including rent, taxes, lighting, heating, repairs, upkeep, etc.; the salaries of the house manager, treasurer, assistant treasurer, stage hands, ushers, scrubwomen, etc.; thirty-five per cent of the expenses for advertising and other forms of propaganda, and various other incidentals that may have been overlooked in this very hasty summary.

In the eighteen nineties—despite the fact that the art of the drama was at a comparatively low ebb—the business of the legitimate theater in this country was very profitable. The star system was in vogue, and habitual theatergoers, season after season, would flock to see their favorite stars without questioning very closely the artistic merit of the plays in which they happened to appear. At that time the legitimate theater had no rivals—except for vaudeville—in the field of entertainment. It occurred to one man of large imagination that huge fortunes

might be made by organizing this industry on a nation-wide basis. His name was Abraham Lincoln Erlanger.

After studying both aspects of theatrical management, Erlanger decided that the safer bet was on the side of the theater manager, instead of on the side of the producing manager. At the very outset it was the producer who assumed the primary risk of failure; for unless his production clearly indicated signs of incipient success the theater manager could always refuse to house it.

Erlanger decided, therefore, to institute a chain of theaters in all the leading cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to seek to set up a monopoly in the booking and housing of traveling attractions. In the year 1896 the firm of Klaw and Erlanger organized their famous Theatrical Syndicate by taking into partnership such important proprietors of theatrical real estate as Nixon and Zimmerman, Al Hayman, and Charles Frohman. They set up a central booking office in New York. The producing manager of any play which had been successful on Broadway could go to this office and—upon payment of certain fees and percentages—could book his attraction for a season of thirty or forty weeks from coast to coast. This would be a great convenience. On the other hand, it was evident that Klaw and Erlanger, by virtue of their ability to refuse a booking to any attraction which—for any reason—they did not happen to approve, could exercise a veto power which might be devastating to the development of new and independent talent in the theater.

In the period of Theodore Roosevelt, when everybody was clamoring against trusts, a vehement outcry arose against this evident endeavor of Klaw and Erlanger to establish a monopoly of the legitimate theater. A few actor-managers and producing managers, prominent among whom were Mrs. Fiske and David Belasco, refused to have any dealings with the Theatrical Syndicate, and when they sent their attractions on tour booked them ostentatiously in high school

auditoriums, Masonic Temples, or churches. The great Sarah Bernhardt, induced to join the opposition, played a series of engagements throughout the State of Texas in a hastily erected series of circus tents.

In the year 1905 a couple of young men, Sam S. and Lee Shubert, undertook to organize a countertrust to contest the Klaw and Erlanger monopoly. With considerable help from Wall Street, the Messrs. Shubert succeeded within a few years, by leasing existing theaters or building new ones, in paralleling the chain of theaters already controlled from coast to coast by the initial Theatrical Syndicate. The Shuberts opened a central booking office of their own and offered the same facilities to the producing manager as had previously been monopolized by Klaw and Erlanger.

At that propitious moment the producing manager of any play which had been successful in New York could take his choice between booking it for thirty or forty presumably successful weeks with either of the two syndicates; and he might also rest assured that in the unexpected event of a total failure on the road either Mr. Erlanger or Mr. Shubert would lend him enough money to bring his company back to New York.

Before the advent of the World War the capital value of the Erlanger syndicate of theaters was estimated at no less than seventy million dollars. Since his booking office could always refuse to send out any play which had not already proved itself to be a sure success, and since all of his first-class theaters could be booked up solidly for a season of not less than thirty weeks with these assured successes, it was obvious that the tribute taken on the real estate side of the ledger must necessarily be enormous.

Until the outbreak of the World War in 1914 any investor would have considered himself lucky if he might have been permitted to buy a single share of stock in the firm of Klaw and Erlanger, or even in the firm of the Shubert Brothers. But at that time the theater business was held

tightly and no outsiders were permitted to participate.

And then, within a few years, this large structure of big business was stricken down. The War itself, its devastating aftermath, the rapid development of motion pictures and subsequently of talking pictures, the invention of the radio, the general acceptance of the motor car as a medium for wasting time, the astonishing popularity of the game of bridge, the mounting costs of production and transport, the increasing exactions of the labor unions—all these factors and several more conspired to destroy "the road." In fewer years than had been required to reduce the bicycle business from a large industry to a comparative nonentity, both the Erlangers and the Shuberts discovered that their chains of theaters had been shifted on their books from assets to liabilities. In 1932 they buried the hatchet and pooled their interests, but even this action turned out to be *post mortem*.

At present it costs so much to send a play upon the road that no producing manager would hazard the adventure unless he could feel assured of playing to almost absolute capacity in every city on the route. Consequently there are many cities in this country with a population of a quarter of a million people which have not seen a single metropolitan production of a legitimate drama in the course of an entire year. Rival theaters in scores of cities, formerly conducted by Klaw and Erlanger and the Shuberts, have been standing empty and have not been able to pay taxes—far less, the interest upon their mortgages. They are now in the hands of local banks, who would gladly give them away to anybody who would assume responsibility to pay the claims in arrears that have mounted up against these properties.

At the death of A. L. Erlanger it was discovered that his vast estate—which, for many years, had been estimated at fabulous figures—was practically worthless. Nearly half the buildings in New York itself which formerly housed the legitimate drama are now in the hands of

banks or other mortgagees who would be glad to give them away on the terms stipulated above.

IV

It must now be evident that the business of the legitimate theater is at the present time disastrously disorganized. Yet the great art of the drama can never die; and it is evident that some reorganization of the theater business must be effected in order to cope with the managerial problems which may present themselves in the future.

On the real estate side no reorganization on the basis of previous experience can possibly succeed. Instead, the future sustenance of the drama throughout the country at large must depend upon the many hundreds of experimental theaters which are now set up on college campuses and upon the many scores of semi-professional Little Theaters which have already been organized throughout the country. The need for the drama is insistent; and wherever the commercial theater has drastically failed the amateur theater cannot neglect to carry on the torch and to develop in due time a new type of professional theater.

But in the comparatively minor matter of theatrical production in New York a simple word of counsel might be offered.

Let us assume that in New York there are twenty people each of whom might be willing at some time to take a flyer in a theatrical production, to the figure of \$10,000. Each of these individuals, operating solely, might be ill-advised, and would probably lose his stake in the backing of a failure.

But let us suppose that these twenty hypothetical individuals should pool their resources into a common capital fund of \$200,000. They could then afford to hire a committee of experts to advise them as to the merit of any script presented for their consideration and also as to the validity of the contemplated business set-up. This financing corporation could refuse to take a risk in any venture which its own chosen experts did not unanimously

approve. It could refuse to invest in any undertaking beyond the extent of fifty per cent of the capital required. It could parcel out and diversify its investments between ten or a dozen new productions every season. By this system of diversification it would insure itself against absolute loss—even upon a frank acceptance of the ratio of three failures to one success.

If such a financing corporation could be set up, a prospective producer who found himself in sudden need of a couple of thousand dollars would not be required to borrow this sum from his favorite bartenders; but, upon submission of his script, his budgets, and a schedule of his business set-up, he might acquire the necessary sum from this central financing corporation—provided of course that the professional experts employed by the corporation should report favorably upon his claim.

This sort of financing corporation appears to offer the sole solution to the most pressing problem now presented by the legitimate theater on the producing side. The twenty hypothetical stockholders in the set-up which has been proposed would minimize the danger of loss, because their investment would be parceled out, at a rate of not more than ten thousand dollars in any single instance, between ten or more diversified productions to be presented in the course of any single season. Even with a ratio of three failures to one success, the corporation should be able to keep its capital intact and pay generous dividends to its stockholders.

The establishment of half-a-dozen financing corporations of high caliber would reestablish the producing side of the legitimate theater in New York upon a solid basis and would rid it of much of the riff-raff with which at the present time the business of the theater is infested.

CERTAIN ENDING

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

TRY as you will you cannot think that summer
 Has searched this brittle wilderness with rain.
 Summer was gone when the wild geese flew over.
 It will not come again.

Nor ever now will leaves come up from slumber
 Misting the granite boughs with an April glow:
 Season is dead; the paths beside the river
 Lie armored under snow.

This was the thing foretold, the certain ending.
 Nothing remains but snow on the forest sills;
 And winter, like a silent horn, winding
 Forever through the hills.



ITALY'S OVER-ESTIMATED POWER

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Formerly Major, Military Intelligence Reserve, U.S.A.

THERE is a thesis abroad in the land to-day, a thesis which, by dint of much repetition, is in a fair way to become an Accepted Fact. It is this: That militant Fascism as embodied by the states of the Rome-Berlin axis is about to overwhelm the "decadent" democracies of Europe, dismember the British and French colonial empires, and divide the spoils; whereafter democracy in the Western Hemisphere may well look to itself.

I do not here propose to discuss the sequence of events, culminating in the "conquest" of Ethiopia, the renascence of Germany's armed forces, and the invasion of Spain, which have given color to this attractive picture of the world's future. I merely wish to point out the essential fallacy of the fundamental idea upon which the thesis itself rests: the oft-claimed military might of the Fascist states, and particularly that of Italy, the keystone of the Fascist arch.

It should be apparent that if in fact this military strength is a sham and a delusion there is no worth to the thesis of a coming Fascist world-hegemony, which can be established only by armed force. Let us then examine the fighting power of Italy to-day; let us see whether it is equal to these new and imperial responsibilities.

In the modern world the military might of any nation rests upon an industrial base. The armed forces are but the cutting edge of the sword; the body of the blade is made up of the whole "Nation at War"—industries, agriculture, communications; but especially industries, since

the demand of fighting forces for weapons and munitions of ever-new and complicated types is insatiable. That industry may function, it must be fed by a continual stream of raw materials; and for wartime industry, the fifteen most important of these are, in the order named, coal, iron, petroleum, copper, lead, nitrates, sulphur, cotton, aluminum, zinc, rubber, manganese, nickel, chromite, and tungsten.

Of these Italy is totally (or very nearly so) deficient within her own territories in coal, petroleum, copper, cotton, rubber, nickel, chromite, and tungsten. She produces about fifteen per cent of her requirements of manganese. In sulphur she has a large surplus and a considerable surplus of zinc. Her iron production, though expanding, has never caught up with the tremendous demands of her peacetime industry, including her vast armaments programs, and at best could supply about fifty per cent of her war requirements. In lead, nitrates, and aluminum she can supply from two-thirds to five-sixths of her peacetime needs.

This means that were Italy at war she would be dependent for the means of waging it on imports from abroad—in greater or less degree—of every one of these fifteen raw materials except sulphur and zinc; for all of her needs in some of them. And the magnitude of those needs is amply demonstrated by the fact that in 1934 (the last year for which satisfactory statistics are available) Italy imported iron and steel to the value of 362 million

lire and mineral oils to the value of 377 million lire.

There are three ways in which a nation at war may make up such lacks in raw materials:

(1) The development of substitutes and of economical processes of manufacturing.

(2) The use of reserves assembled in time of peace.

(3) Importation.

As to (1), there are no satisfactory substitutes for iron and steel in munitionment, nor for coal in the production of steel, nor for petroleum and its products in the operation of oil-fired warships, airplanes, and the motor-equipment of a modern army—to mention a few items by way of example. As to (2), all the history of warfare proves that actual war-consumption of supplies has always run far ahead of peacetime estimates; moreover, Italian finances are no longer equal to the burden of purchasing, transporting, and storing such vast amounts of "frozen assets" as this method would require even for a short war. War reserves are an essential part of wartime economic policy; but they are only a stopgap to take care of the extra pressure of mobilization. No nation, and least of all so poor a nation as Italy, can assemble reserves so vast that they can be independent of further accretions from production or importation under the exigent demands of modern war, for any great length of time.

There remains (3)—the importation of the necessary supplies from foreign sources.

First of all, this method requires foreign credits or the export of gold to balance the quick rise in imports of goods which war demands. Where is Italy to obtain foreign credits if she is at war, let us say, with Great Britain, or France, or both? Certainly not from impoverished Germany. Certainly not from the United States, under the Johnson law and our neutrality legislation, to say nothing of the pressure of public opinion. Certainly not from Britain for use against France, or vice versa.

Italian foreign exchange credits on December 31, 1936, amounted to only 63,000,000 lire, or about 20 per cent of her annual peacetime importations of petroleum alone; this figure represents a fluctuating but, on the whole, steady decline from 6,019,000,000 lire in 1928. And the strain of the Ethiopian and Spanish campaigns has recently made necessary a capital levy of 10 per cent in Italy, a measure which cannot be repeated.

As for gold, the Italian gold reserve is declining almost to the vanishing point. Valued at 373 million gold dollars (old standard) in 1933, it has progressively declined to 306 million in 1934, 159 million in 1935, and stood at 123 million at the end of 1936. This is about 7 per cent of the gold reserve of France at the same date, about 8 per cent of that of the United Kingdom, less than $\frac{1}{3}$ that of Belgium or Switzerland.

If Italy is to meet her deficiencies by importation, what, one may ask in the expressive vernacular of the day, is she going to use for money?

But financial difficulties are not all the story. In a war with Great Britain, Italy may expect to find both the Eastern and Western gates of the Mediterranean sea closed to her. British cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and aircraft, based on Alexandria and Cyprus and Haifa, can certainly cut off or seriously reduce not only her trade with the ports of the Levant, but also her communications through the Dardanelles with Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria. To the westward Gibraltar closes off her Atlantic trade, and her trade with Spain could hardly be protected. Her secure sea-borne commerce would be restricted to the Adriatic and adjacent waters: to Yugoslavia and Albania and possibly Greece. Yugoslavia produces some iron and coal, but is an importer rather than an exporter of those items; Greece has also some mineral resources but exports little. Albania has new oil deposits which are in Italian hands; but their present capacity is only about one-third of Italy's peacetime requirements.

There remain her land communications. Excluding France, whose railways will not be supplying Italy for a war with Great Britain, much less with herself, there are nine railways which cross Italy's northern frontiers—three each over the Swiss, Austrian, and Yugoslav borders. Two of these are double-track lines; the others are single-track. All of them encounter exceptionally heavy grades.

Using the capacity figures for wartime operation of railways under military control worked out by the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, the annual maximum goods-delivery capacity of these lines is 29,912,500 tons; this maximum figure excludes all passenger, troop, and local freight traffic from the lines, and assumes that there will be no wrecks, no interruptions of traffic due to enemy activities, no congestion at termini or transfer points; it further assumes that the maximum efficiency in loading and despatching trains will be maintained, in Italy's interest, by all countries of origin and transit, one of whom at least, Switzerland, is absolutely certain to be scrupulously neutral, and on all of whom, not belligerent, the strongest sort of pressure will be exerted by Italy's enemy or enemies. It further fails to take into account that two of the Yugoslav lines come together and become one at St. Peter, just inside the Italian border; that all three of the Yugoslav lines and two of the Austrian lines further converge at Mestre, near Venice; and that the direct line from Mestre toward the principal Italian industrial area (Milan-Turin) joins the remaining and most important of the Austrian lines, that over the Brenner Pass, at Verona. The tremendous congestion at Mestre and Verona, swiftly spreading to all division points behind those stations and even to way sidings, can only be faintly imagined by those who have seen what the French railways, under far happier circumstances, had to contend with during the World War. Considering all these factors, it is not too much to say that the actual delivery capacity of the Italian railways in foreign goods would be reduced from the

maximum figure given above by at least one-half, in other words, to an annual amount of about 15 million tons; perhaps less, certainly not more.

But the tonnage of Italy's imports by sea amounted, in 1934, to 34,700,000. Fifteen million tons of railway deliveries, after deducting the normal peacetime railway traffic, will not make up much over a third of Italy's loss of maritime deliveries, even calculated on the peacetime requirements of 1934.

The physical configuration of Italy's frontiers does not encourage the hope that new railways can be built, or the capacity of the present single lines increased by double-tracking, save at a prohibitive expenditure of labor and money and time. The double-tracking of the Simplon tunnel—on one of the main lines serving Milan—was undertaken in 1918 and required four years to complete.

If Yugoslavia be one of Italy's opponents, three of her rail lines are cut off; and Yugoslav friendship with France is older than her new rapprochement with Italy and far more popular with the Yugoslav people. If Austria be an opponent, three more lines are cut off—and a rapprochement between Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia as a counter to the recent political changes in Rumania is a possibility which cannot be wholly discounted.

II

But even if both these states be friendly; even if, by some miracle, the railways can be operated at full capacity day by day; even if, by a far greater miracle, Italy can conjure up foreign credits to buy some of the things she needs, she is yet dependent upon sea-borne commerce, upon the easy and cheap handling of supplies in bulk, by shiploads, for two-thirds and upward of her wartime requirements of raw materials. And since, as we have seen, both the east and the west entrances to the Mediterranean will be blocked by the British Navy—and perhaps by that of France as well—there remains for Italy only the chance of opening those en-

trances by force. By naval force perhaps?

Il Duce himself has remarked that Italy's rise to greatness is proportionate to the increase in her fleet; many years ago Napoleon Bonaparte wrote: "To exist, the first necessity for the Italian monarchy is to be a maritime power." In no particular has the increased military power of Italy under Fascism been so marked as in the rise of her Navy. To-day we are told that the Italian Navy "dominates the Mediterranean"; a French writer speaks of Italy possessing "undisputed mastery" in that sea; Admiral Cavignari, Under Secretary of Marine, boasts of Italy's determination to possess "an oceanic navy." A considerable number of new ships have been added to the Italian fleet in the past fifteen years and many more are under construction. The new Italian Navy is a force that must be reckoned with in any survey of Mediterranean strategy.

But—is it equal to the task of opening by force either the Suez Canal or Gibraltar, in the teeth of Britain? If not, there is no use talking of an "oceanic navy"; there is no naval solution of Italy's basic problem short of assuring the protection of her overseas communications with her colonies, with Atlantic and Indian Ocean ports, with the Black Sea. The soundest naval opinion to-day recognizes that the heavy gun in the heavy armored ship is still the one wholly reliable naval weapon under all conditions of war at sea; the battleship remains the final arbiter of naval power, and the proportional importance of the battleship increases with the distance of the proposed theater of operations from the home bases of the fleet.

The Italian Navy to-day possesses four battleships of about 23,000 tons each. They were launched in 1911–1913. Two of them have just been extensively reconstructed, lengthened, provided with new engines to give them a speed of 27 knots, and rearmed with modern guns. The similar reconstruction of the other two is to be taken in hand at once. When completed these four ships will form a powerful and homogeneous squadron; but they will still be inferior, ship for ship, in gun

power and protection to the older British battleships of the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Royal Sovereign* classes, and (in a less degree) to the French *Bretagne*. Their principal advantage will be in speed provided the 27-knot expectation for these ancient hulls turns out as hoped.

The year 1937 saw the launching of two new Italian battleships, the *Littorio* and *Vittorio Veneto* of 35,000 tons. They were exploited in the press as "the most powerful battleships in the world." This laudation is hardly borne out by the facts. They are to have batteries of nine 15-inch guns each, as compared with nine 16-inch in the British *Nelson* and *Rodney* or American and Japanese armaments of eight 16-inch or twelve 14-inch. Their belt armor is stated to be from 9 to 10 inches thick; compare this with 13 to 14 inches on British battleships, 14 to 16 inches on American battleships, 10¾ to 16 inches on French. Their machinery is to develop 150,000 horsepower and to give them speeds in excess of 30 knots. It is for this speed that other qualities, notably armor protection, have been sacrificed. But speed in a battleship is not a quality to which the ability to stand up in the line and take punishment can be sacrificed with impunity; its tactical advantages have been much overrated, and a quality which is principally useful in enabling a weaker fleet to avoid action is not precisely the quality which is most important in an "oceanic navy" whose avowed purpose is to go out and open by main force maritime gateways which have been locked against it.

When these two ships have been completed, and the reconstruction of the last of the older ships is also done—say late in 1939 or early in 1940—Italy will possess six ships of the line; and the construction of two more is to be taken in hand. At that time Great Britain will possess seventeen capital ships, with three more on the ways; France—if we presume that measures for accelerating the lagging construction of the *Richelieu* and *Jean Bart* will be taken energetically in hand, as is probable—will have nine battleships com-

pleted, the *Jean Bart* approaching completion, and two or possibly three building. Great Britain will, therefore, have almost a 3-to-1 superiority over Italy, and France a 50 per cent lead, with no prospect of the situation being materially altered by new construction. In concrete strategical terms, this means that in a single-handed duel with Britain, the latter could close the Suez gateway with the Mediterranean Fleet, and the Gibraltar gateway with the Home Fleet, and each fleet would be superior in battle-line strength to the whole Italian battle force—by a sufficient margin, considering the individual superiority of the British ships in gun-power and protection, to banish any hope of Italian victory in either theater. If Germany were in the picture as an ally of Italy, the French would certainly be on the British side; their fleet could replace the British Home Fleet in the Gibraltar area, and the British Home Fleet would be amply superior to the German battle force.

So much for battleships. In other classes of ships the situation is shown by the following table:

January 1938

June 1940

	Britain	France	Italy	Germany	Britain	France	Italy	Germany
Heavy Cruisers	17	7	7	3	25	7	7	6
Light Cruisers	40	11	12	6	52	14	12	8
Destroyers (large)	79	59	27	13	120	69	49	22
Destroyers (small)	79	4	33	12	79	4	33	12
Submarines (large)	25	41	9	0	39	47	11	0
Submarines (small)	29	39	65	36	33	51	95	61
Sloops	29	9	2	2	33	9	2	2
Aircraft Carriers	6	1	0	0	11	3	0	2

An examination of the above table will immediately make clear several important points: first, that Italy's boasted "parity" with France in destroyers is calculated by lumping large and small destroyers together, thus making the 1,000-ton Italian boats of the *Borea* class, for example, the equal of the contemporary French 2,400-ton *Lion*; second, that Italy does not possess the largest submarine fleet in the world, as the press has stated so often, being surpassed by France in total numbers, and, as far as large ocean-going

submarines are concerned, by both France and Britain now, and in 1940; third, that the emphasis of Italy on small destroyers and small submarines, and the complete absence of aircraft carriers ties her fleet to Italian waters and renders it wholly incapable of operating as an "oceanic navy"; fourth, that the German fleet, even in 1940, having regard to the defense of the Baltic, will not be able to do much to help Italy.

III

But, it will be said, what of the Italian land-based aircraft? What of her new bases at Leros, Tobruk, and Pantelleria? Do these not offset the English or Anglo-French superiority in surface ships?

A great deal is heard about the vulnerability of Egypt and Cyprus and Bizerta and Malta to air attacks by Italy. Not so much reflection apparently has been given to the much greater vulnerability of such isolated bases as Leros, Tobruk, and Pantelleria to air attack by Britain and France. Leros is one of the Dodecanese; it is near the Turkish shore,

and Turkey has never forgotten that Italy wanted part of Anatolia for her share of the spoils of Versailles and was bitterly angry at not getting it. Leros is 500 miles from the nearest point of Italy proper, from which it must draw all its resources, having none itself; it is only 400 miles from Cyprus, on the high plateau of which huge island there is room for many more airdromes than Leros could accommodate, and in whose harbors there is room for far more than Leros' capacity for seaplane bases. Moreover, one must not

forget that the British have aircraft carriers, the Italians none. As to Tobruk, it is only 350 miles from Alexandria and 180 miles from the Anglo-Egyptian air base at Mersa Matruh; it is an isolated station in a desert land. Pantelleria is a waterless and all but harborless volcanic island with a total area of only 45 square miles; it is almost equidistant (about 125 miles) from the great French naval and air base of Bizerta and the British base at Malta. Yet it is from bases such as these that an inferior navy and an inferior air force are to challenge the power of Britain and France, are to neutralize Alexandria, Haifa, Cyprus, Malta, Gibraltar, Oran, Bizerta, are to exercise "dominance" in the Mediterranean.

As to the actual strength of the Italian air force, there can be little doubt that many of the published figures represent gross exaggerations. Estimates based on the best available information indicate that the total number of first-line airplanes now available is about 1,400, with about 3,000 pilots and a total personnel of some 60,000. France has about 1,500 first-line planes and 4,000 pilots; Britain's rapidly increasing Royal Air Force about 1,800 first-line planes and 3,000 pilots.

The efficiency of the Italian air force is said to be very high. In Spain Italian pilots have done well, better as fighters than as bombers; some of the Italian planes, notably certain of the Savoia-Marchetti models, have been disappointing in their performance. The Italian planes average more modern types than the French, less so than the British. In training, tactical doctrine, and all-round fighting efficiency the consensus of informed opinion is that the Italian air force is outclassed by both the French and British. They have, it is true, the benefit of their Ethiopian experience (where there was no air opposition) and their Spanish experience (where the opposition was not, to put it politely, of the first class, save for a comparatively small number of Russian planes and pilots who proved markedly superior to the Italians on almost all occasions).

Having regard to the fact that it has yet to be proven that air-bombing can sink battleships under war conditions, and in view of the other circumstances above set forth, it is not readily perceivable how the Italian air force can offset Italy's naval inferiority in attaining the much-discussed dominance of the Mediterranean as against Britain and France or either alone.

It may very well be of course that Italian submarines, light craft, and planes can interrupt British traffic through the narrow strait between Sicily and Tunis; Italian bombers might also overwhelm or neutralize Malta, though this is not as certain as has been so generally asserted; but when this is done Italy is no nearer her goal. The British have already made all arrangements for re-routing their Asiatic commerce round the Cape of Good Hope, far out of reach of Italy's power to interrupt it. It will be annoying and slow, yes; an annoyance to Britain—against starvation and economic death for Italy. The scales seem heavily weighted indeed.

But Italy has also armies; not only armies at home, but armies in Libia, in Spain, in Ethiopia. What can these armies do to help her?

First of all, immediately upon the outbreak of war, the communications of the outlying armies with the Italian peninsula will be chopped off as at the blow of a knife. Thereafter the fate of the Italians in Spain can safely be left to the Spanish Nationalists, helped of course by British arms and supplies and perhaps by French troops and planes. As to Libia, though a precarious sort of traffic might be kept up between Sicily and Tripoli, it would be subject to continual interruptions by British submarines and destroyers; if France were in the war her base at Bizerta would afford an ideal point of support for such operations; and Malta cannot be altogether ruled out of the picture. Under such conditions, we are to suppose an Italian army in Libia attacking Egypt and opening the Suez Canal by force: a mechanized army marching in the

blazing heat across a waterless desert, either by the single available road along the sea, subject to continual attack therefrom, or the terrible desert road via the oasis of Siwa where even camel corps patrols are hard put to it to keep themselves and their animals alive—and at the end of that road, not the wretched levies of Haile Selassie, but an Anglo-Egyptian army, well equipped, trained, and commanded, with all the resources of the British Empire at its back and the troops of India and South Africa hurrying to its aid over the ocean routes commanded by the British Fleet. There is little hope for the legions of the new Roman Empire in this prospect.

Attack to the westward, on Tunis, is no more attractive. Here the available terrain canalizes any attack to a strip of forty miles between the salt lakes and the Gulf of Gabes, or else compels a cruel and exhausting Saharan detour, with the passes of the Atlas yet to be achieved. Defending this strip would be the French Army of Africa, old in desert warfare before Italy was yet a united nation, with rail communications right across to the Atlantic and the sea lanes open to its bases.

As to Ethiopia, once the flow of supplies through Suez is cut off, the Italian Army in that inhospitable and savage land, not as yet fully conquered and surrounded by French and British territory, will not find its situation a bed of roses. When weapons and ammunition and supplies begin pouring in across the frontiers to the dissident tribesmen, when the capable officers of the King's African Rifles and the Sudan Defense Force make their influence felt, when the assembled stores begin to dwindle, and no outpost, no truck column is safe from one hour's end to the next, there will be little occasion to worry about attacks on the Sudan or Somaliland from so unstable a base.

Italian intrigues in Palestine, Syria, Arabia? Your Arab is a realist. He is only too happy to take either Italian, or French or British gold and rifles, and to make trouble accordingly. But once the issue of war is joined he will have no diffi-

culty in perceiving on which side his bread is buttered. It has been ever so in all his history, as the Germans learned—to their cost—in 1914–18.

IV

And, now, what of the Italian armies at home? What of the great war in which the Italian legions are to pour across the Alps into Southern France, taking the French in rear as they lock in life-and-death struggle with reborn Germany along the Rhine? Let us examine the Alpine passes of the Franco-Italian frontier. There are only a few of these passes which are practicable for a modern army; these diverge from Italy toward France, so that an invading army moving westward, dividing its forces as it must—for over any one pass only a certain number of troops and supplies can move each day—will find its fractions far dispersed when they have penetrated into France and will still be in difficult and broken terrain, almost without lateral communications, extending back nearly to the Rhone. On the Italian side the passes converge, the mountainous zone is by no means as deep, and beyond it lies the rich valley of the Po and the open plains of Lombardy. These simple facts explain why military history contains so many examples of a successful invasion of Italy from France, and so few of the reverse.

As to air attack, military opinion today is coming to the conclusion that air power will not be used against great centers of population as such, but rather against vital communication points; industrial centers producing munitions; naval bases and military concentration areas. Ninety per cent of Italy's metallurgical industries and seventy-five per cent of her hydro-electric projects lie in the northern part of the country within easy reach from the French air bases; French industry is far more widely dispersed, and, therefore, far less vulnerable to air attack. In an endeavor to substitute hydro-electric power for coal, Italy will have, when present projects are com-

pleted, more than twenty per cent of her railways electrified, mostly in the northern industrial area; only about five per cent of French railways are electrified. The military significance of this fact is that air attacks do not easily interrupt traffic on steam railways, as the Japanese are discovering in China; bridges are hard to hit, sure to be well defended; junctions have repair material immediately available, and repairs can be made under emergency conditions with surprising speed; tunnels are almost impossible to damage by air bombing. But any kind of a fluke bomb-hit on or near the line of an electrified railway will tie up a whole division.

As to the fighting qualities of the new Italian Army, these must not be hastily judged by the Ethiopian campaign, where more than 300,000 men were mobilized against an opponent unarmed in the modern sense, where airplanes, mustard gas, and tanks gave an easy victory over a foe which had none of these things, where seventeen months of campaigning produced only 1,300 Italian battle-deaths—a smaller death rate than obtains at home in Italy.

Study of Italian operations in Ethiopia, in Spain and during the World War shows that their organization of transport and supply is excellent. Their artillery is very good both as to tactics and technic. They have perhaps the best body of mountain troops (the Alpini) in Europe. Their army is well armed and equipped and the spirit of the men seems high. In infantry armament they give a great deal of emphasis to curved-fire weapons such as mortars and howitzers and grenade-dischargers, which is perhaps natural in an army which would have to do a great deal of hill fighting. But their infantry is imbued with the doctrine of headlong, reckless attack with an absolute scorn of enemy fire; the "Ar-diti," or storm troops of the World War, have their successors in the Blackshirt militia battalions, two of which are to be assigned, as shock battalions, to each regular division in war. The idea of special

"*Sturmtruppen*" found favor with the Germans only after the physical and moral qualities of their recruits had sunk to so low a level that their regular units could not be depended on to push home an attack unless the "*Sturmtruppen*" showed the way. But this is a remedy which aggravates the disease—it is obvious that if your best men are systematically weeded out and assigned to special units the quality of your infantry as a whole is thereby further impaired. These Blackshirt battalions serve also a political purpose, being the representatives, so to speak, of the Fascist party with the regular Army. All of this displays a certain lack of confidence in the Army on the part of Fascist leaders which will certainly have unpleasant repercussions if the Army is subjected to the strain of a major war; lack of confidence has a way of becoming reciprocal.

Underlying this moral factor is another, perhaps even more deep-seated and sinister. The record of the Italian Army is by no means attractive. They were badly beaten by the Austrians at Custoza in 1848, Novara in 1849, Custoza again in 1866; by the Abyssinians at Amba Alagai, Makalle, and Adowa, 1895-96; they made little headway in Tripoli against the Turks (1911) until the Balkan Wars gave Turkey something else to think of; and the memory of their terrible World War defeat at Caporetto still rankles. The Italian soldiers are not cowards; on many occasions in the last hundred years they have fought gallantly and devotedly. But, as Talleyrand remarked concerning the Austrians of his time, "*Ils se battent bien—mais ils ont la tradition de la défaite.*"

A further characteristic of the Italian Army is what, for want of a better phrase, may be called tactical carelessness, or perhaps impulsiveness. Thus at Caporetto we see General Cavaciocchi, commanding the IV Corps, pouring his reserves across the Isonzo in support of his advance units and involving his whole corps in disaster instead of standing fast on his main position and letting his ad-

vance units retire thereon in accordance with the principle of the elastic defense adopted by General Cadorna, the Commander-in-Chief. The commander of the German spearhead, Krauss, afterward admitted that if Cavaciocchi had held the heights of the Stol in force the whole German advance would have been stopped. Again in Ethiopia we find General Mariotti with the Danakil column plunging into a defile without waiting to determine whether the heights which commanded it were occupied by the enemy; only the incredibly inept handling of the Ethiopian troops saved the Italians from complete disaster. A neglect of proper liaison between the various elements of a command is a further manifestation of this Italian tendency to carelessness frequently noted by military writers.

And as in great things, so in small—Major General J. F. C. Fuller, who accompanied the Italian armies in Ethiopia as an observer, notes that at the end of a day's march he never saw Italian troops stack arms. They dropped their rifles on the ground, even though it was inches thick in dust. He particularly noted the heavily rusted condition of the weapons of the Blackshirt battalions.

Such characteristics, combined with the Arditi spirit of reckless attack—"esprit de stunt," as General Fuller terms it—will not serve the Italian army well in a conflict with methodical, steady, well-commanded troops such as the British or French. Modern war takes a heavy toll of impulsive knight-errantry; the day for that sort of tactics passed with the invention of the machine-gun.

To sum up then: Italy is deficient in the raw materials of munitionment and has no money to buy more; she is, by reason of her geographical position, peculiarly vulnerable to blockade, and her Navy, inferior to that of France and hopelessly outnumbered by the British, is not strong enough to keep open her maritime lines of communication; her railways cannot take up the slack; her armies in Spain and Africa will be cut off from the main-

land in case of war and lost to her, and will be unable to inflict much damage on the enemy; at home she cannot hope successfully to attack the French and is highly vulnerable herself to air attack; her air force, her most formidable arm, is outnumbered and cannot depend on secure and suitable bases outside the Italian home territory.

It is time that these facts—these cold and relentless facts of military weight—should be carefully examined and understood by Americans. If the democracies of Europe eventually come to the conclusion that Italy must be checked in her "imperial" career they have the power to check her unaided. Of course they would like very much to have American aid. But they do not need us, and there is no occasion for Americans to fight another European war to make the world safe for democracy.

The extremely hard-headed and practical gentlemen of the German General Staff know well how broken a reed they would lean upon in depending on Italy as a war ally. They fought one war in which they had to beat off their enemies with one arm while supporting a feeble associate with the other; they have no intention of repeating that error if they can help it. That astute realist, Benito Mussolini, knows the truth too. But the power to choose his course accordingly, which the German staff possesses by reason of its semi-independent position within the political structure of the Reich, is not Mussolini's in anything like the same degree. For his own purposes he has conjured up the whirlwind; he has created in the minds of the Italian people and especially of Italian youth the legend of their own invincibility; as Major Conquet of the French Army writes in the *Revue Militaire Française*, "il élève dans une sorte d'exaltation quasi-réligieuse l'âme de toute une jeunesse nourrie de grands espoirs."

It is a legend which well may perish, unless more temperate counsels soon prevail at Rome, beneath the rolling pall of the battle-smoke of a new Caporetto.



COLONIES FOR GERMANY?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THROUGH the corridors of the Reich Colonial Society, in a side street off the Potsdamerstrasse in Berlin, young S.S. men stride purposefully back and forth between offices in their high black marching boots with all the air of those engaged in remaking the world. Their work is only "cultural," it is true. "We have nothing to do," their chief informed me through tightly pressed lips, "with politics; our job is simply to educate the German people in matters colonial."

Their bright-colored posters, showing a swastika flag planted in the middle of an Africa verdant with waving palms, and blazoned *Germans! Your Africa!*, challenge people coming out of the subway, entering post offices, or waiting in the lobbies of public buildings. Their newest film "Our Cameroons" is being shown in the movie houses of the nation. Their large Colonial Exhibition divided the season between Hamburg and Munich; numerous smaller ones are kept on a busy pilgrimage about the land.

The schools are one of their very special fields of work. They see to it that teachers are made "colony conscious," and that maps and globes have the former Germans colonies heavily outlined in red. Evening talks for parents are organized in the schools, made attractive with movies, perhaps the "Riders of East Africa," an account of von Lettow-Vorbeck's gallant stand there throughout the entire period of the War. A constant stream of colonial photographs is fed to the illustrated press, and subsidized books and pamphlets on the colonial question make their

appearance on the bookstands weekly. Some business firms have been quick to cash in on all this free promotion. A big Berlin retail-coffee chain features a "Colonial Mixture" straight from plantations in *German East Africa*. In an advertisement displayed in the subway trains a helmeted colonial cheerfully assures his readers: "Don't worry, Kamerad! We African Germans remain closely connected with the homeland through . . . radios."

Then there is the humorous, not to say ridiculous, side of the campaign. From time to time there will appear in the press a letter purportedly from a native of one of the colonies to his former master now in Germany. They all follow much the same pattern, and are always in very bad German. Here is one from Goebbels' *Angriff* of last October: "Dear Massa: When you come back here? How happy we was in old times. Englishman treat us very bad. Why you no write me no more, Massa?"

It is odd in this welter of propaganda calling for the return of the former colonies to turn up Hitler's early convictions on the subject. "Many good German simpletons prate foolishly about Germany's colonies and their return . . . ; such hopes can only be designated to-day as criminally stupid." He could hardly have made it plainer. It has been one of his basic beliefs that "Germany's power must be founded, not on colonies, but on territory in the European homeland."

For nearly four years Hitler kept a damper on colonial agitation; in all his speeches and writings German colonial

enthusiasts could find no glimmer of encouragement. What has caused him to abandon his original, and perfectly sound, plan for first consolidating Germany in Central Europe, and induced him to follow Wilhelm II in putting out his one foot in the world before he had the other firmly planted on the Continent? Has his appetite increased with eating? Have his ideas been inflated by the deification which he has enjoyed since 1933? Has it proven impossible in the long run, even for him, to resist such a popular demand?

All these may have had a contributing influence, but the decisive factor seems to have been the need for a plausible justification of the Four Year Plan. This scheme for making Germany into an impregnable economic fortress, self-sufficient in all essential raw materials, was a vital part of Hitler's program for consolidating the nation's power in Europe. Goering, who was to be in charge of the Four Year Plan, and other eager propagandists, seem to have suggested to Hitler that the godgiven justification for it was Germany's lack of colonial raw materials.

Hitler may also at that time, only a few months after his Rhineland coup, have believed that "his *Englandpolitik* had gone *kaput*"—to use a phrase of Bethmann-Hollweg's of twenty-two years before. The brusque scrapping of Locarno seemed to have driven the British, so assiduously cultivated for years, right into France's arms. No need to be gentle with them any longer. So he made his colonial pronouncement (it was at the Nuremberg Rally, 1936), and threw the issue to the propagandists.

The dam had given way and the flood poured forth. Goering, Goebbels, Hess, von Ribbentrop, and the colonial people, von Epp and Schnee, thundered for the return of Germany's "stolen colonies"; that, or else they would have to recover them through "the German people's own strength." But the campaign abroad, under Schacht's influence, was kept more moderate, and confined itself to reiterating Germany's need for an outlet and the

wisdom of providing her with one in time. The German people were a *Volk ohne Raum*, a people without room to live. All other nations had raw materials in quantities; every other Great Power had colonies. Only Germany had none.

Leaving recriminations and invective to one side, Dr. Schacht presented the issue as one of plain economics: "*Germany must expand or explode!*" She must have settlement room for her thickly crowded masses, larger supplies of food and raw materials, and assured colonial markets for her goods. Peace in Europe, and therewith the world, depends upon this."

The Germans are not noted for their acumen in appealing to foreign peoples. But in presenting their case thus to the British—for it is they who hold most of the former German colonial territory—they hit the nail exactly on the head. Coming after the experience with Japan and Italy, the *expand or explode* argument carried tremendous weight. Of course a great industrial nation like Germany needed an outlet, many were willing to agree. And if her peaceful development could be secured by handing over to her a few colonies in Africa, which were in a sense hers anyway and had to go back to her some day, why how much better to let them go now than to be drawn into war over them later.

There appeared to be almost as many people in England clamoring for a settlement as in Germany. *The Times* was flooded with letters calling for a bold solution of the peace question. Here was a chance to relieve through one "magnanimous gesture, made voluntarily, from strength and not from weakness," both the British conscience and all the dangerous pent-up pressure of Germany.

But there were cooler minds who questioned whether it was really lack of colonies which made Germany such a menacing source of unrest, and whether concession would quiet her. Supposing it had just the opposite effect: encouraged her to believe that a policy of intima-

tion paid the best dividends, whetted her appetite, and made her even more menacing? And if it were granted that economic pressure was one of the most powerful motive forces of German unrest, was it not a fact that German leaders themselves were responsible for continuing this pressure, and that, whatever its roots in reparations or world depression, the main cause for it now was the policy cynically expressed by Goering of "preferring cannon to butter"? And had the Nazis not done, and were they still not doing, everything in their power to increase the population?

Then there was something else needed in this discussion: some figures on the true economic value of these territories, the return of which was to solve all of Germany's difficulties. Why hadn't they solved England's difficulties since the War? With what justice was it claimed that they would take Germany's overflow population? *Would* they really provide her with the raw materials and markets for which she was panting?

II

"Peace in Europe and the world depends upon whether the thickly crowded German masses find room to live." That may be, but they will hardly find it in Germany's former African colonies. Thirty years of vigorous, heavily subsidized colonization before the War persuaded only some 18,370 Germans to settle there, and that at a time when the population of the homeland was increasing at a rate of almost a million a year, and emigrants were streaming out to all parts of the world. Togo took 320, the Cameroons 1650, and East Africa 4100. South-West Africa did a little better: it attracted 12,300.

Of the four colonies the latter is the only one really suitable for white settlement; even so, it is a semi-arid, largely inhospitable territory. Since the Armistice it has absorbed an even thousand Boer and British immigrants a year; the German population, remaining at the

1914 level, now finds itself considerably in the minority. Tanganyika has during the same time gained 6,000 British settlers (while losing half of its Germans), a rate of colonization of about 300 a year. It is not pretended that whites can settle in Togo or the Cameroons, and indeed in the one-third part of the former which is under British mandate the latest count shows just 43 German inhabitants and 100 other whites.

These figures must indicate, at least to some extent, the attractiveness and practicability, or lack of it, of these regions for white settlement. Yet Nazi speakers often raise the most fantastic hopes in Germany of the numbers of emigrants which they will absorb. I have a sample of their figures before me: by the simple operation of dividing the area of the Tanganyika uplands into 120-acre plots, they demonstrate that there is ample room here for 800,000 Germans. On somewhat the same basis the Cameroons highlands are to take 400,000 more, while South-West Africa comes off with only 15,000, because it is estimated that each family would need 14,000 acres of its semi-arid ranchland.

These surrealists in colonial mathematics have entirely left out of account the natives now swarming in Tanganyika and the Cameroons. The average density of native population in the Tanganyika uplands, for instance, is 36 to the square mile, or about 7 to each of those 120-acre plots. Is it supposed that these are to be simply driven off, or are they to become more or less compulsory labor in an intensive cultivation scheme which will support them and their white masters as well? And while there are, it is true, 7 or 8 million acres of upland in Tanganyika where whites could live and work (although fifty years of experience have shown that acclimatization is extremely difficult for those unable to take long vacations in the homeland), there is so little rain that only about one million acres are suited to agriculture. The rest will only do for stock-raising, and thus support a much smaller population.

To sum up the settlement possibilities of the former German African colonies then, it would seem that even granting that in her need, and with her authoritarian regime, Germany could force colonization at a much faster pace than she did before the War, or than the mandates are doing to-day, only a very few ten thousands could be planted there within a measurable time. Meanwhile the population of Germany is increasing at a rate of 450,000 a year, a rate, let it be said, which entirely fails to satisfy the Nazi leaders. Only recently Dr. Goebbels called for "another 10, 20, yes, 30 million Germans!" "And," he added significantly, "we shall know where to find room for them." Perhaps—but not in the former German African colonies.

III

Hopes of tapping rich sources of raw materials in these colonies are just as fantastic as those of settling millions of excess population there. *From all of her African colonies together Germany drew in 1913 just one-half of one per cent of her raw materials.* Twenty years of further development have passed since the War, yet the substantial effect of returning these colonies to Germany to-day would be to provide every German with an extra banana a week, a cup of cocoa on retiring each night, and a "hempen necktie" if he should depart from the straight path of political regularity.

German economic experts themselves, Messrs. Johannsen and Kraft of the Hamburg and Bremen Chambers of Commerce, in their new book *Germany's Colonial Problem*, only claim that the former colonies would supply Germany with twice her needs in sisal (hemp), all her zinc imports, three-quarters of her phosphate (from the Pacific island of Nauru, under British mandate), two-fifths of her cocoa, one-third of her bananas, one-sixth of her vegetable oil, one-tenth of her coffee, a few diamonds, one-one hundred and fiftieth part of her cotton, and a still smaller portion of her rubber. Scien-

tific development of the kind into which Germany entered only a half-dozen years before the War would admittedly increase these quantities, but even if the present production were as much as trebled it would still represent only some 3 per cent of the German import list. In the face of these facts we have the estimate of the Reich Colonial Society that the colonies are worth to Germany 130 billion marks (50 billion dollars).

The truth is that none of these colonies, no British Crown Colony, and only one British Dominion (Canada) could supply Germany with appreciable quantities of the raw materials she needs. The world's industrial raw materials, with the exception of rubber, are drawn, not from colonies, but from self-governing countries and dominions. From a raw material standpoint there is only one outstandingly valuable colony in the world, the Netherlands Indies (Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and New Guinea). These fabulously rich islands would provide Germany with vastly more tea, rice, and rubber than she needs, twice the petroleum, and all the tin, tobacco, and coffee.

Lucky Holland, to own this Crown Jewel of all colonies! *And yet Sweden, without the poorest left-over of a colony, has in no way lagged behind Holland in prosperity or standard of living in recent decades, and has come through the Depression notably better.* It is noteworthy too that "owning" a quarter of the earth did not keep Britain from the rigor of a fifteen-year economic crisis after the War or solve the problem of settling her two million unemployed. There is something here to make our facile economists, with their tables of here a *Have* and there a *Have-not*, pause; economic well-being, it would seem, is not so simple as just owning adequate sources of raw materials—as we in America ought to know.

It is all very well for Goering to complain, at the opening of the Four Year Plan Exhibition, that "all other nations possess raw materials in large quantities and only Germany has none," and use this

to explain Germany's difficulties. But how does he explain how little Switzerland, without a single important raw material, the real *Have-not* of all, is yet more highly industrialized than Germany, and one of the most prosperous of European nations? The answer is to be found in her prudent and peaceful policy. Not a little of Germany's predicament is explained by those three words "cannon before butter." Conservative German economists have pointed out to me that if Germany would only turn the raw materials she is still able to buy into useful products she could increase her exports by a billion marks a year (about 20 per cent).

Can it be sensibly argued that the world, which it has proved impossible to divide fairly or satisfactorily along political, racial, or strategical lines, should now be divided up according to raw-material riches? The League of Nations Committee which has been investigating access to raw materials has shown that the transfer of whole continents would not serve to assure to a nation like Germany outright ownership over all the vital raw materials she requires. A simple and effective way of distributing the world's raw materials already exists: international buying and selling. All of the materials that Germany wants are available on the open market, often at bargain prices. This market is "open," of course, only in peacetime, which brings us to a vital point: is it *raw materials* that Germany means, or *war materials*? And if it is the latter, then surely her experience ought to remind her that the motherland's supply during wartime depends, not upon ownership of the source of supply, but upon control of the intervening ocean.

Another thing: it takes money, real money, to develop colonies, and Nazi Germany is an avowed bankrupt. Let the Nazi leaders look up the subsidies which Imperial Germany poured into these territories, and then calculate again what their raw produce really cost her. Or let them investigate the experience of

British plantation owners in recent years. Britain has two-thirds of a billion dollars tied up in tea, coffee, and rubber plantations alone; in 1933, a year of partial recovery, this investment earned only 1½ per cent, and in 1934 only 3½ per cent. If 6 per cent be considered a fair return on such an investment, then during those years and many others the so-called *Have-not* nations have been getting their rubber, tea, and coffee at the partial expense of the leading *Have*—an arrangement which ought rather to appeal to them.

IV

The third in Germany's much publicized trio of economic needs is that of assured colonial markets for the absorption of her industrial output. In the last full year of German control, *all* of the former colonies together took exactly 0.6 per cent of Germany's exports. If they bought *all* of their requirements from her to-day (and in 1913 they bought only a third) it would mean a rise of 0.7 per cent in her export figures. By aligning her currency and abolishing exchange controls Germany could increase her export business by 20 times that amount, with Britain, France, Holland, and Switzerland alone.

The German answer to this argument is the same as in the case of colonization: that these markets would be developed faster under their control than by the present mandatories. The Germans point for proof to the fact that, whereas the trade of their colonies increased fourfold in the decade before the War, it has made no great advance since. What the Germans do *not* say is that it was costing them immense capital subsidies to promote this trade: 1,002,000,000 marks in the twenty pre-War years to promote a total trade with the colonies of 972,000,000 marks. There is a real lesson in colonial economics. Mandatories have naturally not cared to throw money at this rate into territories which might be under their control only temporarily, and have tried to make them pay their

way where possible. If she had them back, Germany claims, she would continue to push their development.

What would she use for money, for she is notoriously short of the real thing? Marks of course; the solution, according to the German protagonists, is simply to have the colonies within the German currency system. Then German capital can be used to develop the colonies and German money to buy their produce. Trade between colonies and Motherland would be as free as between two provinces of Germany, and the difficulty of transferring foreign exchange would be overcome.

It sounds very plausible, but does not alter the fact that Germany would merely have added to her own onerous balance of payments that of the colonies, and would have to pay in *some* way for the equipment necessary to develop them. Just to show how little reality there is to the whole argument, she is at present straining her capital resources to the utmost limit and calling for sacrifice from the people's standard of living to build factories to produce substitute raw materials at a cost of from four to six times the world market price, and declares unequivocally that nothing can bring her to abandon this program.

It is significant that nearly every German writer on this subject implies that Germany would monopolize all of her colonies' trade. Thus while protesting against a preference system—the Ottawa Agreements of British Empire preference are a part of it—which admittedly works a hardship on her, she prepares to intensify it when she gets a chance. It is noteworthy also that Germany herself maintains the most restrictive of all exchange control and trade regulation systems.

V

Hitler has an apt and sarcastic answer to all arguments concerning the small value of these colonies to Germany: "It is hard to understand then why the others hang on to them so." The real reason for this, as Hitler knows, is strategic.

Africa is quiet now—outside of Ethiopia—but how long would it remain quiet were Nazi Germany to be let into East Africa, the Cameroons, Togoland, and South-West Africa? Would not *Mittelafrika* be plunged into the same uncertainty and fear which has gripped *Mitteleuropa* since 1933? In the power game which Germany is playing would not these rather inferior colonies be looked upon more as springboards to further conquest than as ends in themselves?

The British Government has good occasion to remember Germany's schemes to gain control of Central Africa from East coast to West, before the War. Twice they were approached from Berlin with proposals to divide Portugal's colonies, should the latter be "forced" to sell them. As late as March 1914 the German Foreign Minister made the genial suggestion to the French Ambassador of a partition of the Belgian Congo. And Germany's last appeal for British neutrality in August, 1914 promised the restoration of France's integrity should she be defeated, but "could not promise the same for the French colonies."

Germany gambled and lost, and Britain won Tanganyika and some small slices of Togo and the Cameroons, under the faintly hypocritical cloak of a mandate. She completed her red Cape-to-Cairo chain and gained security for her empire in Africa; and that is about all she did gain out of the Great War. With the Dominions asserting their independence more and more and India on her way to self-rule too, Africa really represents Britain's colonial empire of to-day and to-morrow. Should she prejudice its future by taking in militaristic, dissatisfied Germany as a bedmate? Would not that be sheer strategic suicide?

All the evidence of the past five years indicates that the first thing Germany would do upon the recovery of the colonies would be to establish submarine and air bases in them. Supposing she did promise not to? "The honor of a nation," Hitler said on scrapping Locarno only a year after solemnly promising to

keep it, "justifies it in unilateral treaty-breaking whenever it feels itself strong enough to do so." The barest glance at the map will show how with bases in Togo and South-West Africa Germany could menace Empire trade on the Cape route, and how from Tanganyika she could threaten the Suez route to India, perhaps even India itself.

Tanganyika, the only territory on which Britain could act alone—although properly speaking she would have to consult the League—is particularly hard to give up. It would mean admitting a jostling rival to the Indian Ocean, the last sea over which the British hold undisputed control, with all the possibilities of joint action with Japan some day against India and the rich Netherlands Indies. Then a German land and air force in Tanganyika, working with Italian forces in Somaliland, Ethiopia, and Libya could apply a death grip to Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan. It is plain that as far as the restoration of Tanganyika goes, Germany could hardly have a worse recommendation than her recent close friendship with Italy and Japan, Britain's declared rivals throughout that part of the world.

South Africa will also have a great deal to say about having Germany back in Africa. There are South Africans who express a lively sympathy for Germany's colonial demands, but none who show any inclination to hand back South-West Africa, which they have come to look upon as a natural part of the Union. A German Tanganyika on their northern border they view with almost as much aversion. Some justification for their fears is revealed, too, in a book published in Germany in May 1937 by Dr. Paul Leutwein, son of a former German colonial Governor. "Tanganyika," he writes, "would provide Germany with an army of 1,000,000 black troops."

But Britain and South Africa can hardly expect the world to be as concerned about their strategical position as they are, so they are inclined to fall back (which France would scorn to do) upon

solicitude for the natives' welfare as an excuse for holding on to the territories. This was the Allies' strong point at Versailles, and the one which has rankled the Germans most ever since. Are the Germans really "unfit" to be trusted with helpless natives? What are the historical facts behind this allegation?

Broadly speaking, Germany treated the natives at first just as other colonial powers have done down through history. She gave out concessions to trading, colonizing, and mining companies and these drove the natives off the land or harnessed them to work in the mines or on the railways just as they pleased. The climax of this policy was reached in the suppression of the Herreros or "Hottentots" in South-West Africa in 1904-6. Over 100,000 of these unfortunates, who had revolted because their reserves were being continually encroached upon, were driven into a desert and held there by an armed cordon until they perished.

If German colonial history had ended then, in 1906, it might well be remembered as abominable. But the Herrero massacre raised such a storm at home that a complete change of colonial policy was forced on the Government. Under the able Dr. Dernburg an era of "scientific colonization" was begun, and it is to this epoch that Germany and her friends point in refutation of the "colonial guilt lie" of Versailles. In seven short years marvels were achieved in the material development of the colonies. Cultivation and trade trebled, and in East Africa a great work in tropical hygiene was carried out. But the administration was inclined to be over-Prussianized, and at the outbreak of war only the natives of East Africa remained loyal.

One can sympathize with the desire of those Germans who want to again take up their work of "scientific colonization." Indeed, if it were to the rule of a Dernburg that it was proposed to hand over the millions of natives involved there might be more reason for congratulation than concern. One only needs to think of the continual scandal of the adminis-

tration of the Portuguese colonies to put this assertion of Germany's unique unfit-ness in its proper light; Britain's Matabele War wasn't a very nice affair either. Nevertheless, the excesses committed by the Nazi regime against its Jewish minority justify a certain hesitation among humane colonial leaders. The mandate system does offer the natives some safeguards, and Germany's rejection of its terms is not reassuring.

VI

These then are some of the moral, economic, and strategic elements of the colonial question. Still a further one ought to be added: the psychological. The deep psychological hunger of the German people for an outlet from their European compound transcends all purely mathematical calculations of the colonies' economic value. Cold figures cannot evaluate the worth of the colonies to Germany in giving release to adventurous spirits to follow the hardy pioneer life and in providing opportunity for all that organizing, developing, and "putting in order" that is such a German passion. Neither can they express the injury to German feelings. "How would you feel if you had your leg cut off?" a distinguished German asked a British visitor recently. "Well, that's how Germany feels without her colonies. Her pride and her prestige are impaired."

The British, always stronger on intuition than logic, grasp this. That is why, in spite of all the arguments against return, they feel almost unanimously that "something must be done." "Not," they hasten to add, "in recognition of past errors or to right a wrong, but in the interests of peace, and as a contribution to a general settlement."

The British Government itself has been extremely chary of expression, only laying down the general principles: "no concessions without safeguards" and "any sacrifice should be borne by all colonial powers." Considering these stipulations, it is at least possible that a proposal

which found its way into the British press, for the making up of a bloc of territory in West Africa (where the strategic obstacle is least) out of contributions from British Nigeria, French Cameroons, Belgian Congo, and Portuguese Angola, and handing it over to Germany outright, may have emanated from them. Belgium's prompt answer was that "she would defend the integrity of the Congo with all the means in her power."

Private sources in England have been more prolific and more advanced in their suggestions. Here are some of them:

Germany could be given one or more mandates.

The whole of Central Africa might be turned into a sort of super-mandate, run by the League.

The Congo Convention of 1885 could be enlarged to take in all of tropical Africa.

All colonies and dependencies whatsoever might be put under a kind of League Colonial Office.

An International Bureau of African Affairs should be formed outside the League (so that it could start "without unhappy associations"), maintained, staffed, and equipped by all powers in Africa, with experts to co-ordinate the administration and the technical and scientific development of colonial Africa.

The Open Door Policy should be applied to all colonies, as it was until yesterday to the British Crown Colonies.

Paul von Zeeland's recent report on a program of world economic rehabilitation duplicates several of the above proposals, but adds a further one, for the creation of privileged international companies for the exploitation of colonial raw materials in an impartial way. The French Colonial Administration proposes tentatively that Germany could be given contracts to supply machinery for development projects in the French colonies, and take colonial raw produce in return.

From the League of Nations Committee on Access to Raw Material come recommendations that:

Raw materials should not be subjected to any export restrictions or exceptional duties, except in the case of international regulatory schemes (such as for rubber).

Foreigners should have the same rights and duties as nationals in developing the natural

resources of colonial territories or sovereign countries.

Consuming interests should be represented in international regulatory schemes, as well as producers.

Countries with exchange control should make every effort to abolish the system. This question, and that of quotas, must be solved before proceeding to discuss the freeing of access to raw materials.

The uneconomic production of substitute materials in some countries provided a further barrier to a solution.

This is the stage which discussion of the colonial question had reached when Lord Halifax set out to try to make a deal on it last November. It was obvious that a settlement could be achieved only through careful and detailed negotiations, and that Britain, while ready for concessions of the most varied sorts which did not involve any transfer of territory, would want specific guarantees of security before parting with any colonies outright. But when it came down to it the Germans wouldn't deal. The colonies were theirs "by inalienable right," "a right that could not be subject to barter." Their return was merely the last stage in making good the wrongs of Versailles, and restoring to Germany her "equality." No concessions could be expected from Germany in exchange, nor did she feel herself called upon to give peace guarantees to anybody. There was no question either of accepting mandates; Germany's "honor" demanded that the colonies be under her complete sovereignty.

Here was revealed a far-reaching and fundamental difference between the British and German ideas of diplomacy. Harold Nicolson ably describes the opposed concepts. To the British, he says, diplomacy is essentially a form of business. Each side concedes something, each side gains something, and a compromise is reached which may be reasonably enduring. But to the Germans this is something unheroic, little better than "horse-swapping." Their idea of diplomacy is of a test of strength, a sort of warfare, in which every concession asked of them is looked upon as a humiliation,

and every concession offered by the other side as a proof of weakness.

It was hard enough under Bismarckian and Wilhelmian diplomacy for the British to learn just exactly what the Germans wanted. Under the new Nazi "loudspeaker diplomacy" it has become almost impossible. Demands are made, treaties repudiated, offers of a Twenty-five Year Peace or a Western Air Pact flourished, always over the loudspeaker, to the Reichstag, before the massed ranks of the Party and the Army at Nuremberg, or in anniversary speeches to the whole wide world. But none of these is ever presented formally through the regular diplomatic channels (one remembers the fate of the famous British questionnaire of 1935). In the same way, *no formal German demand for colonies has ever been made.*

This is the diplomatic jungle into which Lord Halifax ventured on his "hunting expedition" last November. The arrangement of his visit was looked upon as a triumph for the Astor-Lothian-Times group. Taken in its broadest sense, it represented a momentous new initiative in British foreign policy, a move to find a basis of agreement with Germany which would satisfy her chief grievances, bring her back into the collective order, both in politics and trade, halt the armament race, the division of Europe into two opposing blocs, and the whole drift toward war. To achieve this Britain was ready to make considerable concessions in the matter of colonies and financial aid. But colonies were, to her, never more than a part in a larger settlement which was to guarantee peace in Europe and set Germany well on her way to peaceful development. Within this broad framework she was probably ready to concede, what is in fact true, that Central Europe represents Germany's natural field for economic development and her "special interest."

How far Lord Halifax would have got with this large order, had all gone well, will never be known. For on the eve of his departure the London *Evening*

Standard and the *Manchester Guardian* revealed what they claimed to be Germany's bases for negotiation, forwarded from Berlin through unofficial Anglo-German intermediaries.

(1) Germany would rejoin the League if the Covenant were divorced from the Peace Treaties, the "war guilt" and sanctions clauses removed and the minority clauses revised, and if Britain would recognize Italy's sovereignty over Ethiopia.

(2) Great Britain is asked to consent to a re-organization of Czechoslovakia on Swiss cantonal lines, assuring autonomy to the Sudeten Germans.

(3) Great Britain is asked to pledge herself to refrain from giving the Austrian Government any diplomatic, political or military assistance.

(4) Germany will let the colonial issue lie for six years if Great Britain will promise to back her claim then. Germany promises to establish no naval or military bases in her former colonies.

(5) If Great Britain will recognize Franco, Germany will exert herself to restore peace in Spain.

(6) Germany promises to do her best in restoring peace to the Far East.

The German press was beside itself with fury. Plainly an important exposure of German policy had been made. An article in the semi-official *N. S. Partei Korrespondenz*, attributed through its style to Goebbels, shrieked at "this imputation of shady bargaining (horse-swapping)," "this absolutely despicable gammon," "this journalistic swindle, these intentional lies and inventions." The writer questioned whether it was now worth holding the meeting. And from the German point of view, it does not seem to have been. Hitler and the others wasted their time with Halifax, it appears, in fulminations against the low methods of certain sections of the British press; besides of course the usual diatribes against Bolshevism.

Yet that such a deal, a colonial truce for a free hand in Central Europe, is just exactly what the Nazis were ready to propose, is clearly indicated by a speech which Hitler made at Augsburg even before Halifax had left the country, and by an article in the *D.A.Z.* from the pen

of the sapient Dr. Silex a day or two later. Hitler (incurably addicted to loudspeaker diplomacy) shouted: "What they refuse to concede to-day they will consider in three years' time; and in another three years they will discuss ways and means of settling the [colonial] problem." And Silex wrote: "It would be good business for England to accept the thesis that her interests would not be threatened by recognizing the predominant role which Nature has destined Germany to play in Europe. . . . Is it not more important for Great Britain, with her World Empire, to make certain, through an agreement with Germany, of peace in Europe, than to support the French interests in Prague?"

Lord Halifax, it is credibly reported, was shocked at what he found in Germany. Known as one of the most high-principled men in British politics (you may remember him better as Lord Irwin of India), his reaction to the characters, the mentality, and the *Weltanschauung* he would meet with in high Nazi circles, may be fairly easily imagined. He returned to his Cabinet colleagues profoundly impressed with the impossibility of satisfying Germany's demands, her complete rejection of the collective order, and the hazard of entering into bilateral agreements with her in default of her return to Geneva. The momentous move to re-orient British policy died then and there.

Things have recently been quiet along the colonial front. But Germany's demand is bound, as Hitler shouted after Halifax, "to be voiced again and again and more and more loudly, until the world cannot fail but recognize it." Whether Hitler sincerely wants colonies has little to do with the matter. The cry is too useful for excusing food shortages, for justifying the sacrifices demanded for the substitute stuff of the Four Year Plan, for raking the British conscience, and ranting about Germany's struggle for "equality." It might be said that if a colonial question didn't exist, Hitler would be driven to invent one.



ROUMANIA — ANOTHER SPAIN?

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

THE Roumanian capital's great boulevard, the Calea Victoriei, presents one of the liveliest evening spectacles to be found anywhere in the world. The visitor finds a strange mingling of poverty and riches, of the old and the new, in the teeming activity of this semi-Oriental "Paris of the Balkans." The multi-colored uniforms of Roumanian officers, the bright peasant costumes from the various provinces, barefoot Gypsies, ragged beggars, creaking fiacres, shining limousines, noisy street gamins, boulevardiers and their fashionably gowned ladies, the beat of the tango in courtyard restaurants, the hum of gossip on the café terraces—this is Bucharest.

The throng of evening promenaders suddenly falls back. A squad of green-shirted young men is debouching from the Strada Constantin Mille into the Calea Victoriei. They are unimpressive specimens physically, yet the crowd has reason to fear them. They are the Storm Troopers of the murderous Iron Guard. They belong to the private army of Fascists who wage war against all who dare to cross their leaders' plans for dictatorship; they have not hesitated to strike down in cold blood the kingdom's Prime Minister. Little wonder that the crowds make way for them, that eyes watch the Guardsmen apprehensively. The policemen at the corner straighten up into an attitude that is half way between a salute and a position of respectful attention.

Only a few steps down the Calea Victoriei another group of young men is marching into a building at the corner of

the boulevard Elizabeta. They wear the blue shirts of Octavian Goga's Lancers. Across the building an enormous sign flaunts the challenging words "Partidul National Crestin," the so-called National Christian Party of the anti-Semitic fanatics, Cuza and Goga. Flanking the words are two huge swastikas, boldly flinging out their hooked black arms.

In the street below a shout goes up. "Death to Lupescu! Down with Communism! Down with the Jewish International!" The Green Shirts are passing the headquarters of their blue-shirted Fascist rivals. Lancer heads are thrust out of windows and their voices shout back their slogan, "Roumania for the Roumanians!"

Farther down the street a crash of breaking glass warns the Calea Victoriei strollers to get out of the vicinity in a hurry. Iron Guardsmen are attacking a Jewish shop. They are burning the papers of a terrified young newsboy. His little business venture is destroyed in the ideological war that mysteriously rages about him. How should he know that the editorial policies of the liberal publication which he sells conflict with the imperial ambitions of the men who are financing his attackers?

In the musical-comedy setting of contemporary Roumania a grim struggle is being waged, a struggle that may have fateful influence on future history. Roumania lies at the crossroads of living and dead empires. Here East and West meet; Oriental races and Occidental peoples fuse; the Danube and the Black Sea min-



THE FRONTIERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

gle. To the east, across the Soviet frontier, spread the endless Russian steppes. To the north lies Poland; to the south, Bulgaria; to the west, Hungary and Yugoslavia. As far back as the early Christian era the fertility of the Danubian plain attracted tribe after tribe of barbarian invaders to the area that is now Roumania. To-day the kingdom is the way station of Danube shipping to the Black Sea.

And why should Adolf Hitler have an interest in Roumania? Hitler's interest in Roumania is threefold: economic, military, and political. Inasmuch as the

Reich is poor in raw materials, the Germans must find them outside Germany. Roumania is almost fabulously rich in oil and has valuable timber, food, and other resources. Hitler needs Roumanian oil for his industrial and military machines. He needs Roumanian food to feed hungry industrial workers and soldiers.

Next, Hitler needs Roumania as an advance military post. A glance at the map will show that it could serve him as a potential base of operations against Russia because it is located at the door of the

Soviet's great granary, the fertile black soil of the Ukraine. Roumania could be utilized as a German buttress against any Soviet military force dispatched against the Reich. Moreover, it would be a strategic victory to eliminate Roumania as a "corridor" through which Soviet aid might be sent to Czechoslovakia. German control of Roumania would drive a wedge between the Czechs and the Russians, thereby further isolating the Czechs' "island of democracy in a sea of dictatorships." Furthermore, Hitler has his eyes on the man-power of the Roumanian army. Once established in Roumania, Hitler's armies would be in a position to move eastward against the Ukraine or southward toward Istanbul and the Persian Gulf.

Politically, German conquest of Roumania would be a triumph for the National Socialist brand of Fascism. It would enormously enhance the prestige of the Fascist International and might influence certain fence-sitting states to join the Fascist procession headed by the dictators of Berlin and Rome. Some Nazis think that Roumania is the key log that will break the Communist-Fascist jam and release the pent-up tide of Nazism into Europe.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that what is happening in Roumania is of the utmost importance to the rest of Europe, even to the rest of the world. The conflict that is being staged against the Graustarkian theatrical background of Roumania may decide nothing less than the European balance of power between the Berlin-Rome axis and the London-Paris axis. For behind the hectic throngs of peasants, soldiers, politicians, Gypsies, and courtesans who move across the Roumanian stage, a desperate encounter is being fought between the two rival coalitions that are fighting for the control of Europe.

II

Years before Hitler came to power in Germany his eyes were turned toward

Roumania. When he wrote *Mein Kampf* he had this key Balkan kingdom in his mind as an objective of his drive to the East. On that historic day when feeble old President von Hindenburg made the Austrian ex-corporal Reichskanzler, Hitler's agents were already propagandizing in Danubia, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. Nazi emissaries were at work indoctrinating the Teutonic Swabian minority in the Banat, a province in southwestern Roumania. The Führer's agents were also at work among the Saxon communities in Transylvania, a rich district formerly belonging to Hungary that is now located in northwestern Roumania. The National Socialist slogan, "Blood knows no national frontiers!" met a response in these islands of Germanism for centuries separated from the mother country. Nazi Storm Troop units were organized among the Swabians and Saxons. It was not long after the Führer had established himself in the office once filled by Bismarck that squads of youthful Brown Shirts were making the cobbled streets of Transylvanian cities resound with fanatical shouts of "Heil Hitler!"

In the old days when Transylvania was part of Austria-Hungary the Saxons had a preferred status. Along with the Magyars, they were the *Herrschervolk*, the upper class who looked down upon the Roumanian majority of the population. One of Hitler's most effective baits for the Saxons and Swabians is the promise that when Roumania becomes part of the vast Nazi Mitteleuropa which the Führer and his political and military architects envision, the Teutonic minorities in Roumania will be part of the ruling majority. This appeal to the German minority, especially to the young people, has resulted in the formation of a Roumanian branch of the National Socialist party, an organization whose members recognize Adolf Hitler as their only Führer. They are the *Vorposten* (outposts) of the Third Reich on the road from Germany to the Black Sea. The brown shirts of the Storm Troopers parade as arrogantly past the crowded terrace of Cluj's Café Luther

as do German Nazis who strut past the Ehrenmal on Berlin's Unter den Linden. These young Transylvanian Nazis are trained in the arts of war and propaganda to fit them for their role as German shock troops in the Reich's drive to the East.

But Hitler and his political strategists by no means confine their efforts to the three-quarter-million Teutonic minority in Roumania. Recruiting the Saxons and Swabians is only part of the preparation for *der Tag*. The Nazis needed an organization composed of Roumanians to lay the political groundwork in Roumania, to bring about a political situation that would maneuver a Nazi or a Nazi sympathizer into the premier's office. Not everywhere do Hitler's agents find a state of affairs, political, social, and economic, so well suited for their machinations. For Roumania is a nation of politicians, of political parties, of men who live by their political wits. Four centuries under the suzerainty of the Turk and his Levantine deputies have left their mark of political corruption on the Roumanian people. There is also more than a little Oriental blood in the Roumanian populace, blood that generates political intrigue and corruption. Although a potentially rich country, Roumania has never been able to support all her politicians in the luxury which they feel is their due. Consequently, politicians not on the public pay roll, and many on it, are frequently not averse to accepting "palm oil." Naturally such political adventurers learned quickly that German money was pouring into Roumania to build a Nazi organization that would further the grandiose plans of the Pan-German imperialists.

An out-at-elbow Roumanian politician who once ate at cheap restaurants, patronized secondhand clothing stores, lived in shabby quarters, and eked out a precarious existence on petty graft suddenly blossoms forth in opulence. When his limousine stops in front of the Café Corso, lackeys rush forward to bow obeisance and drive off the crowd of beggars attracted to the scene. The recently pen-

niless politician wears expensive clothes; his lady is gowned in finery from Paris. The best of everything now is not good enough for him. He glories in the attention bestowed upon him and the sense of importance his new station gives him. Heads turn and eyes follow him as he is shown to one of the best tables and waiters dart forward to serve him. He ignores the whisper of a political enemy, who remarks to a companion: "All that money is supplied by Hitler. Six months ago he was glad to cadge a cheap drink."

But not all the recruits who flock to Hitler's call are discredited politicians. Youth provides a large quota of Nazi supporters. Some of these young men are motivated by misguided patriotism; they believe that Roumania is threatened by Bolshevism, by foreign capitalists, by corrupt politicians who are selling out the country to French and Czech bankers. They believe the Fascist propaganda cleverly disseminated among Roumanian youth. But most of Hitler's youthful recruits are animated by a craving for adventure, notoriety, or a meal ticket. Service in one of the private Fascist armies gives insignificant young men the opportunity to acquire uniformed importance, to strut before their girl friends and to grow arrogant through the solidarity of numbers. They exult in the fear that their green, blue, or brown shirts inspire in large numbers of Roumanians.

No longer do the young condottieri have to toil at distasteful civilian jobs. They are relieved of the responsibility entailed in constructive work. All they have to do is follow the orders of their Fascist chiefs, draw their pay, and enjoy the excitement of which they are the center. During the daytime they loaf about swimming pools or lounge in cheap cafés. In the evening they guard speakers at Fascist meetings, stir up anti-Semitic riots, and act as "executioners" to remove some especially troublesome enemy. They swagger into a café, tear up the liberal newspapers on the tables, bully the patrons, and perhaps extort a "donation" from the owner. They can do these

things because no one cares to invite their lethal enmity, because the policemen standing outside cannot be sure that their own superiors are not secret members of the organization which sends these young toughs out.

As long ago as 1933 the private Fascist armies in Roumania were exerting influence upon the kingdom's foreign policies. Paris and Prague began to inquire of Bucharest just why the Roumanian Government permitted these admirers of Hitler to have such an undue influence upon foreign affairs. Embarrassing questions were put to the King and his ministers. As long as the Fascist Storm Troopers confined their activities to night-riding expeditions, frightening the wits out of superstitious peasants, beating Jews and pillaging their stores, the Government could claim that it was all a Roumanian internal matter. But the directors of the terrorist organizations soon demonstrated that their ambitions were connected with foreign political movements. They were translating Hitler's ambitious policies into action.

III

Zelea Corneliu Codreanu, the son of a railroad watchman, is the founder of the notorious Iron Guard, now sometimes called the "Legion of the Archangel Michael." When the police chief of Jassy had the temerity to interfere with Codreanu's anti-Semitic pogroms in Moldavia, the Guardist leader shot him. A terrific outcry was raised against Codreanu for this cold-blooded crime, but he was acquitted. No one could then doubt that he received support from powerful quarters. The crime of Jassy added to the Iron Guard's glory and brought in a fresh wave of "volunteers," young desperadoes who saw the opportunity to cloak their hooliganism under the boasted immunity of Codreanu's protection.

It takes a steady flow of money to recruit thousands of men, to buy uniforms, to pay rent for barracks, to feed Storm Troopers, to send agents all over the kingdom, to subsidize newspapers, to hire halls

and offices, to stage demonstrations, to bribe officials. Codreanu has plenty of funds at his disposal. As his army grew larger and more powerful he began to issue manifestoes about foreign affairs. Needless to say, these demands from the Iron Guard have been a source of keen embarrassment to the Government and a constant irritation to Roumania's allies. Realizing that the Green Shirts were a menace to the kingdom's safety, the liberal Prime Minister, Ion Duca, banned the organization. His action brought forth an immediate demonstration of the strength and ruthlessness of Codreanu's following.

General Charles Adolph Cantacuzinu, Codreanu's collaborator, wrote the courageous Duca that his ban on the Iron Guard was his death warrant. On December 29, 1933, Duca was "executed" by Iron Guardists as he stood on the railway platform at Sinaia. Europe was horrified by this murder; even blasé Bucharest was shocked. But more significant than the deed was the inaction of the Government. No one moved to enforce the ban on the Iron Guard. Codreanu and his henchmen were panoplied in immunity. Hitler's Roumanian campaign could go on unchecked.

With the attention of the world concentrated on Ethiopia, Spain, and China, only passing notice has been given to events in Roumania. General Cantacuzinu could stand before a large crowd, brandish his revolver before fascinated eyes, and shout, "This is the only way to solve the Jewish problem!" Nazi-subsidized newspapers published in Bucharest could flaunt the swastika and run such headlines as: "Fight with Zelea Codreanu against Jewish mass-polluters of Roumanian womanhood!" Such incidents were manifestations of the Nazi drive to control Roumania. But the world was looking the other way.

In 1935 another Fascist, pro-German party came into existence as the result of a fusion of Octavian Goga's Agrarian Party and Professor Alexander Cuza's National Christian Defense League.

The new organization became the National Christian Party, an authoritarian, anti-Semitic aggregation inspired by the philosophy of National Socialism. There are other Fascist and near-Fascist parties, but the Codreanu Iron Guard and the Cuza-Goga National Christian Party are the most important.

Professor Cuza is an octogenarian. He has been an anti-Semite as long as the oldest Roumanian can remember. He was making speeches against the Jews before Hitler was born. But the Jews never took him very seriously. He occasionally provided members of Parliament with fun, but more often with boredom. People knew in advance just about what he would say, because he had been repeating the same absurd things for years. Indeed, a good many Roumanians considered the Professor a little daft on the subject of the Jews.

Not so with Goga and Codreanu. The latter is a cold-blooded fanatic, a killer who knows what he is doing and goes steadily ahead with his program. As for ex-Premier Goga, perhaps the foremost poet in Roumania, he is a native of Transylvania and a former member of the Hungarian Parliament. He is extremely anti-Semitic, but not a sincere Jew-baiter like Cuza. He has found anti-Semitism a good political horse to ride, and he is riding it for all it is worth. Incidentally, Goga's verse and plays have been selling briskly since he became Premier on December 28th. And ironically enough, much of his work is a defense of the Roumanian minority in pre-war Hungary. The oppressed has now turned oppressor with a vengeance, but not against those who oppressed him.

The Roumanian situation is baffling because it is extremely complicated and paradoxical. Racial problems, relations with other countries, monarchical questions, the clash of mutually hostile ideologies, the native corruption, ambitious politicians who are the pawns of foreign powers—these are some of the ingredients in the Roumanian stew. It is spiced by malicious gossip and palace intrigue.

Even the most petty cabal in the shadow of the royal Chateau de Peles may have consequences of far-reaching importance for Europe. But into every factor enter Hitler's Pan-German ambitions.

During a dinner conversation with a Roumanian editor he told me that when Duca was assassinated Codreanu took momentary hiding in the home of Madame Lupescu's sister. "Madame Lupescu's sister, if she really has one," I objected, "would be partly Jewish. Codreanu is an anti-Semitic fanatic. It just does not make sense." Shrugging his shoulders in the characteristic Balkan manner, he answered: "Nothing makes sense in Roumania."

Imagine a situation in which anti-Nazi Titulescu and pro-Nazi Codreanu are both fighting Madame Lupescu. Think of the contradiction that was involved in the friendship between anti-Semitic Premier Goga and the King's partly Jewish mistress. Foreign Minister Titulescu, on a diplomatic mission abroad, receives a telegram informing him that he has been dropped from the Cabinet. The Iron Guard loudly claims the credit for this political coup, but the discharged minister's friends charge that he was framed by Cuza and Goga. The anti-Semitic Fascist twins, say Titulescu's associates, obtained from Hitler's Gestapo fabricated documents that alleged a plot by the late Foreign Minister against Lupescu. Of such stuff is the background of foreign policy in this key nation of Europe. Is it surprising that foreign envoys are jerked out of Bucharest by their home governments because their forecasts of Roumanian affairs prove to be fantastically wrong?

That Madame Lupescu plays an important role in Roumanian affairs no informed person denies. She heads a powerful Court camarilla, maintains her own secret service, and enjoys the King's confidence. She has established a reputation for personal bravery by her indifference to Iron Guard threats. On one occasion she went unescorted to a semi-public place that she knew had been named as the spot where the Green Shirts were to kill her.

Such disregard for her safety impressed even the "murder squad" which had been detailed to end her career. It is certainly true that she has no desire for the limelight. She prefers the backstage where she can manipulate the strings of the marionettes who dance across the Roumanian political stage.

The extent of her influence with the King is attested by the fact that foreign diplomatic missions in Bucharest have fought many an under-cover battle to win her support. Indeed, some of the foreign agents would go to almost any lengths to win her favor, but there is no available evidence that she has ever sold her position to foreign bidders. She holds her influence with the King because he trusts her. He believes that she is the one person in his kingdom who genuinely and unselfishly has his interests at heart. The romance between them that caused him, as Crown Prince, to renounce his right to the throne gave way some time ago to a more platonic association. In fact, members of the King's own clique whisper that Madame Lupescu has become the wife of the Vice-Marshall of the Royal Court. Although no announcement of such a marriage has been made, it is common gossip in inner Court circles.

When King Carol returned to his capital after a state visit to Czechoslovakia, His Majesty was greeted by an Iron Guard manifesto which warned him that its members "will not hesitate to shoot Carol down rather than fight for Bolshevism!" Here were Hitler's stooges in Roumania threatening to assassinate their king. Another Codreanu manifesto began: "The King and his directors of foreign policy must guarantee with their heads the correct development of this [Iron Guard] policy." For sheer audacity such defiance would be hard to equal. But after the murder of Duca who could say that these political gangsters were bluffing?

IV

Part of the unrest in contemporary Roumania is caused by the kingdom's

vulnerability to invasion. Previous to the rise of Hitler the Roumanians felt secure behind the wall of alliances which surrounded them. They enjoyed a close political and military understanding with powerful France and membership in the Little Entente along with Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. They were also allied with Poland. But once Germany and Italy joined forces in the Danube area and the Berlin-Rome axis became an actuality in European affairs, Roumania found herself confronted with a difficult problem. The kingdom could hardly maintain good relations with both the Fascist states and the Western democracies. Either Bucharest would have to come to terms with Hitler and Mussolini or the German and Italian dictators would back the Hungarians and Bulgarians against Roumania. Hungary claims that Transylvania belongs to her, while Bulgaria asserts that a district in southeastern Roumania is hers. For it must be kept constantly in mind that Roumania profited enormously as the result of picking the winning side in the Second Balkan war and the World War. To-day perhaps her greatest problem is to hold on to the territorial domains she thus acquired from Hungary, Bulgaria, and Russia. This situation facilitates Hitler's task of influencing Roumanian policies.

Former Foreign Minister Titulescu and his supporters saw the best answer to the problem in close Roumanian partnership with the other countries which hold territorial rewards distributed by the peace treaties. But an increasingly strong faction in the kingdom argues that France is destined before long to become a second-class power, that Roumania must join forces with the "dynamic" Fascist States. A prominent member of the Roumanian Parliament said to me last August: "Since Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland, France has been isolated from Central Europe. Under the circumstances we are compelled to come to terms with Hitler, and the sooner the better."

If Hitler can continue his foreign political victories, this Roumanian movement toward joining the German alignment will grow stronger. For—make no mistake about it—Roumania picked the winning horse in the Second Balkan and World wars, and she wants to repeat the process in the next major conflict. To-day she is attracted by the Berlin-Rome axis, which is so much closer than the London-Paris axis. Many Roumanians have been impressed by the “dynamic” diplomacy of Germany and Italy. They advocate coming to terms with Berlin and Rome as quickly as possible. One must also take into account Roumania’s fear of Russia. The Soviet has never recognized Roumanian ownership of Bessarabia, the dreary territory lying between the Pruth and the Dniester that belonged to Tzarist Russia.

Fear that the Soviet may take action to regain Bessarabia causes Roumanians to look toward Germany for support. Partly for this reason a powerful coterie of Roumanian officers hail the states of the Fascist International. “Germany is the only nation that can guarantee our sovereignty over Bessarabia,” one of these military men told me a few months ago.

It goes without saying that Hitler’s army of agents provocateurs, spies, and propagandists in Roumania are doing their utmost to speed up the orientation of Roumanian foreign policies away from France and toward Germany. Ion Mihalache, former President of the National Peasant party and former cabinet minister, told me that there are in Roumania between fifty and sixty newspapers subsidized by the Nazis. Before the pro-French liberal daily *Dimineata* was suppressed by Goga it operated at the risk of its employees’ lives. Bands of Green Shirts could march into the Strada Constantin Mille, lay siege to the *Dimineata*, manhandle its workmen and drag some of the staff off to the Iron Guard headquarters for “further examination.” Occasionally the police made half-hearted gestures to restrain the Storm Troopers, but the *Dimineata* em-

ployees were compelled to depend primarily upon themselves. A few steps away on the other side of the street the pro-Nazi *Porunca Vremii*, a swastika flag flying above its doorway, remains unmolested.

One of the strongest arguments of the pro-German forces is provided by the trade relations between Roumania and the Reich. Dr. Schacht’s barter system has flourished on the commerce between the two countries. This is all a part of the Nazis’ grand offensive to gain hegemony in Roumania. When I talked with Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, director of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Nazi party, last September, he stated that Germany must have an *Absatz Gebiet*, a territory where the Reich can obtain raw materials and sell manufactured goods. He said that Germany has an “historic right to develop the Balkans.” What is happening in Roumania to-day is a practical application of Herr Rosenberg’s words.

Not only does Germany need Roumania’s raw materials, but it is to the Reich’s interest to discourage the industrialization of Roumania. If Roumania should build up an efficient industrial system the day would come when the kingdom could dispense with German manufactured goods. Then the Reich would be compelled to do without Roumanian raw materials or pay cash for them. As long as the Reich can sell chemicals, electrical equipment, and automobiles to Roumanians, Hitler is killing two birds with one stone. He obtains essential oil and food and he discourages the growth of a Roumanian industrial competitor.

During the period from January to July, 1936, Roumanian exports to Germany amounted to 1,592,315,000 lei. For the same period of 1937, Roumania’s exports to the Reich climbed to 3,668,780,000 lei. This sensational increase was a tribute to the effectiveness of German economic penetration of Roumania, to Nazi propaganda, and to the efficient working of Dr. Schacht’s barter system. In contrast with the huge Roumanian exports to Germany, the value of Rouma-

nian exports to France amounted to only 1,150,004,000 lei during the January to July period of 1937.

V

It was only a year ago that the King and his ministers realized that the Fascist offensive was getting out of hand. A funeral provided the dismaying proof. The bodies of two Iron Guardists who had been killed in the Franco trenches before Madrid, arrived at Bucharest by special train. While 2,500 Green Shirts escorted the coffins, each of which was placed on a hearse drawn by twelve men, thousands of Fascists formed a long funeral procession. Other thousands of them crowded the streets through which the funeral cortège wound its way.

General Franco was not the only important Fascist to send funeral wreaths to his fallen defenders. Featured in the floral display was a wreath from Reichschancellor Adolf Hitler. The Führer in this matter dramatized his interest in the Roumanian Iron Guard. One of the exhibits of the demonstration was a blood-stained Roumanian flag reported to have been wrapped round one of the Guardists when he was killed by Spanish Loyalist troops. But the sight that caused a gasp of astonishment from massed throngs was the spectacle of four men in formal attire marching in a position of honor behind the hearse. Those four men were the ministers of Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Japan.

No one missed the significance of this extraordinary interference in the affairs of an independent country. Bucharest seethed with excitement; there was a furious outburst in Parliament. But the four ministers who took part in the Iron Guard demonstration continued to hold their posts in Roumania. The Government took some mild measures of repression against the Iron Guard, but no serious effort was made to strike at the root of its power. Codreanu went ahead with his program. As yet, however, he had no avowed representation in Parliament.

During the election campaign which preceded the balloting last December, the Fascist parties went out boldly for votes. The ground had been prepared; the propaganda offensive had done its work; violence and intimidation had created the desired effect. Not bothering any longer to camouflage his policies, Codreanu announced: "I am for alliance with Italy and Germany—for the nationalist revolutionary states and anti-bolshevism. Within forty-eight hours of my party's achieving victory, Roumania will have concluded an alliance with Berlin and Rome."

The result of the election was a shock to the Western democracies. On December 28th, less than three weeks after French Foreign Minister Yvon Delbos's visit to Bucharest to repair France's broken political fences in Roumania, the King appointed the pro-German Octavian Goga Premier. Carol's action caused a sensation in Europe. It was deplored in Paris, London, Prague, and Moscow. It was enthusiastically cheered in Berlin and Rome. Delbos had left Bucharest with assurances that the pro-French National Peasant party would make a strong showing in the elections, that Roumania was loyally tied to France and the Little Entente. Not only did the National Peasants poll only about twenty per cent of the vote, but the King called to power a man whose enthusiasm for Nazi Germany has never been disguised.

Without membership in Parliament, the pro-German Iron Guard elected sixty-eight deputies, making the Green Shirts the third strongest party in the Lower Chamber. Shortly after the election pro-French Nicholas Titulescu abruptly left Roumania "for his health." Few observers doubted that it was the Iron Guard that made Roumanian residence unhealthy for Mr. Titulescu.

Suddenly the importance of Roumania's part in the European poker game dawned upon the onlookers. They saw Hitler playing shrewdly and ruthlessly for high stakes; they saw him call the French bluff inherent in the Delbos visit. They

saw the Duce's pile of chips growing higher as he received his political cuts from the Nazi-Fascist winnings in Roumania.

Roumania's uncertain adherence to the Little Entente, diplomatic denials and official communiqués to the contrary, further isolates Czechoslovakia. Some of the radical Nazis see the day when the Führer can institute "sanctions" against Czechoslovakia to stamp out "Bolshevism in Central Europe." Roumanian adherence to the Fascist International would upset the sensitive Central European balance that has been the basis of what peace there is in Europe.

One noteworthy international consequence of Goga's brief premiership involved Roumania's relations with Russia. The entente formulated at such pains by Titulescu and Litvinoff was all but destroyed by Goga. Moscow's Minister in Bucharest, Mikhail Ostrovsky, took leave of Roumania, and the word was passed out that his post would not be filled. As Goga drove into his furious persecution of the Jews, a story reverberated throughout Bucharest concerning a conversation he had with Ostrovsky. "We shall be glad to help you solve your Jewish problem," Ostrovsky is said to have told Goga. "Just move all your Jews into Bessarabia. Then we shall take both Jews and Bessarabia, and you shall not have any further worry about either of them."

The sudden fall of the Goga regime was not unexpected. No informed observer believed that a man of Goga's temperament and singular lack of administrative ability could carry on as head of the Government. He went out of office as suddenly as he came in. It was widely reported that British diplomacy in Roumania exerted strong influence upon Carol to get rid of his bigoted poet-Premier.

Once more the King was forced to repair his rickety political structure. And once more he sought to solve his problem with a makeshift ministry. Although it was called a cabinet of "national concentration," it was really the same old Tatarescu Liberal party back in power.

Headed by the anti-Semitic Patriarch Miron Cristea, a figurehead Prime Minister, it set to work to modify Goga's racial decrees and to try to restore some degree of confidence in the Government. About all that could be said for the new regime, however, was that it was an improvement over the Goga ministry.

The Cristea regime is the King's personal dictatorship. Apparently Carol hopes to straddle the situation both in internal affairs and international relations. But the situation may get out of hand. He may not be able indefinitely to control the fast-turning political mills that his own actions have provided with grist. He may find that the ill-advised experiment of the Goga ministry has so seriously damaged the economic life of the kingdom that he will be forced to take increasingly disastrous political gambles. If the Cristea ministry fails, Codreanu will undoubtedly bid strongly for official recognition. And in the background threatens the possibility of civil conflict.

There are large numbers of Roumanians who oppose the Fascist penetration of their country. Some of them will not submit to the Hitler-Mussolini legions without a fight. The liberal National Peasant party, taking its cue from the armies of Green Shirts, Blue Shirts, and Brown Shirts, is raising its own private defense force, an anti-Fascist militia of young farmers known as the White Shirts. Significant symptoms are rife in Roumania that have been prevalent in other countries torn by ideological struggles.

Hitler's determination to gain control of Roumania may plunge the kingdom into civil war. An observer of the Roumanian scene cannot help wondering whether this country is destined to become another Spain. Will Cristea, or some other successor of Goga, play the same pre-revolutionary role in reference to Carol that Primo de Rivera played to Alphonso? And is the belligerent and ambitious Codreanu to be the "General Franco of Roumania"? The answers to these questions are of vital importance to Europe.



THE DIAMOND-EATER

A STORY

BY GEORGE SHEPHERD

You say you can't eat diamonds, but that isn't so. Plenty of people are living on diamonds if you only knew it. Perhaps they have four or five, perhaps they have a handful, or maybe more. Quite a lot of diamonds do not take up a great deal of space. They are not hard to carry around and if you have to leave the country you can take them with you. If you do not want anyone to know you are taking them, you can tie them in a little sack around your middle, or something like that. Then when you get where you are going the diamonds are as good as money.

Say you have five diamonds—maybe they are worth a thousand dollars apiece. Then you have five thousand dollars. Or maybe you have a hundred diamonds; then they are worth a hundred thousand dollars. Or they might be worth more than a thousand dollars apiece, or less. They might be worth two thousand, or maybe as much as five. It depends on the size and color and brilliancy and whether they are flawed. Personally, I do not care for the new flat-cut diamonds. They do not seem to have any color or brilliancy. If you turned the old rose diamonds under a light it was like looking at the colors in the rainbow one by one; but the new ways of cutting them—you might as well be looking at a piece of glass.

Well once I lived in a room in Greenwich Village. You know, one of those small rooms that was left over when they

made the house into apartments, up in the attic, with the roof sloping down, and you climb lots of stairs to get to them. You pay about four dollars a week for them generally, and some of the people who live in them have lived there for years. The landlady is very proud of how long her tenants have been with her, and when you come to look at the room she tells you about them. Maybe she thinks that shows what a nice house it is and how easy she is to get along with; but I wrote advertising copy once and I'm on to a lot of slicker sales presentations than that, so I wasn't impressed and, besides, when you get a look at most of the old tenants they look like such a bunch of dead-heads that nothing short of an earthquake could get them to move anywhere. They stay maybe twenty or twenty-five years. I wonder what becomes of them when they die.

When I was living in that room I was always afraid of dying. I wondered who would take care of my corpse. My family lived a long way away and they didn't have any money to come and get me if I died, and the landlady didn't know who they were or where they lived, so I didn't know they would even hear about it. And the maid came in only twice a week, so I figured if I died Monday night she wouldn't find me until Thursday morning. I could see myself lying there dead with nobody knowing anything about it. And when they did, what would they do? Who would look after me when I was

dead? I worried about that and I worried about being sick, because there was no telephone and no way of getting in touch with anyone if I got sick, and I knew I could lie there from Monday to Thursday with a fever of a hundred and six and delirious, maybe, before the maid would come in and find me. I did a lot of worrying. It is not a good idea to tell people you are worrying about what will happen to you if you die. They get an idea that you are morbid.

The guy in the room next to mine was a worrier too, I found out after a while. You know how it can be in New York, you live right next to a guy for a long time and never speak to him and practically never see him. You come in and go out at different hours, and unless you happen to go to the bathroom at the same time you may never meet. There were only two of us on the floor, besides a little old maid who was a writer and spent all day typing, and used to scurry to the bathroom and back for fear of meeting this other guy or me in the hall. She was small and rather old and shy. And this other guy, it was the way I say, we'd only nod or say hello, and I only knew what his name was from the mailbox downstairs. It was Paul Saranov.

This went on for a few months and then one day I got back from work early. Generally I didn't get out of the office much before six, and I would hear Saranov go out a few minutes after I came in, if he wasn't out already, and sometimes I would see him, and he would be wearing a top hat and tail coat. It looked funny. I don't mean the clothes were funny, don't get me wrong. I never wore a top hat myself, but you didn't have to wear one to see that his was everything a top hat should be, and so were the tails. What was funny was seeing them on a guy that lived in a four-dollar-a-week room. So anyway, this night I got in early Saranov knocked at the door and asked could I lend him a razor blade; he'd run out. I lent him a blade and thought no more about it, but damned if he didn't knock on the door the next night and hand me

a fresh blade all done up in the wax-paper they come in.

Well, there he was, standing in the doorway in his undershirt. It was a silk undershirt, very good quality. And he was holding out this razor blade and looked sort of embarrassed about it. He was a good-looking guy, with fair skin and fair hair, probably older than he looked because blonds don't show their age as much as brunets. He wasn't awfully tall, but he had a good build on him and big muscles, though they looked as if they hadn't been used much. So he was standing there smiling and holding out the blade, and I thought what the hell, and I asked him to come in. He said he would for a minute, and that's how we got to be acquainted, and pretty soon we knew each other fairly well.

Why I asked him in was, I thought here was someone who would look after me if I died or got sick. And when we had talked three or four times and were beginning to get the feel of each other and found out that we got on together—you know what I mean, we were telling each other what we really thought and not making conversation the way you do with someone you don't care anything about—well, it wasn't long before I told him I was afraid of dying and lying in my room dead for several days, and I asked him to sort of keep an eye on me and knock on my door pretty often just to make sure I was alive and all right, even if he didn't have time to come in and talk. You can say things like that to Russians because they will not think you are morbid. They have a lot of ideas like that themselves. And I found out that Saranov was afraid of getting sick and dying too. I suppose really everyone is who lives alone in a four-dollar room where there is no telephone and the maid only comes twice a week and the family is a long way away. All of them are afraid of the same thing, I guess, except the ones that are hoping for it, and maybe the ones who are hoping for it are afraid too, or else they would do something about it themselves. So I told Saranov where to send a telegram to my

family in case I died, and he told me he didn't have any family left, only one sister who ran a dress shop in Chicago, and I was to telegraph her, and that's how I found out that he was eating diamonds.

His story was very banal. It is the kind of a story all the Russians tell—if you know any Russians you will find it very boring—only in his case I think it was true because he had the diamonds. Not that I think it isn't true in other cases too, but it is the kind of story you wouldn't have to use any imagination to make up; you can read it in lots of books and lots of Russians tell it wherever they go; and I think perhaps some of them tell that story because they think it is expected of them. Russians are very obliging people, and also they like to dramatize themselves and are fond of holding audiences spellbound. Anyway, when Saranov told it I thought it was true in his case, and I will just briefly outline it because if I put in all he told me it would be as long as a novel, and there is a good chance you know it already. Saranov was a Russian nobleman, like all the others, a Prince, I think; they all seem to be Princes or at least Dukes. He was not very old when the Revolution broke out, sixteen or seventeen, so he was thirty-six or -seven when I knew him, and he *was* older than he looked, just as I thought. They killed his family and burned his house, and he escaped with the diamonds tied round his middle in a sack, just the way I said. He was in Paris for a while and then London and then New York, and he lived on the diamonds. His sister was in Italy when the Revolution happened and she did not have many diamonds, only the few she took with her to wear for jewelry on her trip, and they did not last long, so now she had the dress shop in Chicago. And Paul wanted me to telegraph her if he should die, and also send her the diamonds, because he wanted her to have them if he did not need them any more. He had no one else to give them to. But he would not tell me where he kept the diamonds, he didn't trust me that much. Perhaps he was right. He told me if he

died I would just have to hunt and I would find them all right. He said it was a great relief to him to have told me about the diamonds because before that he had always worried about his sister getting them if he died; he'd been afraid some stranger might steal them or perhaps they might lie round for years and nobody find them. He said his friends did not know he called himself Paul Saranov, he was living under an assumed name for fear of the communists. I think the communists would have found him whatever he called himself if they wanted to, but he felt safer that way anyway. Russians are very innocent in some ways.

So I said to Paul that it was a funny way to live, eating diamonds. Why didn't he find some kind of work and earn a salary? He got sort of mad then. He said it was not funny at all, he said lots of people were eating diamonds; suppose your father died, he said, and all he left was ten thousand dollars insurance, your mother couldn't live on the income, she would have to spend her principal, and that was the same thing as eating your diamonds. So I saw he was right, plenty of people are in a position like that, eating their diamonds. Then he said, why should he work? It was not a tradition of the nobility to work; some of the nobility had been forced into it, like his sister for instance, but he wasn't forced to, so why should he? It was bad enough living in a four-dollar room, he said, but he didn't have to give parties there, so it didn't make so much difference and he preferred it because the less he spent for a room the longer the diamonds would last. But a room like that was a very nasty thing for a man with his traditions. And also he said he didn't have time to work because he was in great social demand owing to his title and good looks and tails and top hat and silk undershirts; he had more invitations to lunch and tea and dinner and dances and the opera and receptions and that kind of tripe than he could accept. Well, all that gave me a swift pain. But then he said, suppose I wanted a job where could I get it? Bet-

ter men than me can't get jobs. Suppose I did get one, I'd be keeping some man out of it that needs it. I don't need it. That would be injustice. I saw his point about that and I shut up about his getting a job.

Paul and I were quite good friends by this time and both of us felt better about living where we did because we knew we had someone to take care of us if we died. That was a great bond between us.

Paul was a funny fellow all right, he was good-looking and had a lot of what is called presence, but there were times when he seemed to shrivel up into nobody at all. He would look like one of those old men in shabby clothes who limp along the sidewalk close to the building line, with very dead eyes and all bent over. I found out that these were the times when he was coming to the end of a diamond. Right after he cashed one he would have a lot of money, he would ride in taxicabs and tell me how he took some friends to dinner or gave a cocktail party in the Persian Room; but when his cash began to run out he would economize and walk sometimes fifty or sixty blocks to a dinner he was asked to, and he would drink cups of coffee in dingy cafeterias when he had to feed himself, instead of buying himself a decent meal somewhere else. I think that was because he was stingy about his diamonds. He hated cashing them. But he said, "No, it is not parsimony, my friend; it is the fear of death, every time I cash a diamond and see the heap grow smaller, I see death come that much nearer." Well, I know about the fear of death too, I lived with it a long time before I knew Paul; but I am only afraid of what may happen to my body after I die, and I cannot see how such a strong man as Paul could be such a coward as to be afraid of the dying, and I believe he made up that excuse to hide his being stingy about his diamonds.

One day after Paul had gone through quite a long period of shrivelling I came in from the office late and Paul came out of his room when he heard my key in the lock and he took me by the throat and

said, "What have you done with them, you thief?", and I said, "Done with what?" And he said the diamonds. "What is the matter with the diamonds?" I asked, and he said they were gone.

He thought I had taken them, because I was the only person who knew he had them. So I told him I had never seen his diamonds, and I calmed him down and we searched his room again but we didn't find them; and I asked if he always pulled down the shade when he got out a diamond, and he said no, he never pulled it down at all. So I took him to the window and showed him there was nothing to it. Our rooms were on the back of the house, and the back of an apartment building was right opposite, across the yards. I showed him that any one of ten or twelve windows would have a view of his room, and anyone who saw him with the diamonds could easily come down the fire escape at the back of the apartment building and climb the fire escape at the back of our house and easily get from there to Paul's window; to say nothing of it maybe having been the maid. So Paul complained to the landlady and reported to the police, and they questioned the maid and the landlady and me and did a lot of investigating over at the apartment and I don't know where-all, but they never did find where the diamonds had gone to. Paul couldn't even tell them when they had been taken because he had been living on one for a long time and he only looked at them when he wanted to take one out. I told you Russians were innocent.

Paul did not know what to do. He continued living in the room next to mine because he did not know where else to go. He stalled the landlady about the rent, but that couldn't last forever, especially as she knew he had lost all those diamonds. He borrowed some money from me sometimes, and I suppose from his other friends also; but it hurt his pride terribly, and besides he did not get much that way; it wasn't like a steady job that brings in a regular salary that you can rely on. He didn't go out so much any

more, so he would come into my room more; he would lie on the bed with a paper, reading the classified advertisements, and he would say, "I do not see any jobs here that I could apply for, what am I going to do? I could become a taxicab driver, I suppose, but it would be very embarrassing if I were hailed by some of my friends coming out of the Opera or the Ritz. I should have to keep to the unfashionable parts of town." So I said I did not know what he was going to do, it was a tough break all right, and he said, yes, it was. And it was too; you can see it was. It really was tough on Paul.

So I told Paul one night that my agency was moving me to the Denver branch and I should have to leave him; and he said couldn't I take him to Denver with me, and I said, "How would you be any better off in Denver than you are here?" and he said he guessed he wouldn't. "But," he said, "with you gone I shall be afraid of dying again." "Well, yes, that is a terrible thing," I said, "but perhaps someone else will take this room who will look after you if you die, and anyway you don't have to worry about getting those diamonds to your sister." And he said, "No, that is one thing I do not have to worry about; you are right, it is a great comfort." He laughed when he said that, but I do not think he thought it was really funny.

Oh, by the way, I said, going to Denver I shall pass through Chicago and I can give your sister a message if you have any to send. "No," he said, "I do not think I have. Perhaps I shall soon go to Chicago myself if I can raise the money, perhaps I could find some work to do in my sister's shop, in the shipping room perhaps or as a doorman or something of that sort. It would be easier for me to do that kind of work in a city where I do not know anyone." "Oh," I said, "well, that is a good idea."

So here was Paul—in the first place he had never sent his sister any of those diamonds and now he was planning to go out

and sponge on her instead of making a living, and I said to myself, that is one hell of a kind of a brother if I ever saw one.

That is about the last time I saw Paul, I guess, because I left New York. I did not go to Denver though. I do not like cold climates or winter, so I came down here to Haiti instead, and now I have a little house of a sort which I hope will not blow away in the hurricanes. I have two servants, so I am not afraid of what will happen to me if I die. I did not like agency work, so I gave that up and decided to become a writer, which I always wanted to be; but writing does not pay a great deal even if you get your writings published, and mine do not seem to get published very often, so it probably is a lucky thing that I still have some of the diamonds left. Of course the trip down and buying the house and living here with servants took quite a lot of them, and there really weren't so many as I thought in the first place. And Haiti is not a good place to sell diamonds; it makes you conspicuous. Every time I do it I am afraid perhaps they will get to talking about me and suspect something. I could escape into the jungle if I knew in time, but I do not want to run into the jungle. Perhaps I should have gone to a country where they do not have extradition. Perhaps I should move to one, but that would take still more diamonds. I do not know what I shall do when they are gone. I do not want to go back to New York and get a job again and get out of the office at six o'clock and live in a four-dollar room. I do not like that, nor getting up so early in the morning, nor being afraid of what will happen when I die. I do not know why the diamonds go so fast. I do not seem to be as good as Paul at economizing them. I do not like to shrivel into nobody the way he did. The trouble with eating diamonds is like eggs or lettuces or anything else: if you want to keep on doing it you have got to have a great many of them in the first instance, unless you know where you can get some more.



THRICE MARRIED

ANONYMOUS

DURING the hubbub over a woman now so well-known that I need not mention her name, I gathered that there was an extraordinary curiosity not only about this woman in particular but about the type in general. Like me, she had divorced two husbands. I had married for the third time. She was about to do so. I found that friends who had known me for ages burned to ask certain questions which the discussion about another woman in a similar situation now made it possible for them to put impersonally. First: what causes a reputable woman to flit from one man to another like that? Second: (with startling envy) how does a woman manage to marry three times when some women have difficulty in making even a first marriage?

The envy astonishes me because, privately, I have twice regarded myself as a failure in the only career for which I am suited and which would satisfy me—marriage. Among my friends, the women I admire are those who still live happily with their first husbands. It is the more surprising in that a slight twist of circumstance would make my friends look upon me as a pathetic rather than as an enviable person. If I had been widowed twice they would consider me unfortunate. If I had remained an ex-wife after my first divorce they would feel sorry for me; if I had continued to be a divorcee for the second time I know they would sympathize with my dubious future.

Naturally, I would rather be envied than pitied. I would rather be judged a hussy than a wife who couldn't hold her

husband. But the truth is that I have been married three times just because I am not lightminded about marriage. The truth is that if I could, by some miracle, have been less intense and idealistic about marriage, less disposed to set our relationship up as the uniquely perfect one, the different one, to which no ordinary rules could apply, I should not have left my first husband, as I know now I ought not to have done, and so I should not be what newspapers call a thrice-married blonde or, satirically, Mrs. Jane Smith-White-Jones-Doe (who, incidentally, used to stay at home and cry herself to sleep seven nights a week not so long ago).

Seventeen years ago, in bobbed hair and rolled stockings, I stood before a homemade altar with the buoyant assurance that because I had started right, happiness would come automatically. Well, perhaps not quite automatically; but I had sensible ideas about marriage—I was modern, wasn't I? We should of course go through the period of adjustment which I had read about, and our happiness would result from mutual reformation to each other's specifications.

No one told me, and I did not suspect for a long time, that people cannot make themselves over fundamentally; moreover, that often they don't even want to. Agreeable traits can be improved and less agreeable ones controlled, just as one's best features can be emphasized and others obscured. But the basic arrangement of character elements which gives its special flavor to a personality remains. It is

useless to try to rearrange these elements, just as useless as to try to turn port wine into sherry. No one told me that, to begin with, I must accept my husband's—(we may as well call him Bill's) basic character.

I have read all the reasons for the break-up of marriage. The other day I read that the major reason for modern divorce was drink. That struck me as very likely. Though Bill was no drunkard, I could say truthfully that the atmosphere of bibulousness surrounding my first marriage had a great deal to do with its dissolution. But as I thought it over, I realized that drinking was only a phase of Bill's gregariousness, and it was this fixed trait of his character which irritated me, not the drink. So with the other reasons. From my own experience and from observation, I should say that the ground for divorce classed as the most serious—infidelity itself—is only symptomatic. I believe that there are only two real reasons for the disruption of a marriage, regardless of what may be said in court. One, the irremediable one, is incompatibility. The other, more tragic to my mind, because one sees too late how simply one could have helped oneself, is lack of understanding and allowance for the essential nature of personality, its inescapable quality, its life-or-death importance to the other person.

Not that I did not understand Bill in the usual sense of the word. I was eighteen when I became his wife and he was twenty-eight, but I had known him for years. He was the older brother of a school friend. We lived in a suburb, and I think I must have spent as much time in her house as in my own. Bill of course was grown up when I was in the first grades and an awesome young man to me; but the thing I adored him for—and later fought so hard against—was his love of people and his need of them. He would go swimming with us or play tennis with us and treat us like companions, not children. I was grown-up enough to worship him—from a distance, naturally—when he went off to war. Later my

father died and we moved into New York. When I met Bill again I was seventeen and he was a returned hero. Nevertheless, we were engaged for a year, on my mother's insistence, and had our full share of lovers' spats and reconciliations. Perhaps eighteen was too young to marry. I don't think so. Few would argue that twenty-one was too young, and I do not remember that I arranged my life with better sense at twenty-one than at eighteen.

The point is I knew Bill. I knew his sisters and his brothers and his relatives. I knew what he liked for breakfast before he told me. I knew he fixed his own coffee because no one could make coffee to suit him—he'd been teased about it often in my hearing. We moved immediately half a continent away, so there were no in-laws or old friends to fit into our marriage. Bill earned seventy-five dollars a week, not much less than what my father had raised a family on, so I felt rich. We had a better than average start, but no one had told me that, in the process of adjustment, I must learn what could be adjusted and what could not be. No one had told me that justice does not enter into a marriage any more than it enters into love. Sometimes a man takes an equal or more than equal share of the responsibility for the success of a union; most often it is up to the woman. This may not be fair, but it is so. Perhaps if I had been told I should have resented it and set out to prove, just as obstinately, that I must be excepted.

I have said that Bill liked people. He made new friends faster than I did and more friends. On the way from the office he generally met someone, he always stopped to talk, he generally ended with a few drinks in a speakeasy, or with a game of pool. As he pointed out to me, with perfect truth, he always came home to dinner and usually not so very late. If we had dinner at seven he would get there at half-past or eight. He either brought friends back with him or, more often, he would ask someone to drop in later. But he always came home to din-

ner. In all the serious and violent and tearful discussions we had on this subject he returned again and again to this point. He came home to dinner, didn't he? If I had only realized it, he was offering me the clue I needed. His emphasis on this fact showed how important it was to him, because it had required effort on his part. It would doubtless have been easier sometimes to forget the wife at home and to play another game or have a few more drinks. But he made the effort. He made the one concession he could within the limitations of his nature.

Instead of accepting the spirit—the really important thing which would have made me most unhappy if it had been lacking—I insisted on the letter. Instead of being grateful for his sincere attempt to adapt himself as much as he could to one of the demands of marriage, I was indignant that it should be an effort for him to come home at a certain hour. It irritated me that we spent so little time alone together. There were always people about—his friends. I did not see then that I should have been much more miserable if he had entertained his friends outside. It all boiled down to the fact that he was a very gregarious person and adjusted his gregariousness as best he could to marriage, and I would not accept his best.

His drinking was part of his sociability. He did not drink too much as a rule, just enough to return home in the blurred, starry, happy-go-lucky stage; and just how annoying this can be only the sober wife who has been waiting dinner a prosaic hour knows. Another phase was his carelessness with money. What had seemed to me a comfortable income left us straitened all the time because so much of it was spent in sociability. Each aspect of these characteristics was a separate source of discord that hurt me terribly. I did not see why he could not change these superficial habits to suit me. Of course he couldn't, because they stemmed from a basic inclination which was beyond change.

In the end I left him over a trivial inci-

dent which I could easily assign to drink. We had come to New York on a winter vacation. I looked forward to a happy interlude away from Bill's cronies. I hadn't reckoned with his old friends. No matter how late I planned to be, deliberately, Bill could always outsit me somewhere and arrive later, so that the evenings found us as usual, I waiting, Bill returning just stimulated enough to infuriate me. That particular evening we went to the theater. Bill was perhaps more joyous than usual and could not concentrate on the show. He decided that the seats were bad. There happened to be many vacant seats and, with me in his wake to avoid a scene, he blundered from one to the other.

If he had not been my husband I should have thought his antics funny. I can see now that my high-tragedy air was just as ridiculous. The audience accepted the situation with perfect tolerance, taking it for granted that decent persons make fools of themselves sometimes. A little of the same tolerance on my part, a little—of what the advertisements call nonchalance—would have spared me a lot of heartbreak. It might have been a tale to howl over later. Instead, I strode out of the theater, head high, cheeks burning, took a cab to the hotel, packed and went home to mother.

Separation is supposed to be effective treatment for a sick marriage. I don't think so. The most it proves is that two people miss each other. Driven to a reconciliation, the problem of how to get along with each other remains. On the other hand, a separation can be dangerous because each person learns what seemed inconceivable beforehand, that he or she can survive without the other. I stayed away for several months. I was profoundly miserable. But I was not yet twenty-one, and I put on the pretty clothes I had bought to wear for Bill and went out and lunched and teaed and dined and danced and noticed that the sun shone and, though I was far from cheerful, I could not help but perceive

that serenity existed somewhere in the world.

Of course I talked with mother, I consulted friends. They advised me to return. My own heart pointed incessantly in that direction. Return was the chief aim; the spirit of the return was left to take care of itself. I like to think that if at that time I had read of an experience which I could relate to my own, or had talked with a woman who could analyze some irretrievable mistake of her own as I can now, I might have understood that to return as I did, with the secret knowledge that if I couldn't live with Bill I could live without him, was only a preliminary to the final separation. I loved Bill dearly, but I was even farther from the conviction that I must not lose him, even farther from a deliberate will not to lose him. On the contrary, I prided myself on the discovery that love was not the decisive factor I had supposed, that I could love Bill as much as I did and still contrive a passable existence apart from him, miss him horribly and still feel a blessed relief from the strain—because it is always a strain—of an emotional relationship. It was a surprising discovery, a disilluioning one and, unconsciously, it became a weapon which I held over Bill in the back of my mind. He was not so irreplaceable. I could get along without him. Well, I have.

II

If I analyze my first marriage in such detail it is because when I think of my own wedding, it is my first wedding, which should be buried in time, that I recall, and my first wedding that I weep for. Though I retain not a qualm of emotion about my first husband, and if we met now it is quite likely I might have difficulty in recognizing him, though this is as finished and out of mind as if it had happened in another world as well as in another era, I have never really got over my first marriage.

Bill was not the only man in the world for me, but the relationship of a first

marriage was and is unique. Once lost for even the best of reasons, it can never be recaptured. I am in love with my third husband and he with me. We get along well, we belong together. But he has been married previously too and, though we sensibly refrain from discussing the subject, I know that he must have come to a similar conclusion.

"We sensibly refrain from discussing the subject"—there you have it in a nutshell. There was nothing Bill and I couldn't discuss, nothing we couldn't and didn't tell each other. But there are some portions of my third husband's mind sealed to me and wisely, some memories and experiences which we could not share even if we wished. In time some of my mannerisms and ideas derived from sources which neither of us cares to trace will disappear, I know, and be superseded by habits which I have picked up from him. However, they will remain subconsciously. When I am pensive for a while, and he offers me a penny for my thoughts, they may have ranged, quite against my will, through those deserted lands in which another person has a silent partnership and where it is better not to explore.

Jealousy does not enter into this. I do not regret Bill. My husband does not regret his first wife. What we regret is the chance we had and muffed to begin at the beginning and build a house where only two persons out of the whole world belonged. No other relationship can be quite the same. No other has been.

Then why did I marry again—and again? Because no woman who has ever been married and had a true home based on the natural, essential companionship of the sexes can ever be satisfied with what is known as her freedom. This holds for men too. Exceptions to the rule should have stayed single in the first place. The fact that the divorced so often find their way back to the altar has been noted. It is the most positive proof—if proof were needed—of the spiritual necessity of marriage. A man or woman who has known this completeness of sharing cannot feel whole by himself or herself. The danger

is that they will let loneliness decide for them—marry on the rebound.

I was twenty-one. I had no responsibilities, no child, for instance, who might have proved a practical barrier to impulsive remarriage. At twenty-one it was natural that I should look forward hopefully to a new life. My second marriage needs no defense. The only defense I can offer for my second divorce is that this time there had seemed no need for a long engagement on any account, and I had rushed back to the altar too quickly. I had known my second husband casually. I married him within three months of the time when we first began to go about together.

A thrice-married woman is open to the suspicion that she has made marriage a source of profit, a means to get alimony and arrange bigger and better marriages and divorces, so I may as well say here and now that I never dreamed of asking for alimony in connection with my first divorce, and that my second husband, who was five years younger than Bill, earned less. When I left him I was thirty and without any means of livelihood. It seemed fair to both of us that I should take a portion of our joint savings to use till I had made a place for myself. I took it as I might have taken help from a more prosperous friend, for we parted in friendship.

My second marriage lasted nine years. That is queer—yet not so queer considering my changed attitude. I knew I was not in love with Frank as I had been with Bill; I thought that was to be expected. It did not take me long to find that we had no common denominator, so to speak, no meeting point. Yet my second marriage, unfortunate from start to finish, lasted three times as long as my first, begun under the happiest circumstances and all the right conditions. It did so because I now had the conscious determination to succeed, which is half the battle. Only half, however. Nothing can bridge a profound basic disharmony between two persons.

I think a second marriage often runs

more smoothly and seems happier to the superficial observer (even when it isn't) because of the determination of one or both parties not to go through the misery of divorce again. The pity of it is that sometimes, as in my case, it teaches one how perfect by comparison the first marriage might have been. I began to understand that what I had objected to in Bill was really what had attracted me to him, what had made us so truly compatible. I like people too—though not in such quantities as he did. I like to entertain—though not so often. I am no spendthrift, but neither can I count pennies.

Frank taught me all this about myself and my first marriage by being the precise opposite of Bill. We set up housekeeping in a suburb. Instead of lingering with the boys, he took the first possible train home after five o'clock. Far from bringing friends home, he kept them away as much as he could. I no longer needed to yearn for an evening at home, alone, together. As far as Frank was concerned, we might have spent every evening at home, alone, together. Instead of abating, his disinclination for a normal social life grew, until I foresaw the time when we should have absolutely no friends or acquaintances. It was not that he did not care to go out; he took no pleasure in having a guest to dinner or a caller and, without being rude, he could effectively ruin any small occasion by his indifference. He was methodical about his own expenditures, he took an interest in the running of the house and in the budget. On a smaller income we lived more comfortably than I had with Bill. I should have been the most contented woman in the world. Actually, I couldn't bear it.

I had many a long grim laugh at my own expense and many a good quiet cry. One could almost believe in a sardonic arrangement of fate to bring me to my senses or to pay me back. For Frank set out, just as I had set out with Bill, to make me over into a more suitable person for him. He appeared to succeed better than I had with Bill, because women are

more adaptable as well as more skillful in playing a part. Besides, I remembered how trifles used to irritate me. I made all possible concessions.

But here Frank came up against the unalterable aspects of my disposition, which he in turn resented and could not accept. I discovered that to muddle a bit and stretch a point and let things ride were fundamental characteristics of mine which no effort on my part could absolutely harmonize with his critical, frugal, introverted nature. It was I who generally waited for Bill, so I had not realized how casual my own routine was. For instance, if I planned certain duties for a rainy afternoon and it cleared, I might suddenly drop everything and go for a long drive in the country. Frank returned on the dot always. As soon as I saw how he resented my last-minute dashes for home I could and did time my return to meet his wishes; but I could not conceal the strain of a fixed schedule. Try as I might, there were lapses. He could make me systematize my life but he couldn't make me like it.

Once, in the early years of our marriage, I was hunting everywhere for a saucepan I had shoved into the first handy corner and forgotten. Frank came out to the kitchen to help me look and of course he found it. He then suggested that it would be so convenient to put up a row of hooks for the pans and hang them according to size, each on its accustomed hook. "Your kitchen is your laboratory," he said. "Why don't you treat it as such?" I cannot express the panic which filled me as I visualized a row of pans hung according to size and myself putting each back, just so, on its accustomed hook! I wailed, "But it isn't a laboratory! It's my kitchen!" I couldn't make him see that my kitchen was to me an expression of my own personality. I couldn't make him understand my hysteria of revulsion against a rigid order foreign to my nature.

I don't know whether Frank ever understood how hostile our natures were. I did because I had standards of compari-

son and I pitied him because he had none. I knew that the almost unconscious but incessant discord between us, a vague, gnawing dissatisfaction was no part of marriage. I knew we had no serene periods of perfect faith and relaxation in each other's presence. I was always on guard, ever watchful of the instincts that offended him. I would not say that I divorced Frank from purely unselfish motives, but the decisive factor was my sympathy with him and a sense of the injustice done him. While I clung stubbornly to my resolve to make this marriage last, yet unable to face the conclusion that it would last, to our mutual detriment, I was depriving him of the chance to create a kind of unity with another person which he could not even imagine.

Divorce was invented for just such a situation. Like other people, I have blamed Reno, where I got my first divorce, for my mistakes. I have blamed circumstances. If it had been legally impossible or nearly so to dissolve my first marriage, if it had been too difficult financially, if I had had a child, if I had had no home to return to afterward, very likely I should soon have settled down.

III

Nevertheless, I believe in divorce. I believe in divorce as I believe in amputation, and I think it would serve no better social purpose to make divorce difficult than to make amputation difficult. A number of mistakes like mine could be eliminated but at the risk of what terrible tragedies, even crimes! Trapped in irresolvable situations, men and women commit actions much more dangerous to the social order than divorce. The only remedy lies in an individual and public opinion which would regard divorce with the seriousness with which we regard amputation—a last resort to save life, but if necessary, no obstacles should be placed in the way. I think such opinion is growing, but it is a very slow growth for, though we can all imagine how tragic it must be to lose an arm or a leg, unfortu-

nately it takes more experience and sensibility to realize how tragic it is to amputate a partner in marriage.

Maybe there are social sets where marriage has become a game. I don't know because I don't belong to them. In my social milieu, that of the great middle class, husbands and wives have to live together so closely that they become blood relations. They acquire a common background like members of one family. Even when members of a family disagree they are linked to the same past, and when one link is broken it continues to hurt like an amputated portion of the body. In addition to children, who of course present a fresh series of problems, there are all sorts of things you grow accustomed to sharing. I once read a story about a divorced couple who fought over the custody of a dog they owned. The sad humor of the story became clear to me when we were deciding what to do with our dachshund and other mutual possessions.

I drew one practical conclusion from my second marriage—if ever I married again I would make sure that neither I nor the other person had been caught on the rebound. I would insist on at least a year's engagement, in which we were to be together as much as possible. This is not a perfect or even a near-perfect formula, because people will pretend to each other and excuse each other a good deal more before than after marriage; but it might help. At any rate, it helped me. There seems to be no question but that my third marriage will endure.

Women will say and have intimated that I was pretty lucky to get a second and third chance. Then they want to know how I managed it. They hint for me to show them the bag of tricks. I am pretty, they admit, but no great beauty; attractive, but I never set up to be a glamour girl. Nowadays, in this country at least, it is not so hard for a woman to bring out her good points at small expense, and most of them try and the majority make a good job of it. Yet some women remain single and more cannot get a second hus-

band or a third, so what advantages have I?

If I used a formula, I wish I knew it. It would certainly be valuable. But like a system for gambling, there really isn't any. I can't remember that I did anything except be as pleasant as I could and make myself as pretty as I could. When I lived at home I was fortunate in having a comfortable, hospitable background. We had very little money, mother and I, but we were not timid about offering a bowl of spaghetti and a salad instead of a formal dinner. Such an atmosphere is important and probably had a lot to do with my popularity. When I left Frank I could afford only a one-room apartment, but I planned it as a home where I could receive my friends. I had a fireplace. I had chairs men could sit in. I worked for that air of ease and welcome which depends more on arrangement and character than on elaborate furnishings. I am primitive enough to connect refreshments with hospitality. I would not live in a house where I could not mix a drink or fix tea or offer an informal meal to a friend.

I never schemed to get a husband, but I did know my own mind. I knew I'd rather be married. I knew I liked men and wanted their companionship and their interest, and I'm not ashamed to admit such a natural inclination. Trying to make oneself as desirable as possible differs from plotting and planning to drag a man to the altar. The former is no less normal than our general wish to be liked and to be valuable in business and society. The latter is a pretty futile procedure anyhow. If she has feminine wisdom and wishes to apply it, a woman can manage to make a man realize that he is attracted to her, if he is; but you can't make bricks without straw even in love.

To paraphrase the old Scotch proverb about marrying for money, don't set out to marry, but go where marriage is. That is what some of our great-grandmothers did when they traveled from the East, where men were scarce, to the West, where men were plentiful. That's what

girls do when they go visiting from a community where possibilities have narrowed down to a community where they may meet other men. In America the balance between the sexes is fairly even, but just the same many girls, through shyness or lack of initiative or certain circumstances, get stuck in a routine of feminine acquaintances and interests which they cannot break through.

In getting a husband as in getting a job one must have a certain self-confidence. I do not mean so much confidence in one's particular attractions as a sense of one's power and position in the world as a woman. After the War one school of thought tried to undermine feminine dignity by posing women first as huntresses then as parasites. Mr. Bernard Shaw was well in the vanguard with "Man and Superman." Probably few women let temporary literary opinions affect their instinctive knowledge; but it became the fashion to pretend to regard marriage as a convenience mostly to the female and to feel that there was something shameful in a deliberate career of wifehood.

If I had a daughter I should ask her to read Mr. Shaw's "Man and Superman"—which dates—and then I should give her Mr. Shaw's "Candida"—which doesn't date and won't. For all that a wife can mean to her husband is conveyed by Candida who made no practical contribution other than the spiritual loveliness which refreshed his life, the buoyant spirit and sympathetic comprehension to which he could come for refuge, the serene management which propped up his self-respect, and was able, as he suddenly found, to shatter the necessary substructure of his life simply by removing her presence.

I should warn my daughter not to confuse pursuit with selectiveness, the natural female right which we safeguard by law. I should also tell her that no matter how much the man she loves prizes her and the relationship between them, the chances are that she will be more conscious of its importance than he, and will have to accept more of the burdensome

details of establishing and perfecting it. As I have said, this may not be fair, especially nowadays, when many women have to fulfill other duties besides, when they have jobs to keep or professions to follow and dependents to support. But fair or not, it will not avail a woman to demand equality in this respect.

One reason why men gravitate to widows and divorcees is because the latter have learned not to expect too much awareness of the fine points of human relations from men. What affronts or hurts the girl the once-married woman can often set down to a difference in sensibility. My husband sometimes takes me to his ex-wife's favorite restaurants, mentioning that fact, not because he longs for her and because he is stupid, but because the memory occurs to him and he shares it with me. I refrain from allying my present with my past in any way. If I did it would chill him too, though he might not bother to analyze why. But if I asked him to avoid those places just because his ex-wife liked them he perhaps would consider it a flattering but unreasonable feminine restriction. That's what I mean by a difference in sensibility.

Then a once-married woman has proved that she liked and needed some man enough to marry him. The man failed her, she has been hurt in love, and so other men pity her and spring chivalrously to her defense. For that matter, women pity and sympathize with men in similar circumstances.

If I had to choose one trait above all others that appeals to men, I should choose good humor. Barring accidents of fate or extraordinary drawbacks, I should say that a woman with a sweet disposition will never lack for admirers. It can be and often is simulated of course, but the real thing wears better. Men fear hardness and harshness above everything, even if they can't always recognize the signs. It is not true that intelligence in itself repels them. Any current list of distinguished women will show that the majority have married and married well.

What men shun is the critical quality in intelligence, identified in their minds with shrewishness. A woman who doesn't use her brain like a scalpel can be as wise and witty and well-informed as numerous very attractive women are.

It is true, however, that for the sake of their own egos, some men shy away from a woman who has made a good place for herself on her own and some avoid her through modesty. What can they offer such a creature? But the unusually able woman who possesses sufficient charm and magnetism can cope with the situation pretty well if she likes. As I have pointed out, most distinguished women marry.

Men prefer women who like them, listen to them, admire them, and magnify

their importance. This is not a masculine peculiarity. Women too are flattered by attention. The only difference between the sexes in this respect is that a woman will take the trouble to prove to an apparently self-sustaining male that she is essential to his happiness, while a man won't. If she can get along without him he thinks that's her hard luck. The clinging vine scores in this respect. Her helplessness appeals to the human pleasure of being needed. A proud attitude of independence may relieve a man's mind, but it hurts his feelings.

In short, the rules haven't changed and can't so long as men are human and human beings like to be admired, preferred, and wanted by desirable specimens of the other sex.



The Lion's Mouth

EPITAPH FOR THE TRAILER DREAM

BY PHILIP H. SMITH

A YEAR OR TWO ago a new industry got into swing with a battle cry the like of which had never before been heard in this land. It ran something like this:

Live where you like; move when you like. Escape from taxes and rent. Pack up your troubles forever, get away from crowds and follow the sun.

As if this wasn't enough, as if it didn't promise a fulfillment of the American Dream, the coming of the trailer suggested other blessings. Troubled business men grasped at the promise that trailer production would expand to take up the slack in employment and that all industry would be given a momentum which the automobile business no longer could supply. Or if you found it difficult to imagine a world made stable again by the simple act of setting people in motion, you were assured that the trailer would solve the imperative problem of housing. The workers, it was said, would circumvent the maladjustments of industry by stalking jobs under their own roofs.

In fairness to the manufacturers of trailers, it should be admitted that it wasn't a manufacturer who said that half the population would be living in trailers in twenty years; it was a front-page economic prophet. And it was an earnest woman, writing in a complaining weekly, who barked at the Resettlement Administration and hinted that money might be spent more profitably in providing sharecroppers with trailers and letting them forage for themselves. The trailer generated its own wild enthusiasts.

As we begin to regain perspective, the past looks a bit foolish, but all youth—even industrial youth—has its foolish mo-

ments. When an industry has the temerity to start its life cycle in this generation it is forced to hurry through its formative years at top speed. No wonder the struggles which the trailer made to adjust itself to society now appear grotesque. Only an old and atrophied industry, which expects society to be adjusted to it, can present a dignified mien.

With the possible exception of the automobile and the radio, there never has been a product offered to the public with such a variety of appeals as the trailer, and this explains why every sort of person imaginable was among its purchasers. The Joneses, those tyrannical arbiters of American life, were among the first to have the shiny, factory-made product, and their tales of adventure spurred others on to follow. Not everyone bought who talked enthusiastically, although you might have thought so from all you heard. Many hesitated at the cost, realizing that five hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars is a lot of money to spend for a two-weeks escape every year. Besides, the beast had to be stabled somewhere during the other fifty weeks. Cost, therefore, was obstacle number one to ownership, and it didn't matter what the enthusiasts said. When they pointed out that an automobile had once been a luxury, yet sold to people of small means, they merely uttered a smooth-sounding argument.

Obstacle number two was the difficulty of parking along the road. The vanguard of Joneses didn't have any trouble, it was the people who trailed after them. When the farmer saw a trailer settle down in his pastures for the first time the novelty of it amused him. When the second one came he was a bit disturbed. After that the Law of Diminishing Returns set in rapidly. I had a good chance to see

the Law at work last summer when a trailer barged into a New Hampshire field and left the bars down. When Mrs. West came home and saw it she started on the run.

"What do you mean by doin' that?" she snapped.

"This is God's Country, isn't it?" replied the trailerite.

"No 'taint, it's my cow pasture," screamed Mrs. West.

When enough Mrs. Wests, not to mention the Mr. Wests, had been irritated, free parking became scarce. Then town and village authorities began clamping down with fair and some quite unfair ordinances. The net effect was a slow evaporation of the dream that there was a free world somewhere and that life and taxes had been divorced. Wherever the trailer roamed it collided with ordinances. If the owner went to Dennis, Massachusetts, and liked it well enough to settle down, he had to be sure to move on within ninety days. If he were lucky enough to reach Ocean City, New Jersey, he could stay one hundred and twenty days, but if Detroit were on his itinerary and he planned to stay in a friend's backyard, he found that he would have to notify the police of his arrival and also tell them when he planned to leave.

In reality, the Goddess of Liberty who beckoned the trailer on was an hallucination. When one drew closer to the figure it became a traffic cop holding up a stop sign or else pointing to a trailer camp which to many tourists looked like a place where elephants go to die.

It is an odd fact that anti-trailer legislation was prompted more by what appeared in print than by what happened on the road. It was the stories that fifty thousand, yes, one hundred thousand trailers were being made and that millions of people were already living on wheels, that scared legislators into action. Actually, only seventeen thousand house trailers were built in the year of these fabulous tales.

Of course, there were lots of people to whom the new vehicle was a godsend. It

could assist them in earning a living, or make possible the carrying out of some special project. Ministers bought to be able to shepherd a larger flock; scientists bought and went on expeditions into remote territory; business concerns fitted out traveling showrooms with refrigerators, lawnmowers, kitchen utensils, whatever they had to sell, and ran them from town to town. The government purchased trailers for many of its departments; the Public Health Service, for instance, acquired a fleet of trailers, outfitted each as a complete dental office, with equipment to take X-rays and to cast inlays, and then dispatched them to the Indian Reservations to find suitable depositories for some of the Government's surplus gold.

It was the people who wished to live unfettered, however, who took to the trailer in the largest numbers. The step from vacationing to year-round living was made so simply. There was nothing lacking in the trailers. They could be had with facilities for cooking, heating, and bathing as well as sleeping. In fact the spick-and-span modernity of these mobile homes put everybody in jeopardy who had the slightest instinct to nest. Once a woman stepped inside she didn't want to come out. But the difference between two weeks and a year of trailer life was more than a matter of fifty weeks.

When the Joneses decided to cut loose they had no real understanding of the urges that prompted them. They were embarking on as great an adventure as faces the apartment-dweller when he decides to go back to the land but cannot tell whether it is the love of chickens and landscape or the hatred of crowds and subways which prompts him. The nomadic instinct was aroused and no one could foretell how much time would be needed to satisfy it. Some found that a year sufficed; others, two years or more. But the longer the trailerites remained on wheels the less fun there was in pure escape, and the more they realized that there are advantages to being tied in some way to a specific community. The children

began to get under mother's feet too, and there was the repetitive black-face comedy of making up pullman beds. What began as a cozy arrangement, therefore, ended as a cramped one.

It is difficult to estimate just how many industrial workers took to the trailer. Certainly there were many who saw it as providing an escape from high rents and shabby quarters and did their best to seize it. The John Smiths of industry believed they could free themselves from the terror of factory shut-downs because they could move in search of work, not thumbing their way but taking their families with them. The tragedy of John Smith's dream was that when he left New York to seek work in Philadelphia another John Smith had found Philadelphia hopeless and was leaving for New York. The highways teemed with activity, but jobs and unemployment remained stationary. Of course there were exceptions, but salvation from industrial dislocation did not lie with perpetual motion.

For a time, the agricultural worker fared better. If he had to follow the crops and the harvest, a traveling home was a boon. These workers did not have the money to buy the factory-made product. They built their own out of such materials as they could salvage from dumps and junk yards—an axle here, a packing box there. Wondrous contraptions they were too, fastened together with perseverance, ingenuity, and haywire, and weak at every vital point. They had the trick of collapsing at the most inopportune moments to enrage highway patrols and passing motorists. One such home-made trailer tipped over on the door side and, lacking all windows, promptly packaged its occupants. The Chief of the Texas Rangers was heard to report that the plains of his state were “littered with the bones of trailers that couldn't take it.”

Obviously, such goings-on could not be allowed to continue and legislation soon began forcing the homemade product from the highways. If you should run across one now you will be seeing a bit of

early Twentieth-Century Americana. I saw one disintegrating in an Ohio field which displayed a mural of the simple life. With some measure of skill, the owner had painted a flower garden on its sides and a huge and amiable dog sitting at the door.

Probably the principal attraction of the trailer was its promise of escape from long-accepted social practices. It encouraged rebellion against the pressures created by economic disorder, and that was its weakness as well as its strength. When the trailerite believed that he could enjoy communal advantages without paying for them and that his tax-burdened neighbors would remain passive while he disregarded health ordinances and building codes, he was simply fooling himself. He did escape for a brief interval, but winter came and he decided to remove the wheels and make his trailer into a modest home. Quick as a flash the local authorities paid him a formal call.

“See here,” they said, “you have a house that violates the law and we can't permit it.”

So he took the issue to court, pleaded that he owned a trailer and not a house, and promptly lost his case. History might have recorded a different story had the majority of our people, rather than the minority, rushed to live on wheels. But the majority makes up the community and the community said no.

It would be a serious mistake to conclude from the foregoing that the trailer industry is dead. It failed to measure up to the first wild expectations, but it still supplies the means for gratifying the instinct to roam. What died was the dream. But it was grand while it lasted. Think of it, by combining the housing characteristics of the snail with the speed of the antelope we were to lower the cost of living, acquire a boom business, take up the slack in employment, and solve the age-old problem of housing! We, the People, hoped for all that; and to hasten its coming we gave the trailer industry the most violent initiation into society that an industry has ever experienced.



The Easy Chair

NOTES ON A CENTENNIAL

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

SOMETHING more than a million times a day in the United States someone points a camera at his sweetheart, wife, or child, and with the flick of a finger initiates obscure physico-chemical reactions inside the film. He then takes the film to the corner drug store or into his own darkened bathroom, where the process begun by exposure to light is completed chemically. He comes out in the end with a monochrome representation of the sitter, what may be described as a drawing produced wholly by mechanical and chemical means. A broom-handle, geranium, or telephone pole which he did not notice when taking the photograph seems to issue from the subject's left ear, and the face reproduced looks like that of a cretin undergoing savage tortures; but behind its reproduction lie a great part of our cultural heritage, one of the most fascinating evolutions in the history of science, and a complete case-history of industrial organization. The snapshooter has carelessly and unknowingly invoked a sum of human knowledge that has been accreting since Aristotle's time, but there have been just a hundred years of photography proper. The centennial makes it proper to speculate about the modes and velocities of progress.

Our snapshooter paid anything from fifty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars for his camera. If he paid less than ten dollars and used the ordinary film of commerce, the "exposure," the time during which light passed through the lens to the film, was something like one one-fiftieth

of a second. If he had the finest equipment available, it might have been, up to last autumn, one one-thousandth of a second. Since autumn it could conceivably have been one three-thousandth of a second. . . . Just a hundred years ago this month a gentleman was going about the streets of Paris taking photographs in the public gaze, hoping that such publicity would promote the sale of his invention. The public was interested but derisive, and each of M. Louis Jacques Daguerre's exposures lasted about an hour, though by the following year he had contrived to reduce the time about one-half. All these times of exposure are interesting; they serve to measure velocity over a century and over a single year.

M. Daguerre had, as it were, invented a steam-propelled automobile a few minutes before the application of the internal-combustion engine made the ultimate evolution of the automobile possible. He made the first genuine, permanent, publicly exhibited photographs ever made, and in all history few inventions have ever been so immediately and so widely adopted; but in less than thirty years his process was superseded and photography had gone back to principles and methods which were in part known before Daguerre and by means of which it has developed ever since. Nevertheless, he was the true inventor. He sold no stock but the French government gave him an annuity of six thousand francs. It was not overpaying him.

Every invention draws on the common

funds of human knowledge. As far back as Aristotle there are hints of the camera obscura, a device for the production of an image on a plane surface by the admission of light through a narrow aperture into a darkened chamber, and Leonardo da Vinci constructed a perfect one, which was certainly not the first, as early as 1519. Within another generation someone put a lens in the narrow aperture and so produced the camera as we know it. Silver, the moon's metal, was of the greatest importance to the alchemists, who must certainly have been familiar with the property which its halides have of darkening on exposure to light. That property, which is the basis of photography, was not described, however, until 1727. Fifty years later it was made clear that the blue and violet end of the spectrum is its most active part, the only part that affects the silver salts then used—and within another generation photography had begun to repay its debt to physics by demonstrating the existence of ultra-violet light. There was a good deal of fumbling and haphazard research, never clearly defined, toward the end of the eighteenth century. It culminated in 1802 when Thomas Wedgwood, who if he had lived a little longer would have been the uncle of Charles Darwin, actually produced photographic images by exposing sensitive paper through translucent paintings, though he had no way of making them permanent.

Photography proper begins with Daguerre, with Nicéphore Niepce who collaborated with him, and with his contemporary Fox Talbot who invented the calotype from which modern processes really stem. In 1851 the invention of the collodion process added the last fundamental; thereafter invention had only to make photography simpler, easier, and faster. Factory-manufactured dry plates came on the market in 1877. Emulsions sensitive to all parts of the spectrum were invented in 1873, the theory of color photography was clearly stated in 1861, and most of its processes were described in 1869. Everything that our snapshooter does at a thousandth of a second was now

possible, even though it took ten thousand times as long.

To produce the snapshooter, however, required something besides science. Anyone who made a daguerreotype or a calotype, anyone who used the wet collodion plate of the Fifties, or even the faster and far more convenient dry plate of the late Seventies, had to be not only an enthusiast but a skilled craftsman and a laboratory technician as well. He had to be highly skilled in order to use photographic equipment at all—and he had to be something of an athlete in order to transport it. Photography was a profession, an instrument for research or record, and occasionally a fanatic's hobby. But it could not be a common hobby till the necessity for skill and knowledge was obviated, it could not be a pastime till the equipment was made simple and compact, and it could not be a universal interest until it was made inexpensive.

All these developments were inevitable but the time-spirit so handsomely cooperated with the technological revolution that they were in fact brought about by one man. George Eastman invented both the roll-film and the folding camera, which reduced the necessary equipment to something that could be carried in the pocket and permitted anyone to take a picture without training or understanding. And he developed large-scale, uniform methods of manufacture which, in the classic tradition of capitalism, continuously cheapened and improved the product. Everyone who has a half-dollar can now own a camera; everyone who can point a finger can take a picture.

Photography has created innumerable new departments of human activity, fundamentally altered innumerable others, and, in the course of a single century, enormously increased the sum of knowledge. Nearly every research telescope in the world is just a camera; any research microscope can become one at need. Photography investigates the physiology of the body, the behavior of metals under strain, and the structure of rocks. Using visible light, ultra-violet, infra-red light,

and the X-rays, it accompanies practically every step of investigation in pure and applied science, from the mapping of cell nuclei and the pathology of plants to the distillation of gasoline. As photolithography and photo-engraving it revolutionized printing in its earliest years; in other processes it has revolutionized printing once a decade ever since; and it may eventually make printing as obsolete as manuscript illumination. Photography was used in determining the dye in your scarf, the pattern of your wife's dress, the design of your automobile engine, the packaging of your breakfast cereal, the location and construction of the safety devices at the corner of your street. It investigates intergalactic space and reveals the behavior of atoms; it protects your check at the bank and has predetermined the time when you will throw away your safety-razor blade.

It has become, that is, so complexly interwoven in the fabric of modern life that its effects are not only indescribable but incalculable. . . . The average man is almost altogether unaware of them. Headlines and the dentist's chair faintly inform him that it has medical uses, but of its other scientific applications he knows little, and of its industrial applications nothing. He knows it chiefly as a pastime, his hobby, and the movies he sees, or purely as what it began by being, a means of information, the illustrations in his magazines and newspapers. These are restricted areas, but even here there should be some way of measuring or at least observing its social momentum.

In terms of photography itself, it is easy to make up a time-table of progress. It took from ten to forty minutes of summer sun to make a picture in Daguerre's time, and for forty years thereafter no one photographed an object in motion without blur; a tenth of a second would do the job in 1895, a hundredth of a second in 1910, a three-thousandth in 1937. Though panchromatic emulsions, those sensitive to the whole spectrum, were invented in 1873, they were not made practically useful till 1904, were not comparable to more

limited emulsions till 1927, and did not become superior to them till 1931. In the seven years since 1931 they have come to dominate photography; except for mere snapshooting, they have all but displaced other emulsions. Such accelerations as these are almost stupefying, but they are typical of the technological side of photography. In a single year the chemistry of development has been immensely widened; what anyone knew about color photography three years ago is in great part obsolete now; standard texts on methods have to be rewritten every five years.

The same panchromatic plates enable one to observe something of the less measurable process by which technical changes in photography produce social effects, for in the same seven years they have revolutionized, and it may be debased, the art of illustration. A plate which is sensitive to all colors truly represents what the eye sees of the exterior world but does not truly represent what the mind perceives by way of the eye. In seven years panchromatics have taught the public to accept a radically changed assertion of what the world looks like—and are teaching it to accept a version more radical still. For photographers now customarily "overcorrect" such plates, and it is already established on the rotogravure page, as it will soon be established in the public mind, that meadow grasses and pine forests are sparkling white, whereas an unclouded June sky at midday is black. In less than a decade photography has created a new visual convention; it must inevitably affect all the other graphic arts and must end by revising whole linked systems of idea and belief.

It has overturned other conventions in less than seven years. As recently as five years ago a book of photographed war scenes was a horror that must be kept from children, and up to two years ago dirty postcards were something that you bought, if at all, shamefacedly and in secret. Today corpses produced by bombing raids and corpses exhumed for autopsies are on everyone's table, together with detailed

photographs of automobile wrecks, lynchings, monsters, and monstrosities, freaks and maniacs and syphilitic embryos. No one protects children from them nor from the accompanying sequences which show how brides should take off their clothes, how evidence of adultery may be obtained, how sexual perverts behave, how girls may defend themselves from rape if by chance they want to, how pimps and prostitutes carry on their trades. How far this complete repeal of a folkway may signify a change produced in the mores also is debatable, but certainly it displays the power of photography to change the pattern of public taste in a few months. People not yet past middle age have seen how the movies, from "The Empire State Express" to "The Goldwyn Follies," from the newsreels of 1920 to "The March of Time," produce similar changes many times.

The century has also shown that progress implies some reciprocal actions, forfeiting some things in order to achieve others, and that apart from technology progress is not only immensely slower but sometimes debatable or even deniable. Photoengraving, for instance, still uses the collodion process of 1851 because it has merits which cheaper and more expeditious processes lack. Offset and intaglio methods of reproduction are cheaper than half-tone, may be used at higher speeds, and simplify certain problems of printing, but they degrade the middle tones and obliterate detail. No photographic paper now made has either the permanence or the ability to reproduce fine gradations of tone that was possessed by the platinum paper of a generation ago. And in many ways what is called the art of photography has hardly advanced at all since the pioneers. It has widened its scope immeasurably, it has exploited every new medium and instrument that technology has provided, it has produced many fashions and philosophies, and it has gone

farthest by concentrating on the implicit properties of lens and silver. But architectural photographs taken in the 1850's on wet collodion plates are fully as good as any that have been taken since, and the most pretentious and publicized photographers of 1938 (commonly called maestros, like jazz-band leaders) have made no better portraits than David Octavius Hill made in the 1840's, working with Fox Talbot's primitive calotype, posing his sitters in the open sun, and exposing his lethargic paper for minutes on end. Photography is an extension of human sight: it has given the scientist seven-league eyes, but the truth is that it has helped the vision of artists only a little, and has actually done more for the painter than for the artist-photographer.

Chesterton remarked that an invention is an incurable disease. It is at least an irreversible reaction, and from the moment of its conception begins to transform the world. A painter's toy of a century ago is now entertaining your leisure, diagnosing cancer, and conditioning whole populations for the next war; and these and innumerable other phases of human activity are bound together in the basic emulsion of silver bromide. . . . And all this manifold and multifarious activity spins on a pivot of human ignorance. We know what happens when insulin is introduced into the human body, when a star or an atom splits up, when a radio wave takes off from a wire supported in the air. But we do not know what happens when light from a lens strikes a photographic film. Any child may press the button and admit the light, but when the child asks how that makes a picture no one can tell him. By observing the darkening of the moon's metal science has incalculably altered the nature of things, but it can no more describe what happens when the moon's metal darkens on film than it can describe the other side of the moon.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE FUTURE OF OUR HIGHER EDUCATION

BY JAMES BRYANT CONANT

President of Harvard University

THE fabric of the American system of education has been woven with four distinct threads of different hue: two represent the aristocratic traditions of the old world, two the democratic forces unleashed on a new continent. As year by year the cloth slowly and continuously comes from the loom the proportion of the threads changes in response to variations in the complex social life of a great nation. From decade to decade the pattern alters. At times we who tend the educational machinery may fancy that we control the changing lines and varying intricacies of color, but we delude ourselves. We are not designers—free agents capable of radically altering the pattern through our collective wisdom. The design in broad outline is determined by forces far beyond our control, forces which, indeed, control each of us as surely as they controlled our predecessors.

Our task, I take it, in the famous phrase of Gladstone, is "working the institutions

of the country." We must keep the machines running—foresee the need for fuel and oil, for new parts from time to time, and repair the breaks in the colored yarns. But to perform these functions satisfactorily we must to some extent foresee what is to come. We must estimate the strength and weakness of the threads. As historians we can trace the changes on the cloth; as prophets we may hope to outline those to come. And since it has always been the role of prophets not only to foretell the future but to urge the desirability of the inevitable, we may from time to time pretend we are more than skilled machinists; each of us may temporarily assume the role of a masterful designer.

Now, examining in retrospect the first cloth which came from the early American educational loom I find the two aristocratic threads predominating. As I foresee the future I see these threads largely displaced by the two of demo-

cratic origin. Perhaps all eyes are not the same as mine. The very nature of this miraculous textile manufactured by schools, colleges, and universities makes its appearance most deceptive. Where one man discovers a beautiful design another sees a jarring inconsistency of line and color. For example, on a modern section from another country I spell out the words tyranny, dogmatism, decay. Others see on the same strip in letters of flaming gold—loyalty, happiness, efficiency, patriotism. But I have undertaken to examine the weave of the American product, not to decipher the pattern. Let us proceed, therefore, with an attempt at an objective examination.

One of the binding elements in all education for hundreds of years has been the perpetuation of a learned class. When the members of this class are related, one to another, generation after generation, we can speak of a learned aristocracy. The clearest example is perhaps the French *noblesse de robe* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the earliest colonial period the New England clergy occupied a not dissimilar position. This element in the early American educational fabric was strong. Nor is it negligible to-day. In this century we must amplify the phrase "a learned ministry" to include the lay as well as the spiritual leaders of the country. May the desire to be one of the company of leaders continue to be inherited! A nation is poor which cannot count among its assets family names synonymous with highly trained ability placed at the disposal of the people.

The other aristocratic element represents not the tradition of learning within a family but the passing on of power and wealth from generation to generation. The education of what to-day we call the "privileged group" has been one of the tasks of the universities of the world since the end of the Middle Ages. A gentleman's education from century to century has not been simple to define, nor in many cases easy to administer. Indeed, an impartial appraisal of this golden

thread has always proved difficult. Some would pluck it out; others see the whole cloth as one of gold. And only a specialist within a laboratory can examine gold objectively.

But there is no use ignoring, bewailing, or magnifying the problem. As long as the institution of the family exists certain sons will inherit from their fathers special relationships to local social groupings. The privileged position may be transmitted by virtue of wealth or social prestige or political power; but like the poor, the privileged are always with us. Their education must be fitted into the general scheme. As far as possible it should be made not a separate component but an integral part of our institutions of higher learning. On this point I quote, as a matter of historical record, from President Eliot's inaugural address at Harvard in 1869:

"The poorest and the richest students are equally welcome here, provided that with their poverty or their wealth they bring capacity, ambition, and purity. The poverty of scholars is of inestimable worth in this money-getting nation. It maintains the true standards of virtue and honor. The poor friars, not the bishops, saved the church. The poor scholars and preachers of duty defend the modern community against its own material prosperity. Luxury and learning are ill bedfellows. Nevertheless, this College owes much of its distinctive character to those who, bringing hither from refined homes good breeding, gentle tastes, and a manly delicacy, add to them openness and activity of mind, intellectual interests, and a sense of public duty. It is as high a privilege for a rich man's son as for a poor man's to resort to these academic halls, and so to take his proper place among cultivated and intellectual men. To lose altogether the presence of those who in early life have enjoyed the domestic and social advantages of wealth would be as great a blow to the College as to lose the sons of the poor. The interests of the College and the country are identical in this regard. The

country suffers when the rich are ignorant and unrefined. Inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse when divorced from culture."

Turning now to the democratic elements in the development of American education, we recognize at once their mighty influence. Approximately a century ago a period of educational reform set in. On both sides of the Atlantic democratic and liberal ideas began their devastating attack on an educational system largely conceived in the aristocratic tradition. In England old citadels had to be captured first. The siege of Oxford and Cambridge lasted for half a century. In the United States the course was one of expansion and development: the great American public-school system has been the result. The institutions of higher education were so little developed in this country as to offer no such resistance as in Great Britain. Those already in existence were remodeled, a multitude of others founded.

The two different currents in this democratic reform of education—the two threads I have mentioned—are described in a recent history of the American Republic in these words:

"Jefferson . . . proposed to train an intellectual aristocracy—one selected for 'genius and virtue,' not anyone who had the ambition—to serve the Republic. And he proposed to do this in colleges and universities free from sectarian or political control, in order to give the scholar's mind free play. Jacksonian Democracy, on the contrary, affirmed that all men were born equal, envied intellectual pre-eminence, and preached the doctrine of equal educational privilege for all."

I have ventured to apply the word democratic to both these elements which have predominated so strongly in recent times. I have done this in spite of the fact that the historians just quoted have employed the phrase "intellectual aristocracy" in describing the Jeffersonian approach to educational problems. To my mind Jefferson's proposal—"to cull

from every condition of our people the natural aristocracy of talent and virtue"—was so democratic as to be revolutionary. The eighteenth-century system of higher education was operated by and large for a selected group, but a group selected primarily from the sons of the learned ministers, the wealthy merchants, or the prosperous planters. To me a "natural aristocracy" chosen afresh with each succeeding generation is a necessary element in a democracy.

There are, however, a sufficient number of real problems in education without laboring a possible dispute about the meaning of such amorphous words as "democracy" and "aristocracy." As to the Jacksonian democratic tradition, here there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the term. This political philosophy included a demand for education for the people and all the people. The sweep of the new idea throughout the land will be recorded by future historians, I believe, as one of the significant achievements of the American Republic. On the solid basis of our public-school system we can face the educational problems of the future in a way never before possible in the history of the world.

But in one important respect the future will be different from the past. One condition which has greatly affected educational history in the United States in the past fifty years will be absent in the coming period which we are entering. I refer to the tremendous increase in the population during the nineteenth century, the ever-enlarging school system, the ever-increasing college and university student body. All this was part and parcel of an expanding universe; part and parcel of a nation whose development every day in every way was not only to be better and better, but larger and greater by every quantitative test.

This is all past. One of the few elemental factors which control the destinies of nations and civilizations has changed its direction in this country. By 1960 or thereabouts we shall have a stationary population. The expansive pressure on

our schools will soon be gone; indeed, a lessening of the tension is already evident. In the kindergarten and the first five elementary grades there was a decrease in attendance of 7.7 per cent for the whole country in 1935-36, as compared with a decade ago. It has been estimated that an actual diminution in the first-year high-school class will be felt in 1939-40. A stationary population with a relatively high percentage of adults and a relatively small percentage of youths to be educated presents a totally different picture from the situation which existed a generation ago. What will be the influence of this changed condition on the course of educational development?

The fundamental difference will be one of altered emphasis. We shall cease to be concerned with a breathless race to provide enlarged accommodations. We shall have time to stop and consider other important matters. One of the most important, surely, is adult education, but space does not permit my discussing this subject. And as far as higher education of young people is concerned, the first question on the agenda is: Higher education for whom?

II

In a recent article, "Education in a Changing World," Professor Kandel has expressed the view that "in the United States the supreme task of educational statesmanship to-day is to discover more accurate and more reliable methods of educational guidance. This will mean not merely the substitution of new-type tests for the old examinations, but more careful attention to teachers' estimates, and particularly to a continuous record of the development of each pupil's interests, abilities, and aptitudes. Only in this way can education contribute to the happiness of individuals and the welfare of society."

With this statement I heartily agree. The problem of "culling the natural aristocracy from every condition of our peo-

ple" is much more complex and difficult than Jefferson imagined. We have only begun to envisage the ways and means of approximating his ideal. We must not only perfect our methods of selecting those most suitable for certain types of higher education but arrange for a different type of training for those not so "culled." Selection is not a "weeding out process"—it is one aspect of educational guidance which has as its aim the direction of every youth into a fruitful field of labor. Only a relatively few should proceed through the long and somewhat tedious process of "book learning" that leads to the professions. The others should receive a training which not only equips them for work in certain vocations but prepares them for life as well-rounded, intelligent, and useful citizens in a democratic society.

Clearly the basic conditions for the differentiation of higher education are universal elementary education and universal opportunities for secondary education. Toward the first goal we have made great strides in the past fifty years. Though much more remains to be done, the groundwork has been laid. Relatively little talent is lost to the country because of a lack of educational opportunities at the lowest level. When we consider high school, college, and university, however, the case is quite otherwise. It has been stated that 63 per cent of the persons between the ages of fourteen and seventeen now attend public or private high schools; only 11 per cent of those between eighteen and twenty-one attend colleges or universities.

The proportion of the population which is now receiving a higher education may be too large or too small. This is not an easy question to answer without defining carefully what we mean by "higher education." But only the most unrealistic optimist would believe that the accidental interplay of social and economic forces has resulted in the selection of the *right* 11 per cent of our youth for college work. And no one who thinks in terms of adapting the education to the

student would imagine that the same type of training would be desirable for the entire 100 per cent of boys and girls of college age even if it were felt advisable for everyone to go to college.

Furthermore, the most casual inspection of the situation in different parts of the country shows that the future course of development must vary from section to section. There must be an adaptation of present local traditions. There is no single answer to the problem of higher education applicable to the entire nation. In the present diversity of our methods lies strength for the future. One group of institutions may perform one task; another totally different group may serve an equally useful but dissimilar purpose. We do not need to reduce our present heterogeneity to uniformity. We need rather to adapt each component part of our educational plan to some end consistent with the general objectives of modern society.

Let us start with the professional education offered in our universities and work backward through the age groups of the American student body. I am inclined to think that probably there are too many rather than too few students attending the universities of the country. I should very much question the desirability of increasing materially the number in our professional schools. Indeed, in some instances the number might well be reduced. The social problems created by serious unemployment in the learned professions are obvious. The German experience in the decade after the War should warn us against the perils lying in wait for a nation which trains a greater number of professional men than society can employ.

In medicine the danger seems slight, though nearly twice as many doctors enter the profession as are lost by death each year. The peculiar conditions necessary for a first-class medical course, such as expensive laboratories and association with hospitals, make it possible to control the inflow of students. Probably five to ten times as many young men would like to

study medicine as are admitted annually. Though the exclusion of so many results in much disappointment, I cannot but feel that the situation in this sector of our universities is satisfactory.

With the law there is no such selective process at work. Within the limits set by geographic and economic factors almost anyone with a modicum of intelligence and academic ability can enroll in a law school and eventually become a lawyer. Many competent observers feel that the profession is seriously overcrowded. If a statistical analysis should convince the members of the bar that this is, indeed, the case I imagine it would be difficult to devise ways and means to restrict entry into the profession. It would certainly require, first, the education of public opinion.

But in so far as a redistribution of public funds for educational purposes can be accomplished, the numbers in our universities can be controlled. Certainly before any institution embarks on an expansion of the student body in a professional school the authorities concerned should consider carefully the questions: Is there a need in this direction? Will this new venture do more good than harm? Before further academic training is provided for a large number of students bent on entering some particular profession or vocation, the first question to consider is the employment situation. The second is the relation of the proposed course of study to entry into this particular line of work—in short, the placement of the graduates.

An institution of higher education cannot light-heartedly open the doors of a new school or department offering professional or vocational training without weighing carefully the possibility that there will be a large number of unemployed graduates. It is easy to say that another year or two of schooling is as desirable as a year or two of partial unemployment. As far as university instruction is concerned, I challenge this point of view. I doubt if society can make a graver mistake than to provide *advanced*

higher education of a specialized nature for men and women who are unable subsequently to use this training. Quite apart from economic considerations, the existence of any large number of highly educated individuals whose ambitions have been frustrated is unhealthy for any nation. The problem of unemployment in the learned professions is likely to become more acute in this country as the relative proportion of adults in the population increases. It deserves our most serious attention.

Let us assume that we do not need any increase in the total number of students in the professional schools of our universities. That all is well with the present situation, however, by no means follows as a matter of course. On the contrary, a revolutionary change is much to be desired. At the risk of being dogmatic without sufficient evidence, I suggest that the country at large would benefit by an elimination of at least a quarter, or perhaps one-half, of those now enrolled in advanced university work, and the substitution of others of more talent in their place. That there is a large untapped reservoir of such promising material I have no doubt. That geographic and economic factors prevent our utilizing this reserve I feel quite certain. In spite of our much-vaunted democracy of opportunity and "education for all," can anyone doubt that of the 89 per cent who do not go to college at least 5 per cent of high ability have failed to proceed for economic reasons? Probably this figure is too low; but it is sufficient to illustrate the point.

III

The opportunities for higher education are very unequally divided. Youths of the large cities are at a great advantage compared with those who dwell in towns or rural communities. Every metropolitan center has one or more large universities, and if a boy lives at home he can obtain professional education in these cities at low cost. No such privilege is

available for the young man in a community beyond the commuting range. This situation has arisen accidentally, but its results are most unfortunate.

What is the remedy? To attempt to locate universities at every crossroad? Hardly. By necessity, first-class professional training must be carried on in relatively few centers in the country, perhaps a hundred or so. The advancement of knowledge and university teaching must go hand in hand. A community of scholars must not grow too large; nor can it thrive if too small. Each group must have expensive libraries and laboratories. It is an impossible ideal to imagine a university in every city or large-sized town. Notice, please, I am discussing universities; we are coming to the college problem later. The location of our present universities is already a matter of history. It is extremely unlikely that these institutions could be moved, or new ones founded in sufficient numbers to change the present pattern appreciably for years to come. There is, therefore, only one way to provide a university education for the promising youths who are now debarred by economic and geographic factors: by a generous subsidy—by large scholarships, or by providing opportunities for earning a sizable amount of money.

It is strange that, in spite of the great need for scholarships in our present educational system, the basic considerations involved in a discussion of this subject are often entirely misunderstood. For example, a prominent educator said recently, "Unblushingly, presidents of large and dignified universities have announced they are going out to buy students or at least bribe the unsophisticated youth to attend their universities and have even boldly applied to their alumni for large funds for this purpose." Now there can be no question that the scholarship system has been gravely abused. That, however, does not justify a sweeping condemnation of the system, let alone an attack on proposals to increase endowments designed to provide financial aid to students.

Under the name of scholarships subsidies have been given to athletes, and tuition has been discounted by many an institution to increase enrollment. I do not propose to discuss either of these practices. I should like to point out, however, that while scholarships of an amount less than the tuition are essentially rebates, they may be a desirable feature of an institution's general policy. In other instances they may be merely a method of filling up the vacant ranks by attracting boys to come to one place rather than to another. If an institution needs more students, and can accommodate them without appreciable extra expense, it is clearly profitable to enroll a greater number even at a greatly reduced tuition.

The danger in this sort of competition lies in the temptation offered to boys and girls to undertake types of education for which they are not adapted. Such competition to some extent nullifies intelligent educational guidance. Furthermore, it is a wasteful process to have two colleges or graduate schools bidding against each other for the same boy. Not only is it wasteful of money, but it has a bad influence on the youth concerned. A great deal of this now goes on, we must admit, not only at the college level but in the graduate schools. Conferences between officials of colleges and professional schools, however, can go far in reducing these undesirable practices to a minimum. This is particularly true if the principle is recognized that the amount of financial aid should be determined not by the institution's desire for the particular student, but by the applicant's need as evidenced by the income of his family.

When we consider that probably less than 3 per cent of the families of this country receive an annual income of \$5,000 or more, it is quite clear why competition occurs. The boy or girl who does not live at home and who will accept a scholarship of tuition, or less, must clearly have some resources, or be prepared to earn extra money. Can anyone believe that any large proportion of

such youths come from families with a total income as low as \$2,000? And yet 80 per cent of the families of the country probably receive no more than this amount. It is perfectly evident to me that at the college level, and at the advanced professional-school stage, all the institutions of the country have been fishing in one small pond. They have been concerned, by and large, with a competition for the most promising youths in the income-tax-paying group; and at least three-quarters, or more probably 90 per cent, of the youths of the country are not to be found within this class.

In a country with forty-eight States generalizations are dangerous. The reader may feel that I am painting much too dismal a picture of the fate of the poor boy, and that I am overlooking the existence of our great State-supported universities. No one can be unmindful of the value of their work. It is true that an education can be obtained at these centers at very low cost. Furthermore, earning one's way through college is still both possible and fashionable; probably easier at our State universities than at the privately endowed institutions, but still possible at both.

Nevertheless, I submit the following facts to support my plea for a greatly enlarged scholarship policy for the country: (1) the statistics in regard to the income of the families of the country (less than 3 per cent with \$5,000 or more, 80 per cent with incomes of less than \$2,000) and the number of students of college age in our colleges or universities (11 per cent) as compared with the high-school figure of 63 per cent; (2) the fact that, with the unemployment situation as it is to-day, working one's way through college is much more difficult than in former times; (3) the empirical evidence collected incidentally during the past few years in connection with the administration of the Harvard National Scholarships in certain States in the Middle West. The Dean's Office has found case after case of a most likely candidate for university work—a young man of outstanding ability and

personality—who could not afford to go even to the publicly supported university of his State. A scholarship which would pay the total cost of his education away from home would enable such a boy to go on; otherwise his higher education would consist only of high-school work or the instruction offered in a local academy. These youths are lost to the professional leadership of the country. They are lost to the advancement of knowledge and its application to the needs of society. No one can estimate the potential gifts to civilization which are yearly squandered by cutting off the further education of boys and girls for financial reasons.

A sound scholarship policy, I am convinced, can be established only if one starts with the premise that the stipend be adjusted to the financial needs of the individual. For the student absolutely devoid of resources the award must be large enough to cover all the expenses of an education away from home. To pay this same stipend to a boy whose family can provide a portion of the requisite amount is not only a waste of precious funds but of dubious advantage to the boy.

In recent years at Harvard College there has been developed in connection with the "National Scholarships," now available in the Middle and Far West, what we call a "sliding scale." The study of a great many actual cases has yielded basic data indicating the probable contribution to a boy's education that a family of a certain size with a certain income can afford to make. Tables have been constructed as a guide in adjusting the stipend of each successful applicant for this new type of scholarship. For example, it is estimated that a family with a total of three or four dependents and an income of \$2,000 can hardly be expected to contribute more than one or two hundred dollars a year toward the college education of a promising son. The balance to make up the total amount (\$1,000) needed for all expenses of the Freshman year at Harvard is provided by the College. On the other hand, a family with an income

of over \$5,000 and one or two children should be able to supply almost the total requisite amount.

The award of a "National Scholarship" is made in the first instance solely on the grounds of merit, of promise as determined by a careful study of the individual and his record. The stipend is adjusted in the way just mentioned; the brilliant applicant from a well-to-do family receives a small sum as a prize. When the lists are published the amount of the award is not made public. No one outside the Dean's Office knows whether a given winner receives \$100 or \$1000; or, rather, no one outside the Dean's Office except an official of another college. For a statement of our scale has proved of great value in eliminating the unfortunate aspects of the competition between institutions. If a successful applicant receives an award from another college larger than the one proposed on the basis of this scale, he is of course welcome to accept it and go elsewhere. An extension of this same principle to the graduate schools would be helpful.

Certain of the features of the system just described might not be of value in another institution, but as to the importance of the principle of the "sliding scale" I venture to be quite dogmatic. Unless the universities of the country can supply scholarships with large stipends to boys without financial backing they cannot "cull from every condition of our people" that natural aristocracy to which Jefferson referred.

In this article the word scholarship is used as a general term to designate financial assistance given to the student of ability and character. From the point of view of society it is of little importance whether the money comes to the recipient as a pure scholarship award, as a loan, or in return for employment. In any case an educational road for a promising youth has been opened irrespective of his finances. From the point of view of the student, however, the distinction is obviously very great.

Except in certain professional schools

whose graduates will soon be in a position to repay the loans, any considerable sum of money lent to a student is apt to prove a millstone round his neck. For each college and each professional school there is some maximum figure beyond which a loan should not be made. Lending money beyond this breaking point is almost certain to start a young man in active life with a severe handicap. The temptation to repudiate the loan is great. There is no surer way of destroying moral fiber than through such temptation. And yet much is to be said in favor of the student's actually borrowing a certain fraction of the financial assistance he receives.

The merits of requiring a boy or girl who receives assistance to render service in return by work done in odd hours are open to debate. The disciplinary value of such work may often be considerable. We have had fortunate experience with such financial aid at Harvard; for one type of student we should be loath to relinquish it. For another type, however, we believe the outright grant of a scholarship is highly desirable.

These problems cannot be solved in general terms. Each college and each professional school must develop its own policy. In one locality certain kinds of employment are more readily available than in others. Whatever work is required should be carefully controlled. All too many students are to-day struggling so desperately to earn a living while attending a college or university that they permanently impair their health. A generation or so ago it was an easier matter to earn one's way through college—though we often fail to consider at what cost certain students obtained an education even in those days. The development of a well-rounded individual with sound health is worth much to the country. The future officers of the Army and the Navy are not expected to pay their way through West Point or Annapolis by doing chores. Why should we treat the future leaders in our non-military adventures with less consideration?

IV

For those who proceed beyond high school but do not contemplate entering a learned profession, a university education is not essential. A certain type of college, unlike universities, can be widely distributed throughout the country. Indeed, in certain parts of this nation such colleges—junior colleges—are rapidly expanding. Some sort of liberal arts education should precede a professional training, particularly for the gifted student. But a general college education can be given at greatly reduced cost locally, since students live at home. The economic basis for the junior college movement seems clear. But the question remains as to what proportion of the population should receive even a two-year college education. To answer this question or to discuss the nature of such a two-year course lies beyond the scope of this article. On the relation of such junior colleges to our universities, however, I should like to hazard an opinion.

Some prominent educators maintain that the road to all university work should lead through a two-year junior college. Perhaps this may be the eventual outcome of the development of our educational system, though the resistance to the trend toward junior colleges will be great in certain sections of the country. Personally I should prefer the alternative by which selected high-school graduates leave their local communities and go directly to a four-year college of what may be called the "university type." In such a liberal arts college about half the students are headed for further higher education. The atmosphere is quite different from that of a local two-year institution where only a small proportion plan to go on to university work. The liberal education which these four-year colleges provide, particularly if they are part of a university, I believe to be of value. It is not only a question of academic standards, the quality of the teaching, the scholarly atmosphere, but the diversity of the student body. In such

colleges the four threads of the American educational pattern are drawn together. The youths from all parts of the country rub shoulders and forget their provincial prejudices. In such centers a liberal arts course preparatory to a professional training can be offered, of special significance for the youth of great promise. Is it not worth while to insure a balanced group in these institutions by a liberal scholarship policy which will tap all economic levels of society?

If the advanced work in a university is to be made available on a broader scale than hitherto, a great extension of financial assistance will be necessary. If the selection of the group to receive this aid is made on graduation from high school, the junior college can then be left to perform its special task. Each locality will decide what type of education it wishes to provide at public expense. In making this decision the relatively few university students can be disregarded, for under the plan I am suggesting they will have left the local community at the end of the high-school course and have proceeded to a liberal arts college *en route* to advanced university work.

V

It is obvious that there can be no single uniform pattern for the development of higher education in the next generation. Sectional differences are too great. The colleges and universities already established are too varied. Nothing short of a violent revolution or a national dictator could reduce them to uniformity. And the uniformity thus established would automatically eliminate the university spirit; it would, indeed, eliminate the universities themselves in all but name. It is, nevertheless, possible to proceed along the road of development in many different ways. Some educational innovations will suit the temper of the times and will flourish; others will be ill adjusted and will perish. No one educator can outline the perfect plan; nor can all of us (even if we agreed, which is

most unlikely) call the tune. We can, however, define the problems, suggest the alternative routes, and by public discussion do our part in directing the forces of democracy toward ends we feel desirable. Without attempting to play the role of supreme educational planner, any one of us may post warning signs on roads he believes dangerous or impassable.

Those of us who are confident of the continued triumph of democracy on this continent can have no fear lest the Jacksonian tradition of education for all perish. But in regard to the Jeffersonian tradition we may feel more apprehension, for it has never taken deep root even in this country, its native land. We must continually urge upon the nation the desirability of directing the expenditure of public money for education with the selective process in mind. University education for all is to me a contradiction in terms. A two-year course in a junior college, however, might conceivably be desirable for every boy and girl, though many educators doubt the value even of high school for certain types of students. This much is certain: that a selection of a group of promising students from all economic levels for higher education in the universities is essential for the continued vitality of a democracy.

The four threads of the American educational fabric are knotted together in our great centers of learning. In the future, as in the past, the aristocratic and the democratic traditions must be united in correct proportions. Our institutions of higher learning must neither be overwhelmed by numbers nor cut off from the great reservoirs of talent made ready by our superb public-school system. Above all, Jefferson's ideal must be achieved. If we can in the next decade draw appreciably nearer to the goal he outlined, higher education will flourish as never before. Our children will see what the world has never witnessed: a nation in which basic education is truly universal and careers are open to the talented drawn from every class and section of the land.



THE DIRTY WAY

A STORY

BY THOMAS SANCTON

THERE'S a lot of talk going around about Sergeant Kroneberg beating up Joe Corrissey and about the *Register* taking Joe off the run. I saw the whole thing of course and I know all about it and what caused it, but I made up my mind not to say anything about it around the courthouse, because there are a lot of detectives just like Kroneberg on the force and they'll gang up on you every time if you give any one of them trouble. And when you've been on night police for fifteen years you try not to get sucked into something someone else started.

But let me tell you one thing. Even after fifteen years on this job there are some things you just can't take, and something that happened around here to-day has got me plenty swelled. I couldn't get fighting mad over a nigger, like Joe Corrissey did, no. I'd never tear into a bunch of trouble over something like that. I'm just not the same type of fellow Joe is. But I can get swelled over the rotten thing Kroneberg is doing to a white man like Joe, telling the fellows in the barroom to-day that he got something on Joe about him keeping a hustler, and that Joe just blew up when he asked him about it.

That's a damned lie. Kroneberg beat up Joe Corrissey because some pretty lousy thing Kroneberg had done got Joe so mad he tried to maul him. Joe smacked him first, all right, but it wasn't in the course of friendly conversation.

And it wasn't anything at all about a hooker. That's all made up by Kroneberg. It was about an old nigger. About that nigger Kelly and the five years he spent in the pen.

I guess Kelly must have showed up about ten years ago when the courthouse was in the old building, and that was a good while before Joe Corrissey even hit town. I was working for the *Register* then, and we had a good bunch of reporters out there in that old building.

You don't find many hell raisers these days like we used to have working on the papers in this town ten years ago. One night we all showed up for work about four o'clock floating in that boot-leg gin. The first thing we did was pick up the overnight precinct reports from the clerk's office—old Peets White was night clerk then, God rest his drunken soul—and then we stumbled down to the press room to call them in. But the others just quit cold and folded, so I went on down to the washroom to soak my head, and that's when I found this Kelly.

Well, sir, here was this dirty, filthy old nigger lying under the radiator with his head pillowed on a roll of toilet paper, sleeping like a baby. Those radiators in the old building were fixed on the walls and this here one had about an inch clearance over the nigger's stomach. It was close enough to cook him and he smelled like an old shoe burning. His clothes were wet and just about to come to a

boil, but nigger-like, his belly was warm and he was sleeping like a baby.

Well, I roared. That nigger was really a funny-looking sight. So I went out and got old Peets to see him and it set old Peets to cackling and snorting, and then the both of us went in and got some of the guys in the detectives' office to take a look.

Well, you know how those guys are. They run about one brain to a two-man team. Right away they had to start thinking up some foolishness to scare the nigger. They got a sheet from the morgue downstairs and they got old Peets to play ghost because he was good at that stuff. So Peets put that sheet over his head and held up two flashlights for eyes, and then they turned out the lights and Peets went over to the nigger and booted him a little. You should have seen that nigger's face when he finally got his eyes open. He could have passed for a white man. He took a quick grab for the window—we were on the second floor—but old Peets drew back his fist and motioned him to stay down on the floor.

"Just don't you look at that window, nigger," Peets warned him. "You just sit there now and answer me some questions. Now tell me where you stole them breeches, nigger. Go ahead and tell me now if you don't want me to bite your head off. Where you stole them, nigger?"

This here thing that looked like a ghost and talked like the law was too much for that nigger. He threw himself down on his hands and knees and started shaking his head back and forth and whimpering.

"Oh, Gawd," he sort of moaned and laughed. "Oh, Mistuh Ghost, is you a *really* ghost? Oh, *please* don't tetch dis nigger, Mistuh Ghost. Oh, oh, oh. . . ."

"You damned right I'm a *really* ghost," Peets said in a spooky voice. "So now come on and tell me where you stole them pants."

Well, the nigger started to cry like a baby. He went to rocking back and forth on his hands and knees and shak-

ing his head, like he was trying to shake off the D.T.'s.

"I ain't stole no ole breeches, Mistuh Ghost," he whimpered. "Dat's de Gawd's truf, Mistuh Ghost, you can ask anybody. Ask ole Mistuh Rizum. He tell you I ain't no bad ole nigger. Ask him. I don't steal nuffin. He tell you dat. Ask him if ole Kelly what uster wuk fo' him back on Font Street don't steal nuffin. He tell you I ain't a bad nigger."

Well, we were about to die. We couldn't keep from laughing any longer. And then one of those goofy detectives wound it up by shouting out:

"You're a black liar and I'm going to blow your heart out!" Bam! He let go with his pistol, all six shots, right into the ceiling.

The nigger let out a shriek and ups the window before any one of us could stop him and out he goes—right through the second-storey window.

We almost died. We hung on to one another and laughed till we got knots in the side. But finally old Peets straightened up and walked over to the window to see what had become of the nigger, and he saw that the nigger had been hurt. He was just lying there, holding his leg and babbling.

We ran out and picked him up and brought him back into the washroom to take a look at his leg. It was bunged up down at the ankle. The guys on the force began to get worried about the grand jury and what it would do if the nigger got real sick or something. They didn't want to take him to the clinic because the doctors would have to ask a lot of questions for the records. The nigger himself begged them not to take him there; all niggers are afraid of the hospital. This Kelly, all he wanted to do, he told the fellows, was lie by that radiator for a day or two. He said he'd keep out of everybody's way and wouldn't give anyone trouble and then, after a day or two when his leg got to feeling better, he'd just go on off.

But they did better than that for him. Old Peets was feeling bad that them play-

ing around like that had caused the nigger to get hurt, and so were a couple of the other fellows. They got a little canvas cot and a couple of clean blankets from the morgue and they put Kelly up in a little supply room leading into the big toilet room. And they sent down and got old Doc Gullotta—he was the assistant coroner—to come up and take a look at that leg. He told us the nigger would be all right if he could lie up about a week off that foot. And the boys decided to let the nigger stay in the supply room.

Peets sent out to the restaurant and got him a two-bit dinner and a pack of tobacco. And after all that attention old Kelly got to feeling downright glad he'd hurt his leg. The nigger just about thought he had a room in the Ritz Hotel. He was dry and warm and fed and had some smokes and he was feeling about as near to heaven as he'd ever expect to get. Of course, not even many niggers would have wanted to stay in a place like that, right off that toilet room there and with all that powdered soap stacked up along the walls, but that was as good if not better than anything Kelly ever had.

Kelly I guess was about forty then. He'd been a bum for years, sleeping in the open or in doorways and old sheds, places like that. He's sort of simple-minded too. He forgets things. When he hit the courthouse about all he could tell us about himself was that he had worked for "Mistuh Ole Man Rizum" on Font Street a long, long time ago. But Kelly never pronounces a name right and "Rizum" might have been Roland or Robbins or Reed, or almost anything. When a couple of us in the press room tried to look the man up we were never able to find anyone that came even close to being "Mistuh Ole Man Rizum."

Kelly just took roots in that supply room. His leg got better in two or three weeks—well enough to travel on anyway—but he didn't show any signs of wanting to pull out. And by that time the boys had got around to liking the nigger, es-

pecially old Peets. He was such a comical nigger and they had a picnic playing their jokes on him. And he wasn't causing anyone any trouble at all. So old Kelly just got to be a part of that courthouse. Sometimes Peets would throw him a dime or fifteen cents; sometimes we'd cut him a little poker pot in the press room for running over to the store; and every now and then he'd pick up a few nickels shining shoes.

Old Kelly, he's just too ugly to describe him. He's black as the ace of spades, and he's dried up and skinny and he's got a mop of hair like a wild African bushman, but it's turning sort of white now. His nose is spread all over his face and the few upper teeth he has fit into the big gaps between his lowers. The way they fit into each other like that gives him a sort of thick, spitting way of talking. He used to sit around on the floor by the heater on winter nights when we were playing cards and just talk and talk and talk to himself. He thought no one was paying any attention to him, but there would be old Peets and the rest of us, holding a fistful of cards we couldn't see for laughing to ourselves, and there would be old Kelly jammed up next to the radiator banging away a mile a minute.

"Dat Mistuh What-He-Name, wit dat 'Loan me ten dollahs, Kelly,'" he would begin to mumble. "Dat man know I ain't got no ten dollahs. Now wheah I gits ten dollahs? Answer me dat. Wheah I gits ten dollahs? Why dat man mus' ain't have he good sense. *Humf*. All de time it 'Kelly do dis' and 'Kelly do dat' and 'Kelly loan me dis' and 'Kelly loan me dat.' *Humf*. Dey jis' makin' jokes, dat's what."

Kelly thought more of old Peets than he did of any of the rest of us. Peets just had a way with niggers, I guess.

Some mornings, when the old man and I would run out of conversation, Kelly would call out kind of softly from his corner:

"Oh Mistuh Peace." (That's what he called Peets.) "Mistuh Ole Peace Swipe."

"What, nigger?" Peets would answer

gruffly and then turn to me and wink. We knew what was coming.

"Lemme ax you jis' one question, Mistuh Peace."

"What do you want, nigger? Come on, get it out."

"I wants to ax you ain't I a good nigger, Mistuh Peace? I'se a good ole nigger, ain't I? I don't gib nobody no trouble around here, now does I, Mistuh Peace?"

"Why, nigger," Peets would say, "you ain't fit to be poisoned. Why, you the worst damned nigger I ever saw. Don't you come around here talking about good nigger! Why, a good nigger wouldn't have nothing to do with a nigger like you."

Kelly would giggle to himself like a schoolgirl. He'd bend his head down and make an awful face and throw his hands on his head in fake despair.

"Now jis' lissen to dat, will you? Po' ole Kelly. Jis' lissen to dat. Now Mistuh Peace, you knows I'se a good nigger. You knows dat, Mistuh Peace. You knows dey don't cotch ole Kelly stealin' nuffin around here. Now admit dat now, Mistuh Peace. Now don't be so hahd on ole Kelly. Admit he ain't no bad ole nigger, Mistuh Peace."

Peets would cover his eyes with his hands and shake his head and groan.

I remember one night old Peets told Kelly: "Bad? Nigger, you're worse than bad. They ought to throw you under the jail—not in the jail, under it. And they ought to take that key and throw it in the river."

That's what old Peets told Kelly, and that's just about what happened. They took this old nigger and threw him under the jail—for something he couldn't have thought up if you gave him a thousand years.

That ape Kroneberg did it, like I told you. What Joe Corrissey could never understand was why old Peets and I and the other boys who liked Kelly ever let Kroneberg get away with it. Well, I've tried and tried to tell Joe. But it's no

use. He's just a downright Yankee about things like that. Joe will *never* get to understand why a lot of things happen the way they do down here.

Myself, what I couldn't understand about the whole business was why Kroneberg let a harmless old nigger get under his skin the way he did, and why he went to all the trouble of getting a nigger framed and sent down to the pen. If he felt that way about the nigger, why didn't he just kick him off the place? But that's Kroneberg for you. That wasn't mean enough for him.

Kroneberg got down on Kelly one day not long after the nigger came to the courthouse. Kelly had been telling old Peets the names of the men who let him shine their shoes and Peets got a laugh out of the way Kelly pronounced their names. He called Sergeant Bastrop "Sergeant Mousetrop," and Murullo, "Mistuh Gorilla"—and he called Kroneberg, God help him, "Sergeant Humbug." He was just so damned stupid that was the nearest he could get to their names. Peets knew the boys'd get a laugh too out of those names, so he called Kelly in. But he made the mistake of joking with Kroneberg. He pointed him out to Kelly and said, "Now who's that big fat man over there with the big whiskey nose?"

"Dat's Sergeant Humbug," said Kelly.

Kroneberg looked up quickly, and he wasn't smiling.

"All right," he said. "Enough of that now."

"Who, nigger?" said Peets. "Say it again. Louder."

"Sergeant Humbug. Dat deah is Sergeant Humbug," said Kelly, without any idea what it was all about.

Everyone broke out in a horse laugh and that set off that crazy temper of Kroneberg's. He tramped over to Kelly before anyone knew what he was going to do and smacked him in the jaw and knocked him down.

"You rotten black nigger!" he yelled and kicked him in the gut. "You step out of place with me again and I swear I'll

blow your head off." And then he walked out. A Southern gent, see?

Southern gent hell. Kroneberg is a rat. Everyone knows that he's a killer and he's yellow. He shoots them out on lonely roads when they try to "escape." It's an old trick. I guess the grand jury would have got to him long ago but for the fact he's got political drag and he's just a little too big in that respect to handle. That drag of his, in fact, is one reason none of the guys on the force squawked when he sent Kelly down.

After what happened in the clerk's office it seemed Kelly just couldn't keep out of Kroneberg's way. Every humbug that happened Kroneberg would blame on the nigger. Whenever he sent the nigger on errands Kelly would be so afraid of him he'd forget what he was sent for. That went on for years and Kroneberg's hate for the nigger grew and grew. Finally it exploded in the smart idea to send him down to the pen.

The thing that set it off was Kelly burning up his new pair of shoes, and I got to admit that's pretty aggravating. Kelly got them in a pile of shoes from the detectives' office that had been left for him to shine. Kroneberg's were wet and Kelly put them by the furnace to dry. He forgot about them and they burned up. After that nothing would satisfy Kroneberg but to fix the nigger good and proper.

Kroneberg called Kelly one day and gave him one hundred and ten dollars—just about enough to make it grand larceny (three to five years)—and he says, Kelly, go to such-and-such a used car dealer at such-and-such an address and buy a Ford roadster he's got out in front on a little platform with a big sign on it. You see, Kelly, he'll sell it to you cheap because you're just an old nigger and he knows you won't have much money. But if I go, why he's going to try and sting me, understand? And don't say a word about Sergeant Kroneberg sending you because then he'll know it's me and not you that's trying to buy the car. . . .

That's the way we figure Kroneberg

framed him. Because Kroneberg reported that his money was stolen and a little while later this dealer called headquarters and reported that there was an old nigger around there with a lot of money he wouldn't say how he got who was trying to buy an automobile and couldn't even drive it. Those dealers are on the lookout for phoneys of course, and Kroneberg knew just about what would happen when Kelly got there. So he went out and arrested him.

It was air-tight. Kelly's word against Kroneberg's, against a white man, a detective sergeant. And there was the dealer to testify, when Kelly tried to explain Kroneberg had sent him, that he hadn't said a word about that.

They assigned Kelly a courthouse shyster who made his living off cases like that—small profit but quick turnover. What would there have been in it for him to win a chicken case and antagonize Kroneberg and his chums? So he let them do damned near what they wanted with the nigger when they got him on the stand. And Kelly got three to five years.

Peets and I, I guess we were the only ones who took any interest in the case at all beside Kroneberg. Just before Kelly came to trial we discussed the possibility of helping him without getting ourselves in a situation too big to handle. And we couldn't think of an earthly way to do it. We could have gone to Kroneberg and forced him to drop the case by threatening to make a big stink about it. But then what would have happened? One, two, or three months later Kroneberg's friends would have put the squeeze on and we'd have found ourselves out of a job. And we were married men.

And suppose we had tried to testify at the trial, how would that have looked? I can see it in our papers:

REPORTER, EX-COP TESTIFY FOR NEGRO
CHARGE COP FRAMES NEGRO
SAY KRONEBERG FRAMED NEGRO

Why it would have taken an extra mail truck just to carry our anonymous threats. And I'm not so sure but that a

lot of our trouble wouldn't have come in the mail.

No, sir, we just couldn't see our way through. Even after finding out about the hell Kelly went through in the pen, even if we'd known at the time what he was in for, I just don't see how we could have done any different. We had no idea what Kelly was in for though. Even Peets, an ex-cop, couldn't realize what Kelly was in for in the pen. I've always wished he hadn't told Kelly what a good time he was going to have there when he began to whimper about "gettin' fro'ed in jail." That kind of hurts even now when I think of it.

During the trial Kelly had thought they were playing a joke on him. Someone said he stole some money. But around the courthouse they used to say he stole a lot of things, just kidding. Every time there was a complaint about a robbery they said Kelly did it. . . . "Kelly, where the hell did you sell the piano from the First Methodist Church? . . . Don't lie now, Kelly, tell us what you did with the junk you got out of the house on Cross Street. . . . Kelly stole this . . . Kelly stole that. . . ."

But after the trial, when they wouldn't let him go back to his little room, when they held him in the county jail and told him that he was going downstate to the big pen in a few days, then Kelly realized they had "fro'ed" him in jail sure enough.

The day before they took him down we went to see him, Peets and I, and old Kelly just bawled like a baby.

"Why dey done fro'ed me out fum my little room?" he asked Peets over and over again. "I don't gib no one no trouble deah, Mr. Peace. Why dey done me dat, Mr. Peace?"

It got us down. It was a damned dirty shame and there was nothing we could do about it. We tried to cheer Kelly with stories of three square meals a day with turkey on all the big days, and a nice clean place to sleep without any boxes of powdered soap along the walls. But he kept whimpering that he just wanted to

stay like he was in the courthouse—"wif Mistuh Peace and de pencil boys." And so Peets told him:

"Now Kelly, you be a good nigger and listen here to me. You've *got* to go down to the pen, Kelly, you understand? We're sorry to see you go—you know that. You ain't a bad nigger, Kelly. But we just can't do anything about it, you understand? And I'll tell you what: When you're up there in the pen, why you just keep thinking all the time, 'When I get out of here, if I'm a good nigger and don't give no one no trouble, I can go back to my little room and old man Peets is going to give me fifteen cents and some tobacco every day! And everything's going to be *all* right.' You just keep thinking that, Kelly."

But that was the last time Kelly and the old man saw each other. In the third year Kelly was away Peets dropped dead—drinking in the barroom across the street.

The nigger was away five years. He was too feeble for road-gang work, so they put him on the prison cotton farm. According to the records he was a "penal farm hand," but what he really was was a slave—and for five years he burned in the sun. That's the part that gets me. Peets and I, we didn't know about that part of it when Kelly went down. It was when the nigger came back and sat by himself at night, like he used to do, but talking to himself now about how the ankle shackle hurt and about being thirsty and about the nigger next to him in the chain who "jis' wuk hisself to deaf"—that's when I found out what a nigger does in the pen; that they could burn some sense and some life out of even a clod.

Kelly got no time off for good behavior, and from what he told me I could easily figure out why. He just kept making stupid mistakes, losing his tools, and overturning the containers of disinfectants. And twice, by accident, he set his bedding on fire. So the nigger was away for the whole five years, and a lot of things happened in that time. Old Peets died, and I went to work for the *Call*, and Joe Corrissey blew in from the East and took my

old job. And they put up this here new courthouse, with a press room like a suite in the Ritz Hotel.

Now this Corrissey is a funny duck—but a hell of a fine man, don't let me give you the idea he ain't. Joe's sort of like a saint from a long, long time ago that just kept living and living and picked up a taste for a little booze every now and then and for women too, and who got a hell of a lot tougher and smarter along the route but never lost that old saint desire to help people in a jam. That's a funny thing to say about a man but if you knew Joe you'd see what I meant.

I've heard fellows—some of the boys around the city room—say Joe is soft. But those boys are wrong. If you ever want to run a bluff on Joe you better be able to back it up. And you can ask the mayor himself about that because he found it out one night when he tried to scare us off a little hit-and-run story about his nephew. Ask him who called him what and who got shoved out of the press room, and who apologized to who. Joe's just got the kind of courage that fools people because he's so quiet.

But Joe's the kind of fellow that if a man comes to him worried about his wife getting sick or his kids why he'd go on a note for all he was good for if God Almighty came down and said, "Joe, let me tell you before you sign it, you're going to lose every cent."

It's because he does things like that that makes some of those mugs think he is soft. And what's got me burning is to think that bunch in the barroom would stand up and let Kroneberg lie about him like that.

It wasn't until the night that Kelly came back that I told Joe about the whole business and how he had been framed, and I wish to God I didn't tell him a thing. It was like showing red to a bull.

Joe and I were in the press room that night. I was lying on a couch behind the lockers half asleep and Joe as usual was at his desk with a book when Kelly opened the door. From my place behind the lockers I couldn't see who it was and it

took me a long time to recognize the voice.

Kelly scraped his feet a little and said, "How-do, white folks. Ain't got no call to open dis heah do' like dis, but I wants to ax you ifn dis heah de co'thouse, please?"

Joe told him it was.

"Well goll-lee dam'l!" said Kelly. "No wondah I coun' fine dat ole co'thouse. Guess dey musta to'ed it down jis' like dat man tell me."

Joe laughed and said:

"What are you looking for, boy? Nickel, dime?"

The nigger said, "No suh, fank you. Dey done gib me five dollah bills when dey tuh'n me loose and I still got t'ree of dem dollah bills lef'. I don't need no money, fank you."

"Well then, what are you looking for?"

"Ah lookin' fo' Mr. Ole Peace."

"Who?"

"Mistuh Ole Peace," said Kelly impatiently. "Mistuh Ole Peace Swipe. You know who Mistuh Ole Peace. He de big clerk. It be awright ifn I looks fo' him. He know me. He done *tole* me to look fo' him, fo' I lef'. He don' mind if I go in de clerk office lookin' fo' him, white folks. He let me come in deah and sit by de *raziator*."

"Oh," said Joe. "You must be talking about old Peets White."

"Dat him," said Kelly eagerly. "Wheah he at?"

"Why boy, Peets is dead. He's been dead two or three years."

"He . . . *daid*?" said Kelly. It was a jolt. "Oh . . . Oh . . . Jesu Gawd hab muh'sy. Gawd bless he po' ole soul. Gawd bless Mistuh Ole Peace' soul."

I should have known from the funny way he called Peets' name that it was Kelly. But you forget, you forget.

Joe must have seen that the nigger was deeply moved, and he asked him, sort of soft, "You liked the old man?"

"White folks," said Kelly, "beg yo' pawdon but Mistuh Peace de bess ole white genenum ebber lib. Dey jis' ain't no mo' like him. And me, I sweah I

don' know what I'm gonna do now. . . ."
And for a long time he said nothing.
But finally he asked:

"This heah, it look like de prest room,
ain't it, white folks?"

Joe said it was.

"And Mistuh Brownie, he wuk out ob
town now?"

"No," said Joe, "he's right here now—
back on the couch."

"Oh, Browniel!" he called me. "Here's
a boy wants to see you."

It was all coming back to me in a rush
now . . . Mistuh Ole Peace Swipe . . .
de prest room . . . Mistuh Brownie.

"Jesus," I said, jumping up off the
couch—"Kelly!"

Kelly had been on the road for two
days, and he was a tired nigger. We had
them send up a plate of dinner for him—
just like the time he showed up years be-
fore—and we got him a couple of shots of
whiskey. And that night we let him
sleep on the couch.

I began to remember how old Peets had
talked to Kelly that day before he left,
and what he had promised, and somehow
I felt that I ought to make good for him.
So the next day I went to the chief and
fixed it up with him that Kelly could stay
down in the engine room with the under-
standing he'd keep it cleaned up. Even
Kroneberg, after five years, seemed to
have forgotten the whole thing, and when
I passed the hint to him through one of
the detective clerks that a couple of peo-
ple didn't want to see the nigger molested
any more, why he sent back word that
Kelly could live in the press room as far as
he was concerned as long as the nigger
stayed out of his way and didn't begin
"stealing again."

But Kelly told me a couple of nights
after he had come back that Kroneberg
had stopp'd him in the hall. "He say,
'Nigger, you outa de jail now, but if you
don't wanta get fro'ed back deah you jis'
keep outa my way.' He say, 'I don't want
you around dat detective office no which-
a-way and when you sees me a-comin' you
jis' better scoot.' Now what he mean,

Mistuh Brownie?" Kelly asked, frown-
ing. "Is dat deah man gonna fro' me in
de jail again?"

"No, Kelly, he isn't going to throw you
in jail again," I told him. "You just do
like he told you, just keep out of his way
and don't go in that detectives' office, and
he won't give you any trouble."

But it made me uneasy.

I didn't mention what Kelly told me to
Joe Corrissey, because by that time Joe
was steaming. By that time Joe was fix-
ing him up a paddle to stir up a great
big stink. He had started after Krone-
berg. A few days later I came into the
press room and found him reading over
the stenographic copy of the proceedings
at Kelly's trial. He had slipped it out of
the criminal record room. And then I
realized Joe was thinking of reopening
the case and I saw he was going after trou-
ble, real trouble. Joe is a Yankee and
he doesn't understand a lot of things
about people down in this part of the
country, especially some of the ideas they
have on the subject of niggers. Joe
couldn't see what would happen if he
tried to reopen that trial to take the part
of a nigger against a white man—to stir
up something like that after it had been
dead and buried for five years. But I
could see it. And for his own good I
went to work on him. I argued and
pleaded and gave him hell for three days,
and finally I showed him where he was
wrong.

"For God's sake, Joe," I told him, "if
you're going after Kroneberg don't try to
do it through the courts. Joe, I know
this courthouse. I've been around here
longer than you have. If you want to
get Kroneberg—and let me tell you, boy,
any way you try it you're just spelling
trouble for yourself—you'll have a better
chance if you go about it the dirty way.
Now let me tell you what to do. Keep
your mouth shut and your eyes open.
That's the first thing. Then just mosey
around and talk to a few stool pigeons
and junk-heads and see if you can't get
something real dirty on Kroneberg. If
you can, and it ought to be easy, you just

sew up some good evidence and throw it to the grand jury. But when you do you'd better slap a peace bond on Kroneberg and a couple of his friends, and even so you'd better be ready for trouble."

And he decided to take my advice.

"O.K. Brownie," he said at last. "But if I can't do any good that way, why then I'm going to take that rat apart with my hands. One way or another Kroneberg is going to find out a man is a man and not to be kicked around like a cur dog, even if he is a worthless old nigger.

"And, Brownie, I want to tell you one thing more," he said. "I've always thought a hell of a lot of you. But now it's going to take me a long time to forget you sat around on your tail like a rabbit while Kroneberg sent that old nigger to burn in the sun for five years. That's the way I'm feeling and you ought to know it."

"All right, Joe," I said. "I understand. But now I want you to try to understand one thing for me, and that's this: I'm not ashamed about not going to bat for Kelly that time. I'm sorry, God knows, about what's happened to him. But I can't see it any differently now than I did then. You're like a young preacher in a story I read once. You look at a thing and ask yourself if it's right or wrong; and if you make up your mind a thing is wrong, well you don't stop to figure out all the angles. You just go plowing in, like a damned old knight of the Round Table. It takes all kinds of people to make the world, and you and I just happen not to be the same kind, kid."

Joe just stared at me for a while, and then he spoke in that sad voice of his, and what he said I'm never going to forget.

"Brownie," he said, "you're right. I see it now. I can't hold that against you any more than I can blame you for the funny drawling way you talk. I guess there was a time, before we grew up, when we would have felt the same way about this Kelly thing, if we could have understood it then. But we've come far, far, far from that time. We took a different turning somehow and traveled a long way

since then. But let me tell you this, Brownie, and you just see if it isn't true: You took the wrong turning, boy. You and Peets by yourselves, in your hearts, you're good men—but ignorant barbarous bastards in a pack. Brownie, you guys kill and let kill; you torture and burn and crucify. You do those things because you let them happen. You kick prisoners out of cars and shoot them in the back; you string niggers to a tree and burn them with blow torches; you shoot guys because they kick for better pay. You do those things because you're afraid of the mob you run with and haven't the sense or the courage to stand off and look at a thing and say: *This* is right, and damn it, we're going to see that it's going to *be* right. And *this* is wrong, and damn it, it's going to *be* wrong.

"Well, I'm not one of your bunch. When we came to that crossroads you turned onto a highway that's so damned crowded the only way you can move is marching. The road I took is tough going but the direction is right. Battle for the meek and humble, for they get left out in the cold. That's my religion. And if I don't amount to much or make any money, well, there are other kinds of profits in the world. Sometimes you get broken up but you feel worse if you pass with your head turned aside. And sooner or later enough guys like me come down our road to wear down even a windmill. And then someone writes a bill of rights or an amendment to mark the spot. . . ."

Joe went to work on Kroneberg the way I told him to, but he never had a chance to carry it out. Something happened that made him blow up, and he sailed into his windmill with bare fists. He got busted up like he expected, but I guess he really preferred to do it the way it happened.

About three months after Kelly got back, Joe and I had to go into the detectives' office one night to check on the developments of a story. Kroneberg was acting as night super. He was drinking.

He was in the midst of a long-winded speech when the door opened and Kelly stepped in. Kroneberg stopped talking. He watched Kelly close the door like a man sighting down a rifle. I could see the nigger was frightened, and I saw that Joe was watching Kroneberg in that funny hard way of his.

"Get out of here, nigger," Kroneberg said in a low voice.

Kelly didn't jump back through the doorway as he expected. Instead he began to stammer something. He had come to tell me, we found out later, that there was a call for me in the press room. But of course Kroneberg didn't give a damn what he had come to say. He was only waiting for the nigger to open his mouth.

Kroneberg snatched up a glass paper weight. Kelly let out a frightened cry and fumbled for the door. Kroneberg threw it with all his might and it smashed the nigger in the back. Kelly clutched at his back and fell against the wall moaning.

"You lousy bastard," Joe yelled and drove his fist into Kroneberg's face. He had risen to his feet and the blow sent him reeling against the files. Joe is only medium size but he was furious. He tore into Kroneberg and smashed his face till I thought his head would come off. But you don't spend twenty-five years as a cop without learning the fighting that counts. Kroneberg rammed his knee into Corrissey's groin and kneaded him again in the face when he doubled up. I should have got in then, I guess, but I didn't. Joe had started it and I knew he wanted to finish it himself, one way or another.

But with that second kick he was out on his feet. Kroneberg mauled his face. Then Joe went down and Kroneberg kicked him in the gut. That was too much. I jumped over and grabbed him and slammed him against the files.

"Kick that man again and I'll brain you," I said. "The fight's over." And I slammed him into his chair. I'm too big for most men and I try not to lose my

head, but I felt like beating him to a pulp.

The nigger and I carried Joe down to my car and I drove him to the hospital. Kelly had taken an awful blow, but it was nothing to what Joe got. Two ribs and a broken nose and some deep cuts. Kroneberg got a broken nose out of it.

When Joe snapped out of it in the hospital he asked what he had done to Kroneberg. I told him pretty good.

"Good," he said. "He'll think twice before throwing paper weights. I wish I could have got his job too but I guess I'll have to be satisfied with this."

Joe stayed in the hospital a week. When he got out his paper put him on a job in the office right away. They never let him get back to the courthouse. In a way I'm glad for Joe, because he might get a break in the office. But I'll miss him out here. He was a fine man to work with.

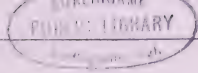
I called Joe up to-day and told him what Kroneberg was saying about him living with a hustler, so he could do something about it if he wanted to.

"Hell, Brownie," Joe told me, "I don't care what Kroneberg says. My friends won't believe him and I don't give a damn about the others. But watch out for Kelly, kid. If they give you trouble let me know and I'll find him some place to live."

He needn't worry. I guess that fight has convinced Kroneberg that the less he has to do with Kelly the better. Kelly won't have any trouble.

But Kroneberg will. I wasn't going to say anything about the whole business at first. I've got two daughters and alimony to pay, and I've spent too long a time at this job to kick it over. I hope I don't have to. But Kroneberg isn't going to get by with that stuff about Joe. I don't care if Joe cares what he says or not. I do. That's the way I am and I can't help it.

Kroneberg's going to have *plenty* trouble. I'm going to get that guy—the dirty way.



THE SUPREME COURT TO-DAY

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

MORE than a year has passed since President Roosevelt introduced his proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court. We still hear echoes of the controversy that it evoked, one of the sharpest in recent history. Rarely, if ever, has the focus of national interest been so completely fixed on the judiciary. But with the vote in the Senate that defeated the measure, general interest waned. It was a victory for the Court, a defeat for the President: that was a popular interpretation of the events of that momentous August day.

But was it a victory for the Court? Was there any victory? Now that the brawling has ended it is possible to examine the status of the Court and to consider from the long view what has been the effect of the controversy.

Millions of words have been written about the Supreme Court during the past year. In the popular imagination the conflict was reduced to a street-corner fight. A set of stubborn old men were balking the will of the President. They conceived it to be their duty to plant themselves in the path of progress. From their lofty eminence they gave voice to prejudices and convictions at variance with the progressive ideas of the President. Or, by contrast, they were pictured as heroic defenders of America, the Constitution, and the founding fathers. They were seen through an Olympian mist as demi-gods far above the sweaty crowd, weighing popular issues in the scale of the law.

During all this the members of the

Court said nothing. The only public expression was the tersely phrased letter of the Chief Justice refuting the major allegations which the President made in support of the proposal to enlarge the Court. Otherwise they kept to the silence that has been their traditional armor. But these men are human. The events of the past year have not left them unmoved. They have held strong convictions about the institution that has been the center of their lives.

What dominates the thinking of those members of the Court most keenly aware of their responsibilities, it is possible to state authoritatively here, is a grave concern for its future. Justice Cardozo is recovering, as this is written, from a long and very serious illness. He will not return to the bench until the fall; those of his colleagues who value most highly his profound knowledge of the law fear that, in view of his delicate health, he may deem it wiser not to return at all. In any event it is probable that President Roosevelt will have four more appointments to make to the Court.

In short, during his second term the President will entirely remake the highest judicial body in the United States. And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that those justices, "liberal" and "conservative" alike, who have remained through the Court fight are preoccupied with how he will remake it. Will he appoint justices of the type of Hugo Black or will he appoint justices of the type of Stanley Reed? During his brief service on the bench Justice Black has

caused his colleagues, again "liberal" and "conservative" alike, acute discomfort and embarrassment. This has had nothing whatsoever to do with the issue of the Ku Klux Klan, which was more or less irrelevant. Nor, essentially, at least in so far as the "liberal" wing of the Court is concerned, has it had anything to do with the new justice's opinions or convictions. It has grown out of a lack of legal knowledge and experience, deficiencies in background and training that have led him into blunders which have shocked his colleagues on the highest Court.

II

To understand the significance of this it is necessary to look briefly at what has happened within the Court in recent years. Those justices who are just now most gravely concerned for the future of the institution of which they are a part regard themselves in a large measure as craftsmen, craftsmen of the law. They take a definite, perhaps an excessive, pride in their legal craftsmanship. Of the hundreds of cases coming before them in a single term only a very few involve large constitutional issues. Most of them—the run of the mine cases—are concerned with intricate points of law, bearing on taxation, patents, complex business deals. It is here that craftsmanship is of the first importance; and it is precisely here that Justice Black, in the opinion of his colleagues, has failed. He has been unable to carry his share of the heavy burden of work that falls on the Court nor do his fellow-justices, or most of them, foresee that he will be able to carry it within any measurable time.

There is another and more optimistic view within the Court. It is too early, in this view, to judge the new justice. He is intelligent and he is working harder than perhaps any man to come on the bench in recent times. Sooner or later—and this view assumes that Justice Black's service will be in decades rather than in years—he will abandon his anti-court attitude. The sheer weight of the institu-

tion, its tradition, its procedure, its observances will have an inevitable effect. Many times in the past the institution has absorbed individuals of the most varying intellect and temperament. And this same process will occur again. Even in this view, however, it would not be difficult to bring about the destruction of the Court through the appointment of men lacking legal experience. And if nine new men were to be appointed all at once, men with legal training and experience, they could not do one half, possibly not even a third, of the work of the Court.

It must be understood that no fair-minded person questions the sincerity of Justice Black's social views. His deep concern is the betterment of the people from whom he came; in the North as well as in the South but particularly in that part of America where share-cropping and a ruinous spoliation of the soil have reduced millions to desperate poverty. The question is whether he can implement his views with the technic and the language of the Court in such a way that he will serve his cause as well as he served it in the Senate.

In the seven months that he has been on the Court Justice Black has lost no opportunity to express his convictions: on utilities, on States' Rights, on the Constitution. More than a dozen times he has dissented alone. And New Dealers, some of them at any rate, have approved his course. His dissents may not have very much to do with the law, they say, but anyway they are good political tracts. And isn't that what those older justices were doing, substituting their prejudices against the New Deal for the law? What of those wilful men at whom the President was really aiming in his Court reform bill? If one side can write political diatribes from the bench, why can't the other side?

It happens, however, that there are justices on the Court who have always strongly resisted the majority when it has rushed off to battles of passion and prejudice beyond the confines of the law.

These justices have made up the "liberal" minority of the Court, the minority with which New Dealers have solaced themselves in the face of defeat: Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo.

The line followed by this minority has been quite clear, particularly in the dissenting opinions of Justice Stone. Repeatedly in his dissents—and frequently he has been joined by his two colleagues—Justice Stone rebuked the majority for overstepping their function as judges. This majority rushed out to declare laws unconstitutional when there was no call upon the Court to do any more than interpret a minor point of law or procedure. It was this habit of the majority that first gave rise to the hostilities between the Court and the President. From it have come those "self-inflicted wounds" to which Chief Justice Hughes referred in his Columbia Law School lectures in 1928, those lapses from grace which in the past have served to discredit the Court with the general public.

The minority on the Court has been far more aware than anyone outside of it of the unfortunate consequences of majority opinions in certain New Deal cases. It was in the New York minimum wage case that Justice Stone accused his colleagues of voting their "economic predilections" rather than the law. And in his dissent in the AAA case he said the same thing with even greater emphasis. He held in that opinion, already a legal landmark, that Congress had the right to employ taxation as a method of crop control. It is of the essence of a democratic system that the representatives of the people may make such choices: that was the thesis of the dissent in which Brandeis and Cardozo joined. I venture to say that if Justice Stone had been a member of the Senate or the House in 1933 he would have voted against the AAA. But, nevertheless, he wrote a vigorous defense of the right of Congress to choose such a method to sustain farm-purchasing power.

To assume that the minority would welcome a colleague on the bench who would

"vote right" out of personal conviction or predilection is to misjudge the caliber of these men. If they felt it wrong for the majority in the New Deal cases to vote their "economic predilections," as they plainly did, they must regard it as equally wrong for other men to vote another set of "economic predilections." Two wrongs never make a right. It reduces itself to something almost as simple as that. Moreover, if one is to vote "right" out of conviction, then one must find reasons in the law to support one's conviction. Otherwise the opinion is all but worthless.

III

The picture of the present Court that finally emerges is a curious one indeed. There is the triumvirate, Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo, whose course has deviated but little. If there has been any victory in the Court fight it is theirs. Two of the "conservatives," Justices Sutherland and Van Devanter, have retired. But prior to that the majority of the Court had upheld several New Deal laws. To contribute to this result must have cost Justice Roberts not a little unhappiness. During the past five years he has been the chief wabblor. Chief Justice Hughes has been troubled by doubts too, appearing first with the "liberals" and then with the "conservatives." The reversal is the foremost fact in recent Court history and its full implications will be clear only with the perspective of years. This is to-day the center of the court: Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo. To this center will undoubtedly be added the newest justice, Stanley Reed.

On the right is Justice Butler, a corporation lawyer who has always retained a corporation point of view. Beyond him, on the extreme right, is Justice McReynolds. And on the extreme left is Justice Black. Paradoxical as it seems at first glance, it is these two extremists who have more in common, in so far as their performance is concerned, than any other members of the Court.

Justice McReynolds has not excelled

as a craftsman. Recently he has been more and more concerned with his economic and political convictions. (Remember too that he was appointed by Woodrow Wilson as a "liberal.") On two or three occasions in New Deal cases his colleagues have been shocked by the Jovian way in which he has delivered himself of extemporaneous dissents having little to do with the law in the case. They have long been acutely aware of his ability to snarl up the law; the admiralty law, thanks to his ministrations, is in a very tangled state.

In his own eyes Justice McReynolds is the last defender of the faith. His colleagues expect from him at least three tirades a week on the decline of politics, morals, conventions, the law, literature, and, above all, the courts. As for the Supreme Court, he seems to think that it is now packed with wild men. By remaining at his post of duty he is upholding for a little longer the banner of rectitude. His retirement has been rumored but it would surprise his colleagues. In the same way, I have no doubt, although his sense of proportion would forbid him to express it, Justice Black regards himself as the courageous herald of a new day, the lonely out rider who shows the way.

But in a complicated tax case strong beliefs are not enough. Large sums of money often turn upon such cases. Not infrequently one lower court has decided a tax issue one way, another lower court has decided it another way. Abstruse business practices are involved; questions such as whether a merger was really a merger or an outright sale. It may be necessary to refer not only to American but to English law. One cannot decide this kind of controversy by the color of the litigants' eyes nor even by their political beliefs. The opinion deciding such a case must be written so that it will stand up under intense scrutiny.

It comes back to the matter of craftsmanship. A man with only a limited experience with the law, such as Justice Black, finds it extremely difficult to main-

tain the pace of the Court. So far the cases that have been assigned to him have been relatively simple. Nevertheless several opinions he has written have been rephrased by other members of the Court and they have been subsequently released with something less than satisfaction. To carry a fair share of the work it is necessary to have an instant familiarity with the whole range of the law and the great body of Supreme Court decisions. President Roosevelt in presenting his bill to reform the judiciary suggested that the Supreme Court was behind in its docket. That was not true at the time, in part because of the extraordinary efficiency of the Chief Justice; but the President now has it within his power, by the nature of his appointments to fill subsequent vacancies, to put the Court behind in its work. At present the burden on the experienced members is severe.

It is fair to ask what kind of appointments the members of the Court hope for from the President. If they possessed the power to fill vacancies by vote I do not doubt that they would name judges of the lower Federal courts or judges of State supreme courts; in short, men who have had training in the juridical craft. They are very much aware of the judicial performance of the men who hold circuit and district judgeships. In the opinion of his colleagues—certain of them at least—Justice Cardozo has the ideal background and training for service on the highest Court. A profound scholar of the law, he had many years of experience in the upper courts of New York State.

IV

The fact is of course that members of the Court have had no relationship whatsoever with the President. Other Presidents have had friends on the Supreme bench, men with whom they talked frequently, but not Mr. Roosevelt. It is not an exaggeration to say that the justices, long before the Court controversy, were somewhat distrustful of the President. Word had come to them that Mr. Roose-

velt would welcome the chance to discuss pending or future legislation. Members of the Court believe to-day that what the President desired was a pleasant chat at the White House, calculated to prevent future misunderstandings. The idea was repugnant to "liberals" and "conservatives" alike, just as later the President's proposal to increase the number of justices found no advocate on the Court. Within the Court the opinion was held that if it were not for the long-established precedent of writing opinions in each case, seven judges might be more efficient than nine.

When the whole story of the President and the Court is told it will make a curious chapter in American history. For a formal dinner and a formal reception each year members of the Court, or most of them, dressed to the nines, have presented themselves at the White House. Through the rest of the year they have guarded their separate existence from executive encroachment, a tradition that has been observed, with one or two exceptions, since the origin of the Court. George Washington called upon the Supreme Court, all the members of which he had named, for an advisory opinion on certain legislation. They refused to give it.

Certain episodes which preceded Roosevelt's Court-enlarging plan helped to bring about an intensified coolness between the executive and the justices. With what must have seemed to President Roosevelt a deliberate desire to humiliate him, the Court handed down the decision in the Humphrey case on the same day that the NRA was found unconstitutional by a vote of nine to nothing. Several years before, the Court under Chief Justice Taft had held that the executive has power to remove a postmaster without reference to Congress even though such appointments must be confirmed by the Senate. It was one of those instances, as members of the Court pointed out to the Chief Justice at the time, when no such sweeping statement of policy was called for but, rather, a decision on a narrow

point of law. In 1935 the Court in finding that President Roosevelt did *not* have authority to remove William E. Humphrey, Republican member of the Federal Trade Commission, indulged in elaborate dialectics to reconcile the two opinions. And naturally the President was angry, for unquestionably his legal advisers had cited the earlier opinion in reporting to him that he had authority to remove Humphrey.

Members of the Court have been distrustful of the President because they have doubted that he has understood the function of the Court, the role of the justices as juridical craftsmen grinding out hundreds of run of the mine cases each year. Sometimes it has almost seemed that a conspiracy existed to create bad feeling between these two branches of the government. Certain newspapers printed the report that President Roosevelt was flunked out of Columbia University Law School, suggesting that he had been a pupil at the time of Justice Stone, then a teacher at Columbia. It happens that the young Roosevelt was taking no courses from the present Supreme Court justice at that time. But bad feeling can grow out of just such minor incidents.

The ardent New Dealer will insist of course that the President's problem was urgent. What would you have done if you had been confronted with certain stubborn old men who were blocking everything you tried to do? To certain members of the Court who were concerned with the same problem, although from a rather different point of view, it appeared that there were two remedies. One was to abolish the Supreme Court altogether. The other was to acknowledge the fallibility of human institutions and in the proper time and in the proper way fill judicial vacancies with men of the highest capacity. It was widely reported, and with some substantiation, that at least two of the "conservative" justices were prepared to resign at the time the Court bill was introduced. They were waiting only for Congress to pass an adequate retirement measure. Once the reform bill

had been introduced they could not, or would not, withdraw under fire.

V

Over and over again during the beginning phase of the contest between the executive and the judiciary the public was told that the majority on the Court had preempted powers not intended by the Constitution, never dreamed of by the founding fathers. The Court, thanks to these assumed powers, had become a policy-determining body, arrogating to itself the functions of Congress. Again and again it was argued that this was wrong. If these powers were arrogated, if this was wrong, then surely the remedy is not to appoint a new majority that will determine policy of a different kind. And yet, strangely enough, one can hear that argument from New Dealers to-day.

Of course the Court must pass on large constitutional issues from time to time. But it is the contention of those who are most concerned with keeping the judiciary within its proper function that this should be done with great caution and extreme reluctance. Whenever it is possible to avoid passing upon the constitutionality of a law the Court should avoid it. For the longer the law is seen in relation to the whole legal structure and the fabric of society the easier will be the task of the Court when finally it is necessary to decide the basic issue.

And it is just here that Justice Black has most distressed certain of his colleagues on the bench. It is as though, a comparatively inexperienced player, he had stepped into a fast game, say tennis or pelota, and, ignoring the rules, made vigorous passes at every ball with a piece of board.

For the layman looking on from afar it is difficult to realize the nature of Justice Black's offenses. A few examples may, however, be enlightening. The Court recently decided an Indianapolis utility case *per curiam*, that is, on a narrow point of procedure, referring it back to a lower court in order that a property revaluation

might be made. With one exception, in which there were extenuating circumstances, justices of long service on the bench could not recall that a dissent had ever been entered in a case decided *per curiam*. Justice Black wrote a long dissent in which, cogently and brilliantly, he argued the prudent investment theory of utility valuation. But his dissent had very little to do with the case under consideration and even less with the law.

What is more important perhaps is the effect that this dissent has on the whole field of utility valuation before the Court. Both Justice Brandeis and Justice Stone have in a long series of dissents nursed the prudent investment theory in the face of majority opinions championing reproduction new. Unquestionably they have awaited an opportunity to write into majority opinion, when the complexion of the Court should have been somewhat altered, the theory of valuation which they have so long kept alive. For the time being at least, the Black dissent, because of the circumstances under which it was issued, confuses the picture.

Here is another instance. In cases arising from State courts where no Federal issue is involved the high Court has almost invariably refrained from raising the question of constitutionality. Recently a case came up from a State supreme court that had been decided by reference to the Federal Constitution. This latter fact obligated the court, in the interpretation of the other justices, to pass upon the constitutional issue. Justice Black disagreed and wrote a dissent in which he cited previous opinions of Justice Stone rebuking the majority for embarking on a needless constitutional excursion. In the opinion of Justice Black's colleagues these citations were, under the circumstances, entirely irrelevant.

But it may be said that these are mere technical errors. What really startled the members of the Court was Justice Black's most conspicuous dissent thus far in his lonely career. In a life insurance case, where a Connecticut company was

subject to a special tax by the State of California, Justice Black declared in his dissenting opinion that the word person in the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment did not include corporations. For fifty years the Supreme Court has held that corporations were entitled to the same rights as persons under the due process clause. To be sure it has been a hotly debated issue. And it is conceivable that there are justices on the Court aware of the abuses committed under "due process" who would like to see this legal loophole plugged. But they would not join Justice Black in such a complete about-face. For under the traditions of the game such a radical change must be approached gradually and by intimation. A polemic, however vigorous, is not enough to change the course of fifty years; it violates a fundamental canon of juridical craftsmanship.

No one is so foolish as to pretend of course that the members of the highest court automatically become divorced from their prejudices and predilections once they are seated on the bench. It must be repeated, however, that there is a bloc on the Court which has consistently held that the way to avoid the errors of prejudice was to stick to the narrowest course of the law, foregoing adventurous excursions into the realm of policy and opinion. And there is a considerable body of precedent for such a course of action. I for one would be more hopeful of justice, on a question of personal liberty or the rights of an unpopular minority party, say, from such judges than from men, however "liberal" or "conservative," who felt called upon to determine public policy at every opportunity!

Working with one another so closely for eight months of every year, the older members of the Court could not help but see one another plain, with no concealments. All through the Court controversy it was reported that the quarrel between "liberal" and "conservative" justices had reached such a point that friendly relations had in certain instances ceased. There was little or no truth in

these reports. To be sure the argument in the conference room was often heated and sometimes acrimonious. But differences of opinion did not carry over to personal relationships. Justices on opposing sides sat at one another's dinner tables as they had always done. For the most part it is a very human kind of understanding that colors the relationship between the members of the Court. And they are united, once they have served on the bench for some length of time, if only by a common jealousy of the institution of which they are a part. Whether "liberal" or "conservative," they speak the same language, the language of a very special craft. It could scarcely be otherwise since perforce they must give up their lives to the Court with an almost monastic singleness of interest.

In the past there have been rivalries and antagonisms within the Court and undoubtedly such exist to-day. It would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to find nine saintly men. Perhaps the nearest approach to a quarrel within the Court came as a result of Chief Justice Hughes' letter on the President's bill to reform the judiciary. In the course of his letter the Chief Justice presented the facts as to the status of the Court's work and then proceeded to express the opinion that it would be unconstitutional for the Court to sit in sections—that is, to divide up so that one set of justices would be passing upon petitions while another group wrote opinions. The Chief Justice wrote that he had consulted Justice Van Devanter and Justice Brandeis, who were in agreement, and added that, while time had not permitted him to confer with the other members of the Court, he was confident that they too would have approved the letter. Everyone assumed that he must have known the opinions of the other members beyond any doubt.

The fact is that certain justices did not approve the course of their Chief. The first information they had about the Hughes letter was from the newspapers. It was proper, these justices felt, for the Chief to report on the work of the Court;

but he had no right to express an opinion on the Court's procedure and function without consulting all of its members. In the indignation of the moment a quarrel might well have been engendered. It was avoided by the forbearance of those who felt the Chief Justice's action had been unwarranted.

VI

On Saturday at noon, about the time that other men are going out for an afternoon of golf, the Court meets in conference to decide the cases that have already been heard. Each justice has before him a mimeographed agenda, usually three legal pages in length, listing petitions for certiorari, petitions for rehearing and finally cases submitted and argued. In the latter category there may be anywhere from ten to seventeen or eighteen cases listed, and presumably each justice is prepared to write an opinion in each case. He has heard it argued and presumably he has studied the briefs.

When the petitions are disposed of—and here too each justice is presumably familiar with each application—the Chief polls the court on Case No. 1, the newest justice in point of service voting first. Next the Chief calls for arguments on Case No. 1, the oldest justice in point of service expressing himself first. This continues until each case has been disposed of. There is considerable informality in this procedure, which is fixed only by precedent. As a matter of fact certain of the justices, "liberals" and "conservatives," have met the previous afternoon, late on Friday, to discuss the agenda prior to the formal meeting. The Saturday afternoon session continues until four-thirty or five o'clock, considerably later if there is a closely contested case.

The Chief Justice does not assign the various cases for opinions until after this meeting has broken up. In the evening a Supreme Court messenger comes to each justice's home with the assignment. This is home work for the two weeks that the Court is to be in recess. During recent

months, with Justice Cardozo ill and two new men on the bench, the home work has been extremely arduous. Out of habit the justices long in service work in their homes rather than in the superlative (superfluous might be a better word) quarters provided in the new Supreme Court building. In recess the work of opinion writing customarily continues until six-thirty or seven and study lights often burn again after dinner.

Instead of writing two opinions, certain members of the Court at present write four or five during the two weeks' recess. They have a deadline to make; the printer is waiting. And when the proofs come back the task is sometimes to be done over again, with interlinings and corrections making up what is virtually a brand new text. The justice's law clerk and his secretary wait into the evening for the process to be completed.

Sometimes when the vote has been split an extremely forceful opinion will cause the dissenting members of the Court to change their views. And this evokes in the justice who has written the majority opinion a craftsman's satisfaction.

What disturbs some of the justices nowadays is the fear that the Court will fall behind in its work. Having refuted the charge that they failed to keep pace with the burden of work brought up to them, they must now live up to this reputation. For this reason they hope that subsequent appointees will be men of juridical experience or, failing that, wide legal training and background.

There are those among the President's advisers of course, and particularly in the new folklore school, who put this down to a kind of capricious whimsy. Juridical craftsmanship, they feel, is so much nonsense. Common sense is all that is necessary and the presence of a lay person on the court might be very salutary. (*What brand of common sense is never specified.*) After all it is merely a form of magic that these old men practice. One can only reply that it must be skillful magic if it is to work. For it is quite obvious that there are magicians and magicians.



NEW ORLEANS: A FIRST IMPRESSION

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE trip did not begin well. As a rule I do not mind train journeys in America, but I took a great dislike to this one from New York to New Orleans. I left early on Saturday afternoon. On Saturday evening, after we had passed Washington, everybody began coughing. That is all I have to record. In the pullman, the club car, the diner they all coughed, and then I began coughing too. If I could find any deep significance in this you may be sure I would find it; but I cannot, and it must remain a simple fact: we coughed. Perhaps we were clearing our throats for the Deep South. Then followed one of the longest Sundays I ever remember. It was like a return to the interminable yawning Sabbaths of childhood. We ran through Georgia under a low blanket of cloud and then through Alabama in the rain. If there was anything to see I missed it. The men's room was filled with men even fatter than myself; the books I had with me had no more savor than the train's food; even dozing was hard work and seemed to consume no time at all. We were all lotus-eaters without a supply of lotus. I have crossed the Atlantic in what seemed a shorter time. When at last we crept into New Orleans it was not merely raining, it was pouring. The station was black and wet; all the porters had been drowned; and I lugged my two heavy bags through the drenching dark in search of a taxi.

Next morning it was still raining. From my window at the St. Charles Hotel I could see the illuminated time signal, advertising somebody's coffee, which I

had noticed the night before. This sinister piece of decoration points an arrow at each passing minute, and did I not believe in the Fourth Dimension I should have felt it was signalling my very life away. Street cars, not half so heroic in size as those of my childhood, went groaning through the rain. The local paper told girls how to be popular at parties ("Don't be tongue-tied if he toasts you"), and when, in idiotic despair, I turned on the radio in my room, it implored me to visit somebody's furniture shop. Dimly below shone the names of beers and cigars, but they were the usual standardized beers and cigars. The Yellow Cabs by the pavement's edge to me were Yellow Cabs and nothing more. Was this the wicked old witch of the South? I think that there and then I might have rushed back to the train if there had not suddenly come to my nose, from all over the city at once, the enchanting smell of roasting coffee. And then the sun came out and the telephone began to ring.

It must be said at once, before we begin to quarrel. I have met with much kindness and hospitality in American cities, but none has offered me more than New Orleans did. I felt I might easily have been allowed to stay there forever as a guest, and have been drowned in Sazerac cocktails, smothered in delicious seafood. If there is a city in England, old or new, where a wandering American author would be instantly received with such warm hospitality I am afraid I do not know where it is. There is a mystery here. The English public, considered

as an entity, is far more easy-going, affectionate, loyal to old favorites than the American public is. There is a decided streak of hardness or even downright cruelty in the latter. Yet the individuals who make up this American public seem to be kinder and more generous than the individual English are. If anybody has an explanation of this I shall be glad to have it. Meanwhile, whatever could be done for a stranger was done by the citizens of New Orleans, led by the charming Roark Bradfords. If I did not eat and drink everything there worth eating and drinking (and I did my best) that was not their fault. If I did not see everything worth seeing that was my indolence and not their indifference. The keys of the city were mine for the asking.

Like any other tourist, I began by exploring the Vieux Carré, wandering up and down Royal Street, Bourbon, and Chartres. The charm of their crumbling little houses, with their patios and iron trellises, has not been exaggerated. Here is an antique grace. The Creoles, like the other people of their time, built with an air; though they were probably not consciously creating beauty. In those days, what was done casually, for strictly utilitarian purposes, was done well. Nowadays, except with our airplanes and ships and automobiles, we have to make a severe effort to escape ugliness. If we want something graceful and handsome we have to call in architects and special designers and the like. But when the Creoles were building Royal Street, if you ordered an iron balustrade, a staircase, a chair, the trade calmly tossed you back a thing of grace and charm. The workmen labored in a tradition, and as the tradition was good, the work was good. (So to this day in the Cotswolds in England if you commission the local builders to erect a house for you it is a good house, because the tradition in which they work is still good.) This explains why you can eat so superbly in New Orleans. The French have lived here, and the French have a tradition of noble cooking. The mysterious rich dishes they bring you at

Antoine's, Galatoire's, Arnaud's or La Louisiane are not French and could not be obtained in Paris; they are as American as browned hash or deep-dish apple pie; but the tradition behind them, like the ritualistic solemnity of the very waiters, is French. When you eat (as you must) *huîtres en coquille à la Rockefeller* or *pompano en papillotte* at Antoine's you are making the best of two worlds, Europe and America, the Old and the New; for though the raw materials are American, the artistry and the tradition are French. These restaurants are New Orleans at its highest pitch. Not only is their food magnificent, but the rooms themselves, so square and plain and sensible, like the elderly waiters in their alpaca jackets, are at once homely and charming, like a good old host. If all the city and its life were on the same level as its restaurants what a place it would be! What wisdom and nobility there would be in its public life! What art it would produce! What philosophies and sciences! What exquisite women and astounding men! The Mississippi would be curling round another and greater Athens of the golden age. But alas there is nothing in the city to compare with these restaurants, and nothing it has accomplished is fit to be mentioned with its *huîtres en coquille* or *pompano en papillotte*. The spirit that flames around its *crêpes suzette* is perhaps the noblest it has known.

The antique shops along Royal Street offer you the loot of a thousand decayed plantation homes, the spoils of the defeated Old South. They confirm the suspicion that whatever else these rich slave-owners may have had, they had not good taste. Here behind these shop windows are the new-rich Forties and Fifties at their worst. Too much gilt and tormented glass. Too many unnecessary curls and twists. A nightmare of unmeaning, superfluous decoration. What fortunes must have been spent importing this glittering junk and having it shipped and carted, piece by piece, to its place behind the tall white pillars! It is as inferior to what I have seen in old houses

farther north as the lush bad verse and fiction of the South was when compared with Emerson and Thoreau.

Where these old streets have not decked themselves out to catch the tourist's eye, they are most dingy, forlorn, melancholy. The real life has departed from them. What remains is nothing more than a shadow and a fusty smell. I prefer the American Quarter, the solid houses among trees, that you find to the right of St. Charles Avenue. It is pleasant to go wandering there, remembering the golden Fifties when this was the richest city in the Union, just as it is to explore the newer garden suburb near the wide shore of Lake Pontchartrain, or to circle the city until you reach the heavily bearded live oaks of Chalmette, or to see the last big river steamer, now run for tourists, moving with pomp down the surprisingly narrow channel of the Mississippi. Between nearly every two landmarks of the old city (apart from the Vieux Carré) there are wide stretches of the modern city, which, after all, is twice the size of the place of the great days, and contains at least twice as many people. But this is like any other American city, offering as it does so many standardized national products, the only difference being that here is clearly a sub-tropical town and that even in these newer quarters it still has a faintly raffish air. The Puritan tradition never meant anything here, and the absence of it still leaves a mark. There is here that rather Latin atmosphere of sunshine, saints, and sinners, which is not at all North American.

II

As everybody knows, New Orleans is largely built on a swamp. A cellar there is impossible. A foot or two below ground means water, and plenty of it. Therefore the dead are buried above ground, in vaults or sometimes in brick tiers that look like gigantic ovens. I explored only one of these famous cemeteries, and that was the old burying ground in Girod Street. This place is

not really old. The dates on some of the vaults are quite recent. But it suggests a moldering antiquity beyond that of the Valley of the Kings at Luxor. That Girod Street cemetery will remain in my mind, or rather haunt my imagination, as a symbol of decay and dissolution. Everything there was crumbling, rotting away. The very marble, I will swear, was turning to a damp gray pulp. Probably nightmare creatures were feeding and breeding in the swampy soil beneath the vaults. A solitary midnight visit to that graveyard would be a test beyond my nerves. Poe would have been very happy and creative in that place. It had exactly the atmosphere of his more characteristic charnel-house pieces. I could not help feeling that he and it belonged to the same world, and that it was not a world that I knew or liked or wanted to explore more thoroughly.

Indeed, at the risk of being thought a fanciful idiot, I will confess that that cemetery never stopped haunting my mind during the remainder of my stay in the city. I visited the Federal and Group Theaters there, and talked with their energetic and enthusiastic young directors. I looked at the warehouses along the levee. I stared at the animals and birds in Audubon Park. I dined and talked with charming citizens. I caught a glimpse of some remaining plantation houses, white ghosts among sad, dark-green foliage. I read the passionate denunciations of civic government that local socialists showered upon me. I read half-a-dozen fat books, written with sincerity and charm, about New Orleans and the old Deep South. I looked at the excellent shops along Canal Street. I drank my Sazeracs with the rest of them. I discussed local trade and politics, manners and literature, climate and scandal. I saw the local amateurs give an excellent performance of a Broadway comedy in the delightful Little Theater of the Vieux Carré. I did nearly all the pleasant things a visitor can do in New Orleans. But I could not get that cemetery out of my mind.

This is a city and a part of the world in which everything ages at a frightful speed. A building fifty years old looks as if it were fighting a losing battle with the centuries. Gardens that were made five-and-twenty years ago look like antique wildernesses. The hothouse climate brings everything to a quick maturity and then condemns it to a shabby lingering death. At evening, outside the city, you see the sinister mists rising from the swamps. There is something menacing, diseased, about the very water in the *bayous*. The sunsets are sudden, swollen, purple, as if the day had been suffering from a high blood pressure and had just had an apoplectic stroke. Men of our race cannot thrive in such a climate. Our characteristic virtues cannot flower in this soil. It is not too fanciful, I think, to see the much-admired social life and culture of the Deep South as but another victim of this hothouse process. I read Lyle Saxon's delightful *Old Louisiana* and there I found some capital firsthand accounts of that old life, which has been mourned so passionately. Here and there we come upon a page or two of genuine romance, the authentic, thrilling, heartbreaking thing itself. Thus, Mr. Saxon gives us, in his chapter called "An Old Lady's Letters," a remembrance of the actual swift passing of the lush plantation era. It died, that golden age, in a single morning, that morning, described by the old lady, when the young men in their uniforms marched down to the wharf to embark for the war. They were smothered in glorious red roses; the "bonnie blue flag" fluttered into the breeze; the women waved their handkerchiefs and sunshades; and as the boat moved down the river, the band played "The Girl I left Behind Me"; and when the boat was out of sight it was all over; a whole age had perished. She describes her last visit to the plantation, at the close of the war:

I went down the road, singing gaily to attract the negroes' attention, but only one cabin door opened and the old housekeeper came out to see me. She was the only negro

left in the quarters; all the other cabins were empty. When I got to the big gate which led to the fields, I looked through, expecting to see the fields white with cotton, and the cotton pickers with their baskets. But there were no negroes, and there were no cotton fields lying snowy in the sunshine. Not a soul was in sight, and the fields were bare and brown. I turned and walked back to the house, blinded by tears of disappointment and sorrow. At the gate of the flower garden I met "Mammy." Her head was bent down and she was crying.

Notice how beautifully that is told. It is significant that no description she gives us of the plantation when it was bustling, wealthy, alive compares with this account of its desolation and death. The lovely legend has begun. The light that never was on land or sea now begins to play on these cotton fields. Figures out of a dream, enchanting ghosts, now begin to bow and smile and move through the dance in these forsaken plantation houses. Dixie is born, to keep company with Cockaigne, Avalon with its unfading apple blossom, the Isles of the Blessed.

After all, what exactly was it that died then? What was the quality of this life in which old New Orleans, so rich and gay, was the glittering metropolis? We have long noticed, with growing suspicion, that it produced little or nothing of intellectual or æsthetic value, far less than certain grim puritanical places among the sharp winds and Atlantic blizzards of New England. During the first settlement of Louisiana by American planters, for the most part active and resolute men, there was no time to do anything but attend to the great fields of sugar-cane and cotton, to move the produce down the river, to plan and build. But then there came the thirty years of affluence, from 1830 to 1860, when there were miles of steamers alongside the wharfs of New Orleans, when slave labor and the rolling Mississippi together produced an annual golden harvest, when prosperity and leisure created a temporary aristocracy. These are the years that have been so extravagantly mourned. New Orleans, we are given to understand, was the glamorous capital of an empire of gallant men and fair women. But

what did they produce, what have they left us, these once fortunate beings? What great works, what great figures, can we remember them by? Consider the array of giants that Florence marshaled in eighty years of prosperity, the vast legacy of genius that tiny city bequeathed us. We search the streets of New Orleans for some remembrance of past genius — and find a chess player. Nor does the life that fed the city in that golden age offer us any more signs of greatness. These people in their white plantation houses, surrounded by slaves, with wealth pouring in for several decades, seem to have created nothing but a doubtful legend of romantic gestures and easy living. The men were brave, the women pretty, and that seems to be the end of it. When one looks more closely at them one's respect does not increase.

Mr. Saxon, who cannot be regarded as being prejudiced against his native State, found the diary of a fashionable young planter of the Fifties, considers him a fairly typical figure, and gives us a number of revealing quotations from it. The young man may have been incredibly handsome, chivalrous, gallant, the perfect figure of Southern romance; but the fact remains that on any reasonable judgment of humanity, he must be considered an idle young nincompoop. Most of his time appears to have been passed in exchanging visits with his hordes of neighboring relatives. There never was such a youth for family parties. His life seems to have been a perpetual Christmas holiday. The only genuine note of enthusiasm he sounds is when he meets his three girl cousins: "Oh the young ladies! Where there are young ladies, there is also happiness and amusements, pleasures and divertissements reign supreme!" On another occasion, he bumbles: "All the fine dresses came out; the young ladies were loving and looked angelical, and the beaux were dressed up tip-top and had a noble, strapping appearance. The deportment of all was distinguished and delightful. We delighted in the company of the many sweet and charming

belles that had this day met in Natchitoches. . . ." This young man was supposed to be studying law, and as he did not appear to be making much progress, among so many enchanting cousins and hospitable aunts, his father decided to send him for a few months to live in the town, fifteen miles away. This terrible exile produced a heart-rending scene:

When I took leave of my mother and sister, the tears which they had thus far restrained, could no longer be held back, and flowed down their cheeks in rapid streams. At this touching sight I mingled my tears with theirs. . . . I rode off in an agony of grief. . . . After my father had left me I was defenseless, a prey to every sad reflection possible.

It is like having a glimpse of the private lives of orchids and gardenias. Nothing less than a war, one feels, could bring any sense of reality into such an existence. How could such hothouse personages produce anything of value? They are ghosts now, and were little more than ghosts then.

New Orleans, we are told over and over again, is beyond any other American city the city of Romance. But what is Romance? If it is simply a combination of the odd, picturesque, and raffish, then the supremacy of the old New Orleans cannot be challenged. Quadroon Balls, resulting in the more favored girls being installed in the little white houses along Rampart Street; duels under the sad, moss-bearded oaks; masters of fence swaggering down Exchange Alley; Canal Street ablaze with the lights of the gambling hells; young men hurrying from the river steamers to the roaring saloons and brothels; all the harlots and their "madames" and their "fancy men"; Marie Laveau and Voodoo, the influence of which lingers to this day in the smaller drug-stores of the city, where "Boss-fix" and other magical powders may still be purchased; the chronicle of debauchery, ignorance, and sheer idiocy is well known. All this is in the past. We are not reformers faced with a stinking city to clean up. We can afford to be tolerant. But at least we have a right to demand, where

there is so much talk of Romance, that our imaginations shall be caught and held, that out of the long tale of greed, sensuality, dirt, and silliness a few figures will emerge that will light up our minds. Prostitution is not Romance. Indeed, it is the very opposite of Romance to any mind that has really passed its adolescence. But even here there might be a figure or two to catch the imagination, like the younger Dumas' lady of the camellias. Possibly among those little white houses along Rampart Street there was genuine Romance, darkened with the tragedy of miscegenation. But the stories, if there are any, have not come my way. Meanwhile, these long chronicles of the "good old days" of the "City of Sin" seem to me as repellent as, and far more dreary than, that sickening cemetery in Girod Street. These Kate Townsends and Hattie Hamiltons and Fannie Sweets are anything but figures of Romance. They do not light up the mind that contemplates them. They and their like were a gang of detestable harpies who preyed on fools. The crimes with which some of them were associated were merely bestial, without a glimmer of high tragedy. One of the favorite sports of this golden age of "the sporting life" was rat-catching, and a flavor of rat-catching—something small, mean, bestial—hangs about the whole epoch. It is possible to play the fool—to drink and gamble and fornicate away all one's resources and health and manhood—with a certain amount of style; but I do not catch a glimpse of style here. On examination, the wild wicked legend of the gay city of the South begins to shrivel to a mumbled tale of waterfront harpies and sots. It could be matched in any old seaport.

You must look at the negroes here rather than at the whites to find genuine Romance. The pitiful quadroon girls, probably believing that a miracle would be worked for each of them and that her own particular ardent young Creole would break all the rules and offer marriage in the end, they are not unromantic. The strange weekly dances of the negroes

in Congo Square, these were romantic; for it was as if to these simple bewildered black folks the square in the white man's town was suddenly transformed into a clearing in the African forest. They had lost all knowledge of Africa, but Africa had not forgotten them, and once a week it set their feet shuffling and their voices chanting again, as if Time had run back and there had not yet been a slave raider on the Ivory Coast. For the same reason, the elaborate idiocies of Voodoo are touched with genuine Romance. Into this New World the ancient jungle sorceries of the Old World, now sadly reduced in stature and prestige, found their way. The charms and spells of the vast African forests came to have a place in the minor commerce of New Orleans. Marie Laveau, a hair-dresser by trade, became queen of the dark witches, a name to frighten naughty children with, a legendary figure of sorcery. This is Romance.

So too is the astonishing history of characteristic negro songs and dance rhythms. Years and years before the rest of the world had heard them, while we were all still waltzing and doing our sets of lancers and quadrilles, here in New Orleans the colored folk were chanting their "blues." And it was here that Jazz was born. We are told that an itinerant band of street lads used to perform on homemade instruments in the saloons and houses of the Red Light district as long ago as the early Nineties. They called themselves the *Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band*. About 1900 a dance-hall proprietor formed an adult band to imitate the antics of these urchins, and it called itself the *Razzy Dazzy Jazz Band*. And now the whole world, from Singapore to Sidney, contorts itself nightly to these rhythms and these spasmodic orchestrations; the ether is loud with its despairing ejaculations; a vast industry, wide as the globe, has grown up round these dance tunes; and it is possible that future historians, as they look back upon us with melancholy amazement, will label this the Jazz Age. Is this Romance? It is.

III

Modern New Orleans is in a curious position. It is twice the size of the old Creole capital of the South. The city has had a tradition of bad government, and if there is any truth in the passionate pamphlets that found their way into my room at the St. Charles ("Racketeers and Slot Machine Kings Control New Orleans. Our City Hall to-day is the headquarters of the underworld . . ."), that tradition more than lingers. But in spite of official mismanagement much has been accomplished. Plagues no longer devastate the city. The mighty river is being tamed. Hold-ups, frequent only a few years ago, are now rare. (But one of the pamphlets informs me that the local secretary of the Socialist Party was attacked and brutally beaten by two thugs this last August.) There has been a good deal of building, though a slum-clearance program was never carried out. The colleges, on their spacious sites opposite Audubon Park, make a fine show. The city is well served with newspapers, having no less than four daily papers, one of which, the old *Times-Picayune*, can boast of having had a number of well-known writers on its staff. A few writers and artists of importance have made the city their headquarters. Its cultural life, however, hardly compares favorably with that of many other American cities. The opera and the theater of the old days have disappeared, and now its music and drama are supplied by amateurs. The strictly contemporary city seems mediocre, offering nothing better than a hundred other American towns. Indeed, in what makes for an attractive urban life—always with the exception of its famous old restaurants—New Orleans does not compare with a dozen other American cities. It seemed to me to lack their immediate suggestion of wealth, smartness, good brains, and to have something definitely provincial about it. Indeed, this is the paradox of its present position, that while it has been growing it has also been

dwindling. The New Orleans that fell to the Federal Fleet in 1862, though not half the size of the present city, was one of the famous places of the world, a glittering capital, a gaudy metropolis, to be seen to be believed. Nobody would pretend that the New Orleans of to-day cuts such a figure in men's minds. People who have no business to transact there visit it not for what it is now but for what it once was. It does not live on its past, as its mounting population shows; but such imaginative life as it has is rooted in the past, and what belongs to the present, except for the glorious restaurants, is commonplace, provincial, rather second-rate, the usual run of chain stores and Hollywood amusement houses. It is a city with a past, and yet, oddly enough, a comparatively short-lived past, not to be compared with that enjoyed by many Northern towns; and if the South does begin all over again (or has begun, for I must be on the safe side), I do not see New Orleans suddenly blossoming again into the glamorous capital of its new empire.

The obvious comparison among American cities is with San Francisco. They are both about the same size, both seaports with a rackets, magazine-story past, and both equally removed from the usual American tradition of urban life. I have the same superficial acquaintance with both cities, so I have the right to speak out of my ignorance. Without hesitation, I would cast my vote for the Pacific city, for the fog and the flowers and the sparkling bay, the astonishing hills and the tall white buildings waiting for the next earthquake. There is a breadth and zest and sparkle about San Francisco among its hills that I have not found in this city of the swamp; though if I were given magic boots, I would dine nearly every night in New Orleans and then perhaps stay so long (for the place hums with good stories and the people are excellent *raconteurs*) that I should suddenly be terrified and hurry away into the night, toward the mountains and the desert where the real American romance begins.

than China is to-day, and soon after the middle of the next century we should have packed within our borders a population equal to that of the entire globe to-day.

What has happened to upset so suddenly the "statistical regularity" which is supposed to prevail among large masses of humanity? Is the quick reversal of the menace from surplus to deficit a world-wide phenomenon, or is it confined to certain countries, and if so which? What does this spectacular slowing up of population growth portend for the welfare of mankind? What are its bearings upon national prosperity, international peace, depressions and the business cycle, the status of marriage and the family, the class struggle, and so on down the limitless list of human interests? It is beyond doubt that of all social questions none is so vital, so pervasive, and so intimately entwined with all human affairs as that of population, in both its quantitative and qualitative aspects.

Taking the simplest question first, it may be said that up to the present the rapid decline in the rate of population growth (it is important to distinguish between changes in the *rate of growth* and changes in the numerical population itself) is essentially a phenomenon of Western civilization. Eastern peoples seem to be maintaining the prodigious rates of the Nineteenth Century. Japan is adding over one million a year to a population of about seventy million. Data are lacking to tell us precisely what is going on in China and India, not to mention more backward countries, but there is no reason to suppose that their rate of growth has slowed up appreciably. But Western Europe tells a very different story.

Fortunately our understanding of what is going on in Europe has been greatly facilitated by the recent development of a new method of forecasting the future, for which we are indebted to an internationally known statistician, Dr. R. R. Kuczynski. His technic combines the merits of simplicity and precision. It is based on the patent fact that **women** are

more immediately involved in procreation than are men. An index of the probable growth of a community is furnished by the number of mothers that function therein, generation after generation. In order to maintain a population at a given level it is necessary that the mothers of one generation produce enough daughters so that, allowing for deaths before marriage, celibacy, and sterility, those daughters may furnish the same number of mothers to the next generation. If such a balance is kept up year after year the population will remain stationary; if each generation of mothers produces more than enough daughters to take their place the population will grow; but if they produce less there will be an inevitable diminution—barring immigration of course.

The conclusions reached by Kuczynski as the result of a study of contemporary European conditions are startling. Taking the figure 100 as representing a *net reproduction rate* just sufficient to maintain a stationary population, he discovers that the rate in all Western and Northern Europe is about 0.93, and surprisingly enough, the figures for Germany (0.89) and for England and Wales (0.88) are lower than those for France (0.937). Stated in simple language, this means that in hardly one of the important countries of Northwestern Europe are the mothers of to-day bearing enough children to keep up the population, in the light of the existing probable hazards of death, celibacy, and sterility. All of this great region is already in an intrinsic state of population decline. Kuczynski's figures are for 1926, and it is probable that the situation has become more, rather than less, acute since that date, in spite of Germany's vigorous efforts to check the trend.

In the United States, according to Lorimer and Osborn, the figure stood at just about 100 in 1934, and as the unquestionable trend is downward, it is probable that this country also has already entered a stage of population decrease. This does not show in the ordinary crude

statistics. Births as a whole still exceed deaths. But this is due to the fact that the group of women who are producing the children of to-day are themselves the product of the higher birth rate of a generation ago. When their daughters reach the age and status of mothers they will not be nearly so numerous as the present group.

II

So what? Will these trends continue into an indefinite future? Will this decline go on until the American nation is wiped out? What is the meaning of the situation with respect to national stability and welfare? And what are the causes? Are there grounds here for deep public consternation and alarm? Ought there to be a law?

These are timely questions. For there is scarcely any other social phenomenon that will so surely and speedily arouse the concern of the ordinary citizen, once he becomes thoroughly conscious of it, as the prospect—not to say the actuality—of a declining population. Such a situation is customarily regarded both as a sign of national decadence and as a presage of national calamity. The reasons for this attitude need not detain us here. Whether it be the result of rational sociological analysis or of hoary traditional assumptions and crude emotional thinking does not matter—it exists, and as such it is a powerful social force. Herein lies at least one menace of the present situation. Even though the trend itself be not socially detrimental, the majority of the populace *will believe that it is* and will act accordingly. Once let the reality of a declining population sink into the consciousness of the man on the street and he will individually and collectively set up a resounding howl. All sorts of ill-considered and crack-brained remedies will be proposed. There will be a demand for the lowering of our immigration bars and for the admission of the representatives of any race who are "sturdy and virile" enough to maintain a surplus productivity. All sorts of schemes will

be advanced for the stimulation of our own native birth rate—taxes on bachelors, bonuses for large families, campaigns for the revival of birth-control taboos, relaxation of the canons of legitimacy, modifications of home and family life, and so on. Very few of these proposals will have any relation to the underlying conditions of social injustice, economic anachronism, and personal insecurity that tend to check the birth rate, and the worst of them are just as likely to be adopted as the best. Many of them are certain to be dysgenic in character.

In the light of these facts nothing is more imperative to-day than a wide dissemination of the truth about population growth and a thorough popular understanding of the principles that govern it and the social significance of its various manifestations.

The starting point of such an understanding is the recognition that mankind is fundamentally a species of animal, struggling for survival and increase in a competitive world economy. The principles of human reproduction are basically the same as those of any other highly developed mammal and the processes of man's multiplication are primarily "natural." To the extent that any distinctive aspects have been introduced into his population growth, they are to be considered merely as modifications of the natural plan, achieved through the application of specifically human traits.

Now the pattern of nature in this field is harsh and cruel in the extreme. However "kindly," "beneficent," and "bounteous" Mother Nature may be in some of her other manifestations, in this particular area she establishes the all-time high of stepmotherliness. She equips her creatures with a prodigious capacity for procreation, backs it up with a powerful and irresistible instinctive urge, and then lays before the resulting exuberant progeny an absolutely fixed and limited amount of subsistence. This means that every species in nature must submit to the great law of stationary population, and this in turn means a wholesale elimina-

tion of surplus individuals. On the average, and in the long run, only two of the offspring of any given pair of animals, however prolific they may be, can live to maturity and become parents in their turn. Nature achieves her control of population through death; and the lethal toll, being laid primarily on the newborn, involves a continuous slaughter of the infants that would make Herod seem a piker.

In the beginning of man's existence he must have been subject to essentially the same regulations. His capacity for reproduction, like that of every other organism, was sufficient to enable him to overcrowd the globe in a very few generations if there were nothing to stop it. Just what his potential rate of multiplication was, or is to-day, we do not know precisely. Malthus, basing his conclusions on the experience of the American colonies, adopted as a conservative estimate the rate of doubling every twenty-five years. Later data have supported him.* The United States furnishes the outstanding large-scale example of recorded rapid increase. When we took our first census in 1790 there were almost exactly four million persons in the country. The census of 1930 revealed about one hundred and twenty-three million. That is to say, in a period of 140 years the population of the country had increased nearly thirty-one fold. Just imagine what the situation would be if we should increase another thirty-one fold in the next 140 years! Even making due allowance for the influence of immigration, this indicates a tremendous capacity for increase.

Yet all the information available indicates that until the latest moment of cosmic time the growth of the entire human population has been infinitesimally slow. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century there was an aggregate of about 750 million people in the world. Allowing a span of one million years for man's pre-

vious existence, it appears that the average net increase of the entire human species up to that time was only about 750 a year. Admitting that this is a rather extreme use of the simple arithmetical average, it, nevertheless, remains clear that the population of the world up to a century and a half ago was much more nearly stationary than we are inclined to suppose. And in spite of all the ingeniously fantastic and painful methods devised by primitive man to avoid unwanted births, there can be no question that the rigid control of population within these narrow limits was accomplished almost exclusively through nature's great agency of death.

And then suddenly something happened. From the 750 million total of 1800, the population of the world sprang to nearly 1,700 million in 1900. It stands at about two billion to-day. In brief, during the Nineteenth Century humanity added much more to its total volume than it had been able to pile up during the previous million years, and in 150 years it nearly trebled the number. These are the most amazing figures in the whole gallery of statistical pictures. Their essential significance is actually incomprehensible. We are blind to it only because the habituation of our own individual lifetimes causes us to regard as "natural" or "normal" that which is really absolutely unique in human experience.

The problem of the immediate present has to do with the causes of this phenomenal growth, the probabilities of its continuance, and the social values involved in either its continuance or its cessation.

Examining the second point first, it is perfectly clear that the growth of the past three or four generations could not possibly be maintained. Figures have already been cited to indicate how fantastic the consequences would be. There are no limits to a geometrical ratio. If the rate of doubling every 25 years had been actually maintained in the past, the present population of the world could have been produced in about twenty-five

* A concrete illustration of the possibilities is furnished by the record of two brothers who married two sisters in Lille, France, in 1830. One hundred and three years later these two couples had 835 living descendants.

generations. That is to say, Adam and Eve would have had to live only 750 years ago. William the Conqueror and his consort could have started it all with a hundred years to spare. No, some check on this extraordinary increase had to come, and soon. This conclusion is supported by an examination of the causes of the strange phenomenon. The continuous growth of human population, slow as it was, was made possible by the use of two distinctively human achievements. These were, first, the gradual appropriation of the entire earth's surface as the habitat of humanity, and second, the development of an economic culture which forced the globe to render far more subsistence to man than it had offered naturally. At about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century these two expedients came into an unprecedented conjunction through the discovery and opening up to exploitation of the Western Hemisphere and through the Industrial and Commercial Revolutions. This extraordinary combination gave mankind as a whole a chance such as it had never had before. The Nineteenth Century was the answer. The philosophy of expansion and optimism rapidly gained currency and expressed itself in art, literature, religion, politics, economics, and practically every other human interest.

But even this prodigal shower of blessings could not keep pace with man's reproductive tendencies. Speedily the new lands became settled and the products of the new technology were appropriated and assimilated. If the rate of population growth was to continue it required that new continents should be periodically discovered, and epochmaking scientific discoveries and practical inventions should bloom perennially. The former recourse is obviously out of the question. As for technology, no one would wish to put a period to its future developments, and if one has a sufficiently optimistic imagination he can persuade himself that the wealth-producing innovations of the Nineteenth Century may be duplicated indefinitely. But without new land and

augmented natural resources technology alone cannot provide for an indefinite increase of population.

III

It appears, therefore, that a marked diminution in the rate of population growth was not only salutary and welcome, but was a positive physical and mathematical necessity. Sooner or later a more rigid control had to be imposed. If no human method had been available we should have been compelled to submit to nature's method—control by death. The vision of the consequences is terrifying. With the incidence of death by disease and disaster minimized by the achievements of medical and preventive science, there would have been no alternative to death by violence—purposive, deliberate, managed death. The World War was more than a coincidental symbol of the boundary between two eras, and the devastating ruthlessness of Japan's contemporary madness is but a fleeting preview of the events that might take place in a world that had no agency for the control of its biological increase save death.

Fortunately for humanity, during the very period of unprecedented growth, and partly as a result of the same scientific efflorescence which made that growth possible, there were being developed the means of regulating population through birth and the social attitudes and sanctions necessary to make such regulation acceptable. Thus in the countries of Western civilization the decline in the death rate was matched by a diminution in the birth rate. Population continued to grow, but at a much smaller cost in suffering and energy.

But the reduction in the death rate could not go on forever, particularly as a large part of the accomplishment was in the field of infant mortality. In 1900 in the United States 170 out of every thousand children born died before the end of the first year. Now the number is only about 55. Obviously there are lim-

its to this kind of improvement. After you have succeeded in keeping all the babies alive there is nothing more that you can do. In the United States we have only partial knowledge of what has actually happened on account of the limited character of our vital statistics. According to the best evidence, the death rate in 1880 was about 19.8 per thousand and the birth rate about 35.0. Both declined rapidly until 1915, the first year in which official statistics for both are available, when the death rate stood at 13.6 and the birth rate at 25.1. We have a fairly accurate and concrete picture of what has been happening since. The death rate continued to go down until 1921, at which time it leveled off; it has remained pretty constant between 11.0 and 12.0 down to the present. The birth rate, on the contrary, continued to decline, reaching 16.9 in 1935, with no evidence of any tendency to recover.

Here is the basis for contemporary forecasts of the future of population in this country, with the prospect of a balanced population soon after the middle of the present century, and the possibility (and *statistical* probability) of an ensuing actual decrease. And precisely here lie the grounds for apprehension of a sudden emotional upheaval on the part of the general public as soon as the facts become widely known, and a hysterical demand that something be done. In fact, the situation is more acute than the bare figures indicate, for there is every reason to anticipate that the death rate will go up materially within the next two decades, and that the birth rate and death rate curves will meet, not at around 11 or 12, but at 14 or 15. This increase of the death rate will be a purely statistical phenomenon and will not indicate any decline in medical or public-health efficiency. But it will serve to bring the climax nearer.

In attempting to foresee the actual course of future events it is helpful to remember that statistics are merely a graphic representation of social phenomena. They are not the phenomena them-

selves, and they are certainly not the causes that underlie the phenomena. Behind both the death rate and the birth rate are types of human behavior. Deaths take place because men have not learned to counteract the hazards of disease, accident, and senility. Births occur because men and women, in response to a complex of biological, emotional, and social urges, engage in conduct that tends to bring the male and female germ cells together under conditions favorable to fertilization. Let any change occur in any of the human relations that lie back of births and deaths and the statistics will have to be adjusted accordingly.

Every society does its best to cut down the number of deaths among its members. The figure of 11.0 is the measure of the success of the United States up to date. There is no possibility in any society of reducing the death rate to zero. But the birth rate *can* come down to zero, and as things stand in this country now our birth rate is headed straight for that eventuality within a couple of generations. Were this to happen nobody at all would be born, and the population problem would speedily and effectively solve itself. But it is doubtful if anyone in his senses believes that this is really going to happen, regardless of what the statistics indicate. The response to the accessibility of contraception during the past half-century showed that a great many people were having more children than they wanted. The evidence to-day is that the great bulk of our parents want very few children. If this is a socially detrimental and destructive state of affairs it then becomes the task of society to make moderate fertility sufficiently attractive so that married couples will deliberately plan to have enough children, on the average, to maintain a stationary population. It is no longer possible, nor is it desirable, to rely for the maintenance of the population on unwanted babies. For this would mean that the bulk of the increase would come from the least intelligent, the least foresighted, the poorest educated, and the least self-controlled ele-

ments of the populace. And this is not eugenic.

IV

And so we come to the conclusion of the whole matter.

The present decline in the rate of our population growth should be welcomed as an intelligent human adaptation to a situation that otherwise would have called for drastic and painful "natural" methods of correction. There is no doubt that a century or two of stationary population the world over would be a boon to mankind at least equaling the material blessings of the Nineteenth Century. If and when the time comes that the downward movement should be checked, the leaders of social thought and feeling must be ready to propose changes in the general social economy that will make voluntary childbearing on the part of the more thoughtful elements of society desirable. There are abundant and obvious features of the contemporary scene to account for the fact that to-day it is not.

In the meantime, certain attitudes and responses seem to be indicated for us all:

1. We should not be alarmed over the present slowing up of population growth. We are large enough, powerful enough, and technologically competent enough to discard the militaristic argument, and there is no other assignable argument for further increase.

2. Anticipating the approach of the

era of balanced population, we should take advantage of the intervening period to make a dispassionate, objective, scientific study of population principles and their practical application, to the end that citizens may be as well prepared (or much better!) to deal with them as with problems of the tariff, labor relations, and other matters of democratic interest.

3. We should improve the new opportunity to promote eugenic values. The decline in general natality has given a distinct advantage to the eugenics movement. In order to offset the unfavorable "differential fertility" by means of which society has characteristically "bred from the bottom," it is no longer necessary for the definitely eugenic elements to hold their own by prodigious feats of fertility. Even moderate-sized families will now be enough above the average so as to promote the gradual improvement of the stock.

4. And back of all this is our responsibility, individual and social, to correct those maladjustments in the modern world which now discourage procreation on the part of thoughtful people and make small families an almost direct measure of parental foresight and solicitude. No society can expect its socially conscious families to bring large numbers of children into a world that threatens them with economic hardship, political tyranny, and spiritual starvation. Procreation waits upon the assurance of liberty, security, and abundance.



COLLECTIVE LIVING

BY JOHN HYDE PRESTON

THE idea of collective living gives most Americans an emotional fright. It suggests a cross between a college reunion and a summer camp, held together by a concept lifted out of the agricultural program of the Soviet Union. Nowadays the reaction of the average person is almost determined, in fact, by whether he is friendly or unfriendly to the Soviets. This is silly but no doubt inevitable, because the Soviets—and the Mexicans with their *ejidos*—are the only peoples experimenting with collective living on a large scale. But they are doing nothing new. The reader familiar with history will know that the idea is as old as civilization, that it was an animating principle of early Christian communities, that collective living was widespread in the Middle Ages.

Before I tried the experiment of living collectively my only attitude toward it was one of tolerant curiosity. I think I both favored and feared it. What I knew of it in America was from reading about Oneida and Brook Farm, and I was inclined to believe that I had a very good idea of what it would be like. But when the chance finally came to become a member of a collective in the mountains of North Carolina my wife and I both found, not only that our preconceived ideas were inaccurate but that we ourselves were pathetically unprepared for such a life.

The initial shock of it was staggering. After some years of quiet householding in the Connecticut countryside we suddenly found ourselves forced to sit down

to three meals a day with eighty-five to a hundred people, ranging in age from seven to seventy; we had to live, eat, sleep, and work in the midst of all those people and we even had to be polite to them before breakfast. The result was that we lost our appetites, slept badly, and did no work at all. The baby caught our jitters like a disease and filled with her screams the only hours we had alone. By the end of the first week we had decided that the whole business was intolerable. We stayed only because we were too broke to move. Every morning we walked up the mountain—the only escape from people who seemed to have no understanding of two unregenerate individualists—and desperately discussed a way out of this mess.

But there was no way out, so we stayed on in the mess. We stayed five months in all, and not only did we come to like it extremely but we also came to wonder if collective living is not the best and pleasantest possible solution to the problems of both housekeepers and providers. Yes, we even went so far as to wonder if it was not the only civilized way of living and if this business of individual householding was not the most wasteful and stubbornly foolish survival under the sun. We left the collective a year and a half ago, and we are still wondering. In fact, I should confess here that I wrote the first draft of this article shortly after our departure, and it then sounded so enthusiastic, so like a proclamation of conversion, that I put it aside until time could give me a perspective. Since then my wife and I have tried living in another

country and in three different States, and I am more convinced than I was before that individual householding is unnecessarily tiring and nerve-racking, that it is absurdly expensive, and that it cannot produce the fullness which life should have. I do not say that collective living is the whole solution, but it is one solution and a very interesting one.

Most persons who have been to boarding school and college, and all men who have served in the Army or Navy, think they have a pretty good idea of what it means to live collectively; but the truth is that they have no idea at all. For life in a boarding school, in a fraternity or sorority house, in the Army or Navy, is essentially abnormal, narrowed down to a definite age-group and segregating the sexes.

In normal living no such artificial barriers exist. They cannot exist in a true collective, for a collective is simply a multiple household. At *Collectiva* (which is of course not the real name of the place) these barriers have been abolished. *Collectiva* happens to be a college in that it operates for purposes of education; but it is the only one I know of in America—save for a few workers' universities—where eleven children (aged 1 to 12), sixty students (aged 17 to 26 and equally divided as to men and girls), and twenty faculty members (aged 27 to 75) live, work, sleep, and eat under one roof, sharing equal rights and equal responsibilities. It is unlike the ordinary small college and very like the ordinary social group—but faster-paced, more various, more stimulating, and often more irritating.

Not least important is the fact that, although there were no set salaries paid to the faculty at *Collectiva*, nobody seemed to worry about money; probably it would be hard to find in the United States a place so free from economic tensions. The college—which was far from radical—operated under the system fathered by Karl Marx: "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." A married man with children might have

less ability than a bachelor, but his cash income would be two or three times as large. Yet I never heard anyone complain; I never heard any talk about savings; they were realistic enough to know how much one can save holding down a job in New York, Cincinnati, or Omaha these days, and they had what the average job-holder lost long ago—peace of mind. They were saving their nerves.

If these people had drawn regular salaries, maintained separate establishments, and had come to the college only to teach, could they have saved their nerves? The general view is that the professor's modest salary is more than compensated for by the security of his job; but from what I have been able to observe of professors in the average college, they are not noticeably less jittery than bank clerks. While it may be that their jobs do not hang by quite so thin a thread, they spend just as much valuable time and energy worrying over the miserable necessity of making ends meet. At almost any small college in America you will find young instructors and their wives counting the years before a promotion can be expected and they can afford the luxury of a baby or a car. At *Collectiva*, where money was as scarce as the talk about it, the great saving made possible by the collective system provided free medical care and hospitalization for any faculty wife who wished to have a baby, plus food and clothing for the infant after it was born; and any teacher who wanted a car could have one for the asking. Such things came under the head of "normal needs." One was asked only to be reasonable. A request for both a baby and a car in the same year would have met with opposition.

What must impress any newcomer at a place like *Collectiva* is that ordinary people, brought up in a world that attaches an unhealthy importance to money, can not only be reasonable about financial matters but that they can also be extremely generous and unselfish. What happens there of course is that money loses its importance. When a man knows

that he will get plenty to eat, that he will be warmly and comfortably housed, that an illness in the family will cost him nothing, that the expenses of his summer vacation and an occasional trip will be paid for him, money will become a very slight matter in his life and, freed from its tyranny, he will be able to develop as a human being.

Here I am going to try to present the case for collective living chiefly as an experiment to be tried, not by small colleges, but by people who have jobs of every sort, who maintain individual households, who have moderate incomes, who jitter when the dreaded first of the month rolls round, and who may be sufficiently fed up on the thankless struggle for existence to be ready for something new. Before I go on let me make one thing clear. Although I believe that collective living will be more widespread in a future society in America, I do not for a moment entertain the illusion that it might provide a cure for our basic economic ills or that its universal adaptation would lengthen by more than twenty minutes the life span of the painfully expiring capitalist system. It can promise no more than a means of relieving excessive strain in a time of social change.

II

In Connecticut at the present time we live an extremely simple life; we have a small house far out in the country, drive a cheap car, entertain seldom and modestly. Yet our annual expenses for food, rent, light, gas, fuel, and other household incidentals are between \$2500 and \$3000. At Collectiva the annual expense of maintaining three persons for an entire year would be under \$1200 at a generous estimate—a saving of more than fifty per cent.

It is staggering to consider what it would mean, in terms of human happiness and relief from nervous tension, if every family of small income in the United States could find a way to cut the budget for necessities by fifty per cent—or even twenty-five per cent! For the aver-

age American family living on a modest but regular salary, the gulf between peace of mind and constant anxiety is not tremendously wide; many could bridge it with an extra two or three hundred dollars a year. But that extra two or three hundred are never forthcoming somehow in spite of the most careful planning; a baby, an illness, the need of a new roof on the house will dash the best plans in the world; and then by the end of ten years it is two or three thousand of debt—and those haggard, frustrated, bewildered men and women of forty who ride back and forth to work in subways and buses and trains are the very ones who started out not long ago with budgets, confidence, and a feeling that the world wanted them! What does the future hold for them now? Already they know the answer. They are worn out, physically and mentally stagnant; year by year their usefulness decreases, and by the time they are fifty a world brutalized by profits will drop many of them very casually into the industrial ash-can.

I know of nothing that can give one a heavier sense of the futility of human living than to drive through the streets of any town or city in America and look upon the rows of houses with their little gardens and well-kept lawns and a tree or two for shade on Sunday. For every little house a man labors somewhere at a job he may not keep for long and a woman scrubs and washes dishes and hopes for an hour of peace before the baby wakens from its afternoon nap and the older children come home from school, and then in the evening this man and this woman whom God hath joined together sit tired and worried and debate whether they can squeeze a drink or a movie from the budget. It is a barbarous life, in which women who were once young and gay, men who were once courageous and laughing, wear themselves out in a senseless and unending slavery, cooped up in their little "strongholds of American democracy," counting nickels, growing dull, growing irritable, growing old.

The majority of these people would regard the prospect of living collectively with a groan of dismay. They want their own homes, they would say; they want their privacy; they want to do as they please; for what else is life worth living? Real estate dealers, mortgage-holders, and landlords applaud and re-echo these sentiments. The sentiments are worthy; the trouble is that they are used to defraud. Privacy and freedom to live as one pleases are inalienable human rights, but what good are abstract rights if life has to be warped in order to attain them? How much privacy does one have in a house squeezed up against another in Dayton, Ohio? How can a man with a family live as he pleases on thirty-five dollars a week?

Even for a bachelor thirty-five dollars a week is a meager salary; for a man married with a family it means a grubby, dull, and harassed life. But if this same man and his family were to live in a collective, thirty-five dollars a week would be a fortune. It amounts to a little more than \$150 monthly, and even in a collective as small as the one I lived in a family of three adults could be housed very comfortably (in a separate cottage or in an apartment of the main building), fed three meals a day, given free medical care, laundry and maid service, light and heat—all for \$85 a month. So at the end of every month this family would be left with \$65 to do with as they wished: to buy clothes, liquor, and cigarettes, amusements, or a short trip. By the end of a year this monthly saving would add up to nearly eight hundred dollars. In what town in America does a family of three, living on a \$35-a-week salary, have \$800 to spend on incidentals and luxuries during the year?

Something happens to people when they live in such a way that they can be confident of having a little money left at the end of every month. The hard lines relax; the haunted look leaves their eyes; their manner becomes easier, freer, gayer. They laugh and play more and work harder. For work then becomes a

creative part of life rather than a dull sword against the wolf.

Something in particular happens to young wives when they are relieved of the strains of cooking and housekeeping. They not only stay youthful longer, but they have more time for sports, reading, and thought. The lot of the average woman in our civilization is tragic. Take any sensitive charming young girl in America—the likelihood is that she will marry a man of modest income. For the first year or so it will not be so hard even if she cannot afford a maid; she will find time to pursue her outside interests. Then the first baby comes and she has less time; she finds herself cut off more and more from the things she likes to do. Then the second baby, the third; expenses and worries mount; her whole day revolves round her house. The chances are that by the time she is thirty-five she will be a drudge, her intellectual interests dead, her beauty worn away, and her mind narrowed down to family and friends. It is not her fault; she has been held helpless by economic forces beyond her control.

Too many people in the world labor to purchase superficialities. A woman senses some mystic connection between a new dress and her social position; a man must have a new car to impress his neighbor. Under collective living all this sham quickly disappears. Men and women are judged for what they are. One who went without cigarettes in order to buy an expensive hat would be set down for a fool. After you have lived in close company with people day after day and month after month you no longer notice what they are wearing; nothing they did to "fix themselves up" could impress you. You *know* them. They *know* you. It is the easiest and pleasantest of relationships.

There was never any concerted effort to economize at Collectica, but I do not doubt that it would be possible, if the urgency arose, to run a collective of the same size for less money. A staff of nine—six men and three women—did the

cooking and housekeeping there for an average of ninety persons. If a co-operative system were introduced, whereby every member of the collective did his or her share of such work, the staff could be considerably reduced. But I am not sure it would be worth it. For the total cost of service per person came to about fifty cents a week.

III

After five months of living collectively you are inclined to the belief that the average human being, with all his faults, is a pretty decent, tolerant, good-natured, kind, often amusing and stimulating, person, fit to live with honor in any society under the sun.

When you leave the collective and go out into the busy world again a strange and terrible sense of oppression begins to weigh on you. At first you do not know what is happening. People seem different, not quite as you remembered they were. You reflect that perhaps you have been living a very unreal life in the high mountains, that you have become accustomed to an unworldly and artificial island, that you have become afraid of reality. You look round you to find out what "reality" is. But what you see is certainly no more "real" than what you have left. In fact, it seems considerably less real.

The people you see about you are leading strained and twisted and agonized lives, chaotic and disorderly lives, lives that know nothing, that remain willfully ignorant, of their own form and motivation. Only now and again do you meet an individual—a lonely farmer, a lonely scientist or artist—who is a real person, devoid of sham, without a mask, living with a sense of order and peace. You look back unbelievably upon the collective where you knew a hundred or so fairly ordinary people who, by some miracle, seemed to live pretty full lives, who were simple and intelligent, who were orderly and peaceful and unaggressive and whole.

Wondering if it was all a dream, you

seek out the very people who made the collective such an exciting and satisfying place to live in. They have left the collective only for the summer; but already—with a few exceptions—they are on the defensive, like the other people in the world. They even show off a little. Perhaps the trouble is that there are other people in the room whom they don't know, whom they unconsciously need to impress. Then you get them alone and still the former real person refuses to materialize. Finally you become annoyed and, with effort, you break down and ask: "What's the matter? Are you depressed about something? Is something going wrong?" They look momentarily startled and then reply: "I was just going to ask the same thing about you! You seem so tense and guarded."

And it is the truth. With a sudden bitterness you feel how true it is. You have put on your armor against the world; you have fenced yourself in with comfortable lies and deceptions; you have used prejudices to bridge the abysses you can't think across; you are doing sentry-duty on yourself, protecting your ego from unseen attack. All our human relationships are little conspiracies to keep others from knowing how weak we are, how perplexed and lonely and strayed from the center. We expend half our strength to maintain this silence, this dumb mask of seeming—and then one day, perhaps, it becomes too much for us and we run to a psychiatrist and let it come pouring out in order to save our lives. We live in daily fear of exposure, when exposure is what we most need. If we were exposed every morning we should be measured against the wall, and then at last we could begin to grow. At the bottom of every man's heart is the secret longing for an enemy who will come and challenge him in the open, tell him all that there is to be told about him, lay bare his dread and fraudulence and blind aimlessness, and let him start over again, naked as the newborn. But we never feel quite strong enough to face that enemy and let him speak, and so we spend our lives amid the

chatter of friends, well-insulated from reality, pathetic half-men shrunken an inch or two from the stature of manhood that was once attainable.

But what do I know about my friends or they about me? All I can behold is the seeming-person; of the true being-person I catch only the most fleeting glimpses if I see him at all. The being-person is torn between wanting to hide and wanting to reveal himself in all his helplessness. He will try to show himself when he is a little drunk—by the all-too-human tendency to confess—but he is as apt to lie as he is to tell the truth. The nature of our living is such that he can escape to his house and I to mine before we find out about each other—and so face, not the other's scorn, but our own emptiness. It is that of which I am truly afraid. I am afraid that someone will discover the little lies I live by, the mean little excuses by which I run away from myself.

Tolstoi wrote that he learned about men by going into battle at their side and learned about women from whores, and added that he never learned anything basic from a man or woman of culture. It was not because the soldiers and whores were less complex. It was because men who face death and women who face social ostracism quickly throw away the involved defense-mechanisms which keep them from seeing themselves as they are. Culture, the highest refinement of life, darkens the roots. For most of us the roots remain darkened all our time on earth. For modern living does not allow the light to be shed. We have to be "successful"; we have to keep our heads up; we cannot permit our eyes to be turned inward for fear we might behold chaos. Even in times of personal crisis, when we might at last catch a glimpse of ourselves, we avoid it by following the set pattern of "bravery" or "toughness" that the world expects to see.

It is not easy in twentieth-century America for a man to find his real self, even though our civilization makes a cult of "personality." Even in a small town

a man can hide his nature. But he cannot hide it in a collective community; indeed, it seems to me that such a community is almost the only place where he can be stripped of his defense-mechanisms and truly face himself. I don't know exactly how it happens, but I saw it happen time after time. People simply changed. Some changed slowly, others with dramatic rapidity. Something about the atmosphere of intimacy, constant and unavoidable, made human beings out of blurred shadows. The individual came, was subjected to the company and scrutiny of a hundred people, and suddenly, by no one's doing, he was stripped bare and revealed to himself for the first time. His mask would no longer cover his face. His pettiness and confusion were apparent to all eyes; his false pride shrank like a guilty child; he suffered and sweated and tried to sneak away. But finally, if he were any good—and almost everyone is good at bottom—the essential man was found, deep-buried in the self, and began to grow.

After this thing began to happen to people at Collectiva, certain shallow individuals made a cult of pseudo-psychological "personal exposure" and talked in silly phrases, such as "group influence," of a thing which had happened naturally. The interesting thing is that as long as the "personal exposure" cult was fashionable and articulate the re-making of individuals came to a standstill. Once the cult was laughed out of existence people resumed the process of change and development. And when this thing was happening naturally, every day and before one's eyes, that community seemed, of all places in America, as valuable to the novelist or student of human nature as the Sevastopol campaign and the brothels of Moscow were to Tolstoi in his youth. If man be the proper study of man, then such is the proper place. In five months at Collectiva I knew a hundred people more intimately and deeply, and understood better the motivation of their lives, than I knew or understood any single person in the New England vil-

lage where I had lived for five years. And what is perhaps more important, I knew myself better than I had ever dreamed would be possible and I learned how to think impersonally about my own problems for the first time in my life. For where the individual is relegated to the whole the individual comes into full flower.

Most people who say they want to be "individuals" mean that they want to excel somebody else or that they want to be protected from life. They set up a fiction which is an idealized portrait of themselves; then their business is to shield the fiction from attack; they must keep it static in order to keep it intact, and they spend their lives laboring to make the fiction come true in terms of "success." The more successful they are—as business men, artists, housekeepers—the less likely the fiction is to go to pieces under strain. The popularity of a writer like Dale Carnegie attests to the pathetic need of Americans to bolster up the fiction of an unreal, mechanized self. To Mr. Carnegie friendship does not mean what it has meant to generations of men; it means a commercial transaction, a way of making "contacts," a means to money and influence—an insincere artifice that has nothing to do with real human relations.

Many of the men who killed themselves in the beginning of the last depression did so, not just because they had lost their money, but because the fiction of personal wealth as personal power and right to a special consideration had broken down beyond repair. They had led unexposed lives. The real man was flanked and hidden on all sides by his position, his bank account, the envy of his poorer friends, and the admiration of his associates who saw him as a "success" and never as a man. If the fiction had been blown to hell the real man might have walked out of the debris. As it was, the real man had to kill himself when the fiction man could no longer command respect.

The tragic thing is that these poor mummies of men really do struggle

against the chaos which weighs down their lives. They almost face themselves sometimes—and then money, a loving wife, or a flattering friend will pull them back out of the range of their own artillery. I spent a horrible hour once seeing just such a loving wife rescue her husband who had decided, in a moment of personal crisis, that he was a hypocrite, a liar, a self-deluded and self-centered imitation of a man. It was the crisis of his life; everything he had said about himself was true and he was ready to face the consequences of what had been and start over again, a purged person. But his wife subtly and enthusiastically rebuilt for him the fiction he had lived by for thirty-five years, convinced him finally that it was the truth and he was merely depressed; and within an hour the man who had been on the verge of becoming a person stepped back again into the less exacting role of a shadow.

Most of us never really see one another. How can we, meeting for a talk in the evening, meeting at parties, but never meeting when it makes a difference? You have got to see people every day for many months, eat three meals daily with them, work with them, play with them, see them irritable before breakfast, exhausted at midnight, fighting with their wives, going through infatuations, exchanging ideas, losing arguments, winning victories, hating the world, depressed and bitter, triumphant and happy—and then, if you are very receptive, you may achieve some dim and half-formulated conception of the real persons who live and suffer behind the faces you have known. Then, perhaps for the first time in your life, it slowly creeps into your mind that there is nothing more important than *knowing* about human beings, that until you do *know* about them you will have no idea of their true needs, no idea of what kind of government they need, what manner of social change promises most for humanity, what culture itself is. It occurs to you that probably you have never *known* anybody; you have known only their shells, their pretenses.

It used to puzzle me at Collectiva why people revealed themselves so starkly, although at the same time there was such a strong and decent silence about the intimate details of life that were nobody's business. I have never lived in a place where there was so little malicious gossip, and yet the very atmosphere was charged with a tension of constant inquiry about people. It was as if every individual was the key to a thousand others like him who were to be encountered later in life, and everyone was keeping a mental note-book on character. At last I saw—or at least I think I saw—why it happened, why people could show their real selves without fear. The reason is simple. By some miracle, an unspoken understanding had been reached by a hundred people that any one of them could reveal himself as a liar or a hypocrite without being condemned. He would be judged—in a friendly way—but never condemned.

That is tremendously important. The average man is afraid of letting others know what he really is because he fears that they will never forgive him, that they will at least talk maliciously about him and hurt his reputation and his chance for happiness; the best he will receive, he thinks, is their patronizing pity. It is very important, if a man is to grow up whole, for him to feel that he can show himself and live on unscathed. In a collective you are under the stimulus of the most wonderful and expanding sort of release that can come to a man—the release from guilt and fear of unknown censure.

Surface conversation—one huge obstacle always in the way of knowing people—quickly dies out in a collective. Within a few weeks you have told all your stock jokes and stories and you are left with nothing to exchange but ideas. So conversation touches bottom at last and becomes real. Soon you are forced to re-examine the opinions that have carried you comfortably through many years; they fail to stand up to daily challenge. You wonder how you came to them, what they really mean in your life, how many

of them are the result of honest thinking and how many are mere defenses against your various blind-spots and ineptitudes. You realize that a large proportion of them are nothing but cleverly rationalized fear-reflexes. And once you know that about yourself you know it about others and you sit more quietly when they shriek angrily at you across the table. At last you are free to discuss an idea for the idea's sake and not for the sake of proving that you are right about it.

The radical and the conservative, once they have reconciled the illogicality of each other's existence, can meet to discover what thought-processes and what forces have made the other as he is, to discover that they are both human beings, after all, and not mere opposing symbols. Unstudied, we all exist as symbols—symbols of our job, our class, our convictions. The essential person never gets out from behind. People meeting can broaden the horizons of life, but symbols meeting can only clash. For how can a symbol yield without losing its identity? Kings, bank directors, big industrialists, professional liberals—they are men frozen into symbols; they think and act as symbols. A title is an epitaph.

The collective where we lived is the only place I have found where the constantly oppressing sense of competition—this sinister enemy who will slay you if you don't get ahead, beat somebody, distinguish yourself as soon as possible and at any cost—was noticeably placated. It was there of course; it would be silly to expect that people brought up in a highly competitive world could lose completely the fear of "failure" in a month, a year, or even ten years. But something was in the air that said it was all nonsense; there was an ease and calm which suggested that the only important reward for work was the chance it gave you to project your real self, to test your maturity, to enjoy your own creativeness. When you are no longer judged for your money, your reputation, or your social position, but only for what you are yourself, you know at once where the work is to be

done and the real person begins to creep out of the cloud.

IV

After you have lived in the collective for a while and then come out into the world, one of the things that strikes you most depressingly is the cockeyed state of so-called Christian marriage. It is suffocated by conventions, and even intelligent people do not escape them. The America of 1938 is supposedly a pretty free place as far as sex is concerned, and yet embarking on a marriage which you wish to have turn out happily is much like going to a desert island. You automatically cut yourself off from any real human relationship with the other sex save for the one representative of it who happens to be your choice. How many American husbands can go out fairly regularly with another woman without causing self-conscious snickers and, usually, a rather desperate and spurious need of flirtation? People are so unnatural that they have to try to be funny about something they enjoy. What a pitiful sight is an average American party where repressed men and women, aided by a little alcohol, sheepishly cut loose for a few hours from their marital ties! According to the current code in this country, you must belong to one of two groups: either to that small and sophisticated group to whom extra-marital affairs are natural and accepted or to that very much larger group, making up the bulk of the population, to whom even the suggestion of an extra-marital affair is taboo. Both extremes are based on a preoccupation with sex—extreme sexual freedom and extreme sexual prudishness—and between them there seems to be very little room for what might be called extra-marital companionship. There seems to be an unwritten law that once you are married you must forego all those pleasant friendships with members of the opposite sex which you were free to enjoy before.

To be thus cut off from free and intimate relationships with the other sex is to miss a quality of living; and persons so

cut off either dry up and grow fidgety or else they finally explode and run off with someone whom they would never have thought seriously about if their being together had not been under such suspicion. This suspicion, which probably ruins more marriages than it holds together, seems to be partly fostered by the way we live—closed up in a house or an apartment together, never quite free to come and go as we please, each partner cautiously watching the other's every movement as if from fear of having this unnatural mode of life exposed as the lonely sterile thing it is.

In *Collectiva* something very subtle happens to the average marriage. Perhaps the first thing that happens is that it is gravely endangered, because the base of conventions upon which it rests is exposed as unnatural—and marriages which have become nothing more than fearful mutual acceptance cannot survive such exposure. But a good marriage grows stronger. It grows stronger partly because its partners are released from the necessity of conducting themselves according to a senseless code of *mores*, but it grows stronger mainly because a fructifying ease of relationships is inevitable in such a life. You can at last meet people without caution. Only those who have taken a world cruise on shipboard will have any inkling of what I mean; if they will multiply the ease of companionship by ten, and subtract the alcoholic stimulation, the resulting picture will not be unlike collective living.

All of the married couples in *Collectiva* had been married for some years before they came there, and were used to the kind of life in which they saw members of the opposite sex only in business, at dinner parties, or at dances—occasions where true intimacy, true knowledge of one another, can never come into being. (Parties in *Collectiva* were infrequent and, whenever given, impressed one as an absurd survival of a civilization wherein men and women force such artificial meetings in an effort to satisfy a hunger for the kind of intimacy which their con-

ventions and living arrangements make impossible for them.) But once these people found themselves all living together in one building, eating three meals a day together, seeing one another at all times of the day and night, something happened to them. It was not only that married women who had been brought up conventionally found themselves spending long hours alone with men who were not their husbands, that married men who had been brought up conventionally found themselves spending long hours alone with women who were not their wives, in complete naturalness and without any sense of stolen pleasure. These people found themselves living in an atmosphere where it was no longer necessary to fit every relationship into a category. A man could enjoy a woman's company without having to ask himself, "Am I in love with her or is she just a friend? Do I love her more than my wife, or do I love her less? Just what *does* she mean to me?" Even in the outside world a man might not ask these questions of himself quite consciously, but they would stir uneasily in his mind.

In Collectiva it was somehow accepted that a man and a woman who enjoyed each other's companionship or each other's minds could keep close company without having to dissect their relationship, without incurring the suspicions of their respective wives and husbands. The result for the whole community was the rediscovery of the joy of companionship which the rest of the world has lost.

Most Americans regard with skepticism what is known as intellectual—or platonic—friendship between a man and a woman. That skepticism bears witness to their good sense, but also to their lack of experience. There is probably no such thing as a close relationship between a man and a woman that is completely non-sexual. But there is certainly such a thing as a close relationship that is not sexual in the way that the world unimaginatively supposes every relationship must be. A man and a woman who

deeply love the discussion of ideas and are mentally very stimulating to each other can meet emotionally by intellectual rather than physical exchange. Because sex is in its essence a deep creativeness, such a relationship can be an experience as profound as love; and anyone who has missed that experience—the love of one mind for another, the curiosity of one mind about another—can deservedly be called a half-virgin. Indeed, it might be said fairly that anyone incapable of enjoying such a relationship is too insensitive and mentally undeveloped to enjoy fully a purely physical union.

In Collectiva such relationships flowered. In the outside world they are too often destroyed by the jealousy which convention fosters, and not only is the friendship lost but marriage itself is thinned of one of the enriching contacts which it must have if it is to remain healthy and stable. In fact, this jealousy can often drive two people who share an intellectual passion, by that blind instinct which makes bodily possession seem so much more secure than mental possession, to ultimate physical love. If the physical love turned out to be happy it might improve the original relationship, but it might also destroy a marriage; and since a great intellectual passion is as rare and as precious as a great physical passion, to change the relationship in such an important way would be to trade a proved felicity for a doubtful one.

Most marriages do not have a chance. They are crippled at the outset. They need to be thrown into the wide world and not boxed up alone. Collective living is the kind of exposure that every marriage needs. Probably it could not save a marriage that is going badly, but for good marriages it can open up vistas of life that for most people are quite unimagined.

V

I have thought and read a great deal about collective living in the past year and a half, and there seems to me less reason than ever why a collective should not

be started in every city, town, and village in America. We have the facilities; we have the economic need; we have everything but the courage to surmount a prejudice and take a flier in the dark. It would certainly be well if it could be tried out now in a few communities, before there comes another depression so severe that the majority of us are forced to some such measure of protection.

Big cities provide at present better equipment for collective living than small towns. Those who live in large apartment houses know all the annoyances of Collectiva and none of the advantages; such apartment houses could be turned into collectives, at least physically, by merely making provision for a common dining room, library, and meeting-hall. That you cannot impose collective living on people who have no interests or tastes in common goes without saying; therefore, the group to occupy the apartment house has got to be carefully selected, and any hope of taking over a house with all its present tenants and creating a community out of unsympathetic material is sheer moonshine. In a small town it is easier to find a group of people with a common interest—particularly if the town is centered round one industry—but it is much harder to find the physical building or community of buildings; in most cases they would have to be built. In a town near where I lived in New Hampshire last year there was a whole block of workers' apartments without a single tenant, owing to the failure of a large factory; this was an ideal situation, but it might not be duplicated in the whole State. New towns like Norris, Tennessee—born of the TVA and very carefully planned—offer perfect opportunities for collective living; but the average small American town, with its blocks of houses filled with people who have widely disparate interests, offers nothing but a headache. Yet there are in America many abandoned country hotels—particularly in the South—and also any number of unoccupied private estates which could be rented quite cheaply, usually

for the annual taxes. If collective living becomes widespread in America there will be any number of enterprisers who will build communities to lease; it is not even impossible that the Government relief projects might eventually include such plans; but the day for either is not yet. For the time being, the pioneers of collective living will have to make shift of whatever facilities they are lucky enough to find.

Unless the members of a group are united by some sort of common aim, the group is apt to go to pieces. It is for this reason that a small college or a farming collective is ideal. So—if it weren't for the owners—would be a mining collective. Or a big co-operative dairy, or a big co-operative ranch. In a future society, when industry is freed from profit domination and controlled co-operatively by the workers, a modern factory will be a splendid nucleus for a collective. For very important among the spiritual values of collective living is the almost mystical sense of "community" which it engenders.

For such living *is* spiritual. People may embark on it from entirely practical motives—to save money, to escape the drudgery of housework and the dulling exhaustion of bringing up children unaided—but they cannot live such a life very long without finding that the human community, once the destructive exterior competition between individuals has been replaced by the constructive interior kind, seems to them sacred and noble rather than jealous and unfriendly.

That collective living can have a strong appeal for all classes of men and women—for the well-to-do as well as for the proletariat—seems to me beyond doubt. The biggest obstacle it has to face is what golfers call "a mental hazard"—in this case the belief that we are a highly individualistic people to whom the thought of doing anything collectively is almost immoral. It is a strange paradox that the most standardized people on earth—a people whose houses, clothes, speech, manners, thinking, and morality are as alike as

possible, a people who judge the merits of a car or a book on the basis of its approval by the largest possible number, a people to whom personal eccentricity is detestable and conventionality almost a cult—yes, it is strange that this people should go on regarding itself as individualistic. The notion is such a flagrant contradiction of the facts that it can be regarded only as a romantic hangover, a cultural lag. Yet on this lag is predicated the fear of any collective enterprise, even in the face of disaster. Should the idea of collective living catch hold in America—should it catch the imaginations of men and women exhausted by the effort to make both ends meet, of young people in love who are barred from marriage because their wages are not adequate to maintain a separate home, even of the elderly seeking security and companionship in their declining years—the same voices will rise to denounce the new threat to the individualist tradition. In fact, I could give you the names of a dozen people who will write to say that this article is communist propaganda!

As Mr. J. B. Priestley says in *Midnight on The Desert*, it is not by individual accomplishments, but by industry, architecture, engineering, and the production of motion pictures—all collective and co-operative achievements—that America has “shown herself so new, formidable, and fascinating.” Her people know it, her best writers know it; but the official spokesmen refuse to take it into account. Seeing the American as essentially co-operative, mass-migratory in his thinking, and seeing socialism as the political and economic order most native to the American temperament, Mr. Priestley sums up: “The collective man, the socialist citizen, is not a weird new type that may arrive in

United States any year now. In almost all but his theories, the average modern American is the collective man. His impulsive advances seem to be always away from that famous individualism.”

Perhaps it requires a foreigner to see us as we really are; a modern Frenchman has aptly called the stranger's observation of a country “*cette postérité contemporaine*.” Such a glimpse of our posterity may inspire us to take advantage of what we really are, while the orators and apologists go on bawling.

The doctrine of individualism has played havoc with the soul of man. That soul must be set free again. It can be free only when the basic needs of food and shelter can be met without strain, when natural human relationships like marriage and parenthood are unclouded by the specter of financial insecurity, when friends can be made with no ruinous thought of merely establishing another business contact, when no man has to debase his integrity for bread, when constructive competition has displaced the old destructive kind, and when the individual feels himself to be a single but integral animation of the greater life-force of the community. Perhaps a revolution is needed. A revolution will certainly come if the insecurity—material, spiritual, and psychological—haunting American lives is allowed to go on willy-nilly. The present efforts to relieve that insecurity are inadequate. I am sure that collective living would prove inadequate too. But for the present it can make a great many people happier than they ever dreamed they could be; it can give them a peace and freedom they have not known since childhood; and it can inject into the American scene a new excitement, a new quality of living.



THE WILLOW FLY

A STORY

BY EUGENE WRIGHT

POPPY, Poppy? The name had a familiar sound. . . . And then I remembered a time past when Poppy had the same meaning for us trout fishermen that Stutz and Stephens-Duryea had for the automobile bugs. Poppy meant trout flies, the kind of flies you could afford about once a year and would spend half a day to get one out of a tree rather than lose it, flies so cunningly tied that you heard stories of birds having taken them on the cast and being fought like trout. And this back in the days when fly-fishing was apostate and we were the laugh of the town with our gamecock feathers and rods of Tonkin steel. Sure I remembered the name; I still had a few Will Poppy flies, and so I told Doctor Black.

"And you'll catch trout with those flies," he said. "You'll be catching trout with those flies after the hackles are gone. But did you know Will Poppy was a fisherman?"

"Will Poppy?" I said.

"Will Poppy," he said. "You were talking about trout fishermen a minute ago. Will was a real one."

It never had occurred to me that the name of those trout flies might be a human being. I couldn't have thought of Will Poppy that way any more than I would have believed that there was a real Mr. Stephens-Duryea who had chilblains or a Mr. Pullman who wouldn't eat anything on his cars except oatmeal; and even now that Doctor Black had vouched

for the fact that Will Poppy was a fisherman I felt skeptical: you've got to see a real fisherman in action before you can form an opinion on him; when I met the United States champion bait caster I discovered he practiced on empty tomato cans and had never caught a bass in his life.

"Is that so?" I said.

"It is so," he said, "and if people knew more about the *kind* of fisherman he was they'd revise their opinions about fishermen in general."

He turned round then to his instrument table where he was grinding up a filling for my tooth and I knew that he was getting back at me for that crack I had made about doctors and dentists always talking about trout-fishing but never going, by which I meant that if he was really as nuts about fishing as he had led me to believe for the past few years he would forget his patients for a week and join me on the Ausable in June. So I said, "Whom would you call a real fisherman?"

"That depends on who the fisherman is," he said. "Mr. Roosevelt is a real fisherman and he's President of the United States, and old Fred Higgins out your way is a real fisherman and he's kept two clinics going for the past two years on his own money."

"Coolidge was no fisherman," I said. "Neither is Hoover."

"I don't know about that," Doctor Black said. "I never met either of those

gentlemen. But I know Will Poppy was. Ever fish the Esopus?"

"Once or twice."

"Will lived up on the Esopus. Made his flies up there and died up there. Killed by an automobile. He supported his mother and three sisters by fly-tying for seven years and I don't think he wet a line twice the whole time. I've seen his house so filled on Saturdays and Sundays with half-wit fishermen waiting for him to tie up copies of some fly they'd picked up off the stream before the rise stopped that his sisters had to go round to the back of the house to get in.

"Before that though Will used to fish all the time. I used to think I was pretty good myself in those days—I'd just started my practice then, and two or three times a year I'd manage to get up on the Esopus.

"I got up there one year in July, the hatches practically over and the water so clear and low it looked like a waste of effort to put a rod together. My leader made a shadow on the bottom like the limb of a tree. It was about five in the afternoon and I was fishing upstream about a half-mile below Phoenicia.

"Not a rise. They wouldn't even look at it. And I was using those flies they were just beginning to import into this country from England. Nothing doing. Then along about sundown I see this fellow ahead of me. He had on a pair of overalls, no boots. Well, I always enjoyed seeing nice casting so I got out of the stream, sat down and watched him. He was working a riffle just below a big pool.

"I watched him for about a half-hour, trying to figure out how he did it. His cast seemed orthodox, but it was the way he retrieved his line that interested me. I couldn't describe it to you except by saying that his line didn't appear at any time to touch the water, and I was close enough to have seen it if it had touched. He had several strikes—his rod went up now and then; but he didn't pay any attention to them and finally he'd worked up to the lip of the pool.

"I'd begun to take a kind of fancy to him by this time. It's not often, you know, that you see a man using a fly as you'd like to use it yourself. Some of these experts are so tricked out in waders and nets that it's painful to watch 'em. The older they get the farther they seem to drift away from what trout-fishing really is. But this fellow—well, I felt somehow that he understood—the real McCoy as they say nowadays. It didn't make any difference to me if he never caught a fish; I knew he was a fisherman.

"He got a strike in that pool—a good one. The water boiled over and a big tail came up about a yard away. Then his reel began to sing out and the next thing I knew the fish was in the air way up near the rapids—as fine a rainbow as you'd want to see. He broke water five times before Will netted him; by then I'd come close enough to speak.

"I said, 'That's a fine fish you've got there.'

"He didn't talk just then. He had the rainbow under water in his net and seemed to be searching for something in one of his front pockets. And it was a little metal tag. He clipped it onto the rainbow's dorsal fin and let him go.

"Will was only about eighteen then—still a kid in some ways. But in another way he seemed older than I was. It was the expression round his eyes and mouth, and a certain way he had of looking at you. It was a surprised look—as though he was wondering how you fitted in, what he could do about it. Like a buck deer's."

"I said, 'What did you catch him on?'

"He looked at the fly on his leader and then up at me again. He said, 'It's a willow fly.'

"I'd never heard of a willow fly, but it was the smallest trout fly I'd ever seen in my life. If you remember that far back, that was when they were using eights and sixes—sometimes even fours. This one was about the size of a big mosquito.

"I said, 'Where'd you get it?' He said, 'I made it,' and he showed me a whole box of them—all irregular sizes but very small; he'd even made the hooks. Later

of course you could buy sixteens and twenties.

"He gave me a couple of those 'willow' flies of his and I took three trout out of that pool a little farther up without moving from my position.

"I saw quite a lot of Will that summer. He worked down the valley a way, dairying and so forth. I used to stay at a boarding house near where that road branches off the stream to go to Woodstock. I used to fish that stretch from there right on up to Phoenicia. Will was driving then, and I'd see him go by every morning along the road with his team, one foot up on the brake and always leaning toward the side the stream was on, not looking at the stream especially, but leaning that way. Never hollered when he passed by—just raised his whip. About sundown I'd catch a glimpse of him on the stream, wading in here and there, sometimes just standing still and looking.

"I went over to see Will at the dairy one day and they told me he had gone to Phoenicia. They told me where he lived. I had lost the flies he'd given me, and I wanted to know if he'd make me a dozen or so on a business basis. I got a man with a buckboard to drive me up.

"You probably saw Will's father if you ever went up to Phoenicia on the train—short, thin fellow, rather stooped? He was baggageman at the station for about fifteen years. Well, I smelled medicine the moment they opened the door. Doctor was there, Will and his sisters were in the parlor. It smelled like a place where somebody'd been sick for years.

"I stayed only a minute; nothing I could do. The doctor seemed like a good one."

Doctor Black put a wad of cotton in my cheek and leaned over me. "And that was the last time I saw Will Poppy," he said, "for about four years. My own practice began to pick up; then I married and started having a family of my own. But every once in a while I'd think about Will and wonder how he was getting on.

"But I wasn't the only fisherman who knew Will Poppy's flies. I had to go up to Binghamton one day, and that afternoon I drove back by way of the Esopus just to see what the place looked like. Roads were very bad over the mountains then; I didn't get to Phoenicia until after dark. There was a sign hanging out in front of Will's house which I couldn't read at the time, but there was a light in the parlor, and I could see Will from the porch bending over one of those little vases that fly-tiers use.

"He let me in and I sat down for a while. He didn't have to tell me what had happened. There was a different smell in the house now, and it was quiet—but very busy somehow. His sisters working out in the kitchen; Will tying flies. The room was filled with flies.

"I said, 'Did anybody ever catch that big rainbow you let go?' Well, he said, he couldn't say as to that, although there'd been a lot of fishing on the stream during the past several years. He said he guessed he'd sold five thousand flies to fishermen on the Esopus alone.

"I said, 'Can't you get somebody to help you out here?'

"He thought not; his flies were just beginning to get known round the country and he felt he ought to keep on tying them himself. He said his sisters helped him sort out feathers and strip hackles.

"Well, you know how those flies sold. I stopped in at a big sporting goods store in New York one day; they had a whole tray of 'em on display with Will's name stuck up on a card. I said, 'Are they any good?' and the clerk took his breath in for a minute and looked me up and down. He said, 'They're three seventy-five a dozen.' And they were all twelves and fourteens—except his 'willow' fly. They called it 'Will's Willow' and it was tied on number twenties. Ever try to tie a number twenty?"

I said I didn't see how it could be done.

"It was done," he said. "It was done about fifty times a day." Then after a while he said, "Did you ever fish the McCloud?"

"Yes," I said. "I've fished the Sacramento too."

"I never tried the Sacramento," Doctor Black said. "But I did fish the McCloud. I got a call out there some years ago. A fellow'd been kicked by a horse and they wanted a specialist. It was urgent, so I went. Took my wife along for a little vacation."

"It took me two weeks to patch that man's mouth up. Fractures in upper and lower jaws, teeth very bad. I had to set them in gold. And I had it in the back of my head to try the McCloud when I'd finished so I stopped in at a sporting goods store on Market Street in San Francisco one afternoon to buy some flies. Of course there was only one kind I wanted and I thought sure they'd have them. It was one of those big stores with mounted game heads everywhere you looked. But they didn't."

"Ever heard of 'em?" I said. Yes, the clerk said he'd heard of them. Matter of fact, they'd bought all they could get until they stopped making them.

"Stopped making them?" I said.

"Well, we couldn't get any more," the clerk told me. "We wrote Mr. Poppy and we never got a reply."

"I couldn't understand that. I felt pretty sure if anything had happened to Will I'd have heard about it. Well, I bought some of the English flies, but just on a hunch that night I sent a telegram to Will ordering a couple of dozen fan-wing Coachmen and telling him to send them to me at Redding, California, where I was going to stay. I wasn't thinking so much about the flies although I wanted them. I didn't even think I'd get them. But I did. The whole two dozen. They got to Redding about ten days after I arrived."

"Well, there was something strange about those flies. I couldn't believe they were his even though he'd sent them. The hackles were fuzzy. They bunched up round the eye of the hook the way a fly shouldn't. But the manner of tying was his—and I caught fish with them. They were better than the English flies."

Doctor Black untied the bib from

round my neck and took it with him to the window. "I saw Will only once after that," he said, "before he got hit by the automobile. Will was twenty-six then and it was July, just about the time when I'd first met him. I was fishing that stretch below Phoenicia, the same water I always fished, and it was clear and low. And Will was up ahead of me, casting. We were the only two fishermen on the stream."

"I hadn't caught anything. In fact, I was ready to leave the stream when I saw him. I think it was the overalls that caught my eye. He was working the rif flies out in the middle, just below the big pool and he had a stick that he'd poke ahead of him. I watched him for a long time before I could believe it was Will. And even then I wouldn't have believed it was Will except for the way he fished."

"You couldn't see his fly. You had to guess where it was dropping, or going to drop. Not floating much, just always dropping, dropping where you couldn't see it; and the rod flashing and Will standing there bent over a little with the stick under his arm and his net trailing in the current behind him and his hand feeling the line, bringing it in and letting it out again; and the fly falling where you couldn't see it. And all the time working forward, taking his time, feeling his way into the pool, the water getting higher at his hips and the net floating behind him."

"I didn't see the strike, but I saw his rod go up; and out on the big pool there was a little ripple, as though the water was flowing over a stone, and then the line began to cut through the water, straight upstream, and his rod was shaking and Will was motionless, leaned a little forward with his elbows close to his sides and the line going out, slipping away, and his rod perpendicular, bent only at the tip."

"The trout leaped from the swift water near the rapids—twice: the first time straight up from the bottom; the second time in an arc, so fast you'd have thought there were two trout with metal tags on

their fins, pink bellies and big square tails; and when he came downstream there was a wave behind him and Will's rod had not moved from the perpendicular, yet the line was taut. I never knew the man who could keep a big rainbow out of the rapids if he wanted to go there and I never before saw a rainbow held for more than a minute on a horsehair leader and a number twenty hook. Will held

that rainbow for close to an hour and every minute of it he held him in the pool. He beached him on a shoal and followed down the line with his hand, and when he felt the tag on the big fin he laughed like a boy, and he was looking straight at me. I said 'Hello, Will,' and he recognized my voice. He came toward me, feeling his way over the stones, and I saw that he was blind."

SONG

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

WHEN dusk caresses all our heads,
 When all the curtains touch the sill,
 When darkness cloaks the heaving beds
 And torches dot the hill,

When ships divide the intriguing night,
 When lust new agonies explores,
 When sailors watch the flickering light
 Along their luckless shores.

When all the impassioned lovers kiss,
 When madmen count the stars anew,
 When whales in their gigantic bliss
 Lie trembling two by two,

When drums cry out and trumpets blow,
 And bombers split the town apart,
 When exiles march to drown their woe
 With bullets in the heart,

Slowly the cruel moon moves higher,
 She gains her old ice-pitted throne,
 And one whose beauty shone like fire
 Lies down to die alone.



MARK TWAIN'S ELMIRA

BY MAX EASTMAN

IN 1894 my mother, who was a gifted and quite celebrated minister of the gospel, was called to be associate pastor of the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher in the Park Church at Elmira, New York. Thomas K. Beecher was a half-brother of Henry Ward, and by contrast to him a very whole man. He had summoned in 1889 the Congregational council, which somewhat high-handedly, in view of her rapid flight over theological education, ordained my mother, and he had been her strong friend and champion ever since. He said more than once that she had preached the greatest sermons he ever heard. My father was a minister too, but his health had failed, and at the time when we moved to Elmira it was doubtful whether he would be able to preach at all. The Park Church was extraordinary in many ways, and one extraordinary thing about it was that the parsonage was a duplex apartment, or at least two corridors of rooms, within the church building. I was eleven years old when we moved in there, and whatever sins and rebellions I may have committed since I am sure you will forgive when you realize that, besides being the son of two ministers—and the grandson of a third—I was from the age of eleven to seventeen in all essential respects, at least so far as concerns my place in nature and society, a church mouse.

Although so unfavorably placed externally, I was in a rare position for the growth and cultivation of a mind. I was at the exact center of one of the most interesting clusters of people and ideas that

American churchdom ever produced or found room to contain. They happened, moreover, to be the same people and ideas that Mark Twain had absorbed into himself by marriage twenty-five years before. His wife's family, the Langdons, lived just across the street from the church, and they were not only the central pillars but the foundation stones upon which the church had been built. The portrait of Olivia Clemens' mother still hangs over the fireplace in the church parlors, and the memory of her father is one with the church's memory. "So long as Park Church stands," reads a brochure published on its fiftieth anniversary, "the names of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon will be held in grateful memory." Ida Langdon, Olivia's niece, was an adored friend of our family and my sister's boon companion for years. I myself belonged to Jean Clemens' Humane Society and was even nominated—and got one vote—for vice-president. I met Mark Twain himself in the pews of the Park Church and heard him make a speech from my mother's pulpit. Mrs. Theodore Crane, Olivia Clemens' sister, who lived up on Quarry Farm where Mark Twain wrote *Tom Sawyer*, was one of the people whom my mother loved best in the world. My mother, with Mr. Beecher, officiated at the lonely funeral of Mark Twain's beloved daughter, Suzie, in 1896. My father, standing beside Mark Twain, offered the prayer at the burial of his wife, Olivia. And when Mark Twain himself died it was again my father, reading an appropriate service which my mother had

written for him, who spoke the last words over the body of that great infidel.

I give these disconnected facts because, without naming over a great many names which would mean nothing to an outsider, I cannot explain with what exactitude fate landed me at the age of eleven in the mathematical center of what I may call Mark Twain's Elmira. As the influence of that Elmira upon Mark Twain has become a considerable question in our literary history, and the question has been debated thus far without inquiry into the concrete facts, I am going to describe in some detail the extraordinary cultural situation into which Mark Twain arrived by marriage in 1869, and which was substantially unchanged when I came there twenty-five years later.

This will enable me, among other things, to show my friend Van Wyck Brooks why I am distrustful of "The Literary Mind"—for Brooks has spoken impatient words about my book on that subject. The Literary Mind, being interested in ideas so largely because of their immediate flavor and the work of art that can be made of them, is often very cavalier about their relations to actual fact. In his book *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* Van Wyck Brooks made a work of art like an historical novel out of the idea that Mark Twain was a "balked personality," a great creative genius that owing to its American environment never "found itself." In the course of his novel he comes in idea to Elmira, just as I came there in fact, and he thus describes the local situation.

Perhaps you know Elmira? Perhaps, in any case, you can imagine it? Those "up-State" towns have a civilization all their own; without the traditions of moral freedom and intellectual culture which New England has never quite lost, they had been so salted down with the spoils of a conservative industrial life that they had attained by the middle of the nineteenth century, a social stratification as absolute as that of New England itself. A stagnant fresh-water aristocracy, one and seven-eighths or two and a quarter generations deep, densely provincial, resting on a basis of angular sectarianism, eviscerated politics and raw money, ruled the roost, imposing

upon all the rest of society its own type, forcing all to submit to it or to imitate it.

About Olivia Langdon whom Mark Twain married, Van Wyck Brooks also has an idea—namely that she was "the daughter of a wealthy coal-dealer and mine-owner." And from that abstraction, so familiar in radical cartoons, he develops the following portrait:

Mark Twain had not married an awakened soul; he had married a young girl without experience, without imagination, who had never questioned anything, who had never been conscious of any will apart from that of her parents, her relatives, her friends. To win her approval and pride . . . he had to win the approval and the pride of Elmira itself—of all that vast and intricate system of privilege and convention of which Elmira was the symbol.

Now it happens that Jervis Langdon, Olivia's father, taken in the concrete, was one of the most un-coal-dealer-and-mine-owner-like characters that ever got ahead in business. As a wealthy merchant he was not only a "sport," but a prodigy. In the first place, he lived about half his life as a country storekeeper, and one with a reputation for such fantastic acts of generosity parading in the guise of "simple justice" that you would hardly think he could get on at all. In the second place, when he got rich he did not alter these fantastic habits by a hair. When sued, for instance, by a prominent Philadelphia attorney, he gathered up and sent to him all the documents that would be of help to the plaintiff, saying that he wanted the case decided only on its merits. In the third place, he was an ardent abolitionist, and in days of wealth and poverty alike held his house and his pockets open to illegally escaping slaves. The story of his life was related by Thomas K. Beecher at a crowded memorial meeting held in the Elmira Opera House two weeks after he died, and it reads like a tale from the days of chivalry. Of his seventeen paragraphs in peroration, I will quote but six.

To do humble tasks faithfully, with or without pay;

To welcome partners when partners were

needed, and leave them in sole possession, when they seemed to desire it;

To serve employers so faithfully that the memory of the service remains indelible after the lapse of thirty years; . . .

To befriend the friendless and champion the oppressed with the full measure of one man's resource, be the same large or small;

To walk so generously that envy's self was silenced at sight of his prosperity, so many were sharing in it. . . .

In short, to have led a life of varied and amazing activity, through forty-five years, and at last to enter into rest, leaving upon earth not one voice to impeach his integrity, nor one acquaintance without regret for his going, nor one friend that is not proudly heart-stricken at loss of him;

These, and things like these, were the ornaments and lessons of his life. I but gather them together as decorations for his memory.

That was the father of Olivia Clemens as seen by one of the most radical preachers of the time. Her mother was almost equally surprising, and she too was celebrated by Mr. Beecher in a memorial sermon when she died. After reminding his audience that she and her husband had formed the head and front of the little group of abolitionists which split off from the Presbyterians in 1846 on the slavery issue, and formed the church in which he was speaking, Mr. Beecher continued:

Forty-one years ago it was a costly matter to profess any interest in colored men, or disapproval of their enslavement, or to mention them in prayer. And when, in stormy times, a little company of Christians banded themselves together to form a new church in this community, it was an act which cost them social ostracism and contempt. . . . To women such ostracism is a distress, that can be bravely borne by them only who have found a better strength than *society*. Mrs. Langdon has this better strength. Though always weak in the flesh, yet she was strong and unflinching in generous courage and determination. The Langdon house, however small, had room in it for abolitionists—Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Johnson, Gerritt Smith, Foster, Frederick Douglas. The family horse and purse were at the service of fugitives from slavery. . . .

You see how far we are from "those up-State towns . . . without traditions of moral freedom and intellectual culture"—how far from a "stagnant, freshwater aris-

tocracy, densely provincial, resting on a basis of angular sectarianism, eviscerated politics, and raw money"? As far, namely, as we can get.

II

But that is not all. That is not half the story of Mark Twain's extraordinary Elmira. The central figure in that Elmira, the dominant and molding intellectual and spiritual force, not only to Olivia Langdon, but in large measure to Mark Twain himself, was this same eloquent and great Beecher whose words we have been reading—a man of more than Mark Twain's stature, you must realize, in the minds of those around them. Mr. Beecher did not call himself a minister of the gospel. He called himself "Teacher of the Park Church"; and a whole rebel character and thought of life lay behind that choice. His thought was to live and be helpful in the community as a modern Jesus would, a downright, realistic, iconoclastic, life-loving Jesus, with a scientific training and a sense of humor and a fund of common sense. He was, in fact, a very eloquent preacher, more eloquent to a lucid listener than his famous brother, Henry Ward. But unlike Henry, and perhaps in part because of Henry's glibness, he did not believe in preaching. When he was invited to the Park Church in 1854 he replied with a letter laying down in almost imperious terms, as though putting all Christian churchdom on trial, the conditions upon which he would accept a call to any church.

Do you remember that I do not think good can be done by a preacher's preaching? It must be by Christians working that good is done, if at all. . . . Do you remember this, yes or no?

One Sunday Thomas somewhat unexpectedly substituted for Henry in his famous Plymouth Church, and when he rose in the pulpit a good number of the vast audience got up to go. He stopped them with his hand.

"Those," he said, "who came here to worship Henry Ward Beecher are ex-

cused. Those who wish to worship God will remain."

The man was masterful, humorous, poised upon himself although impetuous, and endowed with a supreme contempt for fame, money, and "success." He declined calls to our greatest metropolitan churches because he had "found love" in Elmira and created there a church in his own free-moving and magnanimous image. He belonged to the second Beecher brood, those with more integrity and less sentimentalism than the children of Roxana Foote. They all had genius; they all had unconventional and imposing force; they all had large-featured good looks and magnetism. He was the best-looking and the brainiest—possessing, according to old Lyman himself, "quickness, depth, and comprehension of discrimination surpassing almost any mind I have come in contact with"—and he had by far the most distinguished gift of expression. You rarely come upon a surviving sentence of his that does not have individuality and convey the impact of an edged and forceful mind. These, for instance, quoted in a pamphlet by an irate colleague:

We do not care to argue, we simply assert that manly character cannot be developed in any human being who stands in fear of public sentiment. We make no account of it whatever among the instrumentalities which we use as a Christian pastor and teacher. When it opposes us, we defy it in the name of conscience. When it favors us, we regret the feebleness which such help entails upon mankind.

As Paxton Hibben says, he "voiced with least circumlocution what so many clergymen felt." Voicing without circumlocution was the essence of the man.

Do you remember that while in good faith I profess to you that I am sound and evangelical in doctrine, yet I have no ambition to found, or foster or preserve a church as such? My exclusive aim is to help men as individuals to be Christians. No church prosperity dazzles me; no church poverty or adversity troubles me.

Do you remember this, yes or no?

Pardon my plain speech. Truth is at the bottom of all enduring love. Though I speak bold words, yet my heart is very tender

and very tired and would fain find rest in just some such place as Elmira.

Thus he approached his second parish, having been thrown out of his first for discovering a shady money deal among its leading members and threatening them with exposure if they did not stop. The little group of abolitionists in Elmira liked his abrupt but considerate advance-notice of general rebellion against respectability and tradition. They accepted all his terms. "The next Sunday morning," writes Lyman Beecher Stowe, "amid the expectant hush of curiosity that always precedes the arrival of a new minister, there strode up the center aisle of the First Congregational Church of Elmira a tall, slender, handsome young man who, tossing a felt visor cap onto a chair, mounted the pulpit and opened the services. The tossing of that cap was an unconscious challenge to the traditionalists of the town which they were quick to accept."

In further challenge to the traditionalists, he made this announcement to his congregation:

I cannot make pastoral calls. I am not constructed so that I can. But I am yours all times of the day and night when you want anything of me. If you are sick and need a watcher I will watch with you. If you are poor and need some one to saw wood for you I will saw wood for you. I can read the paper for you if you need somebody to do that. I am yours, but you must call me the same as you would a physician.

Adhering to that program Mr. Beecher became as much a man-of-all-work as a pastor to his congregation. He was a thoroughly trained mechanic and locomotive engineer, able to build a house and handle and repair anything from a ship to a railroad train, and he served his parishioners as carpenter, painter, paper-hanger, clock and sewing-machine mender. For forty years he wound and set the Elmira town clock, keeping it in pace with the sun by means of observations made with his own instruments on famous East Hill half way up to Quarry Farm. He preached no doctrine but the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of

man, and he walked about Elmira in ordinary and usually very old clothes like a workman, carrying when necessary a sewing-machine or even a sofa on his back, and never taking off that cap with the big visor—never surrendering to the traditionalists. It was a railroad man's cap, or nearer that than anything else, and his head was so big that it had to be made to order by a special hatter. And the hatter—throughout the fifty years of its service as a symbol of his revolt against the traditionalists—was Olivia Clemens' exquisite and dearly beloved sister, Susan Langdon Cranel!

You see how far we are from being "so salted down with the spoils of a conservative industrial life," that we have "attained a social stratification as absolute as that of New England itself." I think Van Wyck Brooks has grown vastly in his apprehensions of reality since he wrote *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, and I must specify it is the book and not the author I am refuting. But the book is wrong. The reality of Mark Twain's Elmira, if you want to compare it with New England, is that it was formed and molded spiritually by a son whose father, old Lyman Beecher, had represented New Englandism at its crabbedest and worst—prohibition, anti-abolition, anti-feminism, anti-Unitarianism, anti-Catholicism, anti-everything except Calvinistic sectarianism—and whose own character had for its axis a complete and sovereign revolt against every article of that attitude to life.

Mr. Beecher was not only a man of all work; he was a man of all play. He was a skilled bowler and cricket-player; he joined a whist club and organized a baseball team called the Lively Turtles, which scandalized the churchmen by not even taking baseball seriously. He sang college songs and played them on the church organ. He attended theaters, and played pool and billiards, and even installed a pool table in the church parlors. Although the original charter of his church declared for the "unfermented juice of the grape" in communions, and further

affirmed that "no intoxicating liquors shall be used by the members," he strolled into a saloon when he felt like it and took a glass of beer. In fact, he made this a permanent revolution by installing his own private mug in a favorite saloon as others did in barber shops.

He ran a weekly column in the local paper—a pioneer in this field too—joining the politicians' battles with a sword of truth that slashed both ways, and like an Early Christian Walter Winchell, naming those who scandalized him by their proper names. The prohibitionists scandalized him with their straitlaced lies, and with the remark that this country is "too sunshiny and roomy" for all that ranting to be true, he took his public stand behind the liquor dealers. Still better, when he changed his mind on this in after years, he said that too. The extreme to which he dared to follow his conception of a Christian life is revealed in his befriending of a notorious prostitute, whom he finally, to the horror of his neighbors, took into his house and treated as a daughter until she gained her poise and married and went away.

It is needless to describe the raw hate aroused by these consummate blasphemies among the surrounding Apostles of Christ Jesus. Beecher and his church were regarded as a moral ulcer eating up the harvest of the gospel throughout the whole Chemung and Susquehanna valleys. When his Sunday evening meetings grew too big for the old meeting-house, and he crowned his sins by hiring the local theater, actually inviting in vast crowds to offer prayers to God in that Satanic edifice, the storm broke on this "Opera House preacher" from all sides. He was expelled from the Ministerial Union and denounced from every pulpit in the city. He made no public answer to the fulminations of the ministers but embarrassed them in private with an extra-Christlike courtesy.

Jervis Langdon stood behind him like a rock. "My purse is open to you," he had said, "you can do more good with it than I can." And he now headed a move-

ment to buy shares in the Opera House to ensure the future of this outrage. Mark Twain himself stood by him—not the Mark Twain you know, but just a well-known wit and travel writer who had married into the Langdon family. "Happy happy world," he wrote in the *Elmira Advertiser*, "that knows at last that a little congress of congregationless clergymen, of whom it never heard before, have crushed a famous Beecher and reduced his audiences from fifteen hundred down to fourteen hundred and seventy-five in one fell blow!"

When the crowds on Sunday morning overflowed the church also, Mr. Beecher further shocked the prelates by abandoning his church and meeting his congregation in a little public park outside the city. And to crown that crime he helped the street railway get special permission to run cars out to the park in violation of the Sunday laws, and he himself came out there to preach the gospel dressed in white ducks and a white felt hat.

Far deeper than these evidences of realistic good sense, two things distinguished Thomas K. Beecher from all other great American ministers. First he was a man of science. I have described his accomplishments in practical astronomy and mechanics. They were linked with a theoretical passion which had all but diverted him from the ministerial calling and which kept him in the forefront of the march of scientific inquiry throughout his life. Together with Professor Farrar of Elmira College, he founded an Elmira Academy of Sciences, which corresponded with the Royal Academy in London—with Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley! Remember that Huxley's war with England's churchmen was at its height while Olivia Clemens' pastor was founding this academy in Elmira, and you will realize how wide of the mark it is to describe her environment as "densely provincial." Intellectually it was the least provincial environment to be found in all American churchdom, and I dare say British churchdom might be thrown in too.

The other thing which distinguished Mr. Beecher from all other men in the annals of our pulpit was the scope of his magnanimity, his absolute rejection, not of "angular sectarianism," but of all sectarianism whatsoever. He not only invited men of all denominations to become members of his church; he invited the members of his church to leave for no matter what trivial reasons of convenience and go and join some other. In his book *Our Seven Churches*, religious tolerance, a rare substance in any solution, is presented in pure essence. It is, so far as my knowledge goes, a unique book, a book similar in spirit as well as in the date upon its fading flyleaf to Walt Whitman's world-embracing mystic vision, a book that dropped unnoticed into an age absolutely deaf to so lofty and magnanimous an evangel.

All these wildly sensible acts and this great-hearted thinking—in which, if you know anything about American churchdom of the period, you will recognize the outlines of a cultural revolution—culminated in 1872 in the raising of sixty-five thousand dollars to build a new church after Mr. Beecher's own heart. The sum was doubled by the Langdon family, and the new church, which extended through a whole block with entrances on two streets, was the largest in that region, as well as probably the most progressive in America.

It is inadequate to say, although I believe it is true, that the Park Church was the first "institutional church" in the country. It was a great deal more than that. Mr. Beecher himself called it a "home church" and tried to make it a place where Christians of all creeds or no creed could feel that they "belonged" as a man belongs at his own fireside. The church had a kitchen equipped with china and silver for two or three hundred, "parlors" available to any who wished to use them, a free public library, pool and billiard tables, a dancing hall and children's "Romp Room" with a stage and the complete fittings of a theater. All this in 1873! There would be a "picnic

supper" every week, and a "pay supper" every month. Every fourth Sunday would be Children's Sunday, and the grown-up folks could stay at home or come and hear a "children's sermon." At other times the Sunday School would meet in the main auditorium following the morning service, and after a preliminary exercise in common, the children would march to gay music on the organ to their separate rooms and places of assembly. Mrs. Beecher remembered a Sunday back in the seventies when they marched to the tune of "Captain Jinx of the Horse Marines," and I remember a day when our eccentric organist, George B. Carter, sent us skipping with a medley composed of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Some shook their heads and smiled, but there was no indignant gossip; nobody was disturbed. A humorous informalism, a being at ease with your play instincts, was characteristic of all the Beechers—even austere old Lyman having been a brilliant performer of the double shuffle. It was equally characteristic of Mrs. Beecher—"my strong, courageous, energetic Julia," as he called her, "to whom belongs the credit for nine-tenths of the achievement of our long life in Elmira." Her energetic whims and impulses of geniality, and what might be called dynamic common sense, were uncontrollable by any feeling except the fear that she might really hurt somebody's feelings.

III

A word about Mrs. Beecher is essential to my theme because, among so many other things, she was Olivia's Sunday School teacher. My mother, in a brochure called *A Flower of Puritanism* described this most unusual Sunday School teacher as combining a New England conscience with a Greek love of beauty—and she might have added, with a timeless sense of fun. She was a granddaughter of Noah Webster and, like old Noah, rich in whims and talents. She invented, one

day when she was darning an old stocking, a species of rag doll which became celebrated for its plump and genial superiority to circumstance, and by turning herself into a veritable factory for these "Beecher dolls" kept a lifelong stream of money pouring from her hands to charity. She made sculptures too and comic drawings and queer birds and beasts out of roots and autumn tassels, grotesque things that Mark Twain called Jabberwocks. These too she would auction off for charity, and on one occasion Mark Twain functioned as the auctioneer.

When I think of Mrs. Beecher I see always the sweet and faithful firmness of the closure of her lips. And as I look, she jumps suddenly up to be on her way in endless labors for the suffering, sick, and ignorant with brisk, imperious, selfless energy. An admirer once said to her: "I love to see you pour coffee, because you do it with such indiscriminate fury!" With the same indiscriminate fury she would gather up the dishes after a meal, scrape them, and pile them to save labor for someone in the kitchen. "Your plate!" she would exclaim suddenly, stretching out a commanding hand to the astonished guest.

Mrs. Beecher was quite as headstrong as her husband in smashing through forms and conventions, and her rebellion was not only moral but æsthetic. She bobbed her hair in 1857, anticipating Irene Castle by about sixty years, and imparting to her beauty a quality as startling to her neighbors as though a cherub had alighted in their city. And she used to invade its stuffy parlors like a whirlwind, clearing out the mid-Victorian junk.

"Why do you have all those *little* things on that wall?" she would exclaim. "Don't you see how much better one big simple picture would look?"

To distinguish her yet more as a Sunday School teacher of the "Genteel Female," Mrs. Beecher wore congress shoes with low flat heels. She kept up a kind of hilarious joy in her pupils too because she could not herself, with all her talents, learn a Bible verse by heart, not

if she spent the week on it, and she was desperately honest about such things. Moreover, just as her Puritan morals were tempered with a pagan love of beauty, her New England piety was mingled with a wayward humor very much belonging to this earth. Once she said to Mr. Beecher at a meeting of Sunday School teachers:

"I believe if we prayed *all night long* the way the old-fashioned Christians did, we would really get what we prayed for!"

"Why don't you try it?" he said.

"Well, I wouldn't want to lose a night's sleep on an uncertainty."

On another occasion she and Mr. Beecher, hastening to an appointment at the Reformatory, were held up by a long freight train, which suddenly parted exactly at the crossing.

"O Tom," she cried, "I'm sorry I didn't pray, it would have been such a good answer!"

Mrs. Beecher and my mother were the closest of friends, and their friendship consisted largely of a voyage together, and in the company of Emerson and William Morris and Walt Whitman, beyond the confines of churchly ethics and religion. "She was eager to assimilate the results of scientific research in every field," my mother writes, and adds that "when any old doctrine that she could no longer hold was under discussion, she would say: 'But it was necessary in its time.'" I cherish the image of her sitting by my mother's hammock beside a brook reading aloud, with an expression of grim and yet joyful determination in her gentle features, the Calamus poems in Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself*.

That perhaps will give the reader some notion how completely, for those who knew her, the thought of this extraordinary woman as Olivia Langdon's Sunday School teacher explodes the myth about the elegant, conventional, and formal training of that so abstract "daughter of a wealthy coal-dealer and mine-owner" whom Mark Twain so concretely loved. Indeed, it is not only Van Wyck Brooks who is talking in the air on this subject. DeVoto, in the very process

of confuting Brooks, perpetuates the portrait of a prim and formalized Victorian female, "completely drilled in the gentilities," and by implication drilled in nothing else. Edward Wagenknecht, although more judicial than either Brooks or DeVoto, attributes to her the same "limited, upper bourgeois standpoint of Elmira." And the error has its source in the official biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who says:

"She sensed his heresy toward the conventions and forms which had been her gospel . . . she suspected that he might even have unorthodox views about religion."

Olivia's gospel, in so far as she learned it from the church in which her mother and father were the central social and financial force, was one of self-reliant revolt against forms and conventions as such, and if she suspected that Mark Twain had unorthodox views about religion, that could only have helped him to fit into the environment in which she had been born and reared. For her own mother was perhaps as unorthodox as anybody in Mr. Beecher's extremely free-thinking congregation.

"I have not concealed from you," he says in his memorial sermon, "nor have I proclaimed, that her views not infrequently diverged from those of her pastor."

That her views did not diverge in the direction of orthodoxy may be gathered from her answer to a question that he put to her upon her deathbed.

"No," she said, "it is all dark to me. It's like lifting a great stone and looking into a cave. But it will be as God wills and I shall be satisfied."

Knowing that about Olivia's mother, you see how misleading is a passage like this from Mr. Wagenknecht about Olivia and Mark Twain:

The truth is that she herself was growing less orthodox until once, in a time of bereavement when he said, "Livy, if it comforts you to lean on the Christian faith do so," she replied, "I can't, Youth. I haven't any." How could he with that hypersensitive conscience of his, fail to upbraid himself afresh, to count

this as another wrong he had put upon her, another deprivation he had brought her to suffer?

IV

Almost everything that has been inferred from this abstract Elmira, and this abstract daughter of an abstract rich business man, is as misleading as that or more so. Her family were of course "bourgeois," but that after all does not describe a species. Even the orthodox Marxist knows better than to infer individuals from social categories, as indeed he must, seeing that Marx himself was bourgeois and his co-worker Engels a "rich business man." Mark Twain, moreover, was far from being a proletarian. He was a mixture of the Southern gentleman and the Western pioneer, had fought a bit with the Confederate Army while his future father and mother-in-law were helping to free slaves, had dropped the war with a masterly nonchalance, gone West to make a fortune, and come back without a fortune, but with humorous genius and a brilliant idea. A new and peculiarly Western American way of "shocking the bourgeois" was the idea. It made *The Innocents Abroad* "a daring book," as Mr. Paine says, and one "calculated to take the breath of the orthodox reader" but not by any means so pointed in its daring, nor so breath-taking to the orthodox, as the life and teachings of Thomas K. Beecher, by whose warm light Olivia Langdon lived and grew. There was, in short—and in not too Marxian language—a hardier and deeper-grounded "radicalism" in the Park Church culture into which Mark Twain married than there was in Mark Twain. To find so much revolt against empty forms and conventions, so much laughing realism, and downright common sense, and democracy, and science, and reckless and humorous truth-telling, in these people who were, nevertheless, dedicated with moral courage to an ideal, may well have given Mark Twain the possession of his deepest and best self.

"You see the thing that gravels her," he

wrote of Livy in those early days, "is that I am so persistently glorified as a mere buffoon, as if that entirely covered my case—which she denies with venom." And twenty years later, speaking of what a man learns "while he sleeps" he wrote this:

When I finished Carlyle's *French Revolution* in 1871, I was a Girondin; every time I have read it since, I have read it differently—being influenced and changed, little by little, by life and environment (and Taine and St. Simon); and now I lay the book down once more, and recognize that I am a Sansculotte!—And not a pale, characterless Sansculotte, but a Marat. Carlyle teaches no such gospel: so the change is in *me*—in my vision of the evidences.

Had Mark Twain set out to prove that the unconscious influence of his married life upon his social outlook had *not* been "bourgeois," he could hardly have penned a better argument.

There remains, however, the question of Olivia's influence upon his literary style. The question is more subtle because it was in some sense the appointed destiny of Mark Twain, together with Walt Whitman although in so different a medium, to introduce in the name of America a new plebeian naturalistic roughness into what had been too aptly called "polite literature." It was this quality of plebeian roughness, combined so unexpectedly with high intelligence, which made *The Innocents Abroad* a momentous book. The important function of "shocking the bourgeois" had heretofore been undertaken by young men and women overdeveloped on the æsthetic side. Mark Twain, like America at large, was undeveloped on that side. He was unrefined—belligerently so—and this, if not confused with being uncivilized, was a part of his unique value.

When I met Mark Twain in the Park Church, they were installing, with a flock of celebrated organists and much lofty music, a new organ. There was hardly anybody there but organists and Langdons and Mark Twain and the pastor's family. I was astonished at the princely grace of his greeting when my mother in-

troduced me. I might have been the Lord Mayor instead of a scared child. People used to be astonished in a similar way to find that Walt Whitman was scrupulously clean. That is what I mean by confusing unrefined with uncivilized.

But I have another memory from that meeting. When it came our organist's turn to play, he asked the distinguished visitor what he would like to hear, and Mark Twain said: "Tannhäuser." I knew that he wanted the *Pilgrims Chorus*, or perhaps the *Overture*—or thought I knew, because that was what I wanted. But Mr. Peake—Dalby Peake his name was, and he was very British—played the "Tannhäuser March." He played it badly, submerging the melody as organists, or rather organs, almost always do for ears not highly practiced, in an opaque flood of sound. I saw that Mark Twain was disappointed, although he said nothing. We happened the next day to be on the same train towards New York, and I summoned up my last ounce of courage and went over and asked him whether my surmise about the music had not been right.

"Oh, I guess that's it," he said. "Any-way that stuff's all too high up for me." His hand flew up above his head to illustrate, and came down low and flat. "*I live right down here!*"

It is the value in that attitude—or the question whether it has a value—which complicates the problem about Olivia's influence upon Mark Twain. It was undoubtedly a "refining" influence. I myself, much as I admired and loved her family, was always a little frightened by their refinement. I was tongue-tied and troubled by the discovery that I had hands and feet whenever I entered the serene door of the stately dark-brown mansion where they lived. Clara Clemens has described the "confusion of greetings and exclamations of delight from old and young" when her family would arrive for a visit in that mansion. I find it difficult to imagine confusion there, and I am sure that within its precincts I never summoned up anything so

disturbing to the atmosphere as an exclamation. "The hall and spacious living room," Clara says, "were rather dark, which added to their interest and general personality . . . and the wide mahogany staircases belonged in an eventful romance." I of course was afraid of the dark, and a wide mahogany staircase could put me in my place about as quickly as anything short of a direct command. So I think it might be well to add my memory and Clara's together and divide by two. Even then you will find the Langdons, and especially the women folk, distinguished so exactly by "refinement" that the contrast between them and the Mark Twain whom the wandering Charlie brought among them in 1867 must have been indeed abrupt and startling.

On the other hand, my extreme timor, and a resulting sensitivity to qualities as well as quantities of social elevation, enables me to testify that the Langdons occupied a somewhat special position in Elmira society, and their refinement was by no means of the "cheap and easy" kind. There were richer families there, and equally mahogany staircases, staircases which frightened me quite as badly; but most of them were a little raw and conscious of themselves by comparison. If Jervis Langdon had been a landed aristocrat and the others had made their pile in coal and lumber, if Jervis Langdon had been born to an estate, and they had started in as country storekeepers, then the economic facts would have corresponded to what existed obviously to my perceptions. I can express now what I felt then by saying that Olivia's family were less like an "upper bourgeoisie" than a nobility in Elmira. Their elevation seemed deep and old and spiritual and infinitely removed from snobbishness. They were at once princely and democratic.

V

Thus I can agree that Olivia's influence upon Mark Twain was a "refining" one, without so totally rejecting it as those do

who imagine it to have been the crass refinement of the typical rich merchant of something called "those up-State towns." I do not shudder as Van Wyck Brooks does when Mark Twain says: "I was a mighty rough, coarse, unpromising subject when Livy took charge of me. . . ." Knowing it was no mid-Victorian genteel abstraction who took charge of him, I know the description of himself is accurate from other standpoints than that of mid-Victorian gentility. The present Jervis Langdon, Olivia's nephew who now lives at Quarry Farm, has composed for his Elmira friends a small brochure of family recollections, which contains a new account of his father's first meeting with Mark Twain in the good ship *Quaker City*, and also of Mark Twain's arrival in Elmira. It is the first word about Mark Twain from the side of his wife's family, and it gives an innocent or at least *unindoctrinated* picture of the early contact of these two men, and these two cultural climates, so alien and so magnetic to each other.

A game of cards was on and my father, Charles Jervis Langdon, a youth of eighteen, one of the audience, attempted to correct one of the players, a slender Westerner with curly, mahogany-colored hair, who showed the frontier-man's ability to care for himself with the remark: "Young man, there's a prayer-meeting forward in the dining saloon and they need you there. . . ."

And again:

Mr. Clemens characteristically chose that train with the biggest sounding name (the Cannon Ball, I believe it was), and towards the middle of the day my father received this telegram: "Train stops every fifteen minutes and stays three quarters of an hour, figure out when it will arrive and meet me." Accompanied by an old friend, my father went down the road to meet the new friend, whose entertaining humor and irresistible magnetism he hoped would balance up with the family for all the uncouth manners and looks, and make a short visit endurable. They found him in the smoker, in a yellow duster and a very dirty, old straw hat. His wardrobe was compressed into such small compass that it didn't really appear he had brought any.

It certainly is not essential to the Mark Twain of plebeian realism, or humorous

naturalism, or robust democratism, or whatever you want to call it, to go courting a young girl who "hasn't her peer in Christendom" in a yellow duster and a dirty old straw hat.

Mr. Langdon speaks, as he inevitably would, with both temperance and tranquillity about "the more recent attempts by some writers to prove that the influence of Mark Twain's 'in-laws,' more particularly the influence of his wife, retarded his progress towards greatness."

They have provoked [he says] an interesting discussion. I naturally enough, probably, agree with the many who feel, as Mr. Clemens himself felt, that he would have fallen far short of his best work without the appreciative, yet exacting, editing and suggesting and restraining of his wife . . . for, as I have said, he was, to begin with, a rough diamond.

As to Mark Twain's philosophy or attitude to life, I would go so far as to add the word "teaching" to those here used. The roots of his wisdom go back just as surely to Thomas K. Beecher's complete and singularly majestic revolt against the whole New England scheme of being in the mind of old Lyman Beecher, as they do to Western mining camps and Mississippi steamboats. His contact with that was his first contact, after the war which he so lightly dipped into and backed out of, with a great iconoclasm, a living and courageous moral and political ideal.

Upon the more ticklish question of refinement versus robust realism, it would be my guess that the Langdons and Mark Twain did each other both a world of good. I certainly do not share Olivia's desire to have the words *offal* and *breech-clout* stricken from our language, and I dare say her delicacy and "restraint" deprived us of scenes and phrases which would have drawn Mark Twain closer to our modern hearts, and which belonged to his true greatness. But this whole matter has been vastly exaggerated and *darkened*, by people who take Mark Twain's "kidding" seriously, and I think it was the influence of an age far more than of a person. Mark Twain might, but for Olivia, have known that *The*

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was a great book, and he might have guided his creative life somewhat differently, knowing that. But the idea that he might have been a Rabelaisian genius, is, in my opinion, pure fantasy, detached from historic good sense. There are, on the other hand, indubitable traces of that "yellow duster and dirty old straw hat" in some of Mark Twain's humorous writing, and we can largely thank Olivia's influence that there are not many more.

DeVoto has pointed out that her revisions of his vocabulary were only those that the folkways of the epoch would have made, and not the folkways only, but the publishers and such editors as Richard Watson Gilder and William Dean Howells. She was, in fact, less strict in her demand for *nicetude* than they, and so was her whole family. This you will realize, when you hear the full story, for some reason never yet told, of the famous phrase stricken from *Tom Sawyer*: "They combed me all to hell."

Van Wyck Brooks tells us how Mark Twain asked Howells for an opinion on it, and Howells answered: "I'd have out that swearing in an instant." And he tells us what was said afterward. But he forgets, or has failed to notice, that in asking for the opinion, Mark Twain had written:

Long ago when I read that to Mrs. Clemens, she made no comment; another time I created occasion to read that chapter to her aunt and her mother (both sensitive and loyal subjects of the kingdom of heaven, so to speak) and they let it pass.

While failing to present this serious statement, Brooks quotes a contradictory and quite obviously jocular account of what happened *after* Howells had ordered the "swearing" out:

Mrs. Clemens received the mail this morning and the next minute she lit into the study with danger in her eye and this demand on her tongue, "Where is the profanity Mr. Howells speaks of?" Then I had to miserably confess that I had left it out when reading the manuscript to her. Nothing but almost inspired lying got me out of this scrape with my scalp.

However much one may enjoy Mr. Brooks' historical novel, it is difficult to forgive him his unreadiness to smile at Mark Twain's humor, and particularly his taking for serious these accounts of Livy's ferocious descents upon her husband. They were hilariously funny to Mark Twain's friends, because her tenderness and quietness and perpetual considerate restraint, and sympathetic understanding, were as near as anything in this world can be, absolute.

The letters, still unpublished, that they wrote home to Elmira from the gift house in Buffalo soon after they were married, are full of this gay foolery, of his jests and hers, about her disposition to correct his wild statements—for it is that usually rather than his taste. A paragraph in one of these letters is interesting because it puts her in the position of the unfixed one:

Mr. Beecher came Saturday and preached morning and evening. The evening sermon, to a crowded house, was received with prodigious favor and he went away from here leaving a great fame behind him. From Elmira we learn that Dr. Heacock created a similar furor in the Opera House Sunday night. It does these people good to change off and shin around a little. (I was going to put that "move around," but Livy said "shin around" was pleasanter.)

Above the last phrase is written—supposedly by Livy, although their handwritings were, strangely enough, so alike as to be almost indistinguishable: "It is a fabrication."

Perhaps the main thing I have to do is to remind the critics and biographers, who seem never to have thought of it, that Olivia Langdon, who loved Mark Twain, loved humor. All her family and all that extraordinary constellation of iconoclasts surrounding Mr. Beecher—had I but space to tell about them all—loved humor and had a jovial and subtle sense of it. Therefore, do not imagine, when you read about Olivia's taking Mark Twain "in charge," and "censoring" and "editing," and "giving it" to him, and about the famous process of social correction which the children called "dusting papa

off"—do not imagine that the humorous perception of this, the subtle and understanding laughter, the sense of proportion that is inherent in such laughter, were not shared by all.

And do not forget either that just as there was play in his pretense that she was a ferocious boss, there was play too in the pretense that he was so malleable a moral substance in her hands. I find another new and delightful thing in this brochure of Jervis Langdon's that is not irrelevant here. It is a letter that Mark Twain wrote to his nephew's bride, on the occasion of their marriage:

Dear Lee:—Now that you are about to enter upon a great and solemn responsibility, and one which is new to you, perhaps a word from one who is experienced may be of service to you.

To begin, then: the first requisite to happiness in the married state is obedience. Where obedience is wanting, failure is certain; where obedience is wanting, trouble is sure to follow; where obedience is wanting, it were better, a hundred times better, that the marriage had never been.

The best way, the wisest way, the only safe and right way, is to exact it at the very start—then it will soon come easy to him. But if you fool around—but don't do that, don't do it. Your Aunt Livy did that, for a long time, hoping against hope, but at the end of the

week she realized her mistake, and ever since then, happiness has reigned. . . .

That is the oldest kind of humor in the world, and yet it was never more delightfully new. Is it not a little slow-witted of us to come along, after we ourselves are safe from the shafts of his laughter, and take such charming jests with complete seriousness? It seems to me that, having regard to the force and masterhood of character that are required to make an immortal author out of a Mississippi River gamin, we might surmise from his very light-heartedness about it that perhaps Mark Twain was, in the shoals of feminine influence as in some other perilous places—and as of course you and I are—a rather self-confident pilot. He certainly knew a great deal more about the nature of Olivia's influence upon him than his critics do—he knew at least that she was not an abstract idea—and he could hardly have exercised less discrimination in appraising its different parts and elements. For my part, having grown up in the very same environment and with her family among my dear friends, I think that the Elmira influence was a vitally liberating one to Mark Twain, and that he actively, and with judgment as well as joy, absorbed it.





THE AMERICAN WAY

AS IT LOOKS TO AN EMIGRÉ FROM GERMANY

BY CARL LANDAUER

WHEN America shook off British rule she took it upon herself to complete the process of democratic evolution which had been under way in England for more than a century. Of this process the restriction or abolition of the king's power was only the negative part. If the people wanted to get rid of rule from above, and still to maintain the values of civilization, they had to find other ways of fulfilling the social functions which the monarchical power had fulfilled before. Of these functions none was more important than the settlement of disputes between social groups. It had been an essential part of the philosophy of absolutism that the king was needed as a supreme judge between nobility, citizenry, and peasantry. The ways in which the kings settled social disputes were very different, in spirit as well as in technic: The kings of France, after having subdued the rebellious nobles, protected the social privileges of the nobility to the point of subjecting both citizens and peasants to cruel oppression; the kings of Prussia, who occasionally liked to be called "kings of beggars," without fully living up to the implications of that title, tried to restrict exploitation of the masses; so, much earlier, did Elizabeth of England. But whatever the conception of justice and wisdom in social struggles, absolutism imposed the king's peace on social groups and thereby prevented violent struggle in social conflicts.

In order to establish government by

the people it was necessary to show that the various parts of which a nation consists could get along with one another peacefully without being forced to keep peace by a superior, hereditary power. Thus the task of democracy has always been a twofold one: to prevent political privilege from reestablishing itself, and to make peaceful settlement of disputes possible in a society without privilege. Democracy is an order of political equality, and at the same time it is an order of social peace. These two aspects are inseparable; and as often as it seems that democracy cannot guarantee peaceful settlement of social disputes, the desire to obtain this guarantee through the establishment of a privileged power acting as a supreme judge becomes strong and sometimes overwhelming.

Modern representative democracy, which has grown out of various roots in the course of a good many centuries, uses majority rule for the peaceful settlement of all conflicts. The rationale of majority rule is not that majorities are always right; it is very easy indeed to find historical examples of unwise action on the part of majorities, cases in which the judgment of the minority group has been much sounder. But while in an individual case the majority opinion is not necessarily superior to the opinion of the minority, the process of obtaining decisions by majority rule is superior to any other way in which the will of a nation can be determined for the simple reason

that one can win a majority through persuasion. While a majority may act erroneously when the issue is first put to decision, there is a basic probability that it can be persuaded to change its decision if experience bears out the truth of the minority's claim that the opposite course is wiser. Still more important, the process of obtaining decisions by persuasion is the most educational and the least destructive method of settling differences of opinion and interests and, therefore, of government.

From the fact that the value of majority rule lies in the process of building up a majority by persuasion, it follows that the rule is valuable only where conditions exist which make persuasion possible. Therefore, the mere fact that a country is governed with the consent of the majority of its citizens has no particular significance if the process through which the majority has been formed does not satisfy the criteria of government by persuasion, that is, if the proponents of conflicting policies have not had an equal opportunity to succeed in persuading each other and the rest of the population. The institutions which are most important in giving significance to the process of persuasion are freedom of speech, press, assemblage, and political organization, and the protection of personal rights (including the chance to earn a living) independent of political beliefs. If Cæsarism or any other form of dictatorship uses a government monopoly of propaganda to manufacture a majority it may improve its tactical position, because many people fail to distinguish between the essence and some outward technicalities of democracy; but the basic arguments which have been developed in support of democracy are not logically applicable to the defense of dictatorial rule supported by plebiscites.

II

The conditions under which democracy has to function in a modern industrial society are very different from conditions which prevailed in the period when the

philosophy of the system was first proposed. There was much social inequality in that period too; but those who advocated democracy believed that political equality would bring about equality of economic opportunities, if not actual equality of income and wealth. These hopes have failed, since the industrial development favored concentration of property and the building up of positions of economic power, largely hereditary in character.

Nobody who has accepted the basic ideas of democracy can approve of the present division of society into owners of wealth and non-owners if he sees the facts as they are. If equality is desirable, why confine it to the voting power instead of extending it to the economic position of the individuals which is so much more important for their daily life? It seems a very limited achievement to remove political disabilities if we cannot remove the inability of a man to acquire the means for a life worth living while others, not better than he, can live in abundance. These arguments have not lost but greatly gained in convincing force since the Jacobins used them against the Girondins.

There are people who say that they do not oppose the present economic order although they firmly believe in democracy. Some of them maintain that greater income is still, by and large, the reward for greater service due to higher personal qualities, so that opportunities may still be called equal. It is not difficult to see that this position is highly unrealistic. It is certainly true that exceptional qualities, combined with exceptionally good luck, can still lead a newspaper boy to the position of a high business executive, and it is even more true that bad luck, with or without lack of ability, can make a rich man poor. But this does not alter the fact that the son or the daughter of a millionaire has still a thousand times more of a chance for a comfortable life than the boy or girl born in a truck driver's family—and yet the truck driver is not at the bottom of society by far.

Other defenders of the existing economic order do not deny that democracy requires as much economic equality as possible. But, they say, no considerably greater amount of equality is possible, at least not if we want to preserve free institutions in politics. Inequality is the price, so this argument runs, of civilization; if we were to make opportunities equal we should have to interfere so much with the life of the individual that we should paralyze the personal initiative of the leading people, and we should all be very much poorer than we are now; or we should have to extend the powers of government so much that we all should become dependent upon our rulers, and liberty would be lost.

It is everyone's privilege to feel that the proposed schemes of social reform are unconvincing, whether or not he believes in democracy. But a person who thinks that there should be as much equality among human beings as possible cannot stop at developing a critical view of the existing plans for reform if he feels they are unsatisfactory; he will feel a strong urge to work out better plans; and since a democrat believes in the possibility of improving ideas by discussion, he can hardly be convinced from the start that we can never have a closer approach to a combination of economic and political equality than we have to-day.

For all these reasons the people who believe that the ideal of equality has a place only in the political sphere have become a minority in all countries. There is now a very large body of public opinion which supports these two ideas: First, that it is the duty of governments to propose laws and to take other measures to diminish the differences in opportunities and standards of living of the wealthy and the poor; and second, that to this end some extension of the collective institutions will be necessary. Naturally there is a great variety of opinion as to the amount of equality which will be obtainable and as to the amount of collectivization which will be necessary or should be accepted; between those who want only a cautious

social security legislation and others who advocate a totally socialistic order there is certainly a very wide gap. But in spite of the gap they agree on the direction in which we should move.

Thus, with the exception of comparatively few dissenters, we are all convinced that social change must be accomplished; and we should find it very hard to maintain our belief in democracy if it did not prove to be a suitable framework for that change. Fortunately, as far as historical facts can warrant a general statement, political democracy has proved to be a very efficient lever of social reform. Trade-union recognition, social-security laws, higher education for the people have been obtained by the masses through the vote. Democratic societies are now taking away, through income and property taxes, more than half of the annual income of the very wealthy, and the proceeds of these taxes are part of a revenue required largely for the support of welfare services. Beginnings have been made in gradually restricting the "industrial command" of the capitalistic entrepreneur; in a number of countries the sector of national business which is under public ownership has grown rapidly; and, still more important, the methods of business regulation by the government and public management of business have greatly and rapidly improved. The technique of Central Bank policy and the science of Public Finance have been permeated by a new interest in making the government an agency fit for greater economic responsibilities. It does not matter greatly, with regard to our problem, whether we think the experiments in this or that field have already proved successful; the really important thing is the experience that democracy can and does move in the direction of social and economic reorganization.

The economic and social reforms which have been obtained through equality of political power have nowhere been as complete as the democratic ideal would require. It is quite inevitable that economic inequality should influence the distribution of political power. Wealth

can fill party chests, can buy newspapers and radio time. Industrial leaders have social reputation and often economic knowledge which give them an extraordinary influence on public opinion. The critics of "bourgeois democracy" are certainly right when they say that under capitalism perfect democracy is impossible; but the social record of the democratic countries shows that the argument is of limited weight; for the democracy which they have had, however imperfect, has made their social progress possible. The influence of money and economic power has only had the effect of a brake which somewhat slowed down the social and economic reorganization; in spite of the delay, the tempo has been rapid enough to change some basic features of society within less than a century.

III

While it is established beyond question that strong forces exist in every modern democracy which promote social progress, it may still be asked whether another political form would not be likely to make progress more rapid. All the steps in social reform have been the result of struggle; they have been achieved against the resistance, usually strong and sometimes desperate, of the socially privileged groups. There is not the slightest reason to assume that further progress can be made without struggle. This is not in itself contradictory to the existence of a democratic order of peace. Social peace does not mean absence of conflict, but absence of violence; an order of peace means not prohibition but limitation and regulation of struggle. Democracy permits the clash of social forces, but it restricts the freedom of action of the struggling groups; they are forbidden to use destructive means.

Should those who fight for social reform accept this limitation on their freedom of action? Let us not be too easily satisfied with an affirmative answer to this question. It is clear enough that violence is an evil, and that civil war or

dictatorship cannot last long without a destructive effect on the material as well as on the moral foundations of society. However, let us also consider that the world is still full of grave social injustices and that every year of unnecessary delay in the accomplishment of desirable reforms perpetuates human misery. Moreover, a gradual process of social change has its specific disadvantages and dangers; the building of new institutions into an old system may create disorganization and maladjustment, and the resulting disturbances may provide the opponents of reform with weapons of propaganda. Therefore, is it not humane and wise to "shorten the birth pangs of a new society," even if this has to be done by violent means? Innumerable wrongs have been inflicted upon mankind in the course of history; if we can rid society by one stroke, or by a short period of violence, of all or most of the remaining inequities, should we then hesitate to lead the historical process quickly to its goal?

Considerations like these have led many men and women of intellectual sincerity from the democratic into the revolutionary camp—men and women who feel emotionally opposed to violence but consider it a lack of moral courage not to use every means in the hour of decision. Their case would be much more arguable if it were sure, or even probable, or at least imaginable, that there will be an *hour* of decision in the process of social change. The idea of a short transitional period, which would not last long enough to do very much harm, is a heritage from a period that did not know that technical means would be developed which in a few months of civil war could destroy the material foundations of civilization for decades. How short would the period of violence now have to be to leave more than ruins? But aside from this, what justifies the assumption that it would be short, measured by any yardstick?

To be sure, not only political changes but economic changes too have sometimes been performed in a quick, revolutionary way and have been successful. Debts or

tributes have been abrogated; large estates have been confiscated and distributed among the peasants who had previously worked them as serfs, or had lived, land-starved, in the nearby villages; slaves have been freed by the stroke of a pen, or have freed themselves through an upheaval, and have been turned into wage earners. All these changes have one trait in common: what the political power has to do is mainly to abolish an old institution or an old right. Only a modest amount of governmental effort in the form of economic reconstruction is possible or necessary to satisfy the purposes of the policy, though the changes may greatly interfere with the life of individuals. An entire creditor class may be ruined by a law which forbids the collecting of debts; but if the creditors are merely the beneficiaries of payments from the productive group, and do not have any share in the productive organization—such as banks ordinarily have—no large-scale economic reorganization is necessary; the productive machinery will function as before. Where the creditor class is more than a group of beneficiaries, *e.g.* where it has the function of currently supplying and distributing credit, revolutionary abrogation of debts has never been an economic success. It is possible to redistribute land by revolutionary methods if the peasants who are to receive the new lots live beside the large estates from which it is to be taken; but wherever the peasant has been eliminated from the territory in which large estates prevail, as in England through the enclosures and in Eastern Germany through the very similar process of *Bauernlegen*, the new settlers must be brought to the land, which is a very difficult, costly, and time-consuming process and cannot successfully be promoted by revolutionary methods. (The "Junkers" owe their preservation as a class during the period of the German Republic primarily to this difficulty in the way of the official settlement policy.) The freeing of the slaves by an essentially revolutionary act in America was unsuccessful for a long time as an

economic measure because slavery could not be entirely and immediately replaced by the wage system or any other adequate system of productive organization; and the economic consequences of the failure were bearable for the country as a whole only because they were confined to its economically less important sector.

Great constructive tasks of an economic order have never been accomplished by one revolutionary act. Feudalism as well as capitalism grew for centuries before it became the prevailing system of its epoch. The building up of socialism will probably be a rapid process as compared with former changes from one economic system to another; yet there is very little which suggests that it can be done, in a country with Western civilization, in less than a number of decades—and this is longer than any such country can exist under conditions of civil war or dictatorship without being morally and materially ruined. How much more complex a task it would be to transform the industrial machinery of a modern capitalistic country into a socialistic one than it was to build a new industrial machinery in Russia along socialistic lines; and even in Russia it took more than a decade to get the socialistic process of industrialization started in earnest. Now, while the economic reorganization is still very far from its goal, the effects of the dictatorship are becoming intolerable to all the independent spirits in the country, communists and non-communists alike, and utterly detrimental to the operation of the industrial organization. Gradualism is truly inevitable in any approach to a socialist order; the idea of "shortening the birth pangs" is not realizable. And since the period of transition will not be short, peace or war during that period will mean life or death for civilization.

IV

Whether social progress will be peaceful does not only depend of course upon whether democracy is objectively preferable to revolution; history is in the main

not made by people who are strictly objective in their judgment. Serious doubts have occurred as to whether democracy, however desirable, will not be destroyed or made unworkable by certain features of modern industrial life.

Modern society consists of classes, that is of social groups whose members occupy a characteristic position in the productive process which largely determines their social philosophy, and who have reason to consider this position as permanent and, with some reservations, hereditary. There has been a strange reluctance in America to acknowledge this fact; but if we refuse to see it, we cannot undertake a realistic appraisal of the chances of democracy in the present age.

Undoubtedly class stratification of society is the source of the principal difficulties which democracy has to face in present-day society, but at the same time democracy depends on the forces which grow out of the importance of economic classes. The class consciousness of the underprivileged was a most important driving force toward the realization of the democratic ideal of equality in the economic field. We should not have even complete political equality in the Western World if the laboring masses had not become class-conscious. If there had not been a class movement the economically underprivileged would have been powerless, since for them the only source of strength is their numbers, and masses must be organized to be a force. Consequently, without the class movement of the have-nots, democracy would be an empty word in modern industrial society. Yet the emphasis upon class antagonism has endangered democracy as an order of peace.

The class struggle is a struggle for bread and butter; but it is much more than that. The worker, owing to his peculiar social position, has an outlook of his own toward life, and especially social and political life, and the same is true of entrepreneurs, farmers, and urban middle-class people. Thus the class struggle has become a clash not only of interests but

also of ideas and ideals. Ethical conceptions as well as egotistic desires are behind the demands of the various classes; and this combination of interests and ideals has given the antagonistic forces in modern society their dangerous strength, which is comparable only to the strength of antagonistic religious convictions in the Middle Ages and at the beginning of the Modern Era. It is true that the class struggle, as the Marxists say, is an indispensable condition for the development of a higher form of human society; it is equally true, as the conservatives say, that it is a threat to civilization and to the institutions which safeguard human freedom. In shaping any policy we cannot ignore either of these fundamental facts.

It is clearly a task of political education to remind the struggling classes continuously that their common interests are not less vital to each of them than their antagonistic interests. A democracy which would neglect this task would fail in a necessary act of self-preservation. But education must be supplemented by institutional provisions. A modern democracy must try to lead the class forces into channels where they can be prevented from doing harm; it must also reduce the incentives to violent action as far as possible.

All modern democracies are still experimenting with the mitigation of disputes between capital and labor. Public agencies for industrial reconciliation or arbitration exist everywhere, and it is pretty generally realized that strikes and lock-outs should not be the regular methods for the settlement of conflicts between capital and labor, not only because they involve heavy material losses but also because they overemphasize the conflicting interests and make the classes forget what they have in common. However, no country has yet developed an adequate technic for preventing industrial warfare. We shall hardly make any progress in this field unless we acknowledge two elementary rules. First, that relations based on agreement and arbitration are possible only if labor is well organized, because

strong unions are much more peaceful than weak ones. Therefore society must not only grant freedom of organization but it must deliberately promote the organization of labor. This means that the "right to work," independent of membership in a union, cannot be put under the protection of society. A worker cannot remain aloof from a union without endangering the attempts of his fellow-workers to obtain bargaining power equal to that of the employers; and inadequacy of labor's bargaining power is the cause of despair pernicious to democracy. We do not permit individual citizens to stay out of a local community even though they might be willing to protect themselves without the help of the police, to extinguish fires without calling the fire department, and to teach their children so that they need not be sent to school. We do not tolerate that type of rugged individualism because we know that local communities can be efficient organizations only if all the residents support them. The same considerations apply to vocational communities. We may grant, nevertheless, that it would satisfy democratic ideals better if the state could remain neutral toward the adherence or non-adherence of an individual to an organization. But labor needs social support in its effort to organize, and this support involves preference for the organized as against the unorganized worker if the power of wealth is to be checked and democracy to be maintained.

The second rule is that the right to strike cannot be unconditional if we want to regulate the conflicts of social forces. In the United States of to-day and in a number of other countries it is unconditional only according to the letter of the law; if labor refuses to have an important conflict arbitrated while the employers accept arbitration, public opinion turns so much against labor that the government is often induced or forced to take steps which will practically break the strike. Airtight schemes of compulsory arbitration will do more harm than good, and there are many reasons for that; one

of them is that if the government were to take the regulation of wages entirely out of the hands of the parties it would have to accept full responsibility for the wage level; and in the present state of knowledge and information no economist could advise the government what the wage level ought to be at a given moment. But while the powers of arbitration boards must not be absolute, they must be greater than they are now, and a regular procedure based on investigation of the merits of each case must replace the discretionary use of police power and militia in dealing with "unreasonable attitudes" of unions.

V

In order to imbue the various social groups with confidence in peaceful progress the mechanism of democratic government must satisfy some technical requirements. It is particularly important that the system should have a sufficient amount of elasticity.

No group will voluntarily obey majority rule if it is quite sure that it can never obtain a majority itself. This is the reason why questions of national minority rights, for example, are unfit for decision by majority rule; a Pole does not, as a rule, become a German because he is persuaded to change his conviction (although in some of the border districts in Europe adherence to one of two rival civilizations has become a matter of conviction rather than of racial background). Consequently a Polish minority in German territory cannot become a majority in the same way as a political party, namely by convincingly presenting its case. Therefore it is political wisdom to exempt matters of national culture from majority rule and to seek a solution through the granting of cultural self-government to national minorities. Similar considerations apply to religious matters, and, therefore, home rule has long been granted, in most civilized countries, to religious communities in their own affairs.

The fear has been expressed that class consciousness will work out very much

like conscious adherence to racial or religious communities. Indeed, the person who chooses his election ticket in consideration of his social position is more likely to associate permanently with one party than the man or woman who does not vote as a worker or an industrialist or a farmer or a storekeeper. The trend toward parties with permanent programs ("parties of conviction") which is now noticeable in the United States and which had in an earlier epoch transformed British politics, is largely the product of the desire to have the permanent interests and beliefs of groups expressed in the basic demands of great political organizations. There is nothing illegitimate in this desire from a democratic standpoint. But the decrease in political mobility of the individual voter must not make the lines between minority and majority unchangeable.

In all modern countries the elasticity of the system is provided mainly by the existence of a middle group which is strong enough to keep the balance of power and not entirely committed to either conservatism in its capitalistic conception or socialism in its proletarian conception, and which can be impressed by arguments and attitudes of either one of the more extreme groups. Usually the political middle group is identical with an economic middle group; but in one important instance, in the German republic, the middle group had mainly ideological foundations, being represented by the Roman Catholic Party (the "Center") which consisted of people from all strata of society and for this reason was committed to a middle course in social affairs. In any case the middle group will ally itself with the leftists or with the rightists depending on where it finds a greater regard for its own desires. Usually the group to the right or to the left which follows an extreme policy will lose the opportunity to establish an alliance with those in the center and, as a consequence, will see its chances of gaining or keeping a majority position weakened. Thus it is the middle group rather than

the individual voter which is the object of persuasion. It is not always necessary that the middle group be organized in a party of its own; it may change from the right wing of a progressive or labor party to the left wing of a conservative party, and be discernible as a sociological entity rather than as a political organization.

In the United States, as in France and (perhaps less conspicuously so) in England, the elasticity of the system is created by the existence of an economic middle class. It cannot be the old "independent" middle class of fifty years ago; it will consist more of professional men and salaried employees than of people who conduct their "home-owned business." But every party which wants to govern will have to take the ideas, interests, and even the prejudices of this group into account. As long as this middle group preserves some independence of mind it will work as a check on extremes; and while the purpose of social progress would best be served if the middle group were on the whole to side with labor, it is important that its intellectual and political mobility be retained. Intellectual independence and self-reliance is firmly rooted in the American middle class, and this is one of the great assets of American democracy.

VI

The problem of the middle class has gained still more in importance since the rise of fascism. The victory of the fascist movement in some countries which previously had democratic constitutions has supplied the advocates of social revolution with an impressive argument. Granted, they say, that democracy is desirable; granted even that it may work for a time in a society divided into classes, without too much friction and without losing so much of its original meaning as to become worthless, nevertheless, democracy is not a suitable way in which the necessary social changes can be effected; for as soon as the privileged feel that their privileges are seriously threatened they will destroy democracy as they did in

Italy and Germany. This prophecy is made with firm conviction because it fits into a general scheme of historical development which is to be found in the writings of Karl Marx; it suggests that catastrophe is the price of human progress, that the evolution of better forms of society can never be essentially peaceful, and that, therefore, he who is too much terrified by the destructive effects of historical cataclysms is in effect a reactionary who tries to preserve obsolete social systems. This scheme would appear less convincing if all of us realized that it is much more in the nature of a vision than of a theorem supported by proof, and that Marx himself, whose great spirit was stronger in producing ideas than in co-ordinating them, did not stick to this extremely revolutionary philosophy, but aside from it developed a gradualistic line of thought and made some optimistic statements about peaceful social progress in democracies.

Those who believe that fascism is simply a tool which Big Business created as soon as it found democracy dangerous overlook one important fact: the opposition of Big Business to democracy is much older than fascism. It was easy enough to foresee that as soon as the masses were given the vote they would try to use it for the betterment of their social position, and that this would mean, in a capitalistic society, curtailment of the power of the capitalist. While some of the leaders of the business world were advocates of democracy for ideological reasons, the group as a whole has opposed the spread of political power wherever it could. The new element in the situation in Italy in 1921 and in Germany in 1932 was not the opposition of Big Business to democracy, but the weakness of the democratic regime which gave its opponents a chance to destroy it. Why was democracy weak? Because it was supported almost exclusively by workers. The small tradespeople, the plumbers and the butchers, the innkeepers and the peasants, the bulk of the intelligentsia had turned against democracy. If we want to ex-

plain why fascism came to power we must understand why the middle class turned against democracy, and why it fell into the fascist mood.

It is much easier for Americans to understand communism than to understand fascism. The final aim of communism is the greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals. The aim of democracy is the same. The way, not the goal, is fundamentally different. Fascism, on the other hand, does not consider the happiness of the individual an essential thing; both the democratic and the communistic belief are condemned as "materialism" by the fascists. At the bottom of the fascist opposition to "materialism" is disbelief in the perfectibility of human life; man will always remain a predatory animal and there is no escape from war and oppression; the great task of man is not to change his condition of life but to be strong and to enjoy the beauty of strength. Technical and organizational progress may be used as a tool by the strong; otherwise it is not important. This philosophy presents itself as a combination of idealism and realism and, depending on the circumstances, stresses sometimes the one and sometimes the other aspect. Fundamentally, however, it is neither realistic nor idealistic, but an expression of despair, and this despair is more alien to the average American's philosophy of life than almost anything else which may be in the mind of a human being. The American business man hates the communists, out of fear that they may endanger his economic interests; and most of the ordinary Americans of any class are temperamentally opposed not only to the communist ideas but to the communist approach, to the attitude of cocksureness which does not permit compromise or trial and error. But even the American capitalist is sometimes on common ground with the communists; both, for instance, believe that it is a very valuable thing to give people telephones or refrigerators or good cheap cars; or that government is nothing but an instrument for the accomplishment of

some of the purposes of the citizens; or that there will be a future in which people can live together peacefully. The fascists disagree with all these points. If looked at from the standpoint of American democracy, communism is a fundamental and potentially disastrous mistake; but fascism is a disease of intellect and emotions.

Social psychology still has to undertake the difficult and interesting task of explaining why in some of the European countries the middle classes have fallen into the fascist mood. Fortunately for other countries, this mood does not grow very easily, and the existence of social friction and economic maladjustments will hardly ever suffice to produce it. But certainly one of the conditions for the rise of a fascist movement is that the middle class is frightened by the proletariat. The fascist attitude toward progress is largely due to the desire to refute progressive philosophy because it justifies government by the masses, and this desire results from the idea that the masses, which are identified with the workers, will level down whatever is above them if they get the power. As long as the small business men and the salaried employees and the farmers feel that they have nothing to fear if labor gains they will consider themselves part of the masses and democracy will be safe; Big Business will then have to accept the laws on which labor can agree with the middle class.

The greatest obstacle to an understanding between the workers and the middle classes, and the most important cause of a dangerous red scare, is the philosophy of proletarian dictatorship. In all Western countries the middle classes are sufficiently self-conscious not to tolerate the idea that they should be excluded from political power by manual laborers. If the proletariat wanted to dictate it would have to crush not only the capitalists, but the small tradespeople, the clerks, the engineers, and the doctors as well. If there is to be peace between all these people and the workers there must be democracy.

But to what extent can the middle class be reconciled to the workers' ideas about social progress, even within the framework of democracy? In no country would the middle class accept a program which would irrevocably commit it to socialism; but in many countries it is willing to support a policy which may end in socialism if the steps in the gradual approach prove to be successful. American experience shows this very clearly. The movement against Big Business which started in the period of Jacksonian democracy, if not earlier, has expressed itself in a long series of political groups from the Free Soil propagandists to the La Follette movement and the New Deal; while most of them were also supported by labor, they were primarily middle-class movements, and this middle-class Social Democracy has become increasingly similar to the proletarian reformism of Europe in its results.

Democracy does not face the choice between giving up social progress and ending in fascism. Democratic government may be overthrown by fascism as a result of lack of wisdom, or lack of determination, or lack of good luck. But in spite of widespread opinions to the contrary, there is very little likelihood that democratic government will vanish from the earth or that its dictatorial alternatives will prove to be more successful methods of conducting the affairs of nations.

Every regime must give the people the impression that it can handle the vital problems of the age with an adequate amount of success; otherwise it will not be retained. Democracy must show that it is at least not unsuccessful in improving the conditions of life for the underprivileged. For this reason the great technical difficulties of transforming capitalism into a system with more equality and more conscious guidance are operating against a firm establishment of democratic rule. To be sure, no other form of government would be better able to secure satisfactory solutions. But democracy cannot live merely by the weakness of its alternatives; it must show strength of its

own. Every effort which leads to the elaboration of reasonable methods of economic change will contribute not only to the economic welfare of the masses but also to more security for government by the people.

Even with wisdom and success democracy will not survive if it does not have determined defenders. No system of government has an unlimited faculty of self-preservation. It is impossible so to balance political forces that we can be absolutely sure that none of them will ever destroy the established framework. Democracy is a system of internal peace, but this does not mean that it has automatic safeguards which prevent everyone from breaking the peace. Although democracy is the system which guarantees minorities a peaceful way of seeking the victory of their principles, and, therefore, reduces the motives for revolt, there may still be revolting minorities. If so there must be no doubt that they will be subdued. People must believe in the strength of the democratic order, otherwise they will not rely on it but will arm for violent struggle—and this will mean the beginning of the end for democracy.

VII

Democracy must be justified by its own merits; yet it is important to investigate the achievements of non-democratic governments to find the right yardstick. The dictators boast of their greater efficiency, and defenders of democracy are frequently inclined to yield on this point. In the solution of technical tasks it is indeed sometimes easier to get things done if the power to act rests with one dictator and his appointees than if the system provides checks and balances. This is the reason why every country, however democratic, has to put itself under a temporary dictatorship in case of war. But the technical superiority of dictatorship exists only where the danger of mistake is smaller than the danger of delay, or where secrecy is very important. In a democratic country, with published budgets

and parliamentary debates about revenue and expenditure, the greatest technical achievement of the Nazi dictatorship, namely Dr. Schacht's financial policies, would not have been possible; and the same is true of the reoccupation of the Rhineland and probably of the invasion of Ethiopia. It is also very likely that the preparation of the Five Year Plan would have taken a longer period of time in a country where public opinion would have had a voice in determining the objectives and the means.

However, what is the net result of dictatorial government? Fascism has sometimes—certainly not always—selected surprisingly rational means, but only to serve entirely irrational ends. By much cleverness in technicalities the fascist powers have, for instance, achieved a small alleviation of their foreign-exchange troubles, which other nations, not naturally better endowed, have avoided through a wiser policy in international trade, public finance, and foreign affairs. Communism, after having developed admirable concepts of economic planning, is spoiling the advantages of long-range schemes to a very great extent by the discouraging effects of arbitrary government upon the managers of industry. In the most serious international crisis through which the Soviet state has lived since the end of the Russian civil war in 1921 the Soviets see their military and industrial organization largely paralyzed by mistrust, fear, and enmity, if not by actual disloyalty of men on whom the efficiency of government depends.

This is not to say that democracy can learn nothing from either communism or fascism. Aside from economic planning, which is not originally a communistic conception but which communism has done much to develop and to realize, the communist movement is the strongest embodiment of impatience with social injustice, and it would be better for democracy if some of its defenders would be more strongly infected with the germ of this impatience. Democracy may learn from fascism that a good number of ob-

stacles to energetic action are not really as strong as they seem to be on the surface, and that for this reason there is a chance for leaders who are not easily frightened by an appearance of great difficulties; but the leaders must also be wise enough to see the really important obstacles. There is another lesson to be learned from the communist as well as from the fascist form of the totalitarian state. Every government must teach the citizens, and particularly the youth of the country, the basic philosophy on which it rests. It is not necessary, and for a democratic government it is entirely illegitimate, to persecute those who disagree with that philosophy; but it is necessary to tell the people why they are governed by the form by which they are governed. What is necessary in the United States is not stern measures against communists and fascists but an instruction in civics which presents, in an impressive form, the fundamental arguments for democracy.

Parliamentary democracy was the great invention which has made liberty and peaceful social change compatible. We shall lose this achievement if we allow the institution to be destroyed or to decay; it will decay, and it cannot be successfully defended against attacks, if the basic human qualities which have animated the founders of democracy cannot be preserved and from time to time revitalized. Among these qualities is an understanding of the variety of points of view, an insight into the fact that the absolute truth in human affairs is not revealed to

anybody but must be found through intellectual co-operation. Another essential quality is a fundamental confidence in men; if we do not believe that our fellow human beings can appreciate the value of arguments there is no point in trying to convince them, and if we fear that they will do the worst they can there is not much use in working with them to build up an order of peace. Finally, democracy is based upon an appreciation of individuality. Only if we see the value of independence of opinion even in those whose ideas differ from ours shall we develop that attitude of tolerance which will make us not only obey but approve the laws of democracy.

Therefore democratic education does not merely mean the teaching of political doctrines; it includes the development of an outlook toward life which makes the political doctrines acceptable. And it means one more thing which has often been forgotten, namely, the teaching of the truth that tolerance and respect for the personality of others does not preclude determination in the defense of one's own principles. Let us remember again that democracy, and with democracy peace, will be extinct if the believers in democratic government will allow their desire for peace to develop into non-resistance toward intolerance, their readiness for self-criticism into a lack of self-reliance, and their recognition of the rights of their opponents into a lack of moral courage to fight those who deny the principles of freedom.



THE PAROLE QUESTION

BY LEWIS E. LAWES

Warden of Sing Sing Prison

A CRIMINAL is a furtive creature, born with a spitting automatic tightly grasped in one hand; the law eventually catches up with him and plants him safely behind the bars; but then a parole board steps in, snatches the ne'er-do-well from his cell and turns him loose upon society—at least that is the picture formulated in the minds of those who believe everything they read in many newspapers.

We are perennially showered with "exposures" of parole. The formula is simple and effective: the convict is a rat, the parole board his savior. A recent cartoon in a New York newspaper depicted the hulking figure of an ape with fangs bared and pools of saliva dripping from its distorted mouth. The word "Crime" was printed on its chest and one hairy paw clutched a sheaf of papers labeled "Parole."

When Dillinger launched his spectacular career as a desperado, became "America's Ace Public Enemy No. 1," and smashed on to his bloody end, he was out "on parole." The notorious Waley was also "on parole" when he engineered the Wayerhauser kidnapping. All this made splendid newspaper copy and provided our anti-parole crusaders with plenty of potent ammunition.

The Dillinger case in particular serves as the favorite example of these critics. Perversely perhaps, I find in Dillinger's career a peculiarly fascinating study of the degeneration of a convict returned to the community nominally on parole but actually minus both the preparation and

the effective supervision that are the most important conditions to the success of parole.

For in its true meaning parole does not exist to-day in the United States. What does parole imply? What is essential for an adequate system of parole?

In answering these questions I should like to destroy a popular myth. Parole is *not* a concept invented for the purpose of mollicoddling the offender. On the contrary, it was originated primarily for the protection of society.

As in the past, about ninety-five per cent of the men we send to prison will eventually be released. Obviously it is the concern of the community that those men should not revert to lawless ways. A penalty inflicted upon the criminal, therefore, must be looked on, not as punishment only but also—and chiefly—as a means of re-adopting the offender into social life. Parole is then seen as the last carefully considered phase of the whole process of correctional treatment begun when the prisoner enters the institution.

Understanding this, we must acknowledge that parole is of little value unless we first reform the inmate while he is in prison. Unfortunately—and herein lies its weakness in application—parole was tacked on to a penal code which completely ignored the important prerequisite upon which parole's success depends, namely, rehabilitation of the prisoner. This is evident when we trace in a few words the story of the development of our present criminal law.

The history of our penal code has been the history of an unsuccessful attempt to suppress crime by vengeance. Until about two hundred years ago almost all crimes were punishable by hanging or banishment. The reasoning behind these severe forms of punishment was simple and direct. When a man transgressed the law he committed an injury against society. Society demanded vengeance and the man paid with his life.

When people began looking upon these penalties as too harsh a new criminal code was drawn up, retaining the theory of revenge as its essential feature. This new system provided for a series of graduated punishments according to the seriousness of the unlawful act. It invoked long periods of imprisonment during which the prisoners were treated with extreme brutality. The minds of those men were dulled and distorted, their spirits broken. They served out their time to the bitter end. When they were released no attempt was made to supervise them or help them into ways of decent living. Even if it was apparent that they were engaging in anti-social activities they could not be brought back to prison unless they were convicted of another crime.

Many of these ex-convicts returned to lawless ways because they were never taught how to earn an honest dollar. And if they did learn a trade while in prison it would be of little use, for they would be barred—as they are even to-day—from most forms of employment. A crime-harassed society therefore began to seek means of protection. Thus parole originated in a belief that the State should have some control over a prisoner even after he served his time.

As a result the penalties for all crimes were increased. When a convict is sentenced he is imprisoned in most instances for the same number of years as under the old system, but he spends the remainder of his term on parole, if it is granted. Parole, therefore, does not allow men to serve less time in prison than before. In fact, felons now receive longer terms than

they did when parole was not utilized. Not only are they kept in prison longer to-day, but they must spend an additional period of time on parole.

However, as I have indicated, a paroled convict will not engage in honest endeavors unless his warped mental outlook is changed prior to his discharge from a penal institution. Although it has become the fashion to speak of rehabilitation, illogically the old formula of vengeance remains. The fact that fixed sentences for specific crimes are still meted out without any thought being given to the circumstances which impelled the unlawful acts clearly indicates that our intent is to seek revenge rather than to reform.

Clearly, then, the successful operation of parole not only demands a radical change in our present prison system but in the accepted functions of our courts, and in the prevailing attitude toward those released from our penal institutions who are denied the right to work honestly when they return to the community.

II

A really adequate penal system would work as follows:

The court would have no province beyond determining whether the defendant was guilty or innocent. Found guilty, the convicted man would appear before a sentencing commission, designated to act also as a parole body.

This board, composed of competent penologists and sociologists, would have at its disposal the services of doctors and psychiatrists. They would examine the criminal physically and mentally, compile a record of his work experiences, delve into his family and educational background; in short, they would ferret out his complete case history.

This microscopic scrutiny completed, the prisoner would be classified under one of several categories. The psychopathic criminal would be sent to a special institution and could regain his freedom only upon the completion of his cure and un-

der the constant supervision of the parole board. And the incorrigible or habitual offender would be segregated in one separate prison, while those who showed greatest possibilities for successful rehabilitation would be assigned to another.

The length of the sentence meted out by the board would be predicated upon the assumption that the period of imprisonment should fit the individual, not the crime. In other words, a man would be kept in prison, regardless of the crime he had committed, for as long as it was deemed compatible with the best interests of society and the prisoner himself.

Inasmuch as it would not be humanly possible for members of the sentencing board to predict in advance the time necessary to rehabilitate an offender, they would retain the right to alter the sentence as they might see fit. In this way no prisoner would be released until it was definitely felt that his freedom would not adversely affect the community.

It is apparent that an individual judge, lacking both the knowledge and the flexibility of such a commission, could not possibly carry out these complex functions.

Upon the criminal's arrival at the institution selected by the sentencing board he would be ready for a rehabilitative program. If necessary, he would receive an academic education or vocational training in classes led by practiced instructors.

When it became apparent that he had reached the highest point in his correctional development, he would be released from prison under strict supervision. This supervision means parole.

A parole officer would then take the released prisoner under his wing. This officer must be an active field agent who visits the parolee in his home at regular intervals and becomes acquainted with his habits and associates. If possible the officer induces his charge to join some local church or settlement group. Meanwhile the parole board does all in its power to help the former inmate re-orient himself. The man would not be dis-

charged from parole until the board felt assured that its efforts at reclamation had really taken effect.

I do not assume that this system of treatment, which I advocated as far back as 1923, would permanently solve the crime problem. But I feel that, given such a rehabilitative program plus the strict supervision of parole, the majority of our ex-convicts would be successfully weaned away from the associations which led them to crime.

It is true that there will always be a small minority of incorrigibles. They would be set apart, however, from the other prisoners. Furthermore, with a sentencing board functioning in the manner that I have described, these men would probably never be released to harass the community again. If through a mistake in judgment on the part of this board, some were released on parole, strict supervision would insure their apprehension at the first signs of their reverting to crime.

Bearing all this in mind, let us now turn back to John Dillinger's first appearance in court. Jointly convicted with a confederate, the young criminal received a ten-year sentence for this, his first offense. He then saw his partner in crime, an old hand at the game with a long record of convictions behind him, wriggle out with a comparatively short term of two years.

From that moment on Dillinger nursed a deep-rooted hatred for society and the forces of law and order. This hatred was intensified by his contacts with the hardened criminals in the Indiana State Prison, from whom he should have been segregated in the first place.

Later, a part-time Parole Board, that obviously could not give its undivided attention to the various ramifications of the case, released Dillinger "on parole." The State of Indiana had at the time eleven paid parole officers to supervise more than two thousand men. They made contact with these men monthly, in some cases by mail. Under these circumstances the question—was Dillinger actu-

ally "on parole" when he went on his rampage?—is merely an exercise in rhetoric.

The State of Washington employs four parole officers who supervise an annual average of more than two thousand men—mostly by contact through the mails! Waley, incidentally, was "paroled" by the State of Washington.

In most States contacts with prisoners are frequently made by mail, and then only once a month. Where there is personal contact there is usually one parole officer to take care of three or four hundred men. It is evident that in such cases supervision is impossible. Unless the parolee himself admits that he violated his parole, or is arrested for the commission of a new crime, how can it be known whether or not he is delinquent?

Only fourteen States and the Federal Government provide full-time paid parole boards. And in one State included in that group—Texas—it appears that there are no parole officers to supervise the men released by the board. New York, generally accepted as having the best parole supervision, has approximately one parole officer for every hundred parolees. Is it hard to realize why parole has fallen into such disrepute?

III

Yet even granting that parole as it exists to-day is a far cry from parole as it should be, I nevertheless maintain that even in those States where its application is most lax no prisoner should be released in any other way than through parole.

For life behind the prison walls, no matter how good or bad the prison regimen, is still necessarily artificial. Many released inmates cannot withstand the impact of the sudden transition to the outside world. Without the steadying influence of parole they may, more likely than not, slip back into the underworld they know so well. For this reason, supervision, no matter how loose, is far better than no supervision at all.

What strikes me as miraculous is that parole as it stands to-day in all its tragic weakness should be productive of such amazingly good results. For every Dillinger who shoots his way into the first pages of the nation's newspapers there are thousands of parolees who go quietly about the more prosaic business of breaking with their pasts and becoming useful, law-abiding citizens. They do not rate headlines. Their stories are not written into the records.

On the other hand, our newspapers frequently present to the public stories of parole violators when actually no such violations occurred. Whenever a specialized type of crime—that is to say of forgery, safecracking, swindling, and so on—is committed, the police, as a matter of routine, round up all the known exponents of that particular line of law-breaking. Naturally, they bring in for questioning parolees and others who formerly were addicted to the type of crime being investigated. In fact, any crime brings in its batch of paroled prisoners whose movements are closely checked.

"John Doe, recently paroled from X prison, was questioned by police in connection with a daring robbery," the papers report. But if the suspect is subsequently released they rarely mention this fact.

Many a prejudice against parole and released prisoners is then formed in the lay mind. An excellent case in point is offered by an article recently appearing in one of our national magazines.

This article cites the case of one Robert C. Nelson and tells of his release "on parole" from Sing Sing Prison only eight months after he had been received there on a four-to-eight-year sentence for jewel theft. The writer then goes on to show how eventually Nelson was again convicted, this time for complicity in a \$185,000 gem robbery.

It so happens that I know what goes on in Sing Sing. The New York Parole Board *did not* release Nelson. When the Court of Appeals sustained the conviction that sent the prisoner to Sing Sing in the

first place, one of the dissenting judges wrote to the Governor suggesting that, since there was a very reasonable doubt as to the man's guilt, he should be released. The Governor thereupon commuted Nelson's sentence, and of course the prisoner was immediately set free. When the \$185,000 robbery took place the police spread their net and hauled in Nelson merely because his record revealed a fondness for other people's jewelry. But Nelson was never found guilty of that crime.

Other widespread distortions of fact served to stir up unwarranted resentment against parole. Quite commonly parole boards are accused of arbitrarily shortening the prison terms of convicted criminals when actually they have no more power to reduce sentences than to increase them. How does this misconception arise?

Since the law requires that a man must "pay" for a crime, a criminal receives a fixed sentence in proportion to the seriousness of his offense. At the end of his term it is assumed that the offender has squared his debt to society. Whether or not he is made fit for his subsequent return to the community is incidental to the course of punishment.

In most States the prisoner serves his sentence less time off for good behavior. He is then automatically released under the supervision of the parole board for the duration of that time. Consequently the parole board, which has no say in the release of such men, is forced to accept the responsibility if they again turn to crime. Thus parole suffers to-day from criticism because of the mistakes of a penal system over which it has no control.

Take, for example, the much publicized Titterton murder case, which cast an undeserved shadow upon the New York Parole Board. It was alleged that John Fiorenza, the confessed murderer of young Mrs. Titterton, was a paroled convict. But he was no longer on parole at the time; and even if he had been, any censure should rest upon our penal system, not parole. Fiorenza had served his

allotted time at Elmira Reformatory minus the period for good behavior. Automatically, therefore, he was entitled to his freedom despite the fact that a psychiatrist who examined him pronounced him a menace to society. The parole board was powerless, its hands tied by an archaic law.

Recently the New York Legislature changed this law. To-day the parole board is empowered to withhold a prisoner's good time if it sees fit. But this in no way meets the fundamental problem. It merely serves to keep a dangerous felon in prison for a slightly longer length of time than heretofore, and then releases him, still a menace to society and under no supervision at all. The Fiorenza case clearly indicates that each criminal must be treated as a separate individual and should be released only upon his successful rehabilitation. Under our present system of imposing fixed sentences some inmates are kept in prison much longer than necessary; some are released too soon.

IV

Most of the opponents of parole are also staunch advocates of the revenge or "give them hell" school of penology. This revenge motive, unfortunately prevalent in our penal system, is often precisely what drives the convict back to crime. In the great majority of cases the criminal reaches the prison with a mind warped and distorted by poverty and the corroding influences of underworld associations. Unless the institution can effectively cleanse the man's brain of all these degenerative elements and send him out with a healthy social outlook then parole supervision, no matter how stringent, may well be futile.

Good clean recreation and a thoroughgoing education are necessary prerequisites to the prisoner's reform. However, such a program immediately arouses the ire of the "give them hell" penologists. "We are turning our prisons into country clubs," they cry. So these rehabilitative

efforts are wrecked. Then, with pious words of admonition on our lips, we return the prisoner to the community; but, with vengeance in our hearts, we deny him the right to work honestly.

Some States provide vocational instruction in prisons; but even this potentially powerful instrument for good is effectively neutralized by the short-sighted and illogical treatment accorded the convict upon his release from prison. How can we expect him to apply himself seriously to the task of learning a trade when he knows beforehand that the very State which teaches him that vocation will not employ him at that or any other trade when he gains his freedom?

Recently I made a survey of conditions in the forty-eight States, and found that with few exceptions, our State Governments refuse to employ men who have been convicted of a felony. Such a man cannot secure a chauffeur's license, nor for that matter, any other State or municipal license. He cannot take any civil service examination.

Some time ago the Federal Bureau of Investigation pointed with pride to the fact that several hundred men who had applied for honest jobs which required licensing in some cases, thereby necessitating a fingerprint checkup, were found to have been convicted of some crime and were, therefore, refused employment. What is there to be proud of?

Some of these former criminals, it is true, had filed applications for police jobs, and the Federal Bureau was justified in preventing them from being hired. But why prevent the ex-convict from becoming a taxi-driver, a mechanic, or a plumber? The very fact that he is willing to enter a trade that requires fingerprinting and licensing testifies to his desire to go straight.

I feel that the vast majority of men who are released from prison would engage in honest work if given the opportunity to do so. Yet there is hardly an employment agency in existence which will place on its roll the name of a man who was at one time in prison. Most

mercantile establishments in scrutinizing an individual's past will not hire him for the same reason.

About a year ago a W.P.A. worker had occasion to appear as a witness in a case presided over by a Supreme Court Justice in Brooklyn. In the course of routine questioning it was revealed that this witness had once served time in prison. Upon hearing this, the judge exclaimed: "How in the world did an ex-convict happen to get employment on the W.P.A.?" (This man was merely a witness, and had not even been charged with a crime.) And yet we preach the virtues of "going straight"!

I receive an average of two hundred letters a month from former inmates of Sing Sing and other institutions who plead with me to help them obtain employment. Not infrequently such men return to the prison gates as parole violators or for new crimes. I know the cause of their misfortune.

In spite of the fact that the odds are so overwhelmingly set against them, the majority of our paroled felons wage a courageous uphill fight to regain their rightful places in society. This is clearly shown when we examine the records of the parole system in New York State, which represents the closest approach to intelligent parole practice in the country. In that State a full-time board is appointed by the Governor. There are approximately one hundred and fifty parole officers, chosen through civil service examinations.

Before a prisoner appears before the Board, his entire past, including his record in prison, is investigated so that due consideration can be given to the merits of his case. In the event that parole is granted the parolee must follow a routine planned for him by his parole officer, to whom he must report as often as necessary. The moment a parolee gives any indication that he is not living up to the trust imposed upon him he is returned to prison. That is why the man who has not reformed looks upon parole with disgust.

The fact that parolees are closely supervised lends full significance to the data compiled by the New York Parole Board. During the past six years about twenty-five per cent of those paroled were declared violators. (Some of these violators committed new crimes: the majority simply failed to abide by the strict regulations set forth by the parole authorities.)

In other words, despite the fact that so many channels of honest living are closed to them, the majority of the prisoners released on parole in New York are well on their way to becoming law-abiding citizens. Obviously, if it were made easier for the parolee to re-orient himself, if the State and municipal governments removed their restrictions against his employment, and if private industry were encouraged to open its door to him, the number of crimes committed by men on parole would be whittled down to insignificant proportions.

V

Yet periodically, with every new "crime wave," parole becomes the focal point for savage attacks. Just this January, a Brooklyn judge, speaking before an inter-collegiate political organization, said: "Once a criminal always a criminal. I have seen it time and again. The only way to be sure that a convicted criminal will not revert to crime again is to abolish the parole system and keep him in prison for his entire term. It is a disgrace that these enemies of society should be allowed their freedom again only to repeat their horrible crimes."

I must confess that I cannot follow this peculiar logic. Release a prisoner under the close surveillance of a parole officer, help him on his way to an honest living, and he will therefore commit some new

crime, the judge infers. But turn him loose without supervision, after he has completed his term, with a twenty-dollar bill, a railroad ticket, and our benedictions and "he will not revert to crime."

A simple panacea that would have swept the world free of crime long ago—if it would only work. Merely keeping a man in prison for a fixed term of years has been the very backbone of our penal system since its inception, but as a *cure*, it has never succeeded. Two hundred years of practice have proved that punishment alone does not act as a deterrent to crime any more than electrocution prevents murder. And now parole, a comparatively new concept, has been consistently made the scapegoat for the failure of our outmoded penological system.

The issue reshapes itself. In the interests of society it is essential that prisoners who return to the community should not revert to crime. Strict parole supervision is the most effective safeguard. But parole cannot function as it should until our outdated penal system—which in most instances fails to rehabilitate—is modernized, and a scientifically conceived correctional process, such as I have already described, is adopted, and adequate provisions are made to supervise parolees. Furthermore, the community must realize that the released prisoner is still part of the social scheme and must be allowed to engage in honest work.

On the other hand, if the sole purpose of imprisonment is to obtain revenge and accomplish nothing more, parole should be abolished as a needless expenditure. Convicts would then be incarcerated until they served a fixed term, when they would be released as they were years ago with no period of supervision; those not reformed would be free to prey upon society again. There is no other alternative.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MR. PRESIDENT?

NOTES ON THE TREND OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY

BY HUBERT HERRING

DEMOCRACY stimulates inquisitiveness. The Russian, the German, and the Italian no longer dare to put questions. The American may still ask his President, What are you doing with my money?

Democracy has no more eloquent defender than Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Faithfulness to democracy would suggest to Mr. Roosevelt that he tell us exactly where he is taking us in the present world situation. Where are you going, Mr. President?

A vocal school rebukes such presumption. It is the *father-knows-best* school of thought. Henry L. Stimson, in his letter to the *New York Times* of December 22, 1937, based his opposition to the Ludlow Amendment on the argument that such a measure would block acceptance of "the guidance of our responsible leaders, obliterating all thought of party and faction, when once our President and Congress had spoken. . . ." Walter Lippmann, on December 23, 1937, wrote approvingly of the growing realization by Congress "that in order to make the government's protests effective and to minimize the risks of war, the country must not appear divided. . . ." The President's erstwhile opponents joined in the chorus. On December 15th Colonel Frank Knox's *Chicago Daily News* said, "In whatever the President does, to maintain self-respect, and the respect of other nations, he will have the overwhelming

support of the nation." And on December 20th Governor Landon wired the President his pledge of fealty to the tradition that "politics cease at the water's edge" and condemned those who "create the impression on foreign nations that they do not trust your administration of foreign affairs."

Such impressive rebuke might intimidate the inquisitive. But better not so. When they are silenced democracy flees. Rather let the inquisitive prove troublesome.

Of course foreign policy is a touchy business. We cannot expect Mr. Roosevelt to tell us exactly what he would do with the Son of Heaven. No, we must rest our souls in patience and wait for the next fireside chat. Still, when we are asked to put up the money for a bigger Navy we are within our rights if we ask, "Where are the ships to be sent?"

The asking of the question is not necessarily inspired by impious doubt. Perhaps, indeed, we need this mightier Navy. Perhaps we should protect the Philippines. It may be that we do well to prepare to meet Japanese armies in California, and German troops in Connecticut. Perhaps we shall again join in a march on Berlin. Humble citizens that we are, we do not know the answer to such questions. One thing we know. This is our business. We fight the wars; we pay the bills.

II

America is dividing into two camps on the issue of foreign policy.

On the one hand, there are those who plead for union between the free democracies against the onslaught of the autocracies. They argue that the struggle is inevitable. It is *we* or *they*. One or the other will triumph. There is not room for both. The settlement may be postponed, it cannot be avoided. If the democracies do not strike and win to-day, to-morrow they must strike and may lose. The victory may be won to-day without war, by a display of superior force, and by the imposition of economic sanctions. If such tactics fail war may be necessary. Even war is preferable to dishonorable capitulation to an unworthy foe. There are greater ills than war. There are values worth fighting for, cost what they may.

The protagonists of this theory are the blood sons of Woodrow Wilson, who for all his forebodings of war's cost in life and liberty, urged war in 1917. "But the right is more precious than peace," he said, "and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy . . . for a universal domain of right . . . as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." They who now reflect that Wilsonian faith are men of many creeds—die-hard Republicans, New Deal Democrats, communists—but they are united on the doctrine which Wilson wrote into the covenant of the League of Nations. They would have the free nations banded together in firm compact, serving as arbiter between contending nations, determining the virtue of the contending claims, picking aggressors, imposing economic coercion or waging actual warfare. They view the world as the extension of neighborhood, the duties of the nation as the extension of the duties of the individual. Their creed is expressed by Nicholas Murray Butler, "The one path of progress is to organize the family of nations in a responsible fashion

for collective action and security and to invite world police to do what the municipal police do in the city of New York."

There is a second school of American thought which contends that the United States should hold itself severely aloof from the broils of Europe and Asia, maintain her historic neutrality, and avoid entangling commitments.

The votaries of this school argue that no company of the "free democracies" will risk war by imposing effective sanctions upon any major aggressor. They failed to do so in the Italo-Ethiopian war in 1935. They failed to do so when Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. As evidence that the democracies will always fail to do so, unless driven by direct national interest, there is cited the House of Commons vote of February 22, 1938, by which Neville Chamberlain was upheld in his renunciation of League philosophy. They are convinced that effective economic sanctions lead to war, and quote so convinced a League protagonist as Anthony Eden to bear them out.

Furthermore, this second school argues that the division of the world into two camps is specious and artificial, that the lines of democracy and autocracy cut across national boundaries, that the contest between those rival forces is being waged within the British Empire, within France, and within the United States—even within Germany and Italy and Japan—and that the attempt to freeze such ideological lines serves to unite the citizens of the autocracies behind their rulers, and that it ignores the threats against democracy within the democratic countries. They contend that such easy division between "good" nations and "bad" nations is dangerous and hypocritical. They describe the League of Nations as the instrument of the winners to guard their winnings. They oppose the League's philosophy on the ground that it ignores history and all that history teaches of the ebb and flow of peoples. It ignores, they say, the irresistible changes which come through pressures of population, of the

rebirth of creative energy in nations long slumbering, and of the inevitable divisions, redivisions, and amalgamations of territory so long as man exists. That philosophy ignores, they aver, the psychological causes of war and the considerable play of pride and "face." It ignores the true motives of the nations which seize the name democracy, and forgets that the democracies have the purity of surfeit. Glorifying the democracy of Great Britain, the Leaguers recall the hospitable air of Hyde Park and overlook Kenya and Amritsar. Exultant in the orderly democracy of the United States, they celebrate Emporia and pass over Jersey City. They conveniently disregard history, mourn over Manchuria and forget Haiti, grow choleric over Ethiopia and omit the story of the Transvaal. The critics of the League reject the promise of the gains through forcible discipline of the unruly, and hazard a diffident guess that war—or the threat of war—will neither persuade the erring to return to the ways of democracy nor leave any substantial democracy in the lands which boast their present purity.

Therefore, conclude the adherents of this second school, let America abide in self-control, maintain a scrupulously correct neutrality toward all belligerents, and order her own house with such wisdom as she may summon.

III

Upon which of these two courses would the President lead us? It is obvious that the United States cannot go both ways. But for eighteen years the United States has been going both ways.

On the one hand, there has been a determined movement toward isolation. The election of 1920 was an angry shout. A cartoonist of that year drew the G.O.P. elephant in full retreat, bearing a banner, "Lafayette, we have quit!" But it was not the G.O.P. which had quit, it was the American people. The rejection of the League had popular support, and no party since 1920 has dared to suggest join-

ing the League. The repeated rejection of the World Court was equally decisive. The acerbity of the rejection was sharpened by the discovery that Europe would not or could not repay her borrowed billions. In 1934 Congress, by the Johnson Act, forbade American loans to defaulting debtors. In 1935 Congress, aroused by the prospect of the Italo-Ethiopian war, passed a neutrality act which was extended in 1936 and 1937. The trend was clear. Congress, reflecting the will of many Americans, sought to insulate the United States.

While Congress was thus repeatedly taking a neutral stand, successive Administrations were involving us in world affairs. In 1921-22 we sponsored the Washington Conference, won substantial accord on the limitation of navies, and signed the Nine-Power Treaty designed to preserve the territorial integrity of China. In 1928, we took a leading part in bringing about the Pact of Paris—the Kellogg Pact—a grandiose gesture which was hailed as the "bridge to the League of Nations." Pro-leaguers talked of "fitting the Pact and the League together." In the meantime we had already taken a good many steps to Geneva, joining in scores of cultural, economic, and technical activities under the ægis of the League. By 1932 we were moving ahead of the League by virtue of Henry L. Stimson's precipitate and ineffectual threat to Japan. By May, 1933, President Roosevelt had authorized Norman Davis at Geneva to announce that, if substantial disarmament were achieved, we would commit ourselves to "consult other states in case of a threat to peace" and to "refrain from any action tending to defeat" collective action taken by the nations provided "we concur in the judgment rendered as to the responsible and guilty party." Franklin Roosevelt had thus taken us part way to Geneva without the consent of Congress. In 1935, during the Italo-Ethiopian war, the United States, under the shield of the Neutrality Act, went farther than Great Britain in taking measures against Italy. In 1937, when actual if undeclared war

broke in China, we faced the first major test of our course.

Where, then, are we going? . . . We have gone both ways. . . . They are not parallel ways. Congress has doggedly moved toward neutrality, with the seeming approval of the people.

Does the President propose neutrality? Those who remember his speech at Chautauqua in August, 1936, thought that he so proposed. "I can at least make certain," he then said, "that no act of the United States helps to produce or to promote war." He cited, as though in approval, the neutrality laws passed by Congress, "new weapons," he called them, by which the President of the United States can maintain our neutrality. "Nevertheless," he continued, "and I speak from a long experience—the effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State."

Or does the President propose our involvement? Was his Chicago "quarantine" speech a serious statement of intention? The answer must be sought in the annals of the months which have elapsed since Japanese troops invaded China, in July, 1937.

When on January 28, 1938, President Roosevelt asked Congress to build a greater Navy at a cost variously estimated from eight hundred million dollars to five billion dollars, the outcry was immediate. Some protested on pacifist grounds—they never liked navies. But far more important were they who questioned the proposal on the ground of policy. Their concern was the foreign program which the Naval Bill was to implement. This concern has deepened as the debate has lengthened.

In the background were the Neutrality Bills. Congress had in effect said, "When war comes, East or West, the United States will withdraw its nationals, halt its trade in the implements of war, ban loans, and maintain an austere impartiality." Congress' decision was gen-

erally applauded. The ordinary citizen thought it was all settled.

On July 7, 1937, there occurred the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge. Japan had invaded China. War was on. In the United States there was no declaration of neutrality. No war had been declared, therefore there was no war, seemed the official attitude. (Nor, let it be recalled, had war been declared in Ethiopia or in Spain. Yet in each case our neutrality was invoked.) There was justification for some delay in China—the conflict might have passed—so some said.

The Administration, despite its failure to declare our neutrality, wavered during the summer and on into September. It tossed like a sleeper with a bad conscience. Many Americans wanted the neutrality which Congress had charted—Mr. Hull, Mr. Roosevelt knew this. On August 27th the Japanese naval authorities announced that American shipping might be subject to the blockade of the Chinese coast. Washington ordered a stop to the shipping of munitions to China and Japan in ships in which the government had an investment. The *Wichita* sailed from Baltimore with airplanes and other war material consigned to China. The State Department ordered the *Wichita* to unload in California. . . . That same day Mr. Hull served notice on Japan and China that the United States reserved all rights on its own behalf and on behalf of its nationals for damages to American lives or property—the first "strict accountability" note.

"What about our nationals in China?" The question was put to President Roosevelt on a yacht off Montauk Point, September 6th. The President replied, "All of the 7,780 Americans in China have been strongly urged to get out and any who remain after that warning do so at their own risk." The next day Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. arrived from China, with memories of a bad trip down the Whangpoo River, and a retort obviously directed at her distant cousin-in-law: "Then why the Asiatic fleet?" On September 9th Secretary Hull assured the

press that the United States government would protect its nationals to the limit of its ability, and that it intended to retain its military and naval forces in the Far East during the Sino-Japanese emergency. On September 25th Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, Commander-in-Chief of our Asiatic Squadron, issued an order to all units under his command, indicating that the naval forces would "offer all possible protection and assistance to our nationals in cases where needed. . . . Naval vessels will be stationed in ports where American citizens are concentrated and will remain there until it is no longer possible or necessary to protect them or until they have been evacuated. . . . This policy . . . will be continued as long as the present controversy . . . exists and will continue in full force even after our nationals have been warned to leave China. . . ." The State Department, when asked for confirmation, said nothing.

Evidently the wavering was over. The Washington Administration was not neutral. By October 1st rumors were abroad that the President was toying with the idea of a long-distance blockade of Japan, in which British and American fleets would co-operate. On October 3rd the *New York Sunday News* carried a brightly colored double-spread map of the Pacific, with the caption "Long Distance Blockade." The line was drawn from Alaska to Singapore by way of Hawaii, divided into two parts, American and British patrolled. Some said it was the President's plan. At any rate the publisher of the *News* had visited the President a few weeks before.

On October 5th uncertainty as to the President's position was ended. He spoke in Chicago, announced that "the very foundations of civilization are seriously threatened," that the ninetypercent of the peoples of the earth who are minded "to live in peace under law and in accordance with moral standards" must unite in "concerted effort in opposition to those violations of treaties, of those ignorings of humane instincts which to-day are creating a state of international anarchy and in-

stability from which there is no escape through mere isolation or neutrality" and that the righteous democratic nations must "quarantine" the autocracies, seeking "some way to make their will prevail."

The President's speech was followed by other events. The same day the League issued from Geneva a denunciation of Japan and a proposal for joint action under American leadership. The next day, the 6th, the State Department issued a memorandum reciting Washington's peaceful steps, its admonitions on the use of force and the sanctity of treaties, and in effect declared Japan an aggressor—although avoiding the use of the term. The Department intimated that a conference of the signatories of the Nine Power Pact was in order. Again, by coincidence, there appeared the same day in the *New York Times* a full-page letter from Henry L. Stimson hailing Roosevelt's speech as an "act of leadership." Again—surely a coincidence—there appeared an editorial in the *Daily Worker* in which Earl Browder welcomed "the President's declaration of a positive peace policy for the United States." And Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, joined in the praise of the President's declarations, affirming that a quarantine would put a stop to Japan's invasion of China within thirty days, and adding that we should promptly "ostracize" Japan.

Doubt was ended. The wavering was over. The crusade was on. The press rubbed its inky eye, and responded with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

The *New York Times* was glad that "an eloquent voice has expressed the deep moral indignation which is felt in this country against policies of ruthlessness and conquest."

The *New York Herald Tribune* was more cautious. "If it was an appeal for anything it was for a popular emotional mandate to the President to take whatever course in our international relations seemed to him best."

The *Washington Post's* enthusiasm was

unconfined. "Not since the days of Woodrow Wilson has an American President made so strong a plea for effective co-operation in behalf of peace as was voiced by Mr. Roosevelt in Chicago. . . . The speech ends, for all time it may be hoped, the flabby, vicious, humiliating doctrine that America can see no difference between a ruthless aggressor and the innocent victim of his aggression."

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* suggested, "Let's not stick our necks out."

On October 12th the President sat down with the country for a fireside chat. He did not repeat any of the prickly words used in Chicago. He assured "My friends" that he wanted peace and proposed to get it, and said, "Meanwhile remember that from 1913 to 1931 I personally was fairly close to world events and in that period, while I learned much of what to do, I also learned much of what *not* to do." The emphasis on the word *not* was remembered by all listeners.

On November 3rd the Brussels conference convened. Described as a conference of the signatories to the Nine-Power Pact, in reality it was a rump League of Nations, with nineteen powers in attendance, including the United States. Our presence brought joy to Downing Street. "I would go from Melbourne to Alaska to get the United States to the conference," said Anthony Eden to the House of Commons. Eden had no need to exert himself. "It was our idea; it was our party," said Edwin L. James in the *New York Times*. It was a sad party. Mr. Roosevelt, no matter what brave thoughts he had committed to the air on October 5th, had heard from the hog and corn hinterland. "Don't stick your neck out" was the word to the President. And he didn't. Norman Davis, his spokesman, said little and apparently did nothing. Nor were the British minded to start a crusade. Eden said to the House of Commons when the conference was ended, "There are two possible forms of sanctions: the ineffective, which are not worth putting on, and the effective, which means the risk, if not

the certainty of war." The conference closed on November 24th and men asked, "Why the party?" Mr. Roosevelt's motives are shrouded. British motives were interpreted by Pertinax, foreign editor of *Echo de Paris*, "They (the British) expected that by giving him empty words about the Far East, they would make him more inclined in the future to join a common front against Europe's bellicose dictators." The *New York Times* mourned that "the United States has lost its leadership in world affairs . . . the reason for this loss of influence is plain; treaty-breaking governments and dictators have become convinced that for no cause short of actual invasion will the United States initiate or join in any effective movement to assure world peace."

In the meantime the American Congress had assembled on November 15th. Senators and representatives returned from talking with their neighbors. Senators Clark, Capper, and La Follette each introduced bills for war referenda. In the House there was a concerted movement to bring the Ludlow amendment to the floor. Congress was beginning to ask the President, "Where are you taking us?"

IV

The war in China continued. On December 12th Japanese fliers dropped bombs on the United States gunboat *Panay* and her convoy of three Standard Oil barges, in the Yangtze River, twenty-five miles above Nanking. The *Panay* carried the American flag. American lives were lost. On December 13th the President instructed the Secretary of State to inform the Mikado that "the President is deeply shocked and concerned." The facsimile of the instructions was given to the press, showing editing in the President's hand, the crossing off of *suggests*, and the writing in of *requests*—a stronger word. Before the American protest could be delivered in Tokyo the Japanese had already delivered an apology. Washington held this to be insufficient, but accepted the final

apology on December 24th and the incident was officially closed. Motion pictures of the bombing were rushed by plane to New York, protected by American soldiers. J. Hall Paxton, Second Secretary of the American Embassy in Nanking, a survivor of the *Panay*, reached Washington on January 6th and held a press conference. "Mr. Paxton," reported the *New York Times*, "was wearing the same suit he had on when the *Panay* was bombed by Japanese airplanes. The coat and vest were stained by blood and by acid from the bombs, and the coat had a large rent in the right shoulder."

On January 3, 1938, Mr. Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, reported that the country had been kept at peace "despite provocations which in other years, because of their seriousness, could well have engendered war." He recited our excellent record in international affairs, our "observing of our own treaty obligations," warned that we "cannot be certain of reciprocity on the part of others," and concluded that we must "be strong enough to assure the observance of those fundamentals of the peaceful solution of conflicts which are the only ultimate basis for orderly existence."

On January 10th the House voted, 209 to 188, against bringing the Ludlow Resolution, providing for a national referendum before any declaration of war except in case of invasion, to the floor. This defeat by a narrow margin—eleven votes would have reversed it—was hailed as an Administration victory. "The Administration," commented the *Christian Science Monitor*, "exerted every energy and influence to defeat the amendment. In the judgment of some members of the House, so much direct pressure has not been exerted by the Administration on any other bill in recent legislative history. . . . Indeed it is safe to say that the measure would have carried easily but for the well-disciplined votes of several city and State 'machines'." Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Bankhead was read from the floor of the House. Mr. Hull sent his testimony. Mr. Woodring, Secretary of War,

spoke against the resolution. Administration servants lobbied. Mr. Farley used the telephone to good effect, reminding Congressmen of those immutable laws of life which determine political careers. Mr. Stimson wrote a letter to the *Times*. The bill was defeated by a confirmed and honest opposition minority allied with the docile "machine" vote from New York, Philadelphia, and the solid South. Even those who questioned the wisdom of the bill recognized the significance of the fight. "It is important," commented the *Philadelphia Record*, "because the one thing which makes democracies such as ours different from autocracies such as Japan is that the people have a say in determining national policy." Yet . . . Alf Landon wrote and Mr. Roosevelt agreed, that neither the people nor their elected representatives should even question the policies of the State Department.

On January 10th Mr. Hull, in response to senatorial inquiry, wrote Vice President Garner, outlining American interests in China, giving the figures on our investments, the number of our nationals still there, and the number of our military forces in China. The bulk of the Secretary's letter was devoted to emphasizing that "the interest and the concern of the United States in the Far Eastern situation, in the European situation, and in situations on this continent are not measured by the numbers of American citizens residing in a particular country at a particular moment nor by the amount of investment of American citizens nor by the volume of trade. . . . There is a broader and much more fundamental interest—which is that orderly process in international relationships be maintained." . . . At this point it may be interesting to cite another letter, written by Mr. Hull to the national president of the Women's International League on December 21st, replying to a request for an answer to the question "Why has American policy differed so in the Spanish and Far Eastern situations?" Mr. Hull assured the women that "Our rights, interests, and

obligations in China . . . differ greatly from those in Spain. In the one situation it was thought that application of the Neutrality Resolution was in the interest of this country, and its nationals, and in the other situation it was thought that such action would be unwise." The *Philadelphia Record* added an unkind footnote to Mr. Hull's letter of January 10th: "Cordell Hull wants to be the world's Marquis of Queensberry. . . . Nobody has the remotest notion of obeying the rules but apparently that doesn't matter to Mr. Hull. As long as he can write the world's moral platitudes, he cares not who makes its bombs."

January saw other items added to the record, each to be interpreted according to the mind of the observer. On January 11th the President told the press that we probably would maintain our ties with the Philippines until 1960. . . . Captain Ingersoll, Chief of the War Plans Division of the Navy, went in great secrecy to London. While he was there an invitation was dispatched to Washington, cordially inviting us to send a detachment of cruisers to participate in the dedication of the new Singapore base. On January 13th we accepted, and it was announced that three cruisers would make the trip. The graciousness of the invitation was accented by the fact that no other nations had been invited. . . . On January 17th another American protest was delivered in Tokyo, listing repeated offenses against American nationals and property, and affirming that Japanese soldiers "have in numerous instances torn down, burned, and otherwise mutilated American flags." This last protest was not released to the press until January 27th, the day before Mr. Roosevelt was to make further requests of Congress.

On January 28, 1938, Mr. Roosevelt asked Congress to authorize a twenty per cent increase in the United States Navy. He asked this "specifically and solely because of the piling up of additional land and sea armaments in other countries, in such manner as to involve a threat to world peace and security."

This request, roughly estimated to involve a minimum expenditure of \$800,000,000 and a probable expenditure much larger, provoked sober questioning within and without Congress. The pacifist attack, always expected, was unimportant.

The critics and questioners were chiefly disturbed by the implications of the President's recommendation. They asked, "Exactly what does the President propose to do with this greater Navy?" They quoted Admiral Rodgers, "All navies relate to national policies." They suggested that the President outline his policy.

Senator Hiram Johnson of California stated his belief that "the Senate is entitled to know what is the foreign policy of the United States." "I want," said Johnson, "no peripatetic ambassador running around Europe . . . when all the peoples of the world are on edge and jittery . . . no man . . . to have the right to deal in secrecy with the destiny of my country." This was understood as a reference to Norman H. Davis.

"I call attention to the fact," continued Mr. Johnson, "that the Senate ought to assert itself and learn the foreign policy of the United States before it goes upon this journey which parallels one that we took in 1917."

Representative Ralph E. Church of Illinois demanded word as to whether this new Navy was designed to make possible a "quarantine" of Japan.

Major General Johnson Hagood, who was retired from the Army after he had criticized the WPA in 1936, said that national defense was being made "a political football," and that we should content ourselves with a Navy adequate for defense.

Representative Maury Maverick of Texas charged that the Administration was suppressing a report on the vulnerability of battleships to airplane attack in the effort to protect its building program. "Obviously," said Maverick, "the secret is one which is being kept from the American people. President Roosevelt wants

a big fleet of whopping battleships, and anything that casts doubt on their usefulness is not for the public to know." Mr. Maverick also charged that the Army and the Navy are "in a jurisdictional dispute as silly as the fight between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L." Army and Navy officers, refusing the use of their names, flatly denied Maverick's charges.

Major General William C. Rivers, retired, urged that the money be spent for purely defensive purposes, to be used "to refortify our Atlantic and Pacific continental harbors, adding many heavy land-based airplanes, mines, submarines, and small, fast torpedo boats." He argued against the building of capital ships, which are, he said, "more of a long-distance weapon of offense."

Representative Ralph O. Brewster of Maine attacked the proposal. "The significant thing," he said, "about Admiral Leahy's testimony was his admission that even with an equally large fleet the Japanese could not successfully attack the United States." He also testified that the Navy is not expecting an alliance against us. "Now," asked Brewster, "how do you figure these increases are for defense under these circumstances?"

Charles A. Beard, the historian, pressed the demand for a statement of foreign policy. He belittled the scares. "We are told that the Fascist goblins of Europe are about to take South America, that Mussolini will march in seven-league boots across the Atlantic, through the Straits of Gibraltar, to Brazil, or that Hitler or the Mikado will do it some other way. . . . This is the new racket created to herd the American people into President Roosevelt's quarantine camp. All that Congress need do to satisfy itself on this point is to call naval officers into a secret session, vote them a retiring allowance so that the Executive axe may not fall upon them, and ask them just how Hitler or Mussolini or the Mikado can perform this water-crossing miracle now, with our present defenses."

John T. Flynn, the economist, made four statements in the *New Republic*

which, he modestly admitted, "are absolutely true and in good time will become quite obvious. . . . *First*, the President is preparing to lead the country into a vast program of armament as a means of spending money to avert another depression—houses for the dogs of war rather than the mutts of peace. *Second*, he is preparing deliberately to sell to this country a war scare as a prelude to the armament program. *Third*, he is attempting to shift the psychological reactions of the Nation to the patriotic motif in order to distract attention from the disintegrating domestic situation. *Fourth*, one reason for this is to build up the attitude embodied in the slogan 'Stand by the President'—a trap into which the inept Mr. Landon leaps head first."

Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan did his own figuring, adding the cost of a twenty per cent increase in the Navy, estimated at \$1,200,000,000, another \$1,250,000,000 for an auxiliary merchant fleet, an additional \$3,200,000,000 for the "Atlantic Fleet" sponsored by Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee, and arrived at a total of \$5,650,000,000, which, said Vandenberg, was the President's true goal. "Fantastic," said Vandenberg.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin told the Senate "millions of people in this country . . . want to know what it is that occasions the demand for this tremendous increase in armaments. They want to know what foreign policy is in contemplation that such increased armaments are intended to implement."

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, sharing the general concern over reports of a secret understanding with Great Britain, insisted, "We want no alliance, open or secret, written or oral, and furthermore, we do not want the world to think we have any such alliance. All these things cannot be whistled down the wind. They are what makes foreign policy. They are the things which put nations into action. They are the very things that brought on the World War; one nation putting forth its program, and

another nation putting forth a program to meet that program; and very soon we are in the midst of war by reason of these misunderstandings."

Representative Hamilton Fish of New York went on the air with an attack on what he felt to be the foreign policy implicit in the naval bill. "I accuse the President," said Mr. Fish, "of attempting to translate into legislative actuality his Chicago speech, by building a Navy not merely for defense but for aggression, to enable him to quarantine and police the world. . . . I accuse the President of having no peace policy . . . of using secret diplomacy on a scale never dreamed of by any previous Administration . . . of deliberately provoking . . . Japan by sending three American warships to Singapore . . . of having done nothing to collect the war debts . . . of using the war scare as a deliberate plan to distract popular attention from the Roosevelt depression."

To all such attacks the protagonists of the naval bill quoted the testimony of Admiral Leahy. The enlarged Navy was not planned for aggression, simply for defense. If offense were contemplated, a 60 per cent rather than a 20 per cent increase would be indicated in order to assure "any reasonable prospect of success." Furthermore, the contemplated increase will not assure the protection of both coasts, and certainly not the protection of the Philippines.

This discussion of the naval bill, extending from January 28th on through February and into March, served gradually to headline the fundamental question involved: What is President Roosevelt's foreign policy?

While the naval bill was being fought in and out of Congress, other events were piling up. . . . On January 27th a Japanese soldier slapped the face of John M. Allison, Third Secretary of the American Embassy in Nanking. Mr. Allison, it seems, had gone to the Japanese barracks to find the culprit in an attack upon a Chinese girl. The soldier told him to get out, and added the slapping. A pro-

test was dispatched to Tokyo. The press reported "a stiffening of the State Department's attitude." Mr. Allison's report was released by the State Department—which the *New York Times* called an almost unprecedented step. Japan apologized. . . . On January 31st Mr. Roosevelt received a delegation of clergymen, to whom he confided his satisfaction in "the spiritual awakening . . . in America. . . . It makes me realize more fully that we do have, in addition to the duty we owe to our own people, an additional duty to the rest of the world." . . . On February 5th, the United States in company with France and Great Britain asked Japan to tell its naval intentions—and set February 20th as the final date for an answer. Japan refused the information, and her refusal was described by Administration spokesmen as further justification for the Naval bill. . . . In February we laid claims to two uninhabited islands in the far Pacific, and it was reported that Britain might generously yield us all rights to them.

Another straw in the wind was the introduction of the May bill in February. President Roosevelt had asked in his message of January 3rd for legislation designed to take the profits out of war. The May bill, the successor to the Hill-Sheppard bill of 1936, was written to meet the President's request. It provides that upon declaration of war there shall be full conscription of men, government control of labor and industry, government fixing of wages and prices, and a general provision that the Secretary of the Treasury shall be asked to recommend measures for taxing the profits out of war—but that last, and ostensibly most important step is left to the discretion of the government when the time comes. Congressman Maury Maverick immediately attacked the bill as "a blue-print for fascism," and the captious noted that a bill of similar import was under vigorous attack in the Japanese Diet.

The demand for a definition of our foreign policy was partially met on February 12th, by a statement from Mr. Hull to Congressman Ludlow. The

larger Navy is needed, said the Secretary, "for the national defense of the United States and its possessions." Questioned by Mr. Ludlow whether he intended "the use of any of the units in co-operation with any other nation," Mr. Hull denied such intention, affirmed that the United States avoids "extreme internationalism with its political entanglements" and "extreme isolation, with its tendency to cause other nations to believe that this nation is more or less afraid." Mr. Hull admitted "that while avoiding any alliances or entangling commitments, it is appropriate and advisable when this and other countries have common interests and common objectives, for this government to exchange information with governments of such other countries, to confer with those governments, and where practicable, to proceed on parallel lines, but always reserving the fullest freedom of judgment and right of independence of action." He also stressed our duty to defend "our nationals and our interests abroad," and to help assure the world "conditions of peace, order, and security." His statement provoked new questions, such as, Just how much of the world must we police? and How far afield shall we defend American nationals—for example, how far up the Yangtze River will our duty take us?

The demand for definition was further met by Congressman Vinson, in a statement generally regarded as Administration-inspired. "It is declared to be the fundamental naval policy of the United States to maintain an adequate Navy in sufficient strength to guard the continental United States by affording naval protection to the coastline, in both oceans at one and the same time; to protect the Panama Canal, Alaska, Hawaii, and our insular possessions; to protect our commerce and citizens abroad; to maintain a Navy in sufficient strength to guarantee our national security, but not for aggression; to insure our national integrity, and to support our national policies." Again the questions were insistent: How much navy will be required? Is there no out-

side limit on naval policy? "Insular possessions"—does that mean the Philippines? "Protect our commerce and citizens abroad"—exactly what does that mean? "Support our national policies"—whose policies? The President's "quarantine" policy? Or Congress' "neutrality" policy? Or what?

On February 20th the New York *Herald Tribune* headlined "Capital Hears of Japanese Mexican Deal," and reported that the State Department was investigating reports "credited in high circles" that Japan is bargaining with Mexico for an iron-ore concession on the Mexican West Coast. This concession is now held by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, but it was feared that Mexico might seize it and transfer it to the Japanese government. There was a hint that Japan might build a submarine base at Mazatlan. This story, as yet unsubstantiated, reminded casual readers who remembered the days of 1915 and 1916 of other stories which appeared one day and were lost the next. It also served to recall items which the press had carried during the winter of 1937-38. . . . For example, on December 19th there was a story to the effect that the President wanted more stringent regulation of photographers around national fortifications. "Things going on on the Pacific Coast make the legislation necessary," said the Congressman who brought word of the President's request. . . . On December 24th the New York *World Telegram* gave scare heads to "United States Spy Hunters Raid Japanese Liner, Seize Letters Linked to Navy Plans." . . . On February 27th the *New York Times* gave a three-column first-page heading to "Spy Ring in U. S. Army Bared: German Girl, Two Soldiers Seized as Foreign Agents." It seemed that J. Edgar Hoover's excellent and vocal bureau had got its hands on three minor agents of an unnamed foreign power. Curiously enough, on page thirty of the very same newspaper it was recorded that Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison admitted that the Naval Intelligence Service had been unable to get

adequate information concerning the Japanese naval program because "the service had to work with insufficient funds."

V

In 1915 Robert Lansing told Woodrow Wilson that it was necessary to "educate" the people. Some now living will recall the education which led to the declaration of war in April, 1917, and to Flanders fields.

The irksome suspicion grows that we are again being "educated." The fact is freely bruited about in England, where the press refers to "the American educational campaign." Looking back upon the months which have elapsed since the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge in July, 1937, the lines of this education appear. Within ten days after the outbreak of hostilities in China, Secretary Hull sent a memorandum to all foreign offices, outlining "this government's position in regard to international problems," in which he recited our fealty to "maintenance of peace," "self-restraint," to "abstinence . . . from the use of force in pursuit of policy," to "processes of peaceful negotiation and agreement," to "faithful observance of international agreements." He listed our intentions, among which the congressional pledge of rigid neutrality was not included.

This document was highly praised by friendly foreign offices, especially by Dictator Trujillo in Santo Domingo and Dictator Vargas in Brazil, while faintly damned by Portugal which referred to the "inanity" of vague formulæ offered for the solution of grave international problems. Perhaps its chief use was in the American classroom.

Cordell Hull, the able schoolmaster, did not spare himself. Through the fall and winter he carried his message to all manner of audiences. In September he told a New York audience that "a policy of complete isolation from the outside world would, in its ultimate effects, be as ineffective as the opposite extreme of ill-advised and unnecessary intervention in

the affairs of the outside world. . . ." "Our all-embracing preoccupation," he told the assembly at the University of Toronto on October 2nd, is "order." "The maintenance of international order," he assured them, "depends not only upon their observance by nations of agreed rules of conduct, but also upon their observance of such rules . . . there must be firm belief in the inviolability of the pledged word." On February 19th he told a farmer audience in Iowa that "We cannot remain prosperous in a poverty-stricken world . . . nor can we be certain to remain at peace in a world growing more disordered, with arbitrary force supplanting the rule of order under reason and law." These utterances of the greatly respected Secretary, inspired by obvious sincerity, commanded widespread respect for the opinions which he holds. If the implications of the Hull doctrine seem to lead rather far afield in the policing of the world, they serve to reveal Cordell Hull as a convinced disciple of Woodrow Wilson, who believed in goodness for the world, even though won by compulsion. Hull has never wavered from the Wilson creed. As a member of the House in 1920, he fought for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, and for adherence to the League without reservations. The lessons which Cordell Hull learned in 1920, he to-day teaches the American people.

Franklin Roosevelt, the schoolmaster, lacks the consistency of Cordell Hull. Roosevelt was for the League in 1920, outspokenly against it in 1932, was veering toward it in 1933, was praising neutrality to a Chautauqua audience in August, 1936, and was advocating in October, 1937, a policy more League-like than even the League dared sponsor. His mind has rare resilience.

Franklin Roosevelt, as a leader in foreign affairs, has a heritage which is partly Wilsonian, partly Theodore Rooseveltian. When he turns schoolmaster and moralist his accents betray his debt to Wilson. When he berates other nations and takes steps for their chastisement his

sentences are reminiscent of the first Roosevelt. To moralism and chastisement he adds his own devotion to ships. Those who have watched Franklin Roosevelt during recent months aver that the President has had a vision of proud ships pushing through alien waters, of ships now built or to be built playing their gallant role of carrying democracy's gifts to troubled peoples.

Franklin Roosevelt hates war and covets peace. He has said so, and he is an honorable man. But it is equally clear that Franklin Roosevelt believes that conflict with the dictatorships is inescapable, that sooner or later the democracies must call a halt to the imperial ambitions of Japan, Germany, and Italy.

It is difficult to write current history accurately. Too many facts are hidden. The minds of men are veiled. Insignificant items cast too long a shadow. The chronicler can only report how events *seem* to move, how the current *seems* to run.

Three conclusions may be set down in diffidence.

First, Franklin Roosevelt has caught a vision of a crusade whereby autocracy may be stopped, democracy bulwarked. The President hopes that these ends may be peacefully won, that there will be no war. Meanwhile he takes those steps by which war might come.

Second, the generality of the American people turns a wary eye upon crusades. They remember another crusade which turned out badly, leaving less democracy and less freedom. Whether in wisdom or

selfishness, the American people show slight eagerness to fight or to threaten a fight, not even to make the world safe for democracy. *We fought that war once*, some of them are telling Mr. Roosevelt.

Third, recent events indicate that our prospective allies in the next crusade have lost heart for such adventuring. On February 22nd the House of Commons, by a vote of 330 to 168, upheld Neville Chamberlain's repudiation of the League. The British, we conclude, will fight when imperial interest is threatened, but will not fight to assure international order.

If such reading of the times is accurate, Franklin Roosevelt stands as rather a lonely crusader. He is already committed, by word and deed, to moral judgment upon the offenders and to action against them. By his commitments he has aroused apprehension of his policy in the minds of many Americans. His critics may respect the purity of his intentions while questioning the wisdom of his course. Their plea to the President is, *Come home*. One third of America is still ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed. American democracy fumbles. Another depression threatens. You cannot feed the hungry or clothe the naked with battle-ships. You cannot win national stability by war. You cannot confirm democracy with hate. American plunges into Europe and Asia will not, unless experience lies, yield gains to the world or to the United States. The one faint promise is that here in the United States a zone of sanity may be laid out, a bulwark for democracy in the midst of madness.



The Lion's Mouth



COME AND EAT LUNCH AGAINST FRANCO

BY ELMER DAVIS

THIS is, as Cordell Hull, Nicholas Murray Butler, and others, are fond of telling us, an interdependent world. I realize that every morning when the mail comes in; for almost daily some society, committee, or league sends me a most alarming letter. I am warned that the clouds of a new world war are gathering overhead; that the menace of Fascism looms more ominous every hour; that the forces of reaction are gathering their strength, ready to pounce on us the moment we look the other way. All true enough, God knows; but what am I supposed to do about it? Why, I am supposed to go down town and eat lunch.

Whether such is the practice elsewhere I do not know, but in New York this seems to be the reply to every provocation. I have been invited to eat lunch against Franco, eat lunch against Hitler, eat lunch against Mussolini, eat lunch against Tom Girdler. To be sure, the lunch is not all of the ceremony. At this midday gathering we are also supposed to listen to speeches; and while it is seldom mentioned in the come-on letter, I know from past experience that it is highly probable that about the time they start pouring the coffee somebody will pass the hat. But they rarely take up enough money to do more than send a small delegation of protest to Washington by bus; and as for the speeches, everybody at the table agrees with the speaker before he even begins. No, the lunch is the thing.

And why not? In the services of a ritualistic religion the sermon and the collection are only minor details; and while most of the assembled lunchers would

never admit it, that is the true essence of these feasts—the Mystic Meal eaten together by the True Believers, to reinforce their sense of brotherhood. For the more inveterate attendants at these gatherings are a brotherhood (and sisterhood), bound together, if not by common tastes, at least by common distastes. They have their own customs too, their ritual phraseology, their peculiar standards of value, which are not always comprehensible to a mere associate member like me. Once for example, when I was lunching indignantly against the Southern cotton-mill owners, or the war-mad Japanese militarists, or somebody of the sort, I met a man who said he was there as the representative of the American League. A little surprised at finding him in such company, I asked some questions and discovered that he meant the American League Against War and Fascism. Let Lou Gehrig and Joe di Maggio believe it or not, but there are certain circles in New York, and possibly in the rest of the country too, in which that is *the* American League. But even the associate member finds the ritual feeling growing on him as the meal goes on; every spoonful of consommé that trickles down your throat is as good as flung in Hermann Goering's face, and as you drink your coffee you find yourself hoping that you can with three sips the Aryan frustrate.

But do not suppose that the practice of expressing political sentiments by eating food is a monopoly of the Popular Front. This wave of lunches against Fascism and so on takes my memory back to the years just after the War, when I was constantly eating, not against somebody but in favor of somebody. Mostly in favor of the new nations of eastern Europe; lately established, they were in a precarious situa-

tion, politically and economically; and apparently the one thing that would guarantee their stability was the assembling of a lot of people at a New York hotel to eat dinner. Occasionally I even ate in favor of some nation of long standing, which had got itself into some jam from which it could be rescued only if somebody would eat dinner for it. I have dined for Czechoslovakia, for Yugoslavia, for Greece, for Poland—even for Italy, in the days when Mussolini used to do his talking from a soapbox instead of the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia.

So I can qualify, I think, as a veteran of political nutrition; and by statistical analysis of all these gatherings I have worked out, roughly, the scientific law that governs them. People who are eating against somebody usually eat lunch in Greenwich Village or the Gramercy Park neighborhood, and the principal dish is lamb chop or creamed chipped beef; people who eat in favor of somebody eat dinner between 42nd Street and 59th, with guinea hen or squab. When you are counting up the innocent non-combatant victims of the war of 1914-18, don't forget the squabs who gave up their lives in honor of the new nationalities. First and last I must have seen ten thousand of their corpses—squabs fattened on the American countryside who had never heard of Carpatho-Ruthenia, still less dreamed that it was their destiny to be eaten at the Biltmore or the St. Regis in honor of Carpatho-Ruthenia. It certainly is an interdependent world.

Well, that was a long time ago, and times have changed. To shift from eating squab at the Waldorf in favor of somebody to eating lamb chop south of 23rd Street against somebody implies a considerable change in one's political opinions; and since Adolf Hitler, an authority on the subject, says that once you have started in politics you should never change your opinions I feel under obligation to offer some explanation to my public. For the nationalities that were new twenty years ago (with one exception) I have no longer any more than

a tepid and passive affection; and one reason may be that I don't like squab or guinea hen or any other kind of poultry. Perhaps, like Pavlov's experimental dogs, I gradually became conditioned against all political sentiments that were associated in memory with squab. The exception may prove the rule; I am still in close and friendly contact with the Czechoslovaks. And they, after succumbing briefly to the wave of squab-eating that followed the War, had the courage presently to strike out on an independent policy, and to give people who dined in their honor thereafter that noble Czech dish, roast goose with apple dumpling.

No doubt there are many reasons why an ex-conservative finds himself now on the Left Wing; but one of them may be that the Left Wing is too poor to eat squab. And if I am never likely to be more than an associate member of the Left Wing, that is for no dietary reason, but for considerations of time and space. The Left Wing, as I have said, usually eats against somebody at lunchtime, and pretty far down town from my point of view. All very well for those who have their offices down town; whether they work on Wall Street or on 42nd Street, if they find themselves in need of a stimulant for the gastric juices they can just get on the subway, and in five or ten minutes they will find themselves at a place where they can hate General Franco with the salad, and despise General Terauchi over the dessert. But I live far up town, and work there too when I can snatch time for work in between more urgent preoccupations. If I lunch down town there goes the day, and I might just as well settle down comfortably at the club bridge game afterward, instead of trying to go back home and get some work done. If I can avert a world war and check the menacing onrush of Fascism by eating dinner down town I am willing to give myself to the cause, even if they set squab or guinea hen before me. But if the world can be saved only at lunchtime, somebody else will have to save it.

SNAPSHOTS FROM CHINA

ANONYMOUS

These are actual incidents. The author was present at three of them; the other three were told to the author by eye-witnesses.—The Editors.

IT WAS eight o'clock on a cold, dark morning. In a certain high school in China it was time for assembly. Students and teachers were just ready to sing when in rushed the principal. At once everyone was filled with apprehension; only on rare occasions did the principal take over that hour from a teacher.

For several moments he stood before the students as if unable to speak; when he did speak it was evident that he was preparing them for something. Quoting an ancient sage, he told them that no matter what hard experience came to them, with the right attitude they could find some good from it.

Could we be hearing right? Students to march in a parade to celebrate the fall of Shanghai! Students to proclaim joy over the defeat of Chiang Kai-Shek, whom they loved! For a moment there was a tense silence. Then weeping began and, but for the alertness of the principal, hysteria might have ensued. "San huei" (meeting closed), he said quickly, and the older students, who realized the seriousness of the situation, began moving toward the hall.

An hour later red-eyed students lined up in front of the school. Principal and teachers led them as if to take the brunt of the blow. Out into the street they went to join thousands of others who were forced to march all day, have their pictures taken, and in general prove to the world that the Chinese are against the Nanking Government. Coming back weary and sad, one of the students was heard to say, "Our histories may not record the truth of to-day, but the truth has been burned into the very heart of thousands of us, to be passed on to future generations."

Into a Chinese shop one evening went an American man. He was the good

natured, serious-minded, always-trying-to-help-someone type. As he paused at the counter he rubbed elbows with a Japanese soldier. The soldier, anxious to practice his English, at once greeted him as a friend. After exchanging a few sentences, the American turned to the soldier with the question, "Why do you come over here and kill all these nice Chinese boys? They are good boys and I liked them. Why do you kill them?"

At first the soldier pretended not to understand and asked to have the question repeated. Then with a baffled look he moved toward the door, saying as he went, "I don't know. You ask the captain, maybe the captain knows."

A winter evening was settling down and To Nai Nai was getting ready to return home after a day's work at the foreign house. "Hurry," said the foreign woman for whom she worked; "it will be dark before you get home."

"Yes, and I don't want to pass those Japanese soldiers after dark!" said To Nai Nai.

She was the kind of older Chinese woman who minded her household and never bothered with anything going on about her. She could not read a character; she didn't know how many provinces China had; she didn't know who the leaders of the nation were; in fact, she knew nothing but trying to keep soul and body together for the family dependent upon her. Often her employer had wondered just how much To Nai Nai knew about the present situation. It might be interesting to find out.

Carelessly the foreign lady said, "The Japanese soldiers wouldn't hurt you, To Nai Nai."

What a tirade followed! Could this be the To Nai Nai who for so many years had seemed to know nothing about her country! On and on the old woman went, telling just what Japan was doing: how many cities she had bombed and how often; how many Chinese had been killed; how many colleges had been destroyed, and how Japan was ruining herself as well

as China! Her old eyes took on a new light as she flung her last bit of information. "Yes, they have Nanking now, but it is only a piece of land. They haven't our government, they haven't the soul of China. They never will have that!"

"Why, To Nai Nai," said her astonished employer, "where did you learn all this?"

"Never mind," she answered; "we Chinese haven't cared much in the past about our country. We are awake now and we tell one another everything we hear."

As the old woman went out into the night on her little bound feet she left the foreigner standing in the twilight thinking. Ten years ago To Nai Nai knew nothing about China. Her mind was as bound as her feet. Her feet are still bound, but her mind is being unbound! If that old woman can change what about others?

In a Chinese sweetshop sat three Chinese children. Their bright eyes followed the kitten with which they were playing. They should all have been in school but the schools were closed now.

The shop door opened and a Japanese soldier entered. With fear the shopkeeper watched him come forward.

The soldier, seeing the children, turned to them; and the astonished father saw that his eyes were wet. Taking the hand of one of the terrified children, the soldier said, "I have children at home. I don't want to fight the Chinese, I want to go home to my children."

Then, turning to the father, he sobbed, "I'm a merchant like yourself. For three months I've had to bear arms against the Chinese. I'm a peace-loving man. I don't want to fight!" And he rushed out of the store.

A faculty meeting was going on in the office of the principal of a Chinese school. It was easy to see that the head of the school was hard pressed. His honest, sympathetic eyes rested first on one teacher and then on another. "You know

we are here to carry on and do the best we can," he said. There was a long pause. Everyone knew he had some hard announcement to make.

Turning to the geography teacher he said, "To-morrow, you will have to ask the students to tear all the maps of China from their geographies."

At first the teacher was stunned. When he found his voice he said, "But how can I teach geography without maps? Why should the Chinese maps be torn out?"

With a face which bespoke an effort to make the best of a bad situation, the principal answered with a broken voice, "You know we must carry on for the sake of our youth."

With set faces they spent the next hour making plans for obliterating great sections from history books, crossing out sections from literature books, and adding Japanese to the curriculum.

After a week of cloudy days, a bright sunny one dawned in a certain city in China. Two girls sauntered to the park. Seating themselves on a bench, they glanced about them. No one was in sight. "Oh, Mei Lien," sobbed one of the girls, "shall we ever be able to finish college? Will our country ever be able to rebuild all the burned colleges?"

As her friend replied to the effect that China had always in time absorbed all her conquerors, a sound came from behind them and the girls stood up startled.

Two Japanese officers walked up to them. The girls almost froze. Then to their utter astonishment they heard one of the officers saying, "We, like yourselves, are students. We want to return to our land and our schools, but we are forced to fight. We are lonely. We want friends. Won't you be our friends?"

In terror the girls backed away. This was surely only a ruse to trap them.

As they backed away the officers stood silent and sad. "We only wanted to be friends." And then the youngest officer added, almost in a whisper, "We wouldn't be soldiers if we had any other way to save our own lives!"



The Easy Chair



NOTES ON THE AMERICAN WAY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE phrase which the HARPER's contest undertook to define, "The American Way," is an abstraction. It was therefore to be expected that as many different definitions would be supplied as there were different points of view brought to bear on it. As Mr. Dreher points out in one of the prize-winning essays, the phrase has been used as a slogan to defend the sacred principle of the open shop; as he neglects to point out, it has also been used to defend the sacred principle of the closed shop. Anyone can shout "American Way" in furtherance of his own interests, and nearly everyone does. The effort of the contest, then, was to determine whether any historical continuities correspond to the phrase, whether any indigenous energies or forces of thought and action justify us in expecting an indigenous solution to problems which confront most of the world, whether there is anything unique in the American past and present that may give uniqueness to our future. The problem of the contest, that is, was diagnostic, not prophetic. We must expect not a road-map to the next position but, at best, a usable survey of the present position. We must be prepared for much purely speculative thinking, but we might well ignore that if the prize-winning essays proved to have anything in common—if, no matter how diverse they might be, some common relevance appeared in all or most of them. Has such a relevance developed? What does a bystander think of the results?

In so far as the essays are prophetic, I, as the bystander, can only say that prophecy is one field where every man not only may but must follow his own preference. Mr. Dreher extrapolates a purely theoretical but entirely logical curve. There is no possible answer to it but more theory and more logic. Mr. Coyle's extrapolation rules Mr. Dreher's out, and its logic is also unassailable. The most rigorous analysis reveals nothing illogical in Mr. Lindauer's extrapolation, but it cannot be harmonized with Mr. Dreher and Mr. Coyle. When theories disagree you pick the one that looks best—the one that agrees with what our current cant calls your ideology. When a Methodist sets out to describe heaven you may be confident that St. Peter will soon render judgment according to the doctrines of John Wesley. The future is just a pool that ideologies go a-fishing in.

It is only by the most vigorous effort that we can make of the past anything but a similar fishing pool, and in none of the four prize-winning essays is that effort vigorous enough throughout. The past may sometimes be confidently identified in the present, but the effort to identify the present in the past unlocks more fallacies than can ever be penned up again. Thus Mr. Dreher projects his own Wesleyanism backward so that we may project it forward again, and though he finds in both the past and the future exactly what he expected to find, it is only possible to check him when he is dealing with the past. He tells us that the melan-

choly fate of John Fitch "proves that even in the 1780's the odds were against the small man, that the pioneering virtues were no guarantee against failure." Has anyone ever seriously supposed that the pioneering virtues, or any virtues, were a guarantee against failure? Neither the Russian technological Utopia nor Almighty God has ever been able to guarantee anyone against failure. And Fitch's fate proves nothing whatever about the odds against the small man nor about the capitalistic exploitation which Mr. Dreher is attacking. His contemporary, Eli Whitney, was a small man. Practically every successful inventor of that and the succeeding three generations was a small man. Some inventors succeeded, some failed. Why did Fitch fail?

Mr. Dreher says that the causes of his failure were manifold but "poverty and inability to secure powerful backers were at the bottom of them all." Here we have a double implication (in the service of vision): that if Fitch had had backers he would have succeeded, and that in an equitable economic organization he would have had backers. And Mr. Dreher tells us about Fulton who "received credit in elementary-school history books for what was not his invention but a profitable promotion of other men's ideas. The American Way!" But Philadelphia capitalists backed Fitch rather than would be held intelligent in either the profit system or state subsidy; they withdrew only after a series of failures and disasters that would have discouraged a bureaucracy quite as much as a bank.

But it is historical distortion in the service of theory to speak of Fitch as the inventor of the steamboat. He no more invented the steamboat than Duryea or Maxim or Ford invented the automobile. If Fulton used other people's ideas, so assuredly did Fitch. At least eight other Americans were building steamboats at approximately the same time, some of them more successful than Fitch's, and there had been semi-successful English experiments for fifty years before him.

And it is dogmatic, to say the least, to ignore other aspects of Fitch's failure. His experiments were so far off the course of development which later proved to be the true one as to suggest that he might never have found the answer even if the state had subsidized him. And one of the vile capitalists who supported Fulton, Robert Livingstone, had himself invented a steamboat and was acting on specialized technical knowledge when he backed the ultimate success. And Fitch's difficult, perhaps psychopathic personality must not be ignored; even commissars are human and might have ended by rejecting him.

I dwell on Mr. Dreher's analysis of Fitch because it (together with his remarks about the assumption of the public debt) illustrates how the common fallacy of projecting a contemporary theorem backward distorts the historical setting and so produces false inferences about the past and the future. In the historical setting there was no conceivable alternative to the assumption of the public debt, and the fact that some rich men profited from it is irrelevant. In the historical setting, and in the present, there is no conceivable way of preventing waste and failure in the process which converts the cultural heritage into invention. Educational opportunity, the patent laws, and the need for capitalization impose minute limitations on the use of the cultural heritage, but they are minute indeed and the rest is a public domain. Aristotle, Archimedes, and Watt are as free to John Doe as to Richard Roe. Nobody invents the steamboat; and once it is invented, not even capitalism, though it tries, can make the invention a monopoly. (Did Mr. Dreher omit that story because its moral goes against his theory?) Some inventors are sound, some are unsound; some get public or private backing, others don't. Mr. Dreher's theory says that things will be otherwise in communism, that orderly and equitable planning for the good of all will end the chance, wastage, and injustice of to-day and yesterday. But that is prayer and prophecy, and he has to cor-

rupt history to support it. Theory can be answered only with theory—which wonders whether the substitution of a political for a profit motive would put an end to privilege and luck, whether distributing the expense of unsuccessful inventions among all of us would prove a social gain over bankrupting a few speculators, and whether making failure at invention treason to the state would advance technology as fast as the unworthy hope of gain. Fitch was at least free, under capitalism, to commit suicide or try again; in the only communism so far attempted he would have been shot as demonstrably a Trotskyist plotter by reason of his failure.

The realism of Mr. Dreher's essay, its relevant contribution to the discussion, is his examination of the processes by which ideals are formed, his remarks on the capacity of people for self-delusion about the present crisis, and his analysis of the political contributions in the current spectacle. And it seems to me that Mr. Gerald Johnson's essay also is more usable in its concluding observation than in its argument. Mr. Johnson derives two basic American traditions, respect for the dignity of the individual and respect for reality in politics. That also is fishing in the past for what you want to find. From the Cincinnati to the Black Legion, by way of the Know Nothings, the Knights of the Golden Circle, the A.P.A., two separate versions of the Ku Klux Klan, and a dozen similar movements, there would appear to be a fairly strong native tradition against the dignity of the individual. Alien and sedition acts, force bills, test-oaths for the franchise (against Confederates, Mormons, communists) suggest that perhaps the teachers' oath statutes are not so un-American as they seem at first glance. And reasonable respect for reality in politics? One national election involving the destinies of many millions was stolen because other things were known to be stronger than reality; and if another one was stolen in accord with reality, the election itself was in defiance of reality. Calhoun's integrated theoretical system,

which rationalized the entire politics of the South for many years and was a principal cause of the Civil War, was a supreme denial of political realities. But the denial of reality that outshouts all others to this day is one that Mr. Johnson himself specifically mentions without examining. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution has in fact given us a new and different Constitution. Why talk about reality in American politics till some realism has been exercised on the "due process" clause?

Mr. Johnson, however, comes to a very relevant conclusion, which I shall come back to. I can say little about Mr. Lindauer's essay. In its own terms it is brilliant, but is almost entirely extrapolation. But I must point out in it a dangerous fallacy which is common and blithe in most of our public discussions to-day. Mr. Lindauer speaks of political experiments, meaning specifically the present government of Russia, but the word *experiment* is not what it seems in such arguments. It may be that Russia and Germany and Italy are making experiments; it may be that every nation will have to make analogous ones. But we must not think of them as limited, controllable, and inexpensive processes which can be confined to a laboratory, repeated there, and conducted safely to a foreseen end. There is an important difference between an experiment that uses five cents' worth of nitrogen and one that may destroy an economic system; there is an important difference between an experiment that can be performed or repeated without pain or expense and one that starves five million people, imprisons five million more, murders and impoverishes other millions, and liquidates whole classes. Hitler and Stalin differ from Dr. Martin Arrowsmith in important ways, and there is health in our remembering just how they do.

But the principal relevance of these essays is to be found in Mr. Johnson's assertion of the stability and flexibility of the American system, and Mr. Coyle's demonstration that it is not a system but

a congeries of systems. The latter is the most important point made in any of the essays, and its exposition alone would entitle Mr. Coyle to the first prize. It is a point of complete realism and of the greatest possible importance. If Mr. Coyle will now develop it fully through a series of essays (it would be pleasant if his colleagues in the New Deal could be required to read them) he will be performing a public service of enormous value. For what is most hallucinatory—and most discouraging and dangerous—in the debates of the day is the all but unchallenged supremacy of monisms. Marxism is but one of a dozen ardently supported fallacies based on the imbecile delusion that our system is single, can be operated as single, and must be upheld or displaced by singularities. The prime necessity—of the government, of editors, of publicists—is to attack the totalitarian analysis at every opportunity, in whatever theoretical or religious or economic guise it shows itself. The reality that Mr. Coyle so well uncovers is the existence of our system as a resultant, a multiplicity of systems, more or less out of harmony, more or less at odds, but held in dynamic equilibrium.

That the equilibrium has the tremendous stability of inertia Mr. Johnson makes clear, and the force of inertia must also be kept constantly in mind. The dynamic equilibrium has withstood incalculable changes of phase and it is enduring the present one. If we have any reason for confidence or hope it is just there: that experience shows the capacity of our multiple system to resist disruption, to right itself after shock, to adjust and adapt itself to change.

But what has the contest left out that a bystander would have liked to see included?

Well, if it is the nature of equilibriums that they tend to right themselves, to return to the original state or to adjust to a new state, it is also their nature to collapse if the pressures put upon them are too great or if their interior con-

stituents change too radically. Pulled too far to one side, a pendulum will not resume its original swing but will revolve on its fulcrum. Have there been changes or pressure comparably great in our national equilibrium?

All four essays glance at the question of social violence but none of them deals with it otherwise than prophetically. The bystander thinks that the greatest change from the traditional American way shows in the comparative absence of violence during the past nine years. There have been strikes by organized labor, strikes by farmers, foreclosure riots, a solitary march on Washington—bitter enough in the individual instance but inconsiderable in the mass. Considering the gravity of the situation, the appeal to violence has been shockingly small—and un-American. During the worst of 1932 one saw miserable “Hoovervilles” built sometimes literally in the shadow of elevators and mills bursting with grain and flour that could not be sold—and none of the wretched seized the food. To a historian it is all but incredible that a nation so given to direct action in the past has acted with so little direct violence these past nine years. This may be socially good or socially evil change, but it is change.

Similarly, when told that the passing of the frontier has been a decisive change in the constituents of the equilibrium, a bystander’s first comment is that a greater change shows in our current desire to solve questions politically rather than institutionally. The new frontier is Washington, the new ethics are political, the new constituents are gangs—none of them wholly new but all of them stepped up by enormous induction. That may be the hope of the future or it may be the despair, but certainly it is the most important disturbance of the equilibrium. A bystander might guess that The American Way pivots on it. Can we study its future only by prophecy? Is there no algebra for stating it in measurable terms? Mr. Coyle and Mr. Johnson might well examine it in a second installment.

